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BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

ROXY.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

"THE OTHER WAY!" CRIED THE MISCHIEVOUS VOICE OF TWONNET.

CHAPTER XII.

WHITTAKER'S SHIP COMES IN.

POVERTY is always superstitious, if we may believe the Bonhomme Béranger, and Whittaker, driven to and fro between a growing love for Roxy Adams and an honest sense of obligation to pay for his education, had one superstition. His father had, four years before, invested all his small savings in a whaling vessel sailing out of the port of New Bedford. News had come from the Arctic seas which led to the belief that the ship was lost. Distress at the loss of his property, with the superadded grief of losing his wife soon after, had caused the death of Whittaker's father. But the son had never been quite convinced that the "Petrel" had gone down. And now he even dreamed at night of the "Petrel," weather-worn but richly laden, sailing into New Bedford harbour with Roxy on her prow, while he stood in the crowd of rejoicing stockholders, anxious friends of sailors, curious idlers, on the busy pier watching her return. But the "Petrel" never, except in Whittaker's, floated again over the waters of Buzzard's Bay. He hoped in vain for his dividend, and the weary wives of sailors on the "Petrel" waited in vain for husbands whose grave-stones were the ice-bergs.

But if the "Petrel" did not come, another ship did. The rich and childless deacon, who out of his large means had lent young Whittaker enough to finish his education for the ministry, died, and remembering that notes and bonds could not add to his comfort in heaven, he willed to his beneficiary the amount of his debt. On the very morning of Twonnet's fortune-telling, Whittaker had gone feverishly to the village post-office, in the back part of a dry-goods store, to look for the letter that should bring him news of the "Petrel." He readily paid the thirty-seven and a half cents postage on a letter from his brother, and opened it eagerly to read, not the return of the "Petrel," but the death of Deacon Borden and his own release from bondage. I am afraid that his joy at his deliverance from debt exceeded his sorrow at the death of his benefactor. He would now carry out a plan which he had lately conceived of starting a school, for there was no good one in the village. The two hundred dollars a year which this would bring, added to his two hundred from the Home Missionary Society, and the one hundred salary from the church, would be ample for his support and that of a wife.

He was so elated that he could not quite keep his secret. He had gotten into a habit of talking rather freely to Twonnet. Her abundant animal spirits were a relief to his sobriety, and he had observed that her regard for him was kindly and disinterested. So with his letter full of news, he began to walk the upper piazza, waiting for the blithe Twonnet to come out, for she had returned home and was now, as she "made up" the beds, singing and chatting to her younger sisters half in French and half in English. In circumstances such as his, one *must* talk to somebody. Once he paused in his pacing to and fro and looked off at the deep green of the Kentucky hills, overlaid by a thin blue atmospheric enamel; he looked through the grape-vines which over-clambered the upper piazza, to the great, peaceful current of the Ohio, flow-

ing steadily in a majestic stillness—a placid giant is that river—he listened to the red-bird in a neighbouring cherry-tree pouring out an ecstasy of amorous song to his mate, as he leaped joyously from bough to bough; and he, the grave, severe young minister, rejoiced in hills, and sky, and river and singing birds, half reproaching himself all the time for being so happy, and feeling like a good boy that, under some influence quite irresistible, has suddenly played truant.

Twonnet was long in appearing, and Mr. Whittaker resumed his pacing to and fro, glancing every now and then at the hills and the river, and listening in a dreamy way to the delicious melody of the red-bird and the occasional soft cooing of a turtle-dove, whose nest was in an apple-tree just beyond the garden fence. At last Twonnet came out on the piazza—or porch, as they call it in Indiana—and Whittaker told her, of the old deacon, and then of his own good fortune.

"I'm glad," said Twonnet, beginning to guess what had kept Whittaker from visiting Roxy.

"Glad the deacon's dead?" queried Whittaker, smiling.

"I do not know your friend and I can't be very sorry for him. But I do know you and I am glad, since he must die that he was good enough to give you your debt. It shows he was prepared to go, you see, so my pleasure is quite religious and right," and she laughed roguishly. "Besides, you don't seem heart-broken about it, and——" but here she checked herself, seeing that she had given pain.

"I am afraid I have been selfish," said Whittaker—all the gladness had gone now—"but you don't know what a nightmare this debt has been. I don't wonder that debt makes men criminals—it hardens the heart."

"Well, Mr. Whittaker, if he had wanted you to feel sorry when he was gone, he ought to have given you the money while he was alive," said Twonnet, lightly. Then she started away but looked back over her shoulder to say teasingly, "Now, Mr. Whittaker, you'll go to see somebody, I'll bet."

"Twonnet," he called after her, and when she had stopped he asked: "Is there any reason why I should'nt go to see somebody?"

"Of course not. Every reason why you should go right off. You are not too late, but you will be if you wait." This last was said with the old bantering tone, and Whittaker looked after her as she disappeared, saying to himself:

"A splendid girl. Pity she is so giddy."

After mature reflection lasting fifteen minutes, he decided to call on Roxy Adams that very afternoon. He had not understood Twonnet's warning, but some apprehension of grave disaster to his new-born hope, and the nervousness of an austere man who has not found duty and inclination coincident, made him in haste to forestall any misadventure. He ate but little dinner, not even enjoying his favourite dish of dandelion greens cooked in good Swiss fashion. Mr. Lefaure watched anxiously and at last inquired with earnestness:

"*Est-ce que vous ne vous portez pas bien, Monsieur?*"

But Whittaker smiled and assured the host that he was well, but had no appetite.

Twonnet, at last, solemnly told her father that Mr. Whittaker had received a letter that very morning informing him of the death of an

old friend, and this information tallied so little with the expression on the minister's face that Twonnet's father was quite suspicious that the girl was playing one of her little pranks on him. But when he looked again at Whittaker's face it was serious enough.

After dinner he tried to get ready with great deliberation. By severe constraint he compelled himself to move slowly, and to leave the little front gate of palings, painted black atop, in a direction opposite to that which his feet longed to take.

"The other way," cried the mischievous voice of Twonnet, from behind a honeysuckle which she affected to be tying up to its trellis.

"Presently," replied he, finding it so much easier not to keep his secret, and pleased with Twonnet's friendly sympathy. But that word, spoken to her half in tenderness, pierced her like an arrow. A sharp pang of jealousy and I know not what, shot through her heart in that moment; the sunshine vanished from her face. She had accomplished her purpose in sending Mr. Whittaker to Roxy, and now her achievement suddenly became bitter to her. She ran upstairs and closed her door and let down the blind of green slats, then she buried her head in the great feather pillows and cried her eyes red. She felt lonely and forsaken of her friends. She was mad with the minister and with Roxy.

But Whittaker walked away in the sunlight, full of hope and happiness.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WEATHER-BREEDER.

PEEPS into the future are depressing. Twonnet's gypsy-gift did not raise Roxy's spirits. By means of divination she had suddenly found, not exactly that she was in love with Mark, but that she was in a fair way to love him. It was painful, too, to know that all the joy she had had in talking with Bonamy was not as she had thought it, purely religious and disinterested. Her sensitive conscience shuddered at the thought of self-deception, and she had been in this case both deceiver and dupe. She had little belief in Twonnet's gift of prophecy but much in her shrewd insight. Was it true, then, that the great, brilliant and self-sacrificing Mark loved her? This thought would have been enough to plunge her into doubt and questionings. But Twonnet's evident distrust of her hero vexed and perturbed her. And then to have her other hero suddenly thrown into the opposite scale, drove her into a tangle of complex feelings. How did Twonnet know anything about Mr. Whittaker's feeling towards her? Was it likely that he would want to marry a Methodist?

Alas! just when her life was flowing so smoothly, and she seemed to be able to be useful, the whole stream was suddenly perturbed by cross currents and eddies, and she was thrown into doubts innumerable. Prayer did not seem to do any good; her thoughts were so distracted that devotion was impossible. This distraction and depression seemed to her the hiding of the Lord's face. She wrote in her diary on that day:

"I am walking in great darkness. I have committed some sin and the Lord has withdrawn from me the light of his countenance. I try to pray, but my thoughts wander. I fear I have set my heart on earthly things. What a sinner I am. Oh Lord! have mercy! Leave me not in my distress. Show me the right way, and lead me in paths of righteousness for thy name's sake."

The coming of Whittaker that afternoon added to her bewilderment. She did her best to receive him with composure and cordiality, but Twonnet's prophecy had so impressed her beforehand with the purpose of his visit, that she looked on him from the first in doubt, indecision and despair. And yet her woman's heart went out towards him as he sat there before her, gentle, manly, unselfish and refined. It was clear to her then that she *could* love him. But thoughts of Mark Bonamy and his mission intruded. Had Whittaker come a week or two earlier!

While the minister talked, Roxy could not control her fingers at her knitting. Her hands trembled and refused to make those motions which long since had become so habitual as to be almost involuntary.

There was one relief; Bobo sat alongside of her and the poor fellow grew uneasy as he discovered her agitation. She let fall her knitting and pushed the hair from the boy's enquiring face, lavishing on him the pity she had felt for her suitor, speaking carressing words to him, which he caught up and repeated like an echo in the tones of tenderness which she used. Whittaker envied the perpetual child these caresses and the pitying love which Roxy gave him. Roxy was much moved by Whittaker's emotion. Her pitiful heart longed not so much to love him for her own sake as to comfort him for his sake. Some element of compassion must needs have been mingled with the highest love of which she was capable.

The minister came to the love-making rather abruptly. He praised her, and his praises were grateful to her, he avowed his love, and love was very sweet to her, but it was when, having exhausted his praises and his declarations, he leaned forward his head on his hand, and said, "Only love me, Roxy, if you can," that she was deeply moved. She ceased her caresses of the boy, and looked out of the window in silence, as though she would fain have found something there that might show her a way out of her perplexities into which her life had come. Bobo, in whose mind there was always an echo, caught at the last words, and imitating the very tone of the minister, pleaded:

"Only love me, Roxy, if you can."

This was too much for the girl's pent-up emotions, she caught the lad and pressed him in her arms eagerly, saying or sobbing:

"Yes, I will love you, Bo, God bless you!"

She had no sooner relaxed her hold than the minister, in whose eyes were tears, put his arm about the simple lad and embraced him also, much to the boy's delight. This act, almost involuntary as it was, touched Roxy's very heart. She was ready in that moment to have given herself to the good man.

But again she looked out of the window, straining her eyes in that blind, instinctive, searching stare, to which we are all prone in time of perplexity. There was nothing without but some pea vines, climbing and blossoming on the brush which supported them, a square bed of lettuce and a hop-vine clambering in bewildering luxuriance over the

rail fence. The peaceful hen mother, troubled by no doubts or scruples, scratched diligently in the soft earth, clucking out her content with a world in which there were plenty of angle worms and seeming in her placidity to mock at Roxy's perturbation. Why should all these dumb creatures be so full of peace? Roxy had not learned that internal conflicts are the heritage of superiority. It is so easy for small-headed stupidity to take no thought for the morrow.

But all that Roxy, with her staring out of the window, could see was that she could not see anything at all.

"Will you tell me, Miss Adams," asked the minister, presently, "whether I am treading where I ought not—whether you are engaged?"

"No, I am not." Roxy was a little startled at his addressing her as "Miss Adams." For in a western village the Christian name is quite the common form of speech to a young person.

There was another long silence, during which Roxy again enquired of the idle-looking pea-vines, and the placid hen, and the great, green hop vine clambering over the fence. Then she summoned courage to speak:

"Please, Mr. Whittaker, give me time to think—to think and pray for light. Will you wait—wait a week—or so? I cannot see my way."

"I cannot see my way," put in Bobo, pathetically.

"Certainly, Roxy. Good-bye!"

She held out her hand, he pressed it, but without looking at her face, put on his hat, and shook hands with little Bobo, whose sweet infantile face looked after him wistfully.

He was gone and Roxy sighed with relief. But she had only postponed the decision.

The minister, who had carried away much hope, met Mr. Adams in the street, and partly because he felt friendly towards everybody and toward all connected with Roxy in particular, he stopped to talk with him; and he in turn was in one of his most contrary moods, and took pains to disagree with the preacher about everything.

"It is a beautiful day," said Whittaker at last, as he was saying good-bye, resolved perhaps to say one thing which his friend could not controvert.

"Yes, nice day," growled Adams," "but a weather-breeder."

This contradictoriness in the shoemaker took all the hopefulness out of Whittaker. The last words seemed ominous. He returned home dejected, and when Twonnet essayed to cheer him and give him an opportunity for conversation by saying that it was a beautiful day, he startled himself by replying, with a sigh:

"Yes, but a weather-breeder.

CHAPTER XIV.

CARPET RAGS AND RIBBONS.

"It seems to me ——"

It was Mrs. Henrietta Hanks speaking to her faithful Jemima on the day after the events recorded in the previous chapter of this story. Jemima and her mistress were cutting up all manner of old garments

and sewing them into carpet rags, while Bonaparte Hanks, whose name is better known to our readers in its foreshortened form as Bobo, was rolling the yellow balls of carpet-rags across the floor after the black ones, and clapping his hands in a silly delight, which was in strange contrast to its growing bulk.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Hanks, "that Mark and Roxy will make a match of it."

"Umph," said Jemima. She did not say "umph,"—nobody says that; but she gave forth one of those guttural utterances which are not put down in the dictionary. The art of alphabetic writing finds itself quite unequal to the task of grappling with such words, and so we write others which nobody ever uses, such as *umph* and *eh* and *ugh*, as algebriac signs to represent the unknown quantity of an expressive and perhaps unique objurgation. Wherefore, let "umph," which Jemima did not say, equal the intractable, undefinable, not-to-be spelled word which she did use. And that undefinable word was in its turn an algebraic symbol for a whole sentence, a formula for general, contemptuous, and indescribable dissent.

"He goes there a good deal," replied Mrs Hanks, a little subdued by Jemima's mysterious grunt.

"I thought he'd made a burnt sackerfice of hisself and laid all on the altar, and was agoin' off to missionate among the Texicans," said Jemima, prudently reserving her heavier shot to the last, and bent on teasing her opponent."

"Well, I don't imagine that'll come to anything," said Mrs. Hanks. "Young Christians in their first love, you know, always want to be better than they ought, and I don't think Mark ought to throw away his great opportunities. Think how much good he might do in Congress; and then, you know, a Christian congressman is such an ornament—to—the church."

"And to all his wife's relations besides," chuckled the wicked Jemima. "But for my part, I don't 'low he's more'n a twenty 'leventh part as good as Roxy. She's jam up all the time, and he's good by spells and in streaks—one of the fitty and jerky kind."

"Jemima, you oughtn't to talk that way." Mrs. Hanks always pitted her anger and her slender authority against Jemima's rude wit. "You don't know but Mark 'll come to be my nephew, and you ought to have more respect for my feelings."

"They haint no immegiate danger of *that*," answered Jemima with emphasis. He *may* come to be your nephew *to* be sure, and the worl' may stop off short all to wunst and come to an end by Christmas. But neither on 'em's likely enough to make it wuth while layin' awake to think about it."

"How do *you* know?"

"Well, I went over arter Bobo yesterday evenin',* and what d'ye think I see?"

Mrs. Hanks did not inquire, so Jemima was obliged to proceed on her own account.

"I see Mr. Whittaker a-coming out of the house, with his face all in a *flash*, like as of he'd been a talkin' sumpin' pertikular, and he spoke

* "Evening," in the Ohio valley and in the South, is used in its primary sense of the later afternoon, not as in the eastern states, to signify the time just after dark.

to me kinder shaky and trimblin' like. And when I came in, I see Roxy's face a sort of red and white in spots, and her eyes lookin' down and to one sides, and anywheres but straight,—kinder wander'n roun' onsartain, like's ef she wus afeard you'd look into 'em and see sumpin you hadn't orter."

"Well, I *do* declare!" Whenever Mrs. Hanks found herself entirely at a loss for words and ideas she proceeded after this formula to *declare*. She always declared that she did declare, but never declared what she declared.

"Well, I *do* declare!" she proceeded after a pause. "Jemimy Dumbleton, if that don't beat the Dutch! for you to go prying into people's houses, and peeping into their eyes and guessing their secrets, and then to run around tattling them all over town to everybody, and——"

But the rest of this homily will never be known, for at this critical moment the lad with the ambitious name, who was engaged in developing his military genius by firing carpet-rag cannon-balls in various directions and watching their rebound, made a shot which closed the squabble between Mrs. Hanks and her help. He bowled a bright red ball—relic of an old flannel shirt—through the middle of a screen which covered the fire-place in the summer. When he heard the crashing of the ball through the paper he set up a shout of triumph, clapping his hands together, but when he saw that his missile did not come back from its hiding-place, he stood looking in stupefied curiosity at the screen, the paper of which had almost closed over the rent. He was quite unable to account for the sudden and total eclipse of his red ball.

Mrs. Hanks saw with terror the screen, which had cost the unskilled hands of herself and Jemima two or three hours of cutting and planning and pasting, destroyed at a blow. Mischief done by responsible hands has this compensation, that one has the great relief of scolding, but one would as well scold the wind as to rebuke so irresponsible an agent as Bobo. Mrs. Hanks seized him by the collar and shook him, then ran to the screen and put her hands behind it, holding the pieces in place as one is prone to do in such a case. It is the vague, instinctive expression of the wish that by some magic the injury might be recalled. Then she looked at her late antagonist, Jemima, for sympathy, and then she looked at the rent and uttered that unspellable interjection made by resting the tongue against the roof of the mouth and suddenly withdrawing it explosively. One writes it "tut—tut—tut," but that is not it at all.

Bobo fretted a little, as he generally did after being shaken up in this way, but having recovered his red ball, he was on the point of dashing it through the screen again, when his mother prudently took it away from him, put on his cap, led him to the door and said:

"Go to Roxy."

"Go to Roxy!" cried the little fellow, starting down the path, repeating the words over and over to himself as he went, as though he found it needful to revive instantly his feeble memory of its destination.

Having thus comfortably shed her maternal responsibilities, Mrs. Hanks proceeded to shed the carpet-rags also, by arraying herself to go out. This was a very simple matter, even for the wife of one of the principal men in the town, for in those good old days of simplicity nothing more elaborate than a calico dress and sun-bonnet was needed

to outfit a lady for minor shopping. Mrs. Hank's sun-bonnet was soon adjusted, and she gave Jemima a farewell look, expressive of her honor of gossiping propensities, and then proceeded to where the tin sign beside the door read, "Miss Moore, Millinery and Mantua-maker," for the purpose of verifying Jemima's report.

Miss Moore was all attention. She showed Mrs. Hanks the latest novelty in scoop-shovel bonnets which she had just brought from Cincinnati, got out her box of ribbons and set it on the table, and assented to everything Mrs. Hanks said with her set formula of "very likely, Mrs. Hanks, very likely."

Miss Moore was not at all the conventional old maid. She was one of the mild kind, whose failure to marry came neither from flirting nor from a repellent temper, nor from mere chance, but, if it is needful to account for it at all, from her extreme docility. A woman who says "indeed" and "very likely" to everything, is very flavourless. Adams had concluded to marry her now, perhaps, because he liked paradoxes and because Miss Moore with her ready assent would be the sharpest possible contrast to his contradictoriness. Then, too, she was the only person he could think of with whom he could live without quarreling. She never disputed anything he said, no matter how outrageous. He experimented on her one day by proving to her, conclusively, that polygamy was best and according to Scripture, and when he had done and looked to see her angry, she smiled and said, "Very likely—very likely, indeed."

Now that the long-becalmed bark of Miss Moore was about to sail into the looked-for haven, she set all her pennons flying. This call from Mrs. Hanks, who was the sister of the first Mrs. Adams, seemed to her very significant. She became more complacent than ever before. If Mrs. Hanks thought the orange ribbon a little too bright, Miss Moore said, "very likely, indeed." If Mrs. Hanks thought the blue ribbon just the thing, Miss Moore was again impressed and said, "very likely." But when Mrs. Hanks said that on the whole the blue would not do, Miss Moore thought so, too.

At last Mrs. Hanks pushed back her sun-bonnet, fingered the rolls of ribbon absently, and approached the point of attack.

"Well, Miss Moore, they do say you're not going to be Miss Moore always."

The milliner smiled and blushed and bridled a little, and then gave way and tittered. For when a woman's courtship comes late, the omitted emotions of her girlhood are all interpolated farther on, and it is no affectation for her to act like a young girl. Young girl she is in all the fluttering emotions of a young girl. Only the fluttering does not seem to us so pretty and fitting as it might have been twenty years earlier.

"Well, suppose Roxy wont trouble you long."

Miss Moore looked mysterious.

"Very likely, indeed," she replied, and then added with a blush, "I've heard she has a beau." Miss Moore had heard only of Mark's attentions, but the suspicious Mrs. Hanks was now on the track of Whittaker.

"Mr. Whittaker?" she queried.

"Very likely." This was said partly from habit and partly to cover her real surprise at hearing the name of Whittaker. But this mechanical assent did not satisfy the inquisitive lady.

"Now *do* you know anything about it, Miss Moore? Don't say 'very likely' but tell me plainly."

Miss Moore was cornered. She did not want to tell a lie, for Miss Moore was as truthful as a person of her mild temper could be. But she was very loth to confess her ignorance and thus lose something of her importance in the eyes of Mrs. Hanks.

"Well, being's it's you, Mrs. Hanks—being's it's you"—Miss Moore spoke as though she were going to sell a bonnet under price—"I don't mind telling *you* the plain truth without any double-and-twisting. I tell you plainly 't I shouldn't be surprised 'f there was *something* in that, now I come to think of it. Very likely, indeed."

With this Mrs. Hanks had to be content, for to all further inquiries Miss Moore returned only her stereotyped assent.

At last Mrs. Hanks turned away from the ribbons without buying, and said:

"Well, I must be going."

"Very likely," said Miss Moore from sheer habit. And then, too, she was turning over in her mind the intelligence Mrs. Hanks had given her, and what a nice morsel it would be to tell the wife of the ruling elder in Mr. Whittaker's church.

CHAPTER XV.

MARK'S MISSION.

"YOU don't say so." It was Sheriff Lathers who spoke, as he did so, putting his boots up on the mantel-piece, leaning back in his chair and spitting in the fire-place—expectorating by way of facilitating the expression of his ideas. He never could say anything of great importance without stopping to spit, and his little clique of hangers-on knew that when Major Tom Lathers thus loosened his mental machinery he was about to say something quite oracular. It was the signal for general silence and intense attention on the part of the bottle-nosed deputy and other interested disciples of the eminent and astute political philosopher, whose misfortune it was that he must repose his boots on the popular mantel-piece in the sheriff's office in Luzerne, rather than on the sofas in the United States Senate Chamber, for which last position of repose nature had clearly intended him. But while I have thus digressed, the philosopher has run his sharp grey eyes in a scrutinizing way around the circle of loafers, has rammed his fists into his pockets, corrugated his intellectual brow, resumed his meditative stare at the fire-place, in which there are the charred relics of the last fire it contained, destined to remain until the next fire shall be lighted in the fall. And now he is ready to speak.

"Well, I'll be swinged!" Here he paused. Pauses of this sort whet people's appetites. He looked about him once more to be sure that he had now fairly arrested the whole-hearted attention of his devout followers.

"I didn't believe on ways, as Mark Bonamy would go, and he wouldn't a gone a step ef the ole man hadn't a threatened. Mark's one of this

'ere kind: you can coax him and tole him with a yer of corn, but jist try to drive him and he wont. 'Git up,' says you, 'I won't,' says he; 'Git up *there*,' says you, 'I'll be dogged ef I do,' says he, and lets his heels fly and you keel over backward. I tried drivin' and tolin' last summer and he kicked up every time I tried the spurs onto him. But he's goin' to Texas shore enough, they say. That'll wear out soon and he'll be back here, like the prodigal son, eatin' swine's flesh with the rest of us."

Here he gave a knowing look at each of his auditors and received a significant blink in return.

Just at this point Mark Bonamy himself came in to attend to some business with the sheriff's deputy.

"Good-morning, Major," he said, half-conscious at once that he had interrupted some conversation about himself.

"Howdy, Mark? Goin' to Texas, shore as shootin', so they say?"

"Yes." This with some hesitation, as of a man who would fain make an avowal with reserve lest he should want to creep out of it.

"Well, Mark," here Lathers paused, placed his feet on the mantle-piece again and again performed the preliminary rite of expectoration, "I do say that they aint many folks that gives up more'n you do in goin' away on a fool mission to convert the heathen. Now, Mark, it mayn't be a bad move *after* all. Texas is a small republic, and you may come to be president there, like Joseph did in the land of Canaan. Hey? And Texas may be hitched on behind Uncle Sam's steamboat some day as a sort of yawl. In which case look out for Mark Bonamy, United States Senator. It's better to be capt'in of a yawl than deck-hand on board the 'General Pike.' I don't know whether you're *such* a fool after all. Joseph didn't go down into Egypt for nothing. He had his eye on the corn."

Here Lathers winked at the deputy's luminous nose, and then looked seriously at Bonamy. Somehow Mark, at this moment, felt ashamed of his mission, and was quite willing to have Lathers impute to him interested designs rather than to appear to the eyes of that elevated moral philosopher a man who was somewhat disinterested and therefore a fool. The real chameleon is a sensitive vanity, prone to change color with every change of surrounding.

Mark Bonamy was not yet a licensed preacher, nor even an exhorter, for his probation of six months had not expired. He exhorted in meeting by general consent, but as a layman. A glowing account of his abilities and of his missionary enthusiasm had been sent to Bishop Hedding, who immediately booked him in his mind as suited to some dangerous and difficult rôle; for Hedding looked on men as a chess-player does upon his pieces, he weighed well the difference between a knight and a rook, and especially between a piece with great powers and a mere pawn. The death of Dr. Martin Ruter had weakened the Texan mission. In Mark, as described to him, he saw a man of force who might in time prove of the utmost value to the church in that new republic. So he wrote to Mark, asking if he would proceed in the autumn to Texas and take a place as second man on a circuit of some five hundred miles around, with forty-seven preaching-places. The letter came at the right moment, for Bonamy had just returned from the great camp-meeting in Moore's Woods, with all his religious enthusiasm and

missionary zeal at white heat. He had renewed for the tenth time in six months his solemn consecration of himself to some great work, had made a public and penitent confession of his backslidings, and resolved to grow cold no more. And of all his spiritual leaders none were wise enough to know and point out to him that this keying himself higher than his impulsive nature would bear, was one of his chief perils. Reactions were inevitable while he continued to be Mark Bonamy.

But while he was thus, as Cartwright would have said, "under a shouting latitude," there came the letter from the great bishop like the voice of God telling him to leave his father's house, and to get him out into the wilderness to seek the lost sheep. Many a man gets committed to some high and heroic course in his best moment, often wondering afterward by what inspiration he was thus raised above himself. Happy is he whose opportunity of decision finds him at high-water mark. Happy, if he have stability enough to stand by his decision after it is made.

Mark was not without debate and hesitation. He might even now have faltered but for two things. The influence of Roxy and of his father alike impelled him to accept. As soon as the word came to Colonel Bonamy that Mark had received such a letter, he did his best, unwittingly, to confirm him in his purpose by threatening him again with disinheritance. It only needed to awaken the son's combativeness to give his resolution strength and consistency. Even the religious devotion of a martyr may gain tone from inborn oppugnancy.

Then there was the influence of Roxy. Her relation to Mark was only that of a confidential religious friend. He had had occasion to consult her rather frequently, sometimes when meeting her on the street, sometimes calling at her house. But how often does one have to remark that mere friendship between a young man and a young woman is quite impossible for any considerable time. There is no King Knud who can say to the tide of human affection, "thus far and no farther." Mark's love for Roxy had ceased to be Platonic—he was not quite Plato. But how should he even confess to himself that he loved Roxy. For loving Roxy and going on a mission to the Brazos River were quite inconsistent. A man was not supposed to want a wife to help him fight Indians, rattlesnakes, Mexican desperadoes and starvation. And to give up the mission for Roxy's sake would have been to give up Roxy also. He knew dimly that it was only in the light of a self-sacrificing hero that she admired him. Perhaps he unconsciously recognized also that this admiration of him on her part had served to keep his purpose alive.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER THE MEETING.

ON the Wednesday evening following Mark's reception of his call to go to Texas and his talk with Lathers, he would fain see Roxy. It was the evening of the prayer-meeting, and if he had been prone to neglect it, he would have found Roxy nowhere else. But he had no inclination in his present state of feeling to go away from the meeting.

The brethren had heard of the call to the mission, and most touching prayers were offered for his welfare and success. Mark himself prayed with deep and genuine pathos. Toward the last the minister called on Roxy to pray, and she who had been born full of the missionary spirit, who would have rejoiced to lay down her life for the lost sheep in the wilderness, who had been the source of most of Mark's inspiration, began to pray, not with her accustomed directness and fervour, but with a faltering voice. Twonnet's fortune-telling had awakened in Roxy a sense of the strength of her own feeling for Mark, and with this came a maidenly delicacy. She faltered, hesitated, picked her words, prayed in platitudes, until at last, after mentioning Mark only in the most general way, she proceeded to pray for those to whom he was sent. All the force of her strong nature found utterance in the cry of the lost, and when she ceased everybody was weeping. And when the brethren and sisters rose from their knees, the old schoolmaster in the amen corner started to sing:

"From Greenland's icy mountains;'

and as everybody sang it with feeling, Mark felt ashamed that he should ever have thought of any other life than that of a missionary. It were better to die of malarial fever among the rowdies and rattlesnakes of the Brazos River, than to live a thousnnd years in ease and plenty. And when at the close of the meeting the military notes of "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" resounded through the old meeting-house, Mark regretted that so much time would intervene before he could reach the field of battle.

In this state of enthusiasm he walked home with Roxy. And this enthusiasm lifted him almost to the height of Roxy's perpetual exaltation. They talked of that in which they both were interested, and is it strange that they were drawn the one to the other by their community of feeling? Mark did not even now distrust himself; he did not once imagine that there was any difference between his flush of zeal, and the life-long glow of eager unselfishness and devoutness that was the very essence of the character of Roxy. He could not distinguish between himself—thin comet that he was, renewing his ever-waning heat, first by the fire of this sun and then by the radiance of that—and Roxy, the ever-burning fixed star whose fire of worship and charity was within herself. But taking himself at the estimate she put upon him, he rejoiced in having a friend worthy to sympathize with him, and when he parted with her, he pressed Roxy's hand and said:

"Oh, Roxy! if you were only going with me! You make me brave. I am better when I am with you. Think of the good we might do together. Some day I shall come back for you if you'll let me."

He held her hand in both of his, and he could feel her trembling.

His voice was full of pleading, and Roxy was in a flutter of mingled admiration, pity, and love. That this brave servant of the Lord, taking his life in hand, casting ambition, friends, and property behing him should appeal to her! She dared not speak and she could not pray. In a moment Bonamy had kissed her hand. A maidenly recoil seized her, she withdrew her hand, opened the gate and ran up the walk between the rows of pretty-by-nights and touch-me-nots. It was not un-

til she stood in the door with her hand on the latch-string, that the turned toward her companion and said softly, in a voice suffused with emotion:

"Good-night, Mark!"

And then she went into the house with her soul in chaos. Zeal, duty, and love, neither contented nor agreed. The scrupulous girl could understand nothing, see nothing. Pitying thoughts of Whittaker strove with her thoughts of Mark.

And that night she dreamed that she had set out to find the lost sheep that had left the ninety-and-nine and strayed in the wilderness, and Mark had set out with her. But ever they became more and more separated in the thorn-thickets of Texas, until at last Mark left her to travel on alone while he gave over the search. And the thickets grew higher and more dense, her feet were pierced with thorns, and her body exhausted with weariness. She saw panthers and catamounts and rattlesnakes and alligators and indescribable creatures of terror about her; they hissed at her and rushed upon her, so that she shuddered as she pushed on and on through the dense brake, wondering whether the poor lost sheep were not already devoured. But at last she came upon the object of her search environed with wild beasts. Trembling with terror she broke through and laid hold on the far-wandering sheep,—the monsters fled before her and the impregnable fold all at once inclosed her and the lost one. Then she discovered that the lost whom she had saved, was, by some transformation, Mark himself. And even while the Shepherd was commending her, the trembling girl awoke.

CHAPTER XVII.

A REMONSTRANCE.

AFTER her visit to the millinery and mantua-makery of Miss Moore, Mrs. Hanks debated with herself what to do. She could not consult Jemima, for Jemima belonged to the enemy. But upon debating various plans she resolved to see Roxy herself. She was Roxy's aunt, and the aunt ought to have some influence with the motherless niece, she reasoned. She was a little ashamed to go to Roxy now, it was so long since she had entered the old log-house which had sheltered her childhood in the days when wandering Indians still traversed at intervals the streets of the new village of Luzerne. But then she had been so busy with her own children, Roxy ought to make allowance for that.

These explanations she made to Roxy when she made her call on the next day after the prayer-meeting. She couldn't come before. And then Roxy was so steady that she didn't need looking after. It wasn't every girl that could keep a house so clean and do so much for her father. All this talk troubled Roxy. She was simple-minded and direct, and the lurking suspicion of ulterior purpose in her aunt's words, and the consciousness of having something to conceal, disturbed her.

"I understand, Roxy," she said at last, "that you've had one or two beaus lately, Now you know that I'm in the place of a mother to you, and I hope you wont do anything about marrying without consulting me."

Roxy bent over her sewing and grew red in the face. Mrs. Hanks interpreted this flush of indignation as a blush.

"I suppose you are already engaged," she said, with an air of offence. "I don't think you ought to treat your mother's sister in that way. I was told that you were engaged to Mr. Whittaker. I must say I don't think it the best you can do."

"I am not engaged to Mr. Whittaker or to anybody else," said Roxy, giving way to her rising anger, and breaking her needle. "I wish people would mind their own business."

"Well, Roxy, I must say that is not a nice way to treat me when I come to give you advice. If I can't talk to you, who can?"

Roxy's sense of injury and neglect which she thought she had conquerred by prayer all revived now, and she bit her lip.

"I tell you plainly, Roxy, that if you marry Mr. Whittaker you'll get a cold Presbyterian that does not believe in real heart religion. They educate their ministers without asking whether they have a real divine call or not. Some of them, I expect, are not soundly converted. And you know how you'll suffer for the means of grace if you join the Presbyterians. They wont have any praying or speaking by women. They don't have any class-meetings, and I don't think they have that *deep depth* of godliness you know that we Methodists believe in. And they don't allow shouting or crying, and that's a quenching of the spirit. So I say. For David says in the Psalms to shout and to cry aloud, and to make a joyful noise unto the Lord. Now, I do hope you wont marry a cold-blooded Presbyterian that believes in predestination and that a certain number was born to be damned. And little children, too, for the Confession of Faith says that children not a span long are in hell, and ——"

"The Confession of Faith don't say that," said Roxy.

"Oh! you've been reading it, have you. I didn't know you'd gone so far. Now, I say that there's *some* good Christians in the Presbyterian church, but a Methodist that leaves her own church to join the Presbyterians has generally backslid beforehand. And a girl that changes her religion to get a husband ——"

"Who said I meant to change my religion to get a husband?" Roxy was now fiercely angry. "If you're going to talk that way, I will not stay and listen," and the girl drew herself up proudly, but her sensitive conscience smote her in a moment for her anger, and she sat down again, irresolute.

"Well, Roxy, you've got your father's temper along with your mother's religion Though for that matter I think a temper's a good thing. But when you've got a chance to marry such a Methodist as Mark Bonamy, now, I don't see why you should take a poor Presbyterian preacher that hasn't got a roof to cover his head. Mark'll get over his mission soon. Missionary fever with young Christians is like wild oats with young sinners—it's soon over. You can cool Mark down if you try. Show him how much good he can do if he'll stay here and inherit his father's wealth. But Mark'll get his share anyway. The old man wont leave him out. And now, Roxy, you'll get over your freaks as I have got over mine, and if you miss your chauce you'll be sorry for it. It isn't every day a girl whose father's a poor shoemaker and who lives in a log-house, gets a man with a good farm and

a brick house, and a chance of going to Congress or getting to be a bishop ——"

"Oh! Aunt Henrietta, hush!" Roxy was on her feet now. "I've got nothing to do with Mr. Whittaker or Mark, and if I had, you've no business talking that way. If you don't hush I'll say something awful."

"Well, I declare! For a girl as religious as *you*, that's a pretty how-do-ye-do, aint it, now?"

Here Roxy left the room to keep herself from saying "something awful," leaving Mrs. Henrietta Hanks to gather her cape about her shoulders, put on her sun-bonnet and depart with the comfortable feeling that she "had cleared her skirts anyhow." The faithful discharge of a duty disagreeable to others maketh the heart of the righteous to rejoice.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOSSIP AND GIGGLING.

MISS MOORE was a gossip of the good-natured kind. She never told anything for the sake of harming anybody. She was as innocent in her gossip as she was in her habit of plucking out her front hair with tweezers to make her forehead intellectual. The milliner's shop in a village is in some sort a news-dépôt. People bring hither their items of news and carry away whatever has been left here by others. It is a fair exchange. The milliner has the start of everybody else; for who should know so well as she whether Mrs. Greathouse will wear cherry ribbon or brown? Who knows the premonitory symptoms of a wedding so well as the skillful woman who trims the bonnet? And shall we condemn gossip? Only where it is thoughtless or malicious. For without the ventilating currents of gossip the village would be a stagnant pool. We are all gossips. The man who reads the daily paper may despise the "tattle" of the town, but he devours the tattle of the reporter who gets his livelihood by gossip. Whether we talk about a big world or a little one, it is the gossip about others that saves us from becoming eremites in the wilderness of our own egotism.

But did the red-bird that sang under Miss Moore's window that morning ask whether his notes were a delight to any one's ears? Or did he just whistle because whistling is a necessity of red-birdism? Miss Moore for her part did not ask whether her function was of use to the community or not. It was not her place to philosophize about gossips, but to gossip,—an employment in which she received the moral support of the best citizens. And in a village the general consent of the best citizens is of more weight than the decalogue.

But why should anything so clearly beneficial as gossip be carried on clandestinely? Why is a bit of gossip told in a voice that has something sly and wicked about it? Is it that one enjoys copyrighted information, which one is not to tell—or at most not with the name of the informant attached? Or is it that one likes to fancy oneself doing something forbidden?

At any rate Miss Moore, having possession of a bit of information

which she knew would delight Mrs. Highbury, the wife of the principal ruling elder of Whittaker's church, was perplexed to find some pretext for calling on Mrs. Highbury that she might not seem to have come on purpose to tell tales. Experienced gossip that she was, she could not get over the notion that her traffic in information was illicit. She might have called on Mrs. Highbury outright; for there is no caste feeling in a village that proscribes the milliner. A woman was none the worse in the Hoosier Luzerne in 1841 for the possession of that kind of skill which we call a trade. But Miss Moore, at last, remembered something that she wanted to ask Mrs. Highbury's advice about, or at least she remembered something concerning which she contrived to make herself believe she wanted information or counsel. So Miss Moore went up under the grape-vines that led to Mr. Highbury's door, and then around over the stone-paved walk to the back door, where the wide arbour shaded the broad pavement, in the middle of which stood the cistern with its hook in readiness for use.

Miss Moore went in over the broad clean porch into the sitting-room and was received cordially; for besides her importance as a milliner, she was also a member of the Presbyterian church, and in those days of polemical animosities a small and somewhat beleagured denomination held closely together.

"I thought I'd run over, Mrs. Highbury, and ask you about the cape to your bonnet. How long do you think it ought to be?"

Mrs. Highbury had a habit of leaving such things to the superior judgment of the milliner. For the milliner to throw the decision back on her, was like asking her to solve a problem in geometry. And so the plump, well-fed little lady sank down in her arm-chair and began rocking herself so energetically as to lift her feet off the floor at each tilt backward. Her mind was exhausting itself in thinking how impossible it was that she should ever decide what should be the length of a piece of rose-coloured silk at the base of a scoop-shovel bonnet.

"I declare to goodness, I don't know, Miss Moore." Here Mrs. Highbury opened her fan, and began to ply it and rock more vigorously and cheerfully than before. "Did you see the one that lady from Cincinnatti had on at church, on Sunday?"

Of course, Miss Moore had noted every bonnet in the church. She was not such a heathen as not to make the most of her "Sabbath and sanctuary privileges." But she did not reply to Mrs. Highbury's question. For here was the opportunity she had sought. It was a dangerous leap from the cape of a straw bonnet in church to the parson's love affair, but there might not come a better opportunity.

"Yes; but now you speak of church, reminds me. Did you notice any change in Mr. Whittaker's appearance on Sunday?"

"No, I didn't. Why?"

Miss Moore felt her superiority now.

"Did you think he had the look of a man just engaged to be married?"

"You don't tell me Mr. Whittaker's going to be married," cried the stout little lady, forgetting to rock, and allowing the toes of her shoes to rest on the floor.

"Well; I don't say anything about it. I've heard something of the kind."

"Who to, for goodness gracious' sake?"

"Well, that's a delicate question, especially in view of my peculiar circumstances; I suppose I oughtn't to say anything."

Miss Moore was human, and she knew that so long as she had a secret which curious Mrs. Highbury did not know, that lady was her humble servant.

"Yes; but you must tell me," pleaded Mrs. Highbury. "Mr. Whittaker ought not to marry without consulting the session. And if he consults the session I will know, I suppose. You can't keep secrets between man and wife."

"Very likely. But you know with me it's a sort of a family secret. Not exactly a family secret——" here Miss Moore tittered and stammered. "Well, you know I didn't mean to let my own secrets out, but I suppose everybody knows. I never *did* see such a horrible town for gossip as this is. They won't let anybody's private affairs alone." Here Miss Moore's face reddened, and she smothered a girlish giggle.

Mrs. Highbury suddenly leaned forward so as to bring her heels on the floor, and began to fan herself again.

"Why, Rachel Moore, what 've *your* family affairs got to do with Mr. Whittaker's marrying. Is he going to marry you? You're too old—I mean you're already engaged to Mr. Adams, they say. What do you mean? Don't be so mysterious, or folks 'll think you've lost your senses."

"I believe I have," said Miss Moore, and then she burst into another fit of laughing, while the aristocratic little dumpling rocked away again for dear life. Rocking was her substitute for thinking.

Miss Moore's habitual propriety and gravity soon came to her rescue, and she attempted to explain to Mrs. Highbury that by "family secret" she meant to allude—che–he—to the family—che–he—with which she was to become the—the—che–he–he,—or rather that Mr. Whittaker was not going to che–he—marry her,—but that it was somebody else who was going to be a che–he–he–he,—that is, he was going che–he–he he–he.

Poor Mrs. Highbury did not know whether to laugh or get angry, and, being in doubt, she took a middle course—she rocked herself. Her round face had a perplexed and injured look, as she waited for Miss Moore to explain herself.

"I do believe that I am che–he–he–he," said Miss Moore.

"I know you are, Rachel. Why can't you control yourself and tell a straight story. Who is Mr. Whittaker going to marry; you, or your mother? You say it's in your family."

"My mother! Oh! che–he–he. Not my mother, but my che–he–he."

"Your che–he–he! What do you mean?"

"Not my che–he mother, but my daughter che–he–he."

"Your daughter! Why, Miss Moore you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I don't mean my che–he daughter, but my che–he–he–he–hoo!"

By this time, little fat Mrs. Highbury was also laughing convulsively and screaming between her fits of laughter.

"What is—what is che–he, what is your che–he–he?"

"My che–he—my che–he step-daughter that is to be."

Mrs. Highbury grew sober and began to wipe her eyes.

"You don't mean Roxy Adams?"

"Yes, I do."

Mrs. Highbury shut her pretty mouth tight. She didn't know whether she approved or disapproved of Roxy Adams. How could she tell what she thought until she heard Mr. Highbury's opinion. For Mrs. Highbury's role was that of echo. It might be that Roxy Adams would make a good Presbyterian. It might be that she would corrupt the church. She would wait until her husband spoke. Then she would give him back his own opinions with emphasis, and tell her friends that she had "told Mr. Highbury so." People were certain that the little Mrs. H. had great influence with the big Mr. H. Turned him round her little finger.

(*To be continued.*)

FRAGMENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

LOYALTY AND DISLOYALTY—TREASON—DESERTION—THE JOHNSONS—COLONEL WILLIAM JOHNSON—JAMES JOHNSON AND HIS SONS—"BILL" JOHNSON—ANDREW JOHNSON—THOMAS S. WOOD—LOCKWOOD.

BY DR. CANNIFF.

WE have in a former paper spoken of the want of loyalty and disaffection which, to a certain extent, existed in Canada at the outbreak of the war. Of this Gen. Brock was well aware. He knew also that there were some weak-hearted ones who believed that it would be impossible to resist the invading foe. His stirring speech at the opening of the legislature in the beginning of Feb. 1812 was intended to counteract these adverse influences, and in a great measure it had that effect. In a letter to Col. Boynes, the Adj.-General, dated 12th Feb., he says: "The assurance which I gave, in my speech, of England co-operating in the defence of this Province, has infused the utmost confidence; and I have reason at this moment to look for the acquiescence of the two houses to every measure I may think necessary to recommend for the peace and defence of the country. A spirit has manifested itself, little expected by those who conceived themselves the best qualified to judge of the disposition of the members of the House of Assembly. The most powerful opponents to Governor Gore's administration take the lead on the present occasion. I, of course, do not think it expedient to damp the ardour displayed by these once doubtful characters. Some opposed Mr. Gore evidently from personal motives, but never forfeited the right of being numbered among the most loyal. Their character will very soon be put to a severe test. The measures which I intend to propose are: 1 A Militia Supplementary Act: 2 The suspension of the Habeas Corpus: 3 An Alien Law: 4 The offer of a reward for the better apprehension of deserters. If I succeed in all this, I shall claim some proviso, but I am not without my fears." Again, we find in a letter to Sir George Prevost written not long after, "I had

every reason to expect the almost unanimous support of the two Houses of the legislature to every measure the Government thought it necessary to recommend, but after a short trial I found myself egregiously mistaken in my calculations. The many doubtful characters in the Militia made me anxious to introduce the oath of abjuration into the bill: there were twenty members in the house when this highly important measure was lost by the casting vote of the chairman. The great influence which the numerous settlers from the United States possess over the decisions of the Lower House is truly alarming, and ought, immediately by every practical, means, to be diminished." . . . . "The bill for the suspension of the habeas corpus, I regret to say, was likewise lost by a trifling majority. A strong sentiment now prevails that war is not likely to occur with the United States, which, I believe, tended to influence the votes of the members. I mean of such who though honest, are by their ignorance easily betrayed into error." On the 24th Feb. 1812, four months before the declaration of war, General Brock issued the following proclamation :— "*To all whom it may concern* :—*Greeting.* WHEREAS, information has been received, that divers persons have recently come into this Province, with a seditious intent to disturb the tranquility thereof, and to endeavour to alienate the minds of His Majesty's subjects from his person and government, I hereby require and enjoin the several persons authorized to to carry into effect a certain statute, passed in the forty-fourth year of His Majesty's reign, intitled 'An Act for the better securing this Province against all seditious attempts or designs to disturb the tranquillity thereof,' to be vigilant in the execution of their duty, and strictly to enquire into the behaviour and conduct of all such persons as may be subject to the provisions of the said Act; and I do also charge and require all His Majesty's good and loyal subjects within this Province to be aiding and assisting the said persons, in the execution of the powers vested in them by the said Act."

The great success which crowned the prompt efforts put forth by Brock in the early months of the war tended very largely to silence the doubtful, discourage the unfaithful, and strengthen the waning. Still traitors, rebels, and spies existed in every neighbourhood. An Act was finally passed in the winter of 1814 "to empower His Majesty, for a limited time, to secure and detain such persons as his Majesty shall suspect of a treasonable adherence to the country." Commissioners were appointed for the several districts of the Province to carry into effect the provisions of the Act. For the midland district, were, we learn the following gentlemen: —The Hon. R. Cartwright, Alexander McDonell, Alexander Fisher, Thomas Dorland, Timothy Thompson, Thomas Markland, Peter Smith, John Comming, James McNabb, Ebenezer Washburn, Robert C. Wilkins, James Young, William Crawford.

We will now proceed to give a brief account of two brothers, one of whom, from a devoted U. E. Loyalist, became an active and dangerous ally of the Americans. The scenes of his daring exploits were along the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Quinte, from Kingston up to Bath, and the lake west of Trenton, toward York.

In addition to the family of Sir William Johnson, there were a large number of that name who remained loyal in the colonies at the time of the rebellion of the American Colonies. A considerable number of them were combatants and mostly all conspicuous for their gallant deeds of arms.

One of the name, Captain William Johnson, of the King's Royal Regiment, settled a few miles west of Kingston. He became Colonel of the militia of Addington, and it is said he was the first to muster the militia in that part of the country if not in the Province. He died here; leaving one daughter who married a Mr. McCoy, and who removed to Toronto. But it is quite another family of whom we have to speak.

James Johnson, an Irishman, was a soldier in Rogers' battalion, an infantry corps which had fought against the American rebels and which had after the first surveys of Upper Canada, allotted to its members the second township laid out, at Ernestown. James Johnson served in the capacity of Captain of the cattle drivers. His family consisted of seven sons and six daughters; the sons' names were Daniel, James, William, Matthew, Jacob, Andrew and Nathan. Of these William and Andrew became somewhat noted and deserve our attention.

William, or as he was universally called *Bill* Johnson, spent his early years on the front of Ernestown. His father had drawn his land where afterwards existed the Village of Ernestown, subsequently named Bath, and was the neighbour of the Fairfields and Davys, also U. E. Loyalists, whose descendants are well known in Ontario. His father's log house was used for three years for church services by the Rev. D. John Stuart, a refugee loyalist and "the father of the Upper Canada Church," before the erection of the frame building on the hill. The house would hold from thirty to forty persons. Respecting "Bill" Johnson, which we shall continue to call him, we have derived our information from two sources, namely:—Thomas S. Wood, Esq. and Sergeant Lockwood, both of whom had lively recollection of the events connected with him. Mr. Wood who lives at Morrisburg, came to Canada in 1810 from the States and took the Oath of Allegiance, nor did his loyalty swerve during the war of 1812. He lived at Bath, and naturally the events came under his notice. He served as sergeant in the Lennox militia, and receives a pension. His family is not unknown in Canada, Dr. Wood, of Ottawa, being his eldest son, A. F. Wood, of Madoc, long time reeve and warden of the county of Hastings, and president of the Belleville and North Hastings Railway, and S. C. Wood, M.P.P., Provincial Treasurer for Ontario, being his two other living sons. Mr. Wood favoured us with a communication dated 9th February, 1876, at which time he was eighty-five years old, and his wife 81.

Mr. Wood says, "it was often remarked that Bill Johnson was the first male child of the U. E. Loyalists born in Kingston." This was probably at the time of the arrival of Roger's corps in 1784. "The whole of the Johnson family had always been noted for their loyalty and Bill was held up by his neighbours as a good specimen of his race. Soon after the declaration of war, the militia of Ernestown were mustered, and a call for volunteers was made; when Bill was the first to respond, and in ten minutes there were more volunteers than were wanted for immediate service. Bill was made sergeant, and they were ordered to hold themselves in readiness for active duty at a minute's notice.

The volunteers were soon called to Kingston and heartily responded, Johnson with the rest. But, "Bill Johnson had, for several months previous, been getting together all the money he could in order to go to Montreal to purchase merchandize to set up a small store. After being in Kingston three or four days he procured a substitute who was accepted by the captain, Patrick Smith. But before he could get away to Montreal, he

was ordered to report himself for duty. He did so, and had some hot words with his commanding officer, and hired another substitute who was accepted. Again he arranged to start for Montreal, and had reached Kingston on his way when he was told by P. Smith that the second substitute had deserted, and that he must go into the ranks. A very severe quarrel was the result. Johnson was arrested and conveyed to the Guard House. He soon effected his escape, it was supposed through sympathizers of whom there were not a few, and getting on board of a batteau, he proceeded to Montreal. In about two weeks he returned with a supply of goods in a batteau, and on reaching the wharf at Kingston was arrested by a guard and taken to jail, while his goods were left with no one to take care of them. 'He was kept in jail ten days, and when let out six hundred dollars worth of goods were missing. He never found them, but Government found Bill Johnson and all his family *Rebels*.'" He took the few goods left him, and with two Yankees, residents of Bath, he went over to Sacket's Harbour in a small boat." Respecting this event we have received a somewhat different version. Mr. Lockwood of Sidney who was a Sergeant at the time in Kingston says that Wm. Johnson was drafted; and, after serving for a short time procured his brother as a substitute. After a while his brother deserted to the States, and the captain, not doubting William's loyalty, desired him to resume his place which his brother had left, but he would not do so. The result was that a file of soldiers, commanded by Sergeant Lockwood himself, was sent to arrest Bill by order of the captain, Mathew Clark, of Ernestown. Upon the approach of the soldiers, Bill shouted to Lockwood, who had been his life-long playmate, "I know what you are after, but you won't get me yet;" and at once shut the door and turned the key. Lockwood, promptly, with the butt of his musket knocked the door open in time to see Bill escaping by the back door. A close chase ensued into a back enclosure and Lockwood succeeded in catching him by the leg as he was passing through a window. Bill submitted and was conveyed to the Guard House within the jail. After being confined for some time he escaped by breaking jail, probably aided by sympathizers. Whatever may have been Johnson's feelings before towards the British Government, he now became a most determined enemy of his native country. He vowed he should be a "thorn in Great Britain's side." This account we had from the lips of Sergeant Lockwood, whom we visited in 1866, who seemed to have a clear recollection of the event. And the statement of Andrew Johnson, brother of Bill, whom we saw on the same day, seemed to corroborate it. Mr. Lockwood, we believe, died a few years ago.

Whatever may have been the exact nature of the causes of Bill Johnson's alienation and espousal of the American cause, he lost no time in carrying out his desperate resolve to gratify his revenge, and do all he could to injure Canada and aid the Americans. Before many days, according to Mr. Wood, his former captain, P. Smith, suffered a personal loss. A schooner of his laden with sawed lumber was passing from Gananoque to Kingston, when Bill, with a number of Yankee soldiers, boarded her and destroyed her by fire. During the summer season Bill frequently visited Bath, being secreted by his brothers and his Yankee nephew, Dr.———, and returned to the States with all the news his friends could give him. One night at 11 o'clock, a man named George Huffman, who was bu ning a coal pit in the woods about a mile from the shore of the Bay, saw even

men armed coming towards him; but upon seeing him they hurried into the thick woods. At day break he went home and saw on the shore near his house a gig with eight oars. He immediately gave the alarm to Capt. Davis Hanly, who at once called out his men and commenced scouring the woods. They shortly met six Yankee soldiers who delivered themselves up. They declared Bill Johnson was not with them, that they had been in pursuit of a spy and two deserters, and had almost caught them in the upper gap, but darkness and a high wind frustrated them and compelled them to land in Canada. They were taken to Kingston, and afterwards to Cape Vincent. But, (says Mr. Wood) Huffman was right, there *were seven*, Bill Johnson was with them. Captain Hanley, not believing their story, seized all the boats along the bay for several miles east and west, and guarded the coast day and night for eight days. On the ninth night, however, George Finkle's distillery was broken open and his boat stolen. In this, Bill, his brother Mathew, and a Yankee named Roswell Rice went over to Sacket's Harbour.

Although Bill's visits to Bath were frequent, but few outside his own connection were ever aware of them at the time. He was usually harboured by his nephew with whom his sister lived. His place of concealment was in the second story of the house, from which he could, through a curtained window, obtain full view of the centre of the village. One afternoon when he was in this hiding place, Capt. Hanly called to see the proprietor, Dr. —— on business; but as he was not in, the Captain said he would call again in two hours' time. Bill, who had seen him come and go, thinking the danger was over, went down probably to hear the news. But Capt Hanly had returned toward the house, and Bill, as he was at the bottom of the stairs saw him through the window about to open the door. He had no time to retreat upstairs, so he sprang to the side of the door, so that when it was opened he was concealed until again shut. Here he stood with pistol in his hand waiting the issue. But Capt Hanly only opened the door and said without entering to Bill's sister, that he would call the next day, and took his departure. Said his sister to him — "Bill, what would you have done had the Captain come in?" He replied, "I would have showed him the pistol, and said, Davis Hanly, we are old neighbours, but have not seen each other for about two years. I must insist on your company this afternoon and to-night. I will give you a free passage to Sackets' Harbour; and if you don't like the Yankees I will get you a permit to return by the way of Ogdensburg." Mr. Wood declares the foregoing to be a fact, and it quite corresponds with other acts of daring which he performed. It seems that Bill had the sympathy of many of the inhabitants about Bath. "Many of his acquaintances were heard to say that if he had had a decent and liberal man to deal with as a captain he would have remained a loyal British subject:" and "one thing is certain that if any of the villagers had become informers against Bill they would have endangered their lives. There was a good deal of anxiety caused by the Johnson family; and yet Dr. ——was deeper in the mud than they were in the mire. No moral, political, social, fraternal or matrimonial obligations could bind him; but there was one thing about him; he was a skilful, sly man."

From time to time Johnson extended his operations as a spy up the lake. On one occasion, Mr. Wood says, he waylaid an express carrier between Whitby and York.

Mr. Lockwood says he was a bold, determined and fearless man. He built several small boats, light and trim, and would, at times, unhesitatingly voyage up the lake. His operations consisted in privateering, in inducing American sympathizers in Canada to accompany him to the States, and in acting as a spy. During the war there were frequently boat loads of goods, consisting of liquors and other valuable articles passing up the Bay of Quintè and across the carrying place thence to York. Johnson's frequent visits to Bath were doubtless to watch for the passage of these boats. On one occasion, Thomas Parker, who was engaged in the business, left Kingston with a batteau, laden with valuables for York; and Johnson, who saw him enter the Bay, proceeded with some Yankees up the lake and awaited Parker off Presqu'isle. In due time they seized the batteau and took it to the southern shore of Prince Edward, and landed Parker on Point Troverre. Another exploit was the seizure of Government despatches near Brighton. A company of dragoons under Captain Stinson, were on duty to carry despatches between the river Trent and Smith's Creek, now Port Hope, from which two places other companies discharged similar duties east and west. On one occasion when a dragoon named Gardner was pursuing his way with despatches, he was suddenly accosted by Bill Johnson, who deliberately led him on his horse to the lake shore, where he shot the horse and placed the despatches in his boat. He then allowed Gardner to go his way as best he could to report himself.

Up to a few years ago at least, Bill Johnson lived at French Creek, on the American side of the St. Lawrence. He took an active part in the events of 1837-8, and it is supposed had much to do in recruiting for the army of sympathizers with Canadian rebels. But the real facts are unknown in consequence of the great amount of fiction admixed by the Americans. A highly sensational book was published shortly after the Canadian rebellion, in which Bill and his daughter Kate were pictured, in gorgeous colours, as the highest types of heroes and patriots, the victims of a tyrannical government. It was said he was one of the few who escaped from the windmill. We strongly suspect that Bill in his later days was given to boasting respecting himself and Kate to please the taste of his Yankee friends.

We now turn to Andrew Johnson, whose history though not so striking as his brother Bill's, is not devoid of interest. We visited Andrew in 1866, and learned much of what we here give from his own lips, most of it being corroborated by Mr. Lockwood before mentioned. He was then living on the front of Sidney, a few miles west of Belleville, with his son. He was at this time upwards of a hundred years old, and was gently and peacefully dreaming away his last days; his memory was a little defective; but he retained a good deal of bodily vigour and his movements were remarkably quick. Andrew was born in the State of New York, and was a boy, with his father, when he settled in Ernestown. At the beginning of the present century he was known as an unusually rapid walker; and was engaged by Mr. Stuart, son of the Rev. Dr. Stuart, to carry the mail from Kingston to York, walking all the way. His route was along the Bay of Quinte to Adolphustown, across the bay and by Picton to Wellington, thence along the lake shore. He forded the streams on his way as best he could, sometimes by swimming, sometimes upon a fallen tree. He would spend five hours in York and then start on his way back. These trips were generally made once a fortnight. Johnson was of low stature with a

small frame and spare limbs; but was always remarkably quick in his movements. Mr. Lockwood says that he walked with him in 1812 from Gananoque to Kingston, but he could get over the ground three times as fast as he (Lockwood) could. It is related that Andrew once offered to bet with his brother Bill, who had a very fast horse, a hundred dollars, that he could travel from Kingston to York quicker than he could on his horse; but the challenge was not accepted. It must be remembered however that there was only a bridle path. Andrew was a loyal soldier in 1812, and belonged to the same company that his brother Bill did.

MY GRANDFATHER'S GHOST STORY.

"I AM now eighty years old," said my grandfather, as we were all gathered around a blazing log fire on a pleasant evening, some five years ago, "but even were God to spare me until I reached double the period, allowed by the Psalmist, as the limit of human life, I think the events which I am going to relate would be as firmly fixed upon my mind as they were at the time of their occurrence."

At this, we little ones all pricked up our ears, and a suppressed "Oh!" and "Ah!" indicated our susceptibillity to the marvelous. Even brother Tom, who boasted of 19 years, and an upper lip covered with a down which was quite perceptible in a strong light, condescended to manifest a certain degree of interest; for Grandfather's Ghost Story had been spoken of in the family for some years, though only with bated breath, and as something which at a future day might be disclosed.

But a few weeks ago, the news had reached us of the death, in India, of the last person who had taken part in the events about to be related, and the promise that we should hear it from grandfather's own lips when this happened, was now about to be fulfilled; otherwise we could only have read it in manuscript after both grandfather and Mr. John Osborne, the gentleman who had just died, had passed away. So drawing our chairs closer to the fire, and casting timid glances back into the further corners of the room, where the flickering fire shed only an uncertain light, we settled ourselves, all attention, and grandfather knocking the ashes out of the long church-warden's pipe that was his constant companion, and laying it aside, paused for a moment, while an expression almost of pain passed over his face, and then continued as follows:—

"My parents, as you older ones know already, emigrated to this country when I was quite a lad. We had been in affluent circumstances in England, and it was the loss of the greater portion of his fortune in the year 1807, which induced my father to realize what remained, and join his old friend, Captain Osborne, a retired officer, who had obtained a grant of land, in what is now the County of Welland, and near whom he hoped to settle. Indeed he was fortunate enough, within a few months after his arrival, to obtain at a very moderate price, a farm not five miles from that of his friend, and the two families afterwards saw a great deal of each other, the young people striking up as warm a friendship as their seniors. Indeed, Lucy Osborne, as I can remember

her at that time, was one that would have attracted a youth far less susceptible than I was. And this accounted, no doubt, for the friendship which I conceived for her brother Jack, who was just two years my junior.

"We were neither of us in the least degree imaginative or superstitious, and troubled ourselves as little about the supernatural as any two healthy young fellows, between fifteen and twenty, that were to be found in the country. I mention this to shew you that our minds were not so predisposed in that direction as to render it probable that we were carried away by any morbid fancies, engendered by reading or thinking on such subjects. I doubt if either of us had ever read a Ghost Story, as current literature was unknown in Canada in those days. We passed our leisure time in hunting and visiting, and managed to enjoy ourselves thoroughly without neglecting our fair share of work on the farms.

"Such was our life until the breaking out of the war of 1812, when Captain Osborne volunteered for active service, and, being gazetted Major in one of the regiments of incorporated militia, he left home, as zealous and eager for the fray as a lad of seventeen or eighteen. Both Jack and I would have given anything we possessed to go too, but as my father was recovering from a severe illness, I could no more be spared than Jack, who remained to take care of his sisters and look after the working of the farm.

"Our surprise, then, may be well imagined when, in the month of January, 1814, Jack received a letter from his father, briefly informing him that he had rented the farm for the present, with all its belongings, and telling him to bring Lucy and little Minnie, then seven years old (Major Osborne was a widower), to York, and giving him the option of joining his regiment as a private or getting what employment he could at York, or elsewhere.

"It is needless to say Jack's choice was at once made for soldiering, and as my father had by that time quite regained his health, and my martial ardour was undiminished, I gained permission to accompany him. We entered with great zest into our new life, and submitted with that willingness which novices alone feel to all the discomforts and annoyances of an army on active service. We soon mastered the small modicum of drill it was necessary to teach us, and when in the spring we were ordered to the Niagara frontier we looked upon ourselves as veterans, although we had never yet seen a shot fired in anger. All this, no doubt, prevented us from noticing what we readily recalled afterwards, the absent and preoccupied air of Major Osborne, his frequent reveries, and the time he spent in writing. But I must hasten on, without wearying you with more details than are absolutely necessary to enable you to understand what follows.

"At last, about the middle of July, we got forward to the front, where we joined the force under General Riall, and lived in almost hourly expectation of an engagement. Jack had, a few weeks before, been made a sergeant, and been removed to another company, so I did not see as much of him as formerly, when we had been almost inseparable. It was on the afternoon of the 25th we received intelligence that the enemy was advancing upon us in full force, and a retreat, or, at any rate, a change of position, was necessary. General Riall ordered the advance-guard, composed chiefly of incorporated militia, to move by the

upper road to Queenston, and we all made preparations to follow. Jack's company formed part of this advance, and I remember envying the prospect he had of being sooner engaged than myself. They had not been gone long, however, when the entire aspect of affairs was changed by the arrival of General Drummond, with about 800 regulars. He at once assumed the command, countermanded our orders to march, and sent an aide-de-camp with all speed to recall the party to which Jack belonged. I well remember the bustle and confusion this occasioned, and how hurriedly we were got into position. Nor was it any too soon, for the enemy was almost in sight when we began, and had they possessed the modern rifles we could not have done anything. We were placed on a ridge of ground a little way in front of the now famous Lundy's Lane, and were on the extreme left of the line, although the actual flank was occupied by a detachment of the 3rd Buffs.

"The feelings of those going into action for the first time have been so often described that I shall not say much. It was a beautiful afternoon as we stood upon the ridge of ground and watched the enemy approach us. The sun shone so brightly, grass and trees looked so green, that one could scarcely realize how soon the work of destruction would commence. But there was the dark blue line in front of us, gradually getting more distinct, until we could almost see their faces. Then a little hesitation, as it seemed, on their part, followed by a cloud of white smoke and a *whizzing* over our heads, which told us that the hesitation was only a slight halt to fire a volley. Another moment and we were returning it, and after that I can give you no connected idea of what followed. The firing was continued for what seemed to me a long time, and became very heavy, but I could see nothing beyond what was going on in my immediate neighbourhood. Yet it was not very long before our little corner of the field became the scene of a terrific struggle. Down upon our weak ranks, thinned by a constant fire at short range, poured an entirely fresh body of troops, as I afterwards learned, though all I knew at the time was that they seemed steadily to advance like a dark cloud through a thick vapour, not very quickly at first, but firing as they advanced, until quite near us. Then they charged upon us with a rush, and, after a short hand-to-hand fight, we were driven back. Not very rapidly either, for we made several stands, and at lastgot a position on the brow of the road at Lundy's Lane. There we held our own, though only acting on the defensivc, owing to our small numbers; while they dare not cross the road, and for some time a murderous fire at that short distance was fiercely kept up.

"I had not seen Major Osborne since we had first been driven back, and had had no time to think of anything beyond the immediate struggle in which I was engaged, until towards dark, when there seemed a sort of lull in the battle; and while resting for a few moments on my musket, for the first time since the firing began, I felt myself touched on the shoulder, and one of the orderly serjeants drew me aside, and led me back to a clump of trees where some of the surgeons had made a very temporary sort of hospital, and were dressing such wounds as required immediate attention. There lay poor Major Osborne, with a bullet through his lungs, his life fast ebbing away. He slightly raised his head, looked up at me, and smiled, though evidently in pain, and feebly pressed my hand when I took his. Then he endeavoured to

speak, but the effort only brought the blood welling from his mouth, and with a half sigh, half gasp, he sank back, and a slight shudder passed over his frame. Kneeling by his side, I took his hand, and asked him if there was anything I could do for him: but it was too late, he never spoke again, and shortly afterwards expired. I had to hurry away before he died, as I did not wish to appear a skulker while there was any fighting to be done, but was told afterwards that he made several efforts to speak, and appeared greatly distressed at being unable to do so, and no doubt his death was hastened by his agitation.

"The next day was, as you may imagine, a very sad one for Jack and myself. In the evening the dead were buried, and among them the body of Major Osborne. But the life of a soldier is not conducive to melancholy, and we soon regained our usual spirits. Indeed, it was almost impossible for Jack to keep serious, under ordinary circumstances for more than five minutes at a time, he possessed such a cheerful, light hearted disposition.

"A few weeks afterward a letter arrived from England for Major Osborne, which naturally fell into Jack's hands, and which occasioned us (for he always took me fully into his confidence), no little bewilderment. It was from an English solicitor, in answer, evidently, to one from the major, and hence the difficulty of getting at its meaning. It spoke of the preliminary enquiries as not quite completed, yet progressing very satisfactorily, but that it would be impossible to proceed much further without the papers, as well as other particulars to substantiate the claim.

"Just at this time we obtained permission to go to a village, about four miles from where the camp was then pitched, in order to make some necessary purchases; and as our passes were good till midnight, we did not hurry home, but resolved to take tea at the house of a hospitable farmer, who was always glad to see any of the more respectable class in the militia, and then walk slowly back by moonlight. It was about ten o'clock when we started—one of those beautiful clear nights, almost as bright as day, save when an occasional fleecy white cloud cast its shadow for a few moments over the scene. Jack and I walked along more briskly than we had intended, feeling invigorated by the glorious surroundings, and it was only a little past eleven when we came in sight of the camp. The road was cut at this spot through a cedar swamp of about one hundred yards in depth, and was composed of logs laid very unevenly, so that our gait was both ungainly and uncomfortable as we traversed it. At the termination of the swamp the main guard of the camp was stationed, and there we had to report ourselves on returning. We had accomplished about half the distance, and I remember laughing very heartily at Jack's endeavour to whistle 'Rule Britania' while the breath was nearly jerked out of his body by the uneven logs, when we both caught sight of a figure coming to meet us from the direction of the camp. It seemed to near us very rapidly, yet without any appearance of effort, or of the unequal and irregular steps we were obliged to take. We could just distinguish that it wore an officer's forage cap and a long military cloak, when the moon was obscured by a passing cloud, and we could make out nothing further, except that it continued its approach. More from habits of precaution than from any real suspicion, we drew our pistols—they were Major Osborne's, and when we started Jack had

taken one himself and lent me the other. When within twenty-five yards, and an involuntary shudder had already run through me from the strange familiarity of the figure, the moon suddenly reappeared from behind the cloud, and disclosed, just as distinctly as I can see any of you now in this room, the features of Major Osborne. Not as I had seen them last, when in the rough shell we had been fortunate enough to secure for his remains, but as I remembered him in health, yet with an eager, anxious, half pleading expression, very difficult to describe. He continued to advance, and when about ten yards from us drew his right hand from under the cloak, and held out to us a bundle of parchments tied with red tape. The manner of his approach was the same as we at first noticed, an easy gliding motion, not exactly without any movement of the feet, yet to a great extent independent of it, and it certainly bore no relation to the character of the ground over which he passed. A low cry of horror involuntarily broke from both our lips, and my pistol went off as I held it in my hand, so great was my terror. Seeing our alarm, Major Osborne, if I may venture thus to speak of the figure, stopped, raised his hand as if in depreciation of our fears, and seemed to invite us to approach. But before we could muster courage enough to adopt any course of action, some five or six men of the guard came running down the road, alarmed by the report of my pistol. The figure shook his head at us reproachfully, then turned and moved rapidly in the direction of the approaching men, and having passed them, vanished at some time when their bodies were between us and it, and so obscured our view.

"Although perhaps the more frightened of the two, at the time, I was the first to recover my presence of mind, and explained to the men that we thought we saw a figure, and that I had fired at it, and asked them if anything had passed them. They had assured us they had seen nothing, so we told them it must have been our mistake, and returned with them to camp, but not to sleep. We spent the night discussing in low whispers the possible meaning of it, and what we should have done, and ought to do. That it was a supernatural revelation from Jack's father, neither of us for a moment doubted, as the features were distinctly seen by both of us; and besides, the figure had passed within two yards of the men running from the guard, and none of them had noticed it. From this we believed that the revelation was to us alone, and that he did not wish it known to others. So after much hesitation, we wrote to England, announcing Major Osborne's death, and asking for information as to the nature of the papers required.

"Communication being so slow in those days, we did not look for an answer for some months, but hoped to hear before the winter set in. In the meantime, we endeavoured to let our minds rest about the matter, and to a certain extent succeeded. Jack went over to York, and searching among his fathers papers in a box which Lucy had charge of, discovered a bundle, which looked very like that he believed he had seen in his father's hands. Upon opening them they seemed to be bonds or something of the sort, entitling the holder to so many shares in a now extinct Spanish Mining Company, and bearing a value upon the face of them of about £10,000. He wrote to me asking me to get leave of absence, and join him which I did; and on the night of my arrival we talked the matter over, and after a great deal of hesitation

resolved to await further news from England. We sat up late and did not retire until past twelve o'clock. Our room was the same, but we occupied separate beds, at opposite ends of it, the door being in the wall at the east side of the room, to which our feet pointed, so that we had full view of it without moving, or would have had, but for the darkness. I went to bed tired enough from my long journey, but no sooner had I laid my head upon the pillow, than a strange restlessness seized me, and I felt it impossible to fall into the peaceful sleep that I so much coveted. I spoke to Jack, and he assured me that he felt the same, and that unless he was more disposed to sleep in a very short time, he would light a candle, and try to read. With me, the uneasy feeling increased, and in a few moments more I felt a cool breeze, as it were, passing over me—very gentle, yet perfectly distinct, and causing an involuntary shudder. I called out to Jack that I felt a draught, and asked if the door was shut. He replied that it was, but that he felt the draught too, and would close the window at the opposite side of the room, which had been left open for purposes of ventilation. Before he could do so, our attention was attracted by a peculiar crackling sound which seemed to come from the direction of the door—much the same as would be caused by rubbing a lock of hair near the ear between the thumb and forefinger. At the same time a faint circular light could be seen there, about two feet from the floor. It gradually extended, and increased in brightness, till we were able to see everything in the room with tolerable clearness. A dark hazy figure was near the door, about the human height, but at that time ill-defined in shape, gradually, however, it grew clearer, and shewed us, what we were by this time not unprepared for—the form of Major Osborne. This time, he was bareheaded, wore a military undress frock, but carried a cloak under his arm, and in one hand the very papers we had restored to the box that night before going to bed. He was hardly more than four yards from either of us, and could be seen with perfect distinctness. Yet the figure was semi-transparent, for I remember distinguishing the panels of the door through his body. He looked at us again with the same earnest, entreating air, which we had noticed at the camp. Not turning from one to the other, but gazing at us both simultaneously as you will find an oil painting does, if any two of you stand at opposite ends of the room. Then he moved in the direction of the door which opened in answer to some wave of his hand, and beckoning us to follow, went into the passage. During this time I was almost paralysed with terror, and, bathed in a cold perspiration, dare not move, much less speak. For although both of us expected another such appearance, and had talked over the proper course to adopt, the reality was a very different matter to a daylight rehearsal, and I felt a strong desire to bury my head under the bedclothes, and leave matters to take their course. Jack was the first to recover his speech. Let us do as he wishes this time, he said, in a hoarse whisper, springing out of bed. I followed him; and hastily donning our trousers, we rushed into the hall, and down stairs, at the foot of which we could see the light. It preceded us into the room where we had spent the evening, and we followed arm in arm, and stood just within the door. The figure then deliberately drew a chair to the table, threw its cloak across it, and sat down. On the table were paper and writing materials, and to these he directed his attention. He first carefully

enclosed the parchments in a paper covering, as we were obliged to do before envelopes came into use, removing the tape so as to make the packet even, and then sealed it with some wax that lay before him, drawing out his watch and chain, and using the seal with the Osborne arms, which was attached to it. The wax seemed to melt when applied to the paper, for there was no candle in the room, the only light being the mysterious luminous atmosphere in which he moved. He then addressed the package, and after steadily contemplating his work with apparent satisfaction some moments, turned to us, and with a firm, determined expression, quite different from his former look of entreaty, pointed to the packet as it lay on the table. While we were hesitating what to do, the light grew gradually fainter, and in a couple of minutes had entirely disappeared.

"We rushed up stairs and struck a light at once. Jack's first thought was to look for his father's watch, which he had worn ever since his death, and kept under his pillow at night. Yes, there it was, ticking away as usual; so with it in one hand, and the light in the other, he went down the stairs again, I following. On the table was the packet just as we had seen it when the light faded away. It was sealed with the seal at the end of the watch-chain (we tried it, and the impression fitted exactly), and addressed in Major Osborne's undoubted handwriting, with 'Immediate' marked in the corner, to the English solicitor who had written to him. On searching the box, which was locked, the papers were missing, but the piece of red tape lay on the table beside the packet, just where we had seen it placed.

"There was no more sleep for us that night, nor, on returning to bed did we extinguish the light. The meaning of the apparition was so clear, and his intention to induce us to alter our plans so plain, that we never thought of disobeying it, but without opening the packet (although sorely tempted to examine, and then reseal it), Jack posted it the next morning.

"The question then arose, whether Lucy should be told, or whether it were wiser that she should be kept in ignorance. On the one hand we feared the shock to her sensitive nervous system, of such terrible revelations—on the other, we did not know how far her ignorance might impede the proper carrying out of her father's wishes, should anything require to be done in our absence. Besides it seemed such a want of confidence towards a sister (and to me she was then even dearer than a sister) not to make her acquainted with an event of such importance in the family history.

"So we decided to tell her everything, and fixed upon the morning after the packet had been sent in order that her rest might be less disturbed than in the evening. The task was undertaken by Jack, who gave her a careful and accurate account of all that we had witnessed on both occasions. Poor Lucy was terribly staggered by the recital, I could see, even though at the time unable to take in the full import of the whole matter. Indeed, as no further manifestations were made to us, I doubt if she ever realized the truth of it, though never questioning our word.

"In the hope of comforting her, I took occasion that day, during Jack's temporary absence, to confess to her the love I had so long felt, but which I had resolved to keep locked up in my own heart until I

was in a position to offer her a home. But I could get nothing from her but tears."

"Why grandpapa," explained Bessie, a maiden of twelve summers, "she did have you. You are not telling the story fair! One day mamma told me that grandmother's name was Lucy Osborne, when she shewed me a bracelet with her name on it."

"My dear child," replied grandfather, "do you suppose that young ladies are as candid and outspoken at eighteen as at twelve? Besides you did not give me time to finish. Nor did I say that she refused me, but only that she felt too unhappy and unsettled to think of the matter for the present. So Jack and I returned to our regiments and were soon busy enough. We took part in all the engagements about Fort Erie with General Drummond, and Jack got his commission for gallant conduct in rescuing a wounded man after the first unsuccessful assault, while I was fortunate enough to be made a corporal. Late that autumn we had news from England. The solicitor informed us that he had been written to by Major Osborne, whom he had not heard of for years, asking him to make enquiries as to the prospect of recovering any value for certain shares in the mine in question. On doing so he found that a very large sum of money had lately been paid in by the Spanish government, which had been disgorged by certain plunderers, who had caused the failure of the mine. The Court of Chancery was at this time engaged in distributing it, and all claims had to be put in before the 1st of October of that year. 'It was very fortunate,' he added in conclusion 'that you found and afterwards forwarded to me the papers which your father had evidently prepared and addressed; for if I had been obliged to write again, they would not have reached here in time to be fyled in court, and your claim for the £10,000 which will now most probably be paid in full, would not have held.'

* * * * * * *

"Finally, £9,000 were allotted to the Osborne family, and the three children shared alike. At the conclusion of the war, Jack was fortunate enough to get an exchange into a regular regiment, and afterwards served in India, in the Company's service. I married Lucy Osborne the next year, and her legacy enabled me to bring in and stock her father's farm, and build up a fortune of which you children will one day reap the benefit."

"But grandpapa," asked Bessie, after a moment's silence, "did it all really happen?" "Yes dear," he answered. "If I had wished to tell you a Ghost Story, I could have invented something far more horrible. But as this actually occurred within my own personal experience, I feel it only right to hand it down in the family. But come, we have had enough of this—the little ones will be afraid to go to bed, let us young people have a game of blind man's buff, while your mamma gets the snap-dragon ready for us."

W. I. D.

THE RIVER IN THE DESERT.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

IT is proposed in the present paper to take the reader on a short excursion to a wild and picturesque part of Canada, of which probably very few persons, outside of the valley of the Ottawa, can have any definite or accurate knowledge. This section of country lies to the north of the political capital, and is watered by the Gatineau, one of the largest tributaries of the Ottawa River. If any one will look at the latest map published by the Government of Quebec, or, indeed, at any correct map that may be most conveniently at hand, it will be seen that the Gatineau takes its rise, some hundreds of miles from Ottawa City, in a region of rocky hills and lakes, where the Indians are the sole inhabitants. The whole country is intersected in a marvellous manner by rivers and lakes which connect with the Gatineau, and afford invaluable facilities to the lumberman, who for some thirty years has stripped the hills and valleys of the magnificent pine forests that constitute the chief wealth of this comparatively unknown region.

The names of the townships, lakes and rivers of the Gatineau country illustrate different epochs and events in the history of Canada. The Reanock and Kazabazoua rivers, and the Papanegeang and Kakebonga lakes, are names that have come down to us from the Algonquin tribes, who have inhabited that section from times immemorial. But French names predominate here just as they do as in so many other parts of the Dominion, and illustrate the spirit of adventure that has carried away at all times so many French Canadians into the wilderness, either to trap furs or level the forest. The names of most of the rivers and lakes, like those generally given by the *Coureurs des bois* and *voyageurs*, note some natural characteristic or striking incident connected with the locality. The "Mer Bleue" has been so called from the peculiar pebbly bottom, which gives a pale opaque blue tinge to the waters of this large and picturesque lake. The "Castor blanc," and "Poisson blanc," bear testimony to the existence of the white beaver and the white fish. The townships of Hincks, Dorion, Sicotte and Alleyn recalls old political contests in Canada, while Lytton, Kensington, and Wakefield are so many mementoes of prominent men and places in the mother country. Bouchette reminds us of one of the earliest surveyors of Canada, to whom we owe the ablest topographical description ever published of what is now the Province of Quebec. The River in the Desert, *la rivière au Désert*, is itself an illustration of the aptness for graphic description which distinguished the pioneers of a wild and cheerless region, while its Indian name of Maniwaki, or Land of Mary, attests the devotion of the missionaries. The name of the Gatineau is also of French origin, and was given to a Seigniory of the County of St. Maurice, in honour of the Demoiselle Marie Josephe Gatineau Duplessis, to whom the concession of the fief was made by Marquis de la Jonquière and Francis Bigót, that corrupt Finance Minister of New France.

The history of this region only goes back a very few years. Champlain refers to it incidentally in his account of his voyages up the Ottawa River, and tells us that the Indian tribes not unfrequently ascended the

Gatineau for a long distance until they were able at last, by means of a number of portages, lakes and streams, to reach the St. Maurice, and then descend to the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers; and it was in this way only they were able at times to avoid their hereditary enemies, the Iroquois, who were waiting for them on the banks of the Lower Ottawa. The Ottawa country was first settled in the beginning of this century by Philemon Wright, an energetic New Englander, but it does not appear that any attempt was made to open up the Gatineau valley until many years later. When Mr. McTaggart, one of the engineers engaged on the Rideau Canal, wrote his notes on Canada, he had the idea—one which shows the use to which Englishmen would put colonies in those days—that the vale of the Gatineau would make a most favourable home for a very undesirable class of settlers. "It might become," he says, "a place of great importance and utility to the mother country, and a *receptacle for villains* near to the British gaols, where they could be delivered and retained with much security, and employed to advantage." But, happily for Central Canada, Mr. McTaggart's plan was not adopted, and it was left to the lumberman to open up a valuable section of country. It has only been some thirty years since the Gatineau valley attracted the lumberman and his inevitable corollary, the settler. When Bouchette wrote his topographical description of Canada, published in 1832, he appeared to be quite ignorant of the capabilities of the valley for lumbering and settlement; but since then several great firms have bought and worked the most valuable limits over a face of a splendid timber country, and the Gatineau has been found, despite its swift current and numerous rapids, one of the best rivers in this section for the speedy transport of logs. But these and other particulars will be best noted in the course of the brief description which I purpose to give of a visit which I lately made to the Gatineau valley and the region beyond the River in the Desert,

The time is not far distant when the tourist will seek the hills and lakes of the Gatineau for recreation and health, and many a gentleman will have his summer cottage on the banks of the river. The Adirondack Hills, or the Androscoggin Lakes so often described in American periodicals, cannot vie with many parts of the Gatineau country in certain aspects of wild, sylvan beauty. The scenery about Lake Couchiching is exceedingly tame and monotonous, in comparison with the varied landscape of the Laurentian Hills. The drive up the river is certainly the most picturesque to be seen in Canada. The road for over twenty miles is thoroughly made, and takes you for the most part by the side of the river, which now narrows to a couple of hundred yards or so of rushing, foaming waters, and then widens into a placid lake around which the hills tower in every imaginable form. The hilly slopes are well cultivated for a considerable distance, and here and there we pass rich alluvial flats near the river, where the large lumberers have established fine farms as depôts for the convenience of their shanties. The houses throughout the country are chiefly built of sawn lumber and present as a rule a snug, comfortable appearance. The soil of the mountain slopes is naturally rich, while in the more rocky, irregular parts there is found a nutritious herbage valuable for cattle and sheep. Between the Gatineau and the Ottawa, there is a very fine farming and grazing country, well watered, and supporting a thrifty, industrious

class of people, who have a ready market for all they produce among the lumbermen.

Several villages are situated at different points on the river. The principal is commonly known as the Pêche, from a stream flowing into the main river; there you will see several inns comfortable in their way, two or three churches, and a fine brick store, besides several neatly painted frame dwellings. The situation is exceedingly romantic, for it is built on the banks of a broad expansion of the river, here surrounded by a perfect amphitheatre of hills. But the whole landscape, until you reach the burnt district, is equally charming. The rapids you pass at distant intervals, are beautiful miniatures of the grander scenes on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa. As far as the eye can see, you may follow a long succession of hills which rise in graceful outlines, until they are lost in the purple of distance—

> "You should have seen that long hill-range,
> With gaps of brightness riven—
> How through each pass and hollow streamed
> The purpling light of heaven—."

You may drive in a perfect avenue of forest, through whose umbrageous shade every now and then glisten the foaming waters as they leap tumultuously over impeding rocks. Cascades tumble over the brow of abrupt hills, and offer to the thirsty traveller a bounteous supply of crystal water, fresh and icy cold from its mountain spring. The very highest hills do not exceed some seven or eight hundred feet above Ottawa, but many of them, the further you go, are rugged and precipitous in the extreme. Gray boulders of every imaginable size seem to have been tost by some giant arm in a fit of rage, and now lie piled on each other in a bewildering chaotic mass. Some fifty or sixty miles up the river, on the summit of a hill, not far from the main road, there is to be seen a monster boulder—enormous even for a region so famous for its rocks. It is almost as large as St. James's Cathedral in Toronto, and it is perplexing to think how so large a mass ever found a resting place on the hills of the Gatineau. We are told that there are evidences throughout the Laurentian range, that sometime in a now forgotten past, in a mysterious, silent geological era, great earthquakes convulsed the whole northern part of this continent, and formed the hills and valleys which are its characteristic features. Perhaps it was then that this enormous boulder was tossed from the heart of the earth upon the hills where it has lain for unknown ages. Or we may believe in another theory, that at an equally remote period of time the enormous glaciers which then gradually spread over the whole of this region, bore this huge rock from the mountains of the extreme north, and left it a memorial of their icy reign on the Laurentian hills. Be that as it may, there has rested for ages past and will rest for centuries to come, that magnificent specimen of nature's rough handiwork.

Summer and winter equally afford attractions to those who wish to see this country in its varied aspect. The fisherman will, of course, visit it in the spring, when the numerous lakes are teeming with fish of every kind. It is always easy to procure a guide and canoe, and then you may be sure to have all the sport you wish, provided you are accustomed to combat the flies which are the inevitable companions of the fishermen.

Trout, bass, pickerel, and white fish are caught in large quantities. Trout from six to twelve pounds are not unfrequently the prize of the adventurous sportsman who does not hesitate "to seek fresh woods and pastures new," in the remotest fastnesses of the wilderness. A favourite starting place is Fanels', a well kept inn, picturesquely situated amid encircling hills.

But it is in the winter you can best form an accurate idea of the magnitude of the lumbering trade of the valley. The Hamilton Brothers, Gilmour & Co., Hall & Co., Edwards & Co., and some smaller firms, work the greater part of the country for many thousands of square miles, on the Eagle Grand Lake, Kazabazoua, Blue Sea, Cedar Lake, Kakebonga, and other streams and lakes. For two winters past, through the kindness of a genial gentleman connected with a large lumbering firm, the writer has had more than ordinary opportunities for travelling over a large district, which it is not easy to see, except at a season when the snow allows access to an otherwise impenetrable country. The number and size of the lakes was very remarkable, and impress the mind with the admirable adaptation of nature to man's necessities. Without our cold, snowy climate, without a network of lakes and rivers, this region of rocks and hills, and cedar swamps, would be comparatively worthless. The magnificent pine forests would still be untouched, and silence would reign unbroken in a wilderness of shade. But thanks to the wise provisions of Nature, many millions of dollars worth of timber has come in the course of years from these mountains, and more remain yet to come in the future, if fire does not sweep the whole country, and finish the work which the axe has only commenced. No one who has not travelled over the face of this lumber region can have any adequate conception of the fearful havoc made in the forests by bush fires, originating, as a rule, in the most culpable negligence. Between the Six Portages and the Désert, and on the way to the Blue Sea, there are thousands upon thousands of gaunt stripped trunks, all showing by their girth and height, the great value of the timber that has been destroyed in this way. As I drove far into the interior, over the Grand Lake, and Blue Sea, to a country remote from the farming settlements, the evidences of fire became less frequent, and I found myself at last in a wilderness of pine. Roads branched off in different directions, from the log shanties, two or three of which are built on every limit according to its area and value. Long rows of logs, many of enormous size, lay on the firm ice, awaiting the thaws of spring. The whir of the axe, and the cry of the teamsters, found many an echo in the long avenues of pine. No nobler sight is presented by nature than a forest of perfect pines, with their tall clean trunks and bushy tops which sough and tremble as the winds rush from the mountains, and grasp them in a fierce embrace. Here and there towers many an enormous tree, which recalls the often quoted lines of Longfellow's finest poem :

> "This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlock,
> Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight
> Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic."

But the lumberman cares nothing for primeval beauty. He not unfrequently sees signs of decay in what the inexperienced eye believes to be the most beautiful specimen of forest beauty. At a glance he can

tell you, if it is sound to the core, or defective in any serious degree. But when he decides that it is perfect, his axe is deftly swung at its base, and in five or six minutes the tree totters and then falls gradually with a crash among the brush, while its executioner stands carelessly leaning on his axe, knowing to a certainty the spot where it will rest.

Game is not very plentiful now throughout the Gatineau country. Deer are not unfrequently killed at certain secluded spots in the hills, and fur-bearing animals, including the beaver, but principally red foxes and mink, are trapped in the interior. Bears are constantly met near the settlements. The writer has been told of a farmer who discovered that a piece of buckwheat was disappearing in a mysterious fashion, and having his suspicions aroused, he watched, and was at last rewarded by the sight of an enormous bear quietly nibbling the grain. He chased the animal, but missed him on that occasion. Some days later he went up to a pasture behind his barn for his cows, and here, to his amazement he caught a glimpse of his old friend enjoying a feast of acorns. He crept home, only a short distance away, and then was obliged to run some bullets, but still he was in time to shoot Mr. Bruin, who was munching his nuts with much gusto. These animals rarely do any injury to the cattle. They prefer nuts and berries—and corn, when they can safely steal it—and are on the whole decidedly well-disposed bears; but of course it is very different if you attack their cubs. If they have you at a disadvantage at that moment, you will probably feel more uncomfortable than at any previous time of your life. Wolves are now and then heard near the shanties, and their skins are seen in some of the distant farm houses, but a few years hence they will be unknown in the Gatineau Valley.

But all this is a long prelude to a description of the River in the Désert. From the moment you leave the Six Portages, seventy miles up the Gatineau, you lose sight of that rapid river, with its picturesque hills and green slopes, and pass over a comparatively level tract, covered for the most part with stumps and dead pines, and only relieved at distant intervals by some pretty sequestered lake, around which a thick growth of wood has sprung up since the fires which have devastated the whole of this section. It is a wild, cheerless drive to the Désert, for every step carries you away from the prosperous farming settlements. It was a piercing cold day in January when we reached the top of the ridge overlooking the valley where the two rivers mingle their waters. As we drove rapidly along the smooth icy road we caught a sound as welcome as that which Whittier tells us, delights the ears of the Red River voyageurs as they draw near the end of their bleak journey over the plains of the North-West.:

> "Hark! Is it the clang of wild geese,
> Is it the Indian's yell,
> That gives to the voice of the northwind,
> The sound of a far-off bell?"

Then, as we rounded a height, we saw for the first time the massive stone church of "Notre Dame du Désert," of our Lady of the Desert, whose gilded image surmounts the tower, and overlooks a wide expanse of barren country. Connected with the chapel are several substantial buildings for the accommodation of the priests and nuns, engaged in the

education of the Indians. The village itself is of considerable size, but many of the stores were closed at the time of my visit, on account of the dullness of the times. On the opposite side of the river, which is of considerable breadth at this point, is a block of buildings, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, whose posts are now to be found scattered at distant intervals between the Désert and Hudson's Bay. The next station is on Lake Kakebonga, and the furthest north on James's Bay, which is many hundred miles distant from the village.

The land about the Désert is cultivated by one or two of the lumberers, and a few Indians. For the most part the land is poor, while the timber becomes scarcer the further north you go. The village itself is the last outport of commerce and civilization in the country to the north of the Ottawa. A wide wilderness of picturesque lakes, rocky hills, and scrubby plains, with intervals of cultivable land, stretches to the waters of far-off Hudson's Bay. The Kakebonga Lake is the limit of the lumberer's operations in this region. If you glance at the map, you will notice that the Désert River takes a sudden curve, a few miles from its junction with the Gatineau, runs parallel with it for a considerable distance, and then merges at last into the Lake of the Desert, which itself joins a chain of streams and lakes, all connecting with Lake Kakebonga, and finally with the River Ottawa. In fact, all the rivers and lakes of the Upper Ottawa region are connected, and form a series of water stretches, remarkable for their erratic course. It is quite possible to ascend the Ottawa to Temiscamingue, and by a number of "carriès" to avoid the rapids and falls that are so numerous in this country, descend into the Gatineau at the Desert.

The village of "Our Lady of the Desert" is the centre of the Indian missions which extend over a large tract of country. Here, some years ago, the Government of old Canada reserved several thousands of acres for the Indians of the wilderness. The situation is particularly favourable for bringing together the Indians of Grand Lac, Temiscamingue, St. Maurice, and Abbitibbi. It is from this point that the Indian missionaries set out periodically in canoes for Wassinippi, the furthest post of the St. Maurice district; and for Makiskaw, situate beyond the height of land whence the country descends to Hudson's Bay. The Roman Catholic missionary is the only professor of the Christian faith to be seen in this wild region, where the Indian and the voyageur alone dip their paddles in the waters of its picturesque rivers. Neither the cold of winter nor the heat of summer retards his progress among the savages. Differ from him we may, but we must always admire that fidelity to his purpose, which for centuries has taken him into the remotest and wildest corners of the earth. The noble chapel which dominates over the Desert is a monument of his untiring zeal and energy.

The Indians of this region are numerous despite the ravages of disease, and belong to the Algonquin family. Some of the more remote tribes, the Indians of Wassinippi for instance, speak a dialect which approaches nearer the Cree. Many of them are industrious, and live in snug cabins on small farms; but the majority are shiftless, and prefer obtaining a precarious subsistence by hunting and fishing. At certain seasons, they congregate in large numbers around the Company's posts, and dispose of their poultry. The missionaries have still a difficult work to cure them of the superstitions and juggleries, which they

were accustomed to practise for ages. It was not long since one of the missionaries heard of the practice of the "Kasabandjakerin," or cabin trick, in which the Indian conjurer proves himself the prototype of the Davenport Brothers. He has a conical lodge built of upright poles, and birch bark, into which he is rolled, when he has been securely tied with cords. Then his awe-struck audience, waiting for his revelations outside, is saluted by the most frighful groans and invocations to the evil spirit, who at last makes his appearance in the shape of an ugly black man, and liberates the conjuror from his bonds and gives him all the necessary information. A similar trick was practised in Champlain's presence, and shows that the spiritualistic magician of modern times is after all only a weak imitator of the aboriginal juggler.

The Indians around the village are, however, comparatively civilized and are certainly devout attendants on the chapel. It was the Feast of the Epiphany, when the writer first witnessed an Indian service in the Church, which is unfinished inside, and presents consequently a cheerless look, not at all relieved by the cheap tawdry prints which are hung on the walls. The altar decorations also, showed clearly the poverty of the congregation, for everything was tinsel and paper, and very rudely executed. The majority present were Indians, many of whom were neatly dressed and not unintelligent in expression, though I did not see a single type of so-called Indian beauty. The music was certainly the most peculiar I ever heard. Six Indians, three of them squaws, composed the choir, and the organist's place was filled by three fiddlers. The air was a low monotonous chaunt, adapted to the Indian voice, and it sounded inexpressibly mournful, when it blended with the sighs the wild north wind, as it swept in rude gusts around that lonely church on the bleak hill of the desert. But I must not forget that there was one voice which led the choir from behind the altar, and whose sweetness and cultivation could not be drowned even by the guttural monotony of the Indian singers. The voice was probably that of a nun connected with the sisterhood who have consecrated themselves to the work of educating the Indian youth. The officiating priest was a small keen-eyed man, whose face seemed to indicate that he too had Indian blood in his veins. When he came to marshal the children for the procession which takes place regularly every Epiphany, it was pleasing to notice the benevolent smile, and fatherly patient care with which he instructed the little ones. The scene that followed was very *bizarre* in its way. An Indian girl, dressed in white, and with more pretensions to regular features than any I saw there, marched at the head with a banner and cross. Four little ones, also in white to represent angels, carried a cradle, in which was laid a waxen doll as an image of the infant Jesus. The gentile world was represented by a curious collection of children, dressed in all sorts of tinsel and poor finery as Magi, and Eastern potentates. One little fellow, about two feet high and as much broad, had a very gay turban wrapped about a copper coloured face, perfectly beaming all the while with smiles; and he was supposed to represent the Great Mogul or some other famous personage of the East. The procession marched around the church, to the music of a low, wierd-like chaunt, but not without making several mistakes, which were corrected with a paternal smile by the accompanying priest. It finally reached the altar where the waxen doll was lifted reverently from its

soft couch of down and silk, and its feet presented to each child to be kissed. I daresay it was a spectacle calculated to impress the Indian mind which is peculiarly susceptible to all outward forms and observances, and is better able apparently to comprehend such than mere abstract ideas and doctrines, unassisted by symbolism and ceremonials. One even forgot the ludicrous aspect of the affair—the tawdry, coloured garments, the paper tinsel, the jocund grins of the happy youngsters—when looking at the awestruck and attentive faces of the older Indians as they joined or listened to the processional hymn.

What is to be the future of that wilderness which stretches from the headwaters of the Gatineau and St. Maurice to the shores of the lonely James's Bay? What the writer has learned of the topographical features of the country from missionaries and others, does not lead him to form a favourable opinion of its capabilities. The lumber is poor and scraggy and the land is for the most part rough and unfit for settlement. Even game is now scarce, and the valuable fur-bearing animals must soon be hunted off the face of the region by the ever pursuing Indian. No settlers are likely ever to be attracted to a section which presents no inducements, except a great variety of rocks, and water courses of great beauty. The Village of the Desert is likely to remain the last settlement of any size in this region of the north. Silence and shadow must always rest upon this wilderness, unless valuable economic minerals are discovered amid the rocky hills. We know that in the neighbourhood of the "Rivière aux Lièvres," which flows into the Ottawa from the north, and possesses remarkable facilities for driving machinery—there are valuable deposits of plumbago and phosphate of lime, and that iron of a very superior description exist in many places throughout the Laurentian rocks. Some persons profess to have seen indications of silver, but Mr. Vennor, who has made geological researches over this region, as far as the Desert, is of opinion that what many persons believe to be silver is simply mespickel or "fool's silver." The same gentleman does not think that gold or silver has been found in a single instance in any part of the country watered by the Gatineau and its tributary rivers, and adds emphatically that "if silver should be discovered, it will be in association with galena or blende, and in unremumerative quantities." But it is just possible geologists may sometimes be mistaken; for the writer well remembers the fact, that even so eminent an authority as Professor Dawson had no idea of the existence of gold in Nova Scotia, where he and other savants had long been engaged in geological enquiries, and it was left to a thirsty wayfarer to see the precious metal glittering from the pebbly bottom of a brook as he knelt down to drink of its crystal water. If precious metals are found in what is now a very unfavourable country for settlement, its fortunes will of course be assured, but until then the region I have so briefly described, must remain in fact as well as in name a Desert.

AUNT CINDY'S DINNER.

THE Rev. Mr. Burgiss slammed the front gate to, not because he was angry: the gate refused to stay shut unless it was slammed; and besides, the Rev. Mr. Burgiss was one of those bustling, nervous people who go through the world slamming everything that can be slammed. Moreover, on this particular day he felt unusually nervous. He bustled along the unkempt walk—things were apt to be unkempt on Mr. Burgiss's place—bustled up the steps into the square "passage," and bustled into the room at his right. In this room sat Mrs. Burgiss, as complacent as her husband was excitable, eating in a leisurely way an Indian peach. Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mrs. Burgiss had a pale face with brown trimmings. She wore her hair in "dog-ears;" that is, the front locks were combed smooth and low over the cheeks, then carried above the ears and confined to the back hair. Mr. Burgiss wore his hair roached. He had a receding chin—almost no chin at all—and a short, very curved parrot nose. He looked like a cockatoo.

"My dear," he said impetuously, "I've invited four persidin' elduz to dinner to-morrow. Now you'll have a chance to put the big kettle in the little one, an' I hope to see you do it. Let our brethren see what hospitality means in Brother Burgiss's house."

"We haven't any long tablecloth." Mrs. Burgiss made this startling announcement in an unconcerned way, quite in contrast with her husband's important manner. Then she slowly buried her teeth in the crimson flesh of the peach.

"Borrer one," said Mr. Burgiss with a promptness and energy entirely equal to the occasion—"sen' over to Brother Phillpotts's an' borrer one. He's a brother in the Lord an' one of the salts of the earth: an' Sister Phillpotts is a lovely sister—a sweet little sister as ever joined the church. She'll be delighted to len' a tablecloth or anything else to help on the good cause. Jus' sen' to Sister Phillpotts's for anything you haven't got. She can len' from her abundance an' feel no lack—no lack at all. It's her duty to help God's min'st'rin' servants. There is a comman' in her name. Phillpotts—*fill pots*. She is a stewardess of the Lord's, an' mus' one day give an account of her stewardship. Besides, haven't I been preachin' to Sister Phillpotts, off an' on, for going on fou' years—a-leadin' her an' her fam'ly to glory? Isn't the labourer worthy of his hire?"

"Tell Cindy," said Mrs. Burgiss, indolently, removing the peach-stone from her mouth, where it had been forming a knot on the cheek. She tossed it lazily into the open chimney-place, an *omnium gatherum* of litter and trash.

"Tell Cindy!" said Mr. Burgiss: "of course we'll tell Cindy. She'll have to do her tip-top bes' on the dinner, but you mus' len' a helpin' han'. Do, my dear, please try, for once, to wake out of you' easy-goin' way, an' let's do somethin' worthy of this gran' occasion. Yere we air to have fou' of God's distinguished ambassaduz under our humble roof to pa'take of our salt. It may be the occasion of my gettin' appointed to a number-one station at the nex' confrunce. It's the persidin' elduz, with the bishop, that have the appointin' power. Kissin' goes by favour. So, now, deah, jus' please do you' bes'."

"Of course I'll do all I can—I al'ays do," responded Mrs. Burgiss. She rose with a languid air, went to a glass of the size of a hymn-book that hung on the wall, took down a brush from its top and began to rearrange her "dog-ears." The Rev. Mr. Burgiss bustled out of the room into the square passage. This square passage is a feature seldom wanting to plantation-houses in certain localities of the South. It is a square floor connecting the two main rooms of the house, sometimes enclosed, but oftener open on two sides. In Mr. Burgiss's house of hewed logs and clay chinking the passage was open, with block steps at the two unenclosed sides. Log houses, as planters' residences, are not uncommon. I have known Southern satraps, owning hundreds of slaves and leagues of land, dwelling in log houses of four or five rooms, and entertaining at dinners and evening-parties the country gentry for miles around. However, Mr. Burgiss was not one of these autocrats. All told, he owned but seventeen slaves. At this time he was a "local preacher" of the Methodist Church, but he was intending to go into the travelling connection at the next conference.

Mr. Burgiss hurried down the back steps into the yard, and crossed the yard to that kitchen. I wish I could take you into this kitchen. You, perhaps, have been used to a city kitchen, whose wood-work is grained or painted white—as one of my friends insists on having hers, that dirt may stand confessed beyond all peradventure. Your kitchen floor is carpeted or painted, or, better still, kept scoured white as new pine. The stove shines, the tins are like silver. There are hydrants and drains, pantries, closets, cupboards, drawers—a place for everything and everything in its place. Now let me tell you about Mrs. Burgiss's culinary department, or rather Aunt Cindy's, for Mrs. B. fought shy of the kitchen. In the first place, it was an outhouse, sixty feet at least from the family residence—"the house," as it is called *par excellence*—so that the meals had to pass under the skies, rain or shine, to reach the table. In the second place, this kitchen was no house at all, but a simple rude shed—a roof supported by four posts sunk in the ground. On the dirt floor stood the biscuit-table, where the biscuits were made deliciously light without the aid of chemical processes—beaten light—and where, in a wooden dug-out tray, the various corn-breads were mixed as only the Aunt Cindies and Aunt Dinahs of the South can mix them. Why is it that the most skilful cook in a Northern kitchen, using unsparingly all those "good things" that are conceded to ensure a delicious result, is unable to produce corn-bread at all approaching in sweetness and delicacy that found in almost any Southern negro cabin? The Southern dinner-bread found at the table of rich and poor is made by stirring, with the naked hand, water and a pinch of salt into a coarsely-ground corn-meal, and yet Aunt Dinah's "corn-dodger" is more toothsome than any preparation of Indian meal of which Delmonico's is capable.

But to return to Aunt Cindy. Her kitchen was entirely open on three sides, the fourth being partially occupied by a clay-and-stick chimney. In the fireplace the logs rested, in lieu of andirons, on two chunks, and here depended the iron crane on which by means of pothooks were hung the kettles for boiling. The baking was accomplished in deep Dutch ovens or in shallow skillets with lids, the glowing coals plying their heat above as well as below. The hoe-cakes were cooked on a flat disk of iron supported on lege over coals. The broiling was done—and capitally done,

too—on a gridiron laid on the coals: sometimes the meat was placed immediately on the coals, from which the ashes had been blown. Then there was a trivet—a rim of iron on three legs a few inches high—which was the coffee-pot's stool. Besides these, there was a meat-block, which also served Aunt Cindy as a seat. Standing almost under the eaves was a bench which she used for elevating her portly figure when she was searching the hewed log sleeper under the rafters for spoons or forks, or papers of spice, each with the inevitable leak. Indeed, these sleepers and the yellow clay jambs of the chimney-place answered the purposes of shelves, closets, drawers, and all those other things belonging to the class called "kitchen conveniences." Those jambs especially Aunt Cindy pronounced "mighty handy." They were the receptacles of the shovel and tongs, the kitchen knife, the dish-cloth, the trivet, the coffee-pot, the rolling-pin, the cook's tobacco and pipe, the gridiron, the pot-covers, and indeed everything pertaining to kitchen furniture to which they could afford lodgment.

"Well, Cindy," said the Rev. Mr. Burgiss, "you air goin' to have a a chance to-morrow to distinguish you'self."

Cindy was a tall and fleshy woman, weighing three hundred and seventeen pounds. She was sitting on the block which was seat or meat-slab as the occasion demanded. She rose from this block with a heaving laboured motion, which called to mind a steamboat getting under way. "I's tolerbul distinguished a'ready," she replied. Perhaps the speaker found a difficulty in raising and lowering her astonishing lower jaw and double chin: her words had a queer smothered sound, as though coming through hot mush. "What's gwyne on ter-morrer?" she asked.

"Why, we air goin' to have fou' persidin' elduz yere to dinner to-morrow—yes, fou' persidin' elduz."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Aunt Cindy, almost overwhelmed. "Mussy on us! Fou' puzzidun' elduz! Reckons I had to stir my stumps tolerbul lively 'bout dat dar dinner;" and her eyes, hid away in rolls of fat like pin-heads in a cushion, began to twinkle in anticipation of a culinary triumph. "But," she continued, clouding again, "we-all aint got no little pig. Can't git no dinner fit for shucks widouten a pig roas' whole, wid a red apple in its mouf. Mus' hab a pig somehows, to be sartin."

"Oh, we can get a pig," said Mr. Burgess assuredly; "just sen' Tony over to Brother Phillpotts's early in the mawnin' to borrer one. Tell him to tell Sister Phillpotts's that I'll return it the fus' chance. An' now Cindy, my girl, jus' do you' bes' on that dinner. Trus' in the Lord an' fear nothin'."

"'Deed I'll do my very bes'. Puffidin' dinner for fou' puzzidin' elduz is a heap er 'spons'bil'ty, but I reckons yer'll fin' ole Cindy kin tote it. Jis' don't worrit you'sef."

Aunt Cindy was an ardent Methodist. That the path to heaven lay through the Methodist "meetin'-house" she as earnestly believed as that she had a soul to save. She would reluctantly grant that a sinner might "git rerligion" elsewhere than at a Methodist protracted meeting or on a camp-ground, but in her heart of hearts she did not believe the thing possible. With her, any Methodist minister was an object of reverence—a presiding elder, as being nearer God, of adoration. According to her creed,

"Jesus hes got hol' er God's han'; de bishop hol' er Jesus's; de puzzidin' elduz hol' er de bishop's; den comes de station-preachers, an' circuit-riduz, an' eggsorters; den we pore mizzibul sinners, all in a string, pullin' for hebben; an' if we-all hol's on tell deaf pawts dis immottle frame, we'll git dar shos yer bawn."

When the Rev. Mr. Burgiss had left her, Aunt Cindy lighted her cob-pipe from the hot embers, and reseated herself on the meat-block, as though she was settled for life. She shut her eyes that she might the better contemplate the morrow's responsibilities, and was soon fast asleep, her cob-pipe fallen and emptied into her lap, and her copperas-striped apron slowly burning under her nose. The fumes finally woke her. "Sakes er live!" she exclaimed, rubbing out the fire between her broad fat hands with their cushion-like backs. "What in de worl' ef I hadn't woked jis' in time to put mysef out! Dat dar dinner fer dem fou' puzzidin' elduz! Take kere, Cindy Burgiss," she continued, apostrophizing herself: "yer can't be spawed yit—not by no means."

At this moment Mrs. Burgiss entered. Aunt Cindy retained possession of the meat block. She wished to conceal the burns in her apron; then she never rose to her feet when she could help it, and she did not hold her mistress in any great awe.

"What yer come fer, Miss Rithy?" she demanded in a challenging tone.

"I come to see 'bout the dinner to-morrow. How wa'm it is!" and then the lady yawned.

"Now look yere, Miss Rithy" (Zuretha was Mrs. Burgiss's name): "yer needn't come yere henderin' de cook wid you' nonsense-talk 'bout dat dar dinner. Yer don't know nuthin' 't all sca'cely. Jis' go 'long, an' don't go pesterin' you'sef 'bout dat dar dinner. Yer better b'lieve I's gwyne ter fotch it out all right—dinner fer fou' puzzidun' elduz. De Lord'll puffide: He'll he'p me. Law! I's seed de circuit-rider go inter de pulpit, not knowin' nuffin' 't all 'bout what he's gwyne ter preach—jis' leanin' on de Lord—an' I's seed him preach sich a discou'se es would set mos' ebrybody derstracted. De Lord 'll he'p me to be sho. Ain't I got ter git dinner ready fer fou' puzzidun' elduz uv His'n? Don't yer pester you'sef one bit: jis' lean on me an' de Lord."

"Well, you do it up all right," said Mrs. Burgiss, relieved of all anxiety—if indeed she was capable of any—by Aunt Cindy's tone of sufficiency.

"Law, Miss Rithy!" the negro answered with a dash of resentment in her tone, "ain't I bin uster dinners an' sich all my bawn days? When I lib at you' paw's we uster hab sich things gwyne on all de blessed time. Dat wus when yer was tolerbul little, 'fo'e ole Mars' Pettergill loss his prop'ty. Yer paw uster hab a heap er black folks, an' I tell yer, we all uster hab a heap er fun a-dancin' an' a-morryin' an' a-habbin' funruls; but, law! when dar's sich few es dar is on dis yere plantation yer can't hab no musements sca'cely. Law, Miss Rithy! yer don't know what yer tawkin' 'bout. I's seed a heap mo'e fine gwyne-ons dan what yer ebber done, kase when you' paw los' his prop'ty yer was tolerbul little. I'll bring dat dar dinner all right outen dem dar pots an' kittle's, shos her yer bawn."

With this assurance Mrs. Burgiss departed from the kitchen, fully restored to her usual complacent mood of spirit.

"Dat light bread ought ter be sot ter raisin'?" Aunt Cindy soliloquized when left alone. She spread out a fat hand upon each knee and helped herself up from the meat-block. Then she mounted the bench that served as her observatory and began searching the log sleeper, rummaging among the various paper parcels. "Wonder what's gone wid dem twin brudders?" she said. (Aunt Cindy was looking for a small package of "Twin Brothers yeast cakes," which some Yankee had introduced in the neighbourhood.) "Dat dar Tony's gone an' toted off dem dar twin brudders, I'll be boun'.—To-nee! To-nee!" she called at the height of her muffled voice. "I see yer sneakin' hin' dat dar chicken-coop; yere'd better come yere, 'fo'e I comes dar an' fotches yer wid a peach tree limb. Hurry 'long outen dat dar snail's pace."

Tony appeared, looking like a tattered scarecrow with a live head.

"Whar's dem dar twin brudders? I want's ter put one uv dem ter soak. What yer gone and done wid dem dar twin brudders?" persisted Aunt Cindy.

"I hain't done nuffin' 't all wid dem dar twin brudders—nebber tetched um," Tony declared, half frightened, half sullen.

"Hush you' mouf, yer story-teller! I'll be boun' yer's gone an' feeded all dem twin brudders to de chickens; yer's too lazy ter mix a little cawn meal fer um."

"Nebber feeded dem dar twin brudders to de chickens, no more'n nuffin'," Tony insisted.

"How yer reckons I gwyne ter git dinner fer dem dar fou' puzzidun' elduz ef I hain't got no twin brudders to make de light-bread?"

"I dun know."

"Ob cou'se yer dun know; yer dun know nuffin'. Come yere while I boxes you' jaw: I boxes yer kase I lubbed you' gran'mudder. Me an' her uster play togedder when we-all wusbofe gals togedder."

Aunt Cindy was heaving and balancing herself preparatory to a descent from the bench on which she was mounted. Down she stepped at length, her broad bare foot meeting the dirt floor with a heavy thud—or slap, rather.

"Come, long up yere," continued Aunt Cindy.

Tony was moving toward her with a reluctant, bewildered air, his dead grandmother and the twin brothers all in a jumble in his brain, when Aunt Cindy suddenly exclaimed, "Dar's dem twin brudders now, on dat dar jam'!" Tony smiled from ear to ear in his satisfaction at having escaped the impending boxing. "Hush you' grinnin' dar, yer imperence! an' go 'long an' fotch me some hick'ry-bok to cook dat dinner. Wasn't yer 'ware I's got to git dinner fer fou' puzzidun' elduz?"

Tony gave a long whistle of astonishment, and went off toward the woods.

While the yeast-cake was soaking Aunt Cindy set to work collecting materials for a cake—a pound cake with icing—she had decided upon. Although her movements were slow and laboured, there were strength and force in them, so that she accomplished a surprising amount of work. She didn't lose much time looking for spoons and forks. She stirred things with her finger, and with it she tested her gravies and sauces and custards. It needed but a few strokes of her warm, strong hand to beat the butter to a cream: a few turns more and the sugar was thoroughly incorporated with this. Then with some twigs of crape-

myrtle, in lieu of an egg-beater, the yelk of the eggs was soon foaming and the white standing alone. Lastly, she bethought her of the cinnamon to mak it "tasty," she said. Panting and blowing, she again ascended her observatory, and began snuffiing, tasting and peering at the various paper parcels on the log sleeper. "Whar kin dat cin'mon-bok be at?" she said. "I hain't seed it sence I tuck it to meetin' to scent my han'kercher. I'll be bound dat dar Tony's done gone an' tuck an' et dat dar cin'mon-bok, ha'r an' hide. Maybe I put it in de big gou'd."

She waddled down from the bench and across the shed to a gourd as large as a giant pumpkin, and with much the shape of one. She turned it bottom up on the dirt floor, and out poured an incredible assortment of things—a fork, three partridge-eggs, a headkerchief, a pair of slippers, a dish towel, two peaches, a purple belt-ribbon, a vial of hair oil, a hymn-book, a lump of loaf sugar, a stick of sassafras-root, a paper of saleratus, and another of snuff. "'Taint yere." She looked the jambs over, and then with a majestic waddle, she crossed the yard to the house.

"Miss Rithy," she said, when she found herself in Mrs. Burgiss's presence, "I ain't gwyne ter take de 'spons'bil'ty uv no poun'-cake widouten cin'mon-bok to puffume it, an' I hain't got no cin'mon-bok on my premsis."

"Sen' over to Brother Phillpotts's an' borrer a stick," said the lady appealed to, returning to her perforated cardboard, on which she was working in rainbow worsteds a church with a man beside it. The man was taller than the steeple.

Aunt Cindy went her way, and soon the yard was resounding with calls for Tony. But in vain it resounded; no Tony answered. "I'll be boun' he's laid down under a black-jack an' gone ter sleep," she muttered. Then she called Nervy, and there came an answer from away off in the gin-house. Nervy was granddaughter to Aunt Cindy, and her mother was dead. She was nurse maid to all the slave babies in turn, unless there were more than one at a time, so that the girl was seldom seen without a baby in her arms or on her back.

Up the lane, in a field to the right, stood the gin-house where the cotton was ginned, with two broad wing-like scaffolds where the cotton was sunned. Close by was the great screw, with its long arms, where the cotton was bailed. Nervy came out of the pick-room, the apartment which received through a wooden flue the light, downy cotton as it came from the gin, and where the fleece hung from the walls and rafters in streamers and festoons like white gauze, and, piled in great drifts soft and pure as snow, was banked up to the roof like summer clouds. A plunge into one of those tempting banks was not unattended with the risk of smothering, for it was unstable and treacherous as down. Of course, then, Nervy ought not to have been in the pick-room with that little black baby, but that the place was well-nigh empty, containing only a remnant of last year's crop, which had been reserved for home consumption.

Over the fence into the lane scrambled Nervy, the little black baby clinging squirrel-like as she pulled up one side of the rail-fence and backed down the other. Throwing her arms behind her and clasping the baby, she went trotting down the lane. Cotton-lint was clinging in fantastic streamers and bunches all over her funny hair; her coarse home-spun dress was streaming out behind as she trotted, for it was slit to the knee, exposing her bare legs and feet.

"Yer better hurry 'long," called her grandmother in a scaring tone. "Whar yer been all dese two hours, anyhow? an' what yer doin' wid all dat dar cotton in ou' head?"

"Nuffin'," said poor Nervy with a hang-dog look. "Bin playin' in de pick-room," she added.

"Yes, an' fus' thing we-all knows yer'll go smudder dat dar baby in sof' cotton. Playin'! What business yer got playin' when I's wukkin' mysef to skin an' bones, yer lazy good-fer-nuffin'!"

As the speaker stood there, her fat hands spread out on her fat thighs, her monstrous chest rising and falling with her effort at scolding. Nervy giggled at the skin-and-bone image. Being laughed at was one thing that Aunt Cindy always resented. "Come yere, while I show yer how to laugh 'tother side uv you' mouf."

What the speaker meant by this threat I cannot say, and I am equally unable to tell you the location of that 'tother side of Nervy's mouth that was not laughing.

"I won't laugh no more, gran'mammy, long es I live," the child pleaded.

"I don't reckons yer will arter I guv yer dis boxin'. Yer'll 'member it long es yer libs. Sot dat dar chile down while I boxes yer."

Nervy deposited the little half-nude baby on the dirt floor, and stood up cowering, glancing from the broad, strong hands to the face whose cheeks stood out with fatness. There was a meek, supplicating look in the little upturned black face.

"Mockin' you' s'periors!" continued the grandmother. "It's my duty ter box yer fer you' mudder's sake. Law! yer look jis' like yer mammy! Go 'long!" she said, suddenly turning away from the child with the quick tears in her eyes as she remembered her dead Hannah in the graveyard at "ole Mars' Pettergill's." "Go to de woods an' fotch dat dar Tony," she continued, without showing her face to the child.

Nervy knelt with her back to the little black baby. The baby scrambled to its accustomed place and clung with its arms and legs. Then Nervy trotted off with her burden.

In process of time Tony appeared with three small pieces of bark, and was properly or improperly belaboured by Aunt Cindy's tongue, she declaring that she could "eat all dat dar bok," and demanding to be told how she was "gwyne ter cook dinner fer fou' puzzidun' elduz wid dat thimbulful of bok. An' my cakes a-sottin' yere waitin' all dis while, an' all dat 'nifikent white froff gittin' limber, an' all de lather done gone outen dat dar yaller! An' I beat dat dar egg tell my arm ache to de morrer-bone. Yer go 'long an' hurry an' cotch ole Jack an' go to Mis' Phillpotts's ter borrer somethin'."

Tony hurried off, glad to get away from Aunt Cindy and her uncertain moods. It was over an hour, however, before he got started for Mrs. Phillpotts's; for, first, he had to indulge himself in repeated climbings and slidings on the fodder-stacks; then in divers tumblings and leaping in the straw-pen; then he "skinned the cat" a few dozen times; then he had a thrilling ride round and round the barnyard swinging on old Jack's tail; then he made a raid on some blackberry bushes in the fence corner, where he ate berries as long and thick as his thumb for ten minutes. Then he put a bridle on the old gray mule, mounted its bare back, and entered upon a course of pullings, tuggings and kickings to

the end of making the said mule go forward to Mrs. Phillpotts's, instead of backwards to its stall, as it seemed determined to do. As all the boy's thoughts and energies were thus engaged, it never occurred to him that he didn't know what he was goin for until he stood in Mrs. Phillpotts's presence, feeling and looking very foolish. Nothing remained to be done but to remount his gallant steed, return to Aunt Cindy, and ascertain the nature of the something he was to borrow from Mrs. Phillpotts. Oh, how he shrunk from the forthcoming interview with Aunt Cindy! Her dreaded hands doubled in size to his frightened fancy, and his ears seemed to tingle with the inevitable boxing which Aunt Cindy would be certain to feel her duty to administer because she loved his grandmother.

"Wish she nebber lubbed my gran'mammy—wish she hate my gran'mammy," Tony whispered to his beating heart as on went old Jack at a spanking, bouncing trot that threatened to unhorse the rider. It seemed to Tony that no other mule ever trotted so relentlessly. He clung desperately to the bridle and the roached mane, and was trotted on by the merciless brute past the house, through the barnyard and into the stable, Tony throwing himself almost under the belly to save himself from being rubbed off in the low doorway.

"Whyn't yer spen' de night at Mis' Phillpotts's?" Cindy asked when he appeared in her presence, his eyes distended and rolling in frightened anticipation. "Dat white's done gone back twict, waitin' on you' lazy bones. Nobody but a bawn cook could fotch a poun'-cake fit fer fou' puzzidun' elduz out-en sich triblation. Don't yer know I's got ter git dinner fer fou' puzzidun' elduz? But, law! yer wouldn't kere ef dey wus fou' bishops. What do yer kere 'bout rerligion? Yer's so wicked! Gim me dat cin'mon-bok, an' don't stan' dar shilly-shally, like a gobbler on hot tin."

Then came Tony's acknowledgment that he had gone all the way to Mrs. Phillpotts's without once thinking that he did not know what he was going for. You should have seen how Aunt Cindy received this when the idea had fairly taken possession of her mind. It went to her funny spot. Planting her hands, outspread, on her sides, as if to fortify herself against shaking to pieces, she began laughing almost without a sound, as though she was too well cushioned to make any noise. She quivered all over like a great mass of jelly, swaying back and forth, her head falling on her chest, on this shoulder and on that, till she fell with a great flop on the meat-block, where she continued to sway, and roll, and quiver. Tony's intense appreciation of the turned tide, expressed in broad grins, in titters, in giggles, in shuffles, in balancings, in hand-rubbings, was about as funny as Aunt Cindy's characteristic laughing. Before this laughing was ended he had made good his escape, and in process of events was repeating his tuggings and pullings at old Jack's bridle. It was dark before he returned from his errand, for Mrs. Phillpotts, not having any cinnamon, had sent a runner to Mrs. McDonald for the article; Mrs. McDonald, in turn, had sent to Mrs. Doubleday, and Mrs. Doubleday to the cross-roads store. Aunt Cindy never went to bed that night—never went to her cabin: she sat up with her cake and light-bread.

It was on the next day, the day of the important dinner for the important guests, that the real bustle began. Everybody on the plantation was enlisted except the babies. These, left to their own tender mercies, were toddling or crawling about the yard in a lost and reckless way, and

had to be rescued from many a thrilling danger—from tubs of water, from cracks of fences, from dizzy heights, from thorns and briers, from the setting hen, the gander and the turkey-gobbler. There were dishes to be borrowed, and knives and forks and spoons and ovens and skillets and pots and kettles. The pig had to be butchered and the chickens dressed. There was the square table to be pieced out; fuel to be brought from the woods and chopped; countless pails of water from the spring, distant an eighth of a mile. All the plantation had to be ransacked for eggs—the garden, fields and orchards scoured for vegetables, melons and fruit. Pete was sent six miles for a bag of apples from Mr. La Mai's orchard, the only one in the neighbourhood. Andy had to go to mill with a bag of corn before there could be any bread for dinner, for "light-bread," which with Northern people is the staff of life, is with Southern people, a knick-knack.

It was approaching ten o'clock, and Aunt Cindy was getting panicky; not that she distrusted her abilities—she believed in herself as she did in the Methodist Church. "But," she said, "niggers ain't to be 'pended on, 'specially dat dar Tony." It was about this hour that a very important article in the get-up of a dinner was found to be missing—namely, salt. After the customary search that preceded the use of anything which Aunt Cindy had occasion to employ, she went into Mrs. Burgiss with the intelligence. This lady was gathering a ruffle for the neck of her dress, and was, by all odds, the most composed person on the plantation. Mrs. Burgiss made the usual suggestion of sending to Mrs. Phillpotts's. Aunt Cindy went her way, but in a moment was back: "We-all ain't got no blackberry cordial ter pass 'roun' wid dat dar poun'-cake," she said.

"Well, don't pester me, Aunt Cindy: jus' sen' to Brother Phillpotts's or somewhere else for anything we haven't got."

"Ain' no hosses lef' in de bawn ter sen' fer nuffin' else: dey's all off bor'rin'."

"Then sen' one of the negroes afoot."

"Ain't no niggers nuther ter sen': dey's all off bor'rin, too."

"Well, manage it jus' as you like," said Mrs. Burgiss blandly.

"Humph!" ejaculated Aunt Cindy, turning away. She came back immediately: "Law, Miss Rithy! here's dem dar chil'ren—Miss Mary Summerfiel' an' Miss Susan Wesley—ain't fix up a speck. Yer mus' git fix up, honeys. Law! didn't you-all know we-all's gwyne ter hab fou' puzzidun' elduz ter dinner? Go put on you' shoes an' stockin's an' you' new caliker frocks."

"Mine's dirty," said Susan Wesley.

"Mine's tore," said Mary Summerfield.

As it was scarcely practicable to borrow dresses for these little ladies, Susan Wesley was set down to mend Mary Summerfield's calico dress, and Mary Summerfield was sent with Susan Wesley's to the spring, where black Polly was washing out some articles which would be in demand at the dinner-party.

"Dell law! Miss Rithy!" said Aunt Cindy, reappearing after a few minutes, "dat Tony an' Alfred mus' be fix up an' sot at de fron' gate ter take de fou' puzzidun' elduz' hosses, an' ter tote um to de bawn; an' Nervy mus' be fix up ter keep de flies offen dat tabul."

All this was desirable but when it came to the point of fixing up the

Burgiss retainers they came upon a problem. After much search and consultation it was decided as a last resort to hem up the legs of Mr. Burgiss's winter pantaloons for the boys that were "to tote the fou' puzzidun' elduz' hosses to the bawn." Then a reverend swallow-tailed coat was added to Alfred's wardrobe, the cuffs being turned back and the long waist buttoned to the chin. Tony, who was smaller and had a clean shirt, was more comfortable but less satisfied in massa's vest. Very grotesque-looking figures they were, as was little Nervy in a dress which she stepped on in walking, and which necessitated a ceaseless hitching up of the shoulders to prevent its slipping off the wearer.

But how can I hope to picture Aunt Cindy's kitchen as the battle thickened? Great logs were roaring and blazing in the broad fireplace. Hanging before this was the pig roasting entire. Then came a huge tin reflector, with its buggy-like top gleaming in the firelight and reflecting its heat on the rows of beaten biscuits thus baking. Over half the dirt floor patches of coals had been drawn from the fireplace, and on these beds were ovens and skillets and pots and trivets and gridirons in bewildering number and confusion. Outside the kitchen shed, seated on the ground, were negro children, boys and girls, husking green corn, paring potatoes, peeling and stoning peaches, stringing beans, paring cymlius, peeling tomatoes, etc., etc. Nervy was shelling marrowfats, and the little black baby was eating them. Then there were three women assistants in the kitchen that "hendered more'n they he'ped," according to the head-cook. Cindy herself was moving about in her elephantine way, ordering the assistants, boxing the children, basting the hissing pig, stirring the custards, tasting the gravies, lifting the pot-covers, shifting an oven on the coals to ensure an even bake; transferring a shovel of coals from the chimney-place to a kettle on the outskirts of her lines; searching the jambs and sleepers for some condiment or cloth; renewing the fire, calling for water, etc., etc. And all the while there was such a hissing and sputtering and bubbling and steaming and sizzling as would have been entirely worthy of four times "fou' puzzidun' elduz."

Nervy, having finished her pea-shelling, was prancing back and forth over the brown grass, admiring over her shoulder the effect of her sweeping train, when she perceived up the lane a great cloud of dust, and heard Tony call, "Dey's er comin'! dar dey is! Dem fou' puzzidun' elduz is er comin'!"

Nervy repeated the cry; then somebody else did the same; then somebody else did the same; then another, till the whole plantation rang with it. Then there was a general rush from said plantation. Even Mrs. Burgiss rushed—buttoning her dress as she rushed—to the front window. Aunt Cindy deserted her dinner, and with a flour-sifter in her hand went, blowing like a porpoise and strewing the sifted flour as she went, to the side-yard to witness the important arrival. Little black faces and big black faces were pressed against cracks in the palings or were peering from behind chimneys and around house-corners, while the happy, important and envied Tony and Alfred ran to their posts at the gate to take the horses and "tote" them to the barn.

Mr. Burgiss was on hand, giving a bustling and noisy greeting to his guests. "Welcome my brother," he said to each of the four in turn—"welcome to the hospitalities of my humble roof. As long as Brother Burgiss has a crus' of cawn-bread he'll share it with a brother Methodist."

They were conducted to the house, and seated in the open passage for coolness, for the air was sultry. There was that inertia and hush in the atmosphere that precedes a thunderstorm, and dark-gray clouds were banking in the south-west.

"I see you take the *Ladies' Repository*, Brother Burgiss," said one of the elders in the course of conversation, opening the magazine and turning to an engraving.

"The *Ladies' Repository*," exclaimed Brother Burgiss, with energetic enthusiasm, "is the pretties' book in America;" and he brought his leg a ringing slap with his open palm by way of emphasizing his remark. "The pretties' book in America!" Again he slapped his leg. "The han'somes' book on this continent or any other, Brother Falconer. As to its matter, I place it among the classics;" and he turned to another of the elders—"in the fron' rank of the classics, Brother Ingersoll. There are but two books in the worl' that outrank it, Brother Underwood," he continued, again changing his auditor.

"And what are those?" asked Elder Underwood, his eyes twinkling at this extraordinary announcement.

"The *Methodis' Discipline* and the Bible," answered Brother Burgiss, courageously. "The *Methodis' Discipline* is the mos' wonderful book in the civilized language—the mos' superior uninspired work that was ever extant—the mos' superior book, I may say, the universe ever saw. We're a wonderful people, my dear brother—a wonderful people, we Methodists. We keep the worl' movin'."

"We help to do it," Brother Foster, modestly amended.

"My dear Brother Foster, we move the worl'—we move it," Mr. Burgiss reiterated, bringing his hands together with a ringing spat—"the religious worl', you understan'. Who's doin' anything, for instance, to take this district to glory except the Methodists?"

"The Presbyterians have established some flourishing churches in this neighbourhood," suggested Elder Ingersoll.

"The Presbyterians!" exclaimed Mr. Burgiss, with impetuous scorn. "I wouldn't give that"—and he snapped his finger with a flourish,—"for all the good they'll do at bringin' sinners down. The Presbyterians are behinders—the Methodists are leadin' the advance: we're Christ's vanguard. Presbyterians can't hold a candle to us. We can out-number them; we can out-preach them; we can out-sing them; we can out-pray them; we can out-shout them. Religion would die out—die out from the face of the livin' earth, Brother Ingersoll—but for the Methodis' Church, but for our protracted meetin's, our class-meetin's, our camp-meetin's, our love-feasts, our revivals. Presbyterians could never have such a thing as a camp-meetin', Brother Underwood—never! They ain't got enough of the knock-down in 'em: too col'—no fire. They're afraid to shout—afraid somebody'll hear 'em. It takes the Methodists to storm heaven: it's only the Methodists that can be trusted to give the devil a bayonet charge. Presbyterians will do to stan' off an' shoot arrers, but when heaven is to be carried by assault, give me the ol'-fashioned camp meetin', shoutin' Methodists. Sinners can't get to heaven at no easy Presbyterian gait: if we ever get to heaven Brother Underwood (which may we all do, my dear brethren!), we've got to trot it every step of the way. The Methodists have got hol' of the bes' thing out. Indeed, the Methodis' Church is the phenomena of America."

"I remember hearing you say that in a sermon at the Bush-camp-ground last fall," said Brother Underwood.

Mr. Burgiss coloured, for these heroics he had been delivering were passages from one of his favourite sermons.

"That was a very striking discourse," continued Brother Underwood, "but one sentence in it impressed me as so remarkable that I have remembered it to this day."

Mr. Burgiss brightened and bustled with delight. "And what was that sentence, my dear brother?" he asked.

"You said, 'When Cleopatra raised the poisoned chalice to her lips.' I had always supposed that Cleopatra was killed by the poison of asps."

"Hem! haw!" said Mr. Burgiss, bustling and fidgeting, "it was—hem!—it was formerly thought so, but—hem!—more recent historical authorities, Brother Underwood, says deff'rent."

Here the entrance of Mrs. Burgiss created a diversion, and the conversation changed to the duties of Methodist women in matters of dress. Soon after this the impending storm broke. The rain appeared to descend not in drops, but in streams and sheets and spouts; the thunder seemed on the roof, and the roof coming down. And the storm burst just as Aunt Cindy was dishing her dinner. By dint of engaging all the hands on the plantation in simultaneous action she had managed to get all the dinner accessories from the spring-house just as the vegetables, meats, etc. in the kitchen were being dished, so that all the cold things might be kept cold, and all hot things hot, till the final moment. And now it was "rainin' blazes," according to Tony. But delay was out of the question: the dinner must be got on the table, yet the kitchen, as you are supposed to remember, was sixty feet from the house. Aunt Cindy was on the verge of tears. Everybody stood irresolute.

Tony had an inspiration: he was bursting to tell, yet Aunt Cindy looked as stormy as the skies. He recalled her uncertain moods, and remembered that she owed a duty to him for his grandmother's sake. Tony trembled, but spoke: "Umberillers an' porr'sols!"

A swift change swept the leader's face. She caught Tony up and kissed him, and that made Tony cry. "Git um," she said—"git all de umberillers an' porr'sols."

Soon there was collected a dozen or more of these, the "fou' puzzidun' elduz's" umbrellas being pressed into service. Almost every negro at the South who owns anything has an umbrella or parasol, for there is a long period of sunshine to fight.

A procession was formed of the dinner-carriers, at whose head marched Aunt Cindy, bearing the roast pig with a red apple in its mouth. I must tell you that Aunt Cindy wore a pink calico dress, made with short sleeves and low in the neck. When all was ready, and she had sufficiently bewildered her corps of assistants by the multitude of her instructions, with a tread of her bare feet that shook the house she crossed the square passage, from which the rain had driven the company, and stood in the august presence of the "fou' puzzidun' elduz." "Sarvant, marsters!" she said in a tone of simple reverence which was really touching. Then she curtsied in a way that raised a momentary fear that she would never be able to recover herself, but must go down. "Dinner is serve."

Mrs. Burgiss rose languidly, Mr. Burgiss bustlingly.

"Come, my brethren," said the reverend host, "let us see what good things —"

"The cook hath provided for them that love them—that is to say, the good things," interrupted Elder Underwood, who was a funny man.

Then they crossed the open passage, being well sprinkled in the transit, and entered the room where Aunt Cindy's dinner was spread. The table reached the length of the room, and was literally jammed. From this you will infer that Aunt Cindy had served all her viands together. This was even so—fish, flesh, fowl, pig, pastry, pudding, cabbage, cake, cordial, all in a jumble. But there was method in her jumbling. As head-waiter she superintended all the serving, and she never offered two incongruous articles together. There was complete harmony, perfect dovetailing. She was an untutored culinary genius. She had never heard of a fifteen-course dinner, but she nevertheless played off the courses by "ear," to borrow from the musicians.

And surely there never was a funnier subject than Aunt Cindy—her great heart in an attitude of reverence towards those "fou' puzzidun' elduz," every inch of her swollen with the importance of ministering to such dignitaries; buzzing and panting and heaving about the table; finessing to get all her dishes tested; upbraiding, threatening, encouraging in pantomime her assistants; vibrating in a waddling run, under an umbrella, between the dining-room and kitchen; shaking the house as she moved, even to the dislodging of the clay daubing, and causing the dishes to tremble for their lives.

And there never was a happier, more complacent creature than this same Aunt Cindy, seated that afternoon on the meat-block, with a satisfied stomach, re-living in memory her triumph, and fondly repeating to her heart all the words of commendation bestowed on her dinner by the "fou' puzzidun' elduz"—no happier creature, Tony perhaps excepted, as he sat under a clump of china trees, the skies having cleared, eating all that he wanted, and more too, of the marvellous dinner. And if that dinner did not procure for the Rev. Mr. Burgiss the desired station appointment, is it not clear that presiding elders are ungrateful?

SARAH WINTER.

ASLEEP.

Babe-traveller on life's beaten track,
Made by the feet of ages past
While urging onward, spreading wrack
And deadly rapine on their way,
Each æon deadlier than the last—
Wars, tumults, earthquakes, portents dire,
Deluge and pestilence and fire,
With here and there a sunny gleam,
Like that which glints athwart thy dream—
A rainbow o'er the storm-cloud cast:
Sleep on! For thee no dangers loom;
Before thee spreads the age in bloom,
The great world lying at thy back.

All its past conflicts, present fears,
The varied aspects of the years,
To thee, as if they had not been,
These have evanished from the scene,

Though thou art held to strict account
For evils reaching to their fount,
In a fair land one fairest morn
Thousands of years ere thou wert born !
Through the sweet dreams thy slumbers weave,
The arrow of this sin shall cleave !
Through all thy weary, life-long march,
This one harsh, dissonant note shall sound !
A storm-cloud o'er the rainbow's arch,
Disturber of the peace profound
Sighed for through all this earthly round.

Sleep on, O soul devoid of stain !
Mayhap thou shalt not live in vain.
Cherub or seraph, or the bands
Of angel's waiting God's commands,
Which of them wears a brighter face,
Less earthly calm more heavenly grace,
Or holds within a sinless breast
A richer heritage of rest ?
Well for thee couldst thou sleep for ever !
Unconscious of the mad endeavour,
The wrestling with those unseen powers
That tempt us in our holiest hours,
To whom the purest heart that beats
Yields up a portion of its sweets,
From whom the whitest soul that lives
Some touch of sin perforce receives !

Sleep on, thou complex mystery !
Angelic wings o'ershadowed thee ;
The living-dead above the smile,
Knowing that thou art free from guile ;
The spirit nestling in thy breast
Dreams but of everlasting rest :
And no accusing angel dare
To aught of evil thee compare.
Not for the mighty conqueror
Returning with the spoils of war ;
Not for the man whose mortal name
Blazes upon the scroll of fame,
But who is still unlike to thee
In child-grace and humility :
For thee—for *thee* the kingdom waits ;
For thee roll back the gleaming gates,
Through which souls pass to victory.

Though thunders roll and heaven's wrath
Bestrew with worlds thy flowery path,
For thee no angry portents loom
O'er all the ruin-haunted track ;
The starry fields would burst in bloom,
And open up through storm and wreck
A pathway brighter than the sun,
And endless gardens of perfume
Through which thy rosy feet should run ;
While far across the ethereal seas
The anthems of the ages flung
Would hail thee—*thee*, with trumpet tongue
Heirs of the blest eternities.

Ottawa. CHARLES SANGSTER.

POLICY OF THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GOVERNMENTS TOWARDS THE INDIANS.

"WELCOME Englishmen!" were the first words which greeted the Pilgrim Fathers when they landed at Plymouth, on "the rock-bound coast" of New England, on the historical eleventh day of December, 1620. They were words of peace and good-will to the new-comers, and fell upon their ears as a benison and a blessing at the end, as well as at the recommencement of their perilous enterprise.

Nor did these assuring words of greeting, uttered by the friendly chief, Samoset, fall to the ground as unmeaning. They were made good by the great Sagamore, Massasoit, the acknowledged head of the Massachusetts tribes, who, on the 21st March, 1621, concluded a treaty with the Pilgrims. During his lifetime of forty years he observed it faithfully, and treated the English with great kindness,—not so much "because of the binding articles in the treaty, but from the natural goodness of his heart."

Roger Williams also, writing in 1654, speaks of the many hundreds of the English who were witnesses to the friendly disposition of the Narraganset Indians, and says:—

"Their late famous Sachem, the long-lived Canonicus, so lived and died [in 1647, at the age of 85 years], and in the same most honoured manner and solemnity you laid to sleep your prudent peace-maker..... and their prudent and peaceable prince; yea through all their towns and countries how frequently do many and oft times Englishmen travel alone with safety and loving-kindness."

Further, the great Sachem, Uncas, chief of the Mohegan Indians, who also lived to a great age, espoused the English cause, and "was said to have been engaged in all the Indian wars on the part of the English during his life time. He also shielded some of the infant settlements of Connecticut in times of trouble." He died about 1682 or 1685.

Again, in terms of the memorable treaty of "friendship and alliance," made with the Indians on the Delaware river, by William Penn, in 1682, the whole of the Indians in his young colony were bound to the English in indissoluble bonds of peace and friendship,—"the only treaty," says Voltaire, "between these people [Indians] and the Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and that never was broken."*

* This memorable treaty not only recorded the transfer of the proprietorship of of lands to Wm. Penn, but in it the Indians pledged themselves:—"To live in love with Wm. Penn and his children [adherents, friends, etc.], as long as the sun and moon should endure." This personal friendship was continued uninterruptedly for upwards of seventy years, "or so long as the Quakers retained power in the Government of Pennsylvania. Penn's conduct to these people was so engaging, his justice so conspicuous, and the counsel and advice which he gave to them was so evidently for their advantage, that he became thereby very much endeared to them; and the sense thereof made such deep impressions on their understandings that his name and memory will scarcely ever be effaced while they continue a people."—*Clarkson's Memoirs of Penn.*

Further: on the settlement of Georgia, by Oglethorpe, in 1732, he was welcomed by the chief men of the various tribes of the Creek Indians. Oglethorpe well repaid their friendly overtures and kindness, and, like Penn, proved himself a just and generous friend of the Indians of the South.

England herself, at a very early day in her colonial history, laid down several equitable rules for the guidance of her governors and "loving subjects" in the newly-settled American plantations. Thus Charles II., in 1670, issued the following instructions to the Colonial Secretary:—

"Forasmuch as most of our said colonies do border upon the Indians, and peace is not expected without the due observance and preservation of justice to them, you are, in our name, to command all the governors, that they, at no time, give any just provocation to any of the said Indians that are at peace with us," etc.

Wm. Penn, too, among certain conditions on which "adventurers" were allowed to purchase land and settle in his province, declared:

"That no man shall by any ways or means, in word or deed, affront or wrong an Indian; but he shall incur the same penalty of the law as if he had committed it against his fellow-planter," etc.

On the conquest of Canada, in 1763, George III. issued a proclamation in regard to the Indians in which he also laid down those broad equitable principles of justice and fair treatment of the Indians, which has ever since been traditional, and, in the main characteristic of the policy of the British Government towards the Indians on this continent. The first part of the proclamation declared it to be:—

"Just and reasonable, and essential to our interests and the security of our colonies, that the several nations or tribes of Indians with whom we are connected, and who live under our protection, should not be molested or disturbed in the possession of such parts of our dominions and territories as, not having been ceded to us, are reserved to them, or any of them, as their hunting grounds," etc.

The latter part of this proclamation, speaking of "the great frauds and abuses" which had been committed, etc., forbids:—

"Private persons from presuming to make any purchase from the said Indians of any lands reserved to the Indians within those parts of our colonies where we had thought proper to allow settlements. But (as it goes on to say) if at any time any of the said Indians should be inclined to dispose of the said lands, the same shall be purchased only for us, in our name, at some public meeting or assembly of the said Indians, to be held for that purpose by the Governor, or Commander-in Chief of our colony, respectively, within which they shall lie."

It does not, of course, follow that the principles of justice towards the Indians, thus laid down by high official authority, were observed, either by the American colonists, or by His Majesty's "loving subjects" in these provinces. Far from it; but that non-observance was due to the natural cupidity of the stronger against the weaker, and to the convenient doctrine, founded on a "wish, father to the thought," that the Indians were a "irreclaimable race," which could never be induced to adopt the civi-

It may be here stated that before Penn returned to England, in 1684, he concluded treaties of friendship and alliance with no less than nineteen distinct tribes of the Lenni Lrnape or Delaware Indians.

lized habits of the white man; and that, therefore, they were, (and if if not, should be,) doomed to speedy extinction.

We shall now inquire into some of the courses which have led to the almost chronic state of antagonism, and, in most cases, warfare, between the white and red man on this continent, and notably so among the "Long Knives" (Americans) and the "red skins." In doing so we shall have to glance at some of the sad and painful episodes which history on this continent records.

It is true that the romantic ideal of the North American Indian, as portrayed by Cooper and other writers, has been but very rarely realized in actual life. Nevertheless, numerous striking and touching examples have been known, which tend to justify the ideal portraiture of Indian character by writers of fiction.* From Massasoit down to Black Hawk, for example, many of the noted chiefs who have figured in the various Indian wars have been great men and famous warriors, according to their "red skin gifts;" and have exhibited traits of nobleness, generosity, magnanimity and courage which have not been excelled by any of their pale-faced brethren.

In the seclusion of their native woods such examples have been more numerous than we are willing to allow; but, in the fatal contact with the whites, the degradation of such noble specimens of the red man has not been more marked than was that of the descent of the ideal Chingachgook, in his earlier volumes, to the "Indian John" in Cooper's Leather Stocking tales.†

We have already indicated some of the principles affecting the right of the Indians to their natural domain which have always been recognized by the British authorities. These principles, until within a few years, were also recognized by the American Government, when, at length, a fatal "repudiation" of them took place, as we shall explain.‡ Another

*Gen. Walker, in his "Indian Question," thus sketches "the Indian of history, in his "original and native character:"—

"Voluptuary and stoic; swept by gusts of fury too terrible to be witnessed, yet imperturbable beyond all men under the ordinary excitements and accidents of life; garrulous, yet impenetrable; curious, yet himself reserved; proud, yet mean alike beyond compare; superior to torture and the presence of certain death, yet, by the standards of all other peoples, a coward in battle; capable of the magnanimous actions which, when uncovered of all romance, are worthy of the best days of Roman virtue, yet more cunning, false, and cruel than the Bengalee, this copper-coloured Syhinx, this riddle unread of men, equally fascinates *and foils* the enquirer."—Pages 15, 16.

†In this connection the following portrait of the noted modern warrior, Sitting Bull, as he recently appeared at Fort Walsh, is striking and interesting:—

"Sitting Bull is about five feet ten inches in height. He wore a black and white calico shirt, black cloth leggings, magnificently embroidered with beads and porcupine quills. He held in his hand a fox skin cap, its brush drooping to his feet. With the grace of a natural gentleman he removed it from his head at the threshold of the audience tent. His long black hair hung far down his back, athwart his cheeks, and in front of his shoulders. His eyes gleamed like black diamonds. His visage, devoid of paint, was noble and commanding; nay it was somewhat more. Besides the Indian character given to it by high cheek bones, a broad, retreating forehead, a prominent aquiline nose, there was about the mouth something of beauty, but more of an expression of exquisite and cruel irony."—Correspondence of the *New York Herald.*

‡This repudiation of the natural rights of the Indians, and of the corresponding obligations of the American Government to them, has as completely destroyed the faith of the Indian tribes in the promises of the Government, as did the Pennsylvanian repudiation (so frequently stigmatized by Sydney Smith), weaken the confidence of British investors of that day in American bonds.

fundamental principle affecting the Indians was not only held sacred by all governments, but traditionally so even by its violators, and that was the indefeasible right of the Indians to the soil, as its first occupants. Blackstone lays down this doctrine in the following words:—

"As occupancy gave a right to the temporary use of the soil, so, it is agreed upon all hands, that occupancy gave also the original right to the permanent property in the substance of the earth itself, which excludes every one else but the owner from the use of it."*

It is true that the doctrine of the sovereignty of whatever European nation first discovered a country was held and maintained by all alike. And this declaration of sovereignty was generally made by the explorers either by the simple act of hoisting a flag, or erecting a cross, or other emblem of christian civilization. But even this formal and decisive act of national supremacy was never held to cover the right to the soil itself, until it was conveyed by formal treaty or cession on the part of the natives. A recent American writer of authority on this subject says:—

"In a early history of the Western World, the principle was fully recognized that, while sovereignty rested, not with the Indians, but with the civilized power claiming, by virtue of discovery, the Indians were the rightful occupants, with a just and perfect claim to retain possession and enjoy the use, until they should be disposed voluntarily to part with it. Great Britain, Holland, France and Spain, the four powers claiming sovereignty by virtue of discovery within the present territory of the United States, conceded no less than this to the natives; while France, in the cession of the Province of Louisiana, expressly reserved the rights allowed the Indians by its own treaties and articles," etc.†

To say that the wrongs, which have been inflicted upon the red man by the whites have been but a just retribution for his savage cruelty, is to falsify the records of history, even as inscribed by his natural enemies, the pale faces. It is true that these records testify to the unsparing hatred and barbarous cruelty of a treacherous and remorseless Indian foe; but it is also true that these records disclose more fearful scenes and more refined cruelty on the part of the white man,‡ than even savage ingenuity could devise. From the wanton massacre of the Pequods, in 1635, to the latest crowning act (as Bishop Whipple says), of the unjust and cruel war against the Nez Percés, last year, the page of the white man's history is black with examples of wanton cruelty, and acts of the grossest wrong.

Samuel Drake, in his "History and Biography of the Indians," gives innumerable examples. He speaks of a Captain Chub in command of

* Blackstone's Commentaries, abridged and adapted, by Samuel Warren, Q.C.

† The Indian Question, by Gen. F. A. Walker. Page 10.

‡ An example of barbarous justice is related in the history of Black Hawk. Shortly before the war of 1812, one of the Indians had killed a Frenchman at Prairie des Chiens. He was taken prisoner and sentenced to death. The evening before his execution he begged to go and see his wife and children, and promised to return at sunrise next morning. They permitted him to go. At day break he parted from his wife and six little ones—how he did so is not recorded—hurried through the prairie to the fort, and arrived just at sunrise. The soldiers were ready and were marched out, and shot him down in cold blood! The sentence was, no doubt, just; but such an example of barbarous justice and refined cruelty we think has been rarely paralleled even in savage warfare.

Fort Pemaquid, who invited the chief sachem of Kennebec and three or four other chiefs to a conference on the Lord's Day, and treacherously murdered them. He says :—"Their seizure and murder could not have been outdone by the greatest barbarians." He also mentions the case of companies of the Cherokees, in returning home during the French and Indian war, which :—

"Were set upon by the German inhabitants and, without any provocation, killed in cold blood in different places, although each party was in command of a British subject. After Braddock's defeat also, Virginia offered a reward for the scalps of hostile Indians. Here was an inducement for remorseless villains to murder friend and foe, for it was impossible to distinguish scalps. Out of this grew the excessive calamities which soon after distressed the southern provinces [states]. Forty innocent men, and friends too, murdered in cold blood by the backwoodsmen of Virginia, brought on a war which caused as much distress and misery among the parties engaged, as any since that region of country was planted by the whites. At one place a monster entertained a party of Indians, and treated them kindly, while at the same time he caused a gang of his kindred ruffians to lie in ambush where they were to pass, and when they arrived, barbarously shot them down to a man."*

In a recent address at New York, the distinguished Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, thus sums up the dark record :—

"You may begin far back to the time when pious men marched to the music of fife and drum with the head of King Philip on a pole, when in solemn conclave they decided that it was the will of God that the sins of the fathers should be visited upon the children, and that, therefore, Philip's son should be sold as a slave to Bermuda, and he was sold.† And you may follow, down to the martyrdom of the Delawares, who were burned to death on Lord's Day in the Moravian Church ;‡ and so on to the time when the brave Worcester was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary, for preaching Jesus Christ to the Cherokees! We find inwrought with the history of every tribe such a story of blunders and wrong that we wonder that there is a solitary Indian who does not hate the white man. We have forgotten that God was not blind, and

* This led (the same writer says) to determined hostility on the part of the Cherokees. A deputation was sent to Governor Littleton. He, however, imprisoned them in Fort Prince George. Afterwards, a stratagem to capture the fort was attempted. Being unsuccessful, the prisoners were put to the sword, or, as Drake says : "The dastard whites found time and means to murder their victims, one by one, in a manner too horrible to relate."—Pages 304, 373, 376.

† Pometacom, or King Philip, was the second son of the noted Sagamore, Massasoit. The English, having executed his son (though innocent) for the alleged murder of Sassamon, a Christian Indian, who had revealed Philip's retaliatory designs,—this, in addition to his other grievances, exasperated the King, who thereupon waged a fierce war against the English. Having maintained an heroic struggle, he was, after the capture of his sister, wife, and son, surprised and shot. The Bishop tells the remainder of the story.

‡ This massacre took place in March, 1782. It was the result of a rash and foolish mistake. A family having been murdered by some lawless western Indians from Sandusky, Col. Williams and ninety men surprised the Moravian Indians, the alleged murderers, and massacred ninety-six of them "of all ages and sexes, from the aged grey-headed to the helpless infant at its mother's breast, with tomahawk, mallet, war-club, spear, and scalping-knife. Besides women, there were thirty-four children murdered in cold blood by the whites."

that a nation reaps equally as it sows. The nation forgot Worcester and his prison cell. God did not forget. There came a time when from the top of Lookout Mountain, the home of that murdered servant of God, there descended a host [during the Confederate War] under the flag of the constitution, and laid waste the very country which had been [coveted from and] owned by the expatriated Cherokees. . . . .

"I need not repeat the story of other wars. The Sioux of Minnesota, sold us 800,000 acres of their reservation, all of which was taken from "claims." The Navajoes, who had flocks and herds, orchards and well-tilled fields, fought with us to average the theft of their daughters, who were doomed to a fate worse than death. The Modocs, whose names are a synonym for cruelty and treachery, had bitter memories of their own fathers, murdered under the white man's flag, to avenge. No Indian chief could tell a darker story of violated faith than the fierce Cochisi of the Apaches. The records of savage cruelty do not show any story darker than the Sand Hill massacre of Mokatava's band. Our late Sioux war was the direct result of the violation of a treaty made by the highest officers of the army. The Indians have never been the first to violate a treaty.

"Our last Indian war with the Nez Percés is the crowning act of our injustice. The Nez Percés have been the friends of the white man for three quarters of a century, and have an untarnished record of fidelity and friendship. Lewis and Clarke who visited them in 1804, say that they were the most friendly and the noblest of red men. Gov. Stevens, who made the first reconnoissance of the Northern Pacific Railway, paid them a like tribute of praise. They served as scouts during our Oregon wars. They furnished our cavalry with five thousand dollars worth of ponies, for which they were never paid. During our own war with the Snake and Shoshones Indians . . . . our army was saved from destruction by the Nez Percés. . . . . At length seven thousand white men flocked to their country to dig for gold. . . . . Their people were murdered in cold blood; their women suffered brutal violence. . . . War followed; . . but there are no words of righteous indignation that are strong enough to denounce the folly and wickedness of such a war."

Such are the burning words of indignation and warning uttered by a thoughtful Bishop of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, as to the treatment of the Indians by the American Government and people. They are sanctioned by higher American authority than even that of this eminent Christian Bishop. President John Quincy Adams, thus wrote in his private diary, in 1841:—

"The policy of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to myself, had been justice and kindness to the Indian tribes, to civilize and preserve them. With the Creeks and the Cherokees it had been successful. Its success was their misfortune. The States within whose borders their settlements were, took the alarm and broke down all treaties which had pledged the good faith of the nation. Georgia extended her jurisdiction over them, took possession of their lands, houses, cattle, furniture and negroes, and drove them from their dwellings. Andrew Jackson, by the simultaneous operation of fraudulent treaties and brutal force, consummated the work. The Florida war is one of the fruits of this policy, the conduct of which exhibits an uninterrupted scene of the most profligate corruption. All resistance to the abomina-

tion is vain. It is one of the henious sins of the nation, for which God will surely bring them into judgment"

"Such," as Bishop Whipple says, "was the out cry of a noble heart, which in utter helplessness, turned away from God's suffering children whom he could not relieve. Since then the prairies of Minnesota, the plains of Colorado, the States of New Mexico and Arizona, the lands of Dacotah and the Pacific Slope, have all been desolated by wars—the fruit of our broken faith."

Such, indeed is the dark record of the American people, as told by distinguished men among themselves, as to their treatment of the Indians. Had we not such high authority for the statement made, we might have supposed that such injustice and wrong were wholly the result of the lawless conduct of border men and unscrupulous squatters, or adventurers. But however much such men may have accelerated the war and disaster which followed in their train, they appear to have fully reckoned, not only upon the moral (or rather unmoral) sanction of their countrymen, but also upon the physical support of the nation, in their acts of lawless aggression upon those whose security against such aggression rested solely upon the treaty-keeping faith of the American people.

President J. Q. Adams and Bishop Whipple, have shown that these treaties were fraudulent delusions. The history of these transactions show also, that it was never meant that they should be observed longer than it would be safe to apply to the credulous victims of such delusive shams, the maxim that "might makes right." Nevertheless, for years the hollow form of treaty-making was observed by the American authorities, with the intention, as events have proved, that the "treaties" should be either evaded by gross fraud,* or openly violated without any hope of redress.

At length a true and consistent solution of this cruel and hypocritical policy has been found; and, in 1871, the American Congress declared that from henceforth :—

"No Indian nation or tribe within the territory of the United States shall be acknowledged, or recognized as an independent nation, tribe, or power, with whom the United States may contract by treaty."

Although this was, probably under the circumstances, the only honest solution of the "Indian difficulty" which presented itself to Congressmen, from the fact that the nation did not pretend to observe its own solemn treaties, yet of its gross injustice no one can have any doubt. It also indicates a degree of national cowardice which can scarcely be conceived.

From an Indian stand point, therefore, and with their knowledge of this declaration of Congress, it was not a matter of surprise that, with an expression of indignant scorn and contempt, Sitting Bull rejected the recent overtures of the American Commissioners at Fort Walsh, in our North West Territories. Yet many readers of the New York *Herald's* graphic narrative of the interview, failed to comprehend the point and bitterness of that rejection, owing to the fact that they were not aware of how the wily chieftain regarded the hollowness of the proposal made

* Thus in giving effect to a "treaty" with the Nez Percés, in furnishing them with supplies, Senator Nesmith reported that the "best" blankets were made out of shoddy and glue; the "best" boots had paper soles, and the "best" steel spades were made of sheet iron! *Bishop Whipple's speech at New York, Nov.* 1877. .

to him. It was equally a surprise to many to see, that while Sitting Bull with so much emphasis contemptuously rejected the terms proposed by the American Commissioners, he subsequently made an unqualified submission to the terms proposed by the Canadian officers, in the following words :—

MY FRIEND AND ALL THE QUEEN'S MEN WHOM I SO RESPECT : I have heard of your talk. I knew you would speak to me in this way. Nobody told me. I just knew it. It is right. I came to you in the first place because I was being hard driven by the Americans. They broke their treaties with my people, and when I rose up and fought, not against them, but for our rights as the first people on this part of the earth, they pursued me like a dog, and would have hung me to a tree. They are not just. They drive us into war, and then seek to punish us for fighting. That is not honest. The Queen would not do that. Long ago, when I was a boy, I heard of the Queen, now my Great Mother. I heard that she was just as good. Now I know it. You gave me shelter when I was hard pressed. My own life is dear to me, but I did not value it when I fought the Americans, but I did value the life of my nation. Therefore, I brought my people to you. I do thank you for what you have done for them. I will go to the Red River and be at peace. Tell the Queen that. Tell her I will be a good man, that my people will be good. Tell her also that we never were bad, for she knows it is not wrong to fight for life. My people are weary and sick. I will take them to the Red Deer River ; and now I declare from you that I will not make trouble, or annoy you, or give pain to the Queen. I will be quiet. I will never fight on your soil unless you ask me to help you. Then I will fight. I wish you good good-bye. Place me where you like, I will be at peace in Canada. But you who are brave soldiers and not treaty-breakers, thieves and murderers, you would think me a coward if I did not die fighting the Americans. Therefore, while I go to the river of the Red Deer now to live at peace, I will come back when my braves are strong ; or if they will not come with me I will come alone and fight the Americans until death. You I love and respect ; them I hate, and you, Queen's soldiers, would despise me if I did not hate them. That is all. I am ready to go with you to the Red Deer River."

It is proper at this point to stop and consider for a moment, some of the practical difficulties which American Statesmen encounter in dealing with this Indian question, and the difficulties which may yet force themselves upon our attention. In theory, and even in practice, the Americans, up to the last six years, fully admitted the natural and inherent right of the Indians to the soil of the country. In our earlier history this right was an important subject of negotiation and surrender —for a consideration. At that time the Indians were indeed formidable foes, and independent neighbours. It was, in this day of their power and influence, a matter of expediency as well as of grave public policy, to acknowledge the absolute independence of the native tribes, and their consequent competency to enter into treaties. As time went on, the relation of the Indian tribes to the white man was changed. The "balance of power" was destroyed ; and the Indian was no longer to be dreaded as a formidable foe, except in distant localities. More than that. From the position of dreaded and powerful tribes they became in many cases the helpless wards of the nation. In this relation the nation, although a guardian, was still required by an historical and traditional fiction, to enter into formal treaties with them, and to negotiate with its pensioners for the surrender of certain rights which were only

theoretically acknowledged to exist. This state of affairs, although well understood and provided for by the Government, was looked upon differently by the squatters, the emigrant and the miner in pursuit of "claims." To them the Indian was an incumberance, a dog-in-the-manger occupier of desirable territory, and an "unmitigated nuisance" to be got rid of with the least possible delay. Such men looked on the Indians as an obstruction in their path to the possession of the promised land of their rightful inheritance.

With a Congress, half-hearted in its desire to keep faith with a "doomed" and helpless race, and sympathizing as individuals with, if not sharing in, the covetous and selfish hostilities of the encroaching whites, it can easily be understood how that body finally arrived at a decision in 1871, so dishonouring to the nation, and so fatal and unjust to the wandering tribes who were barely tolerated upon the reservations set apart for them under the sanction of solemn treaties.

The proclamation of Charles II., which we have already quoted, utters a truism which the history of the American treatment of the Indians sadly verifies. It declares that:—

"Peace [with the Indians] is not to be expected without the due observance and preservation of justice to them."

This is proved by the declaration of President J. Q. Adams; and, with the dark record enumerated by Bishop Whipple and other competent authorities,* throw upon the white man in the United States the entire responsibility of the dreadful wars and unsparing destruction of life, of which the expeditions under the ill-fated General Canby and Custer, present such sad and melancholy examples.

President Hayes in his late message to Congress, on this point, says:—

"Many, if not most, of our Indian wars have had their origin in broken promises and acts of injustice upon our part. . . . . When the Indians had settled down upon land assigned to them by compact, and begun to support themselves by labour, they were rudely jostled off and thrust into the wilderness again. . . . . Their advance in civilization has been slow, because the treatment they received did not permit it to be faster or more general."

Gen. Hazen thus explains the origin of the Oregon Indian war of 1855. He says:—

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* Samuel Drake, a noted writer on the *Biography and History of the Indians of North America*, in giving an account of the attack upon Major Waldron, an unprincipled trader in Dover, New Hampshire, who had always defrauded the Indians, says:—

"To enumerate the villainies practiced upon this devoted people, would be to expose to everlasting odium the majority of frontier traders from the earliest to the present time." Page 299. Again he says:—

"It would be tedious to relate, and irksome to read, the half of what might be gathered of the robberies and enormities committed by infamous white villains on the Indian borders; and it is equally insufferable to read of the manner that justice is trodden under foot by bodies bearing the name of Court." Page 462.

Bishop Tuttle, of Montana, in a recent speech in New York, says:—

"Time would fail, and I will not enter into the connivance and collusions, the thefts and robberies, the cheating and lying, and sins abounding in the treatment of the Indians on the reservations. . . . . There are Statutes for punishing those who embezzle goods in the Military service, in the Consular service, in the Naval service, and the Postal service, but there are no specific Statutes for punishing an Indian agent for embezzlement of goods in the Indian service."

"A few days before my arrival, there had been a controversy between a white man and an Indian, about a pony. The white man shot the Indian. The friends of the Indian soon after shot some white men. Then the whites, at break of day, attacked the Indian camp and murdered, indiscriminately, numbers of Indians. War followed, and lasted eight months, costing the Government many millions of dollars."

Bishop Whipple says:—

"There is not a single body of Indians in this country, if their history was known, whom we have not wronged. If any one of you will go through the records and find out how often faith has been violated, you will be perfectly appalled, and you will wonder how people who believe in God, have dared to breast His anger and indignation, as we have done." *Journal of Conference with Representatives of Religious Bodies in regard to work among the Indians.* Page 21.

In concluding this portion of our paper, we shall glance briefly at the steps which have been taken by the Government and religious bodies in the United States, with a view to the civilization and christianization of the Indian tribes.*

As to the capabilities of the Indian to obtain to a high degree of civilization, and his adoption to the habits of the white man in their varied forms of business, professional and public life, agricultural employments, &c., they have been a good deal of questioned. Knowing, however, how readily man adapts himself to all kinds of circumstances, this would seem at first sight an easy question to decide. But it is not so. It may be easy to change the habits, tastes and pursuits of a youth, if he be placed very early in life under suitable influences; but it is a very different thing to change the settled habits of a tribe, or race, except very slowly, and even then under the most favourable circumstances.†

Those, however, who have had a large personal experience of the

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* I have in this article distinguished between the acts of the American Government and those of Congress. Owing to the peculiarity of the American form of Government, both may be pursuing a different policy, and yet no actual dead-lock ensue. The Government is not responsible for the proceedings of the Legislature, as with us. Generally, and especially of late years, it has, or rather many of its administrative officers have pursued a humane policy towards the Indians.

† "*Are the Indians dying out?*" is the title of a pamphlet recently issued by General Eaton, the distinguished U. S. Commissioner of Education, at Washington. Two interesting letters on the subject are inserted by the Commissioner. One is from the Rev. Dr. Riggs, an eminent and well known American Indian Scholar and Missionary, and the other from J. P. Williamson, Esq., U. S. Special Indian Agent in Decotah, and whose life from childhood has been passed among the Sioux. Dr. Riggs says:—

"It accords with my observation, that for a certain period after the process of civilization has well commenced in an Indian community, we are quite likely to find their numbers diminishing. . . . . Thus the first steps towards civilization [and contact with whites] naturally, almost necessarily increase disease and death. . . . . When this crucial point is once passed, the gospel of cleanliness becomes in a large sense the gospel of physical salvation. Then families and communities commence to increase again in large numbers." (Page 31).

Mr. Williamson says:—

"My observation of the Sioux, since my childhood, forty years ago, leads me to think that the vision of the last Indian jumping into eternity towards the setting sun, is a poet's dream of the distant future. Forty years ago the Sioux was supposed to number 25,000. . . . . Now the Sioux is estimated at 50,000, though 40,000 would probably be a better count. . . . . This would show an increase of 60 per cent. in forty years."

habits and capabilities of the red man, speak most favourably of him, as susceptible of a very high degree of civilization—especially christian civilization. Two distinguished American Bishops recently visited Toronto, and favoured its citizens with admirable addresses on the great Indian question in the United States. Both of these prelates are missionary Bishops, and have laboured among the Indians for several years. The venerable Bishop Whipple, whose life has been chiefly devoted to this work, in referring to the capabilities of the Indian for civilization, said, that though not generally known, yet it is a significant fact, that the Indian of North America is the only heathen who is not an idolater. In his speech in New York, the Bishop said, that:—

"The North American Indian is the noblest type of a wild man on the earth. He recognizes a Great Spirit; he believes in a future life; he is devoted to his children; he will die for his tribe. . . . No christian missions have brought richer rewards than those among the Indians. When our church began this work all was dark as midnight. The Indians were degraded and desperate. Everything which the cupidity of the white man, or the malice of the devil could do, was done to hinder the work. Yet, to-day, we have half a score of Indian clergy, who, far away on the Missouri, and in the forests of Minnesota, are preachiug the gospel to their heathen brethren. We number our communicants by hundreds; and many whom we once met as painted savages, will meet us in paradise to join in that song which no man could learn, but they who were redeemed from among men."

As to the proper and only successful agents of civilization, the Bishop thus enumerates them:—

"The means to be used to advance civilization among the Indians, are: government, personal rights of property, and education; and with these, the Gospel of Christ will give honour and freedom to these heathen people."

As to the effect of mere human civilization, without the superadded power of the gospel, Bishop Hare, of Niobrara, a territory wholly among the western Indians, says:—

"The Indian, when he becomes a little civilized, is apt to suffer an awful collapse. The wild Indian is the most self-confident and self-reliant of men. He thinks that white men are slaves. Judging from the few white soldiers he sees on the plains, he thinks he could sweep the whole white population off from the face of the earth. When instructed his eyes are opened, and he becomes a saddened, broken spirited man. Such a man, with sorrow in his heart, and tears on his face, once said to me: 'My people have no future—civilization to them is like a great railway train, rushing past the wayfarer tired out on his march.' The only power that can there come in and give him new vigour and hope, is the Gospel of the blessed God. The effect of it is to make him feel that there is ever present at his side, a brother. He finds that his people are uplifted and educated; that his daughters, living with white women in christian households, dress and protected as white girls are. He then begins to feel that they who were not a people—their national life broken up—are becoming the people of God. This is a sacred bond, they are fellow citizens with saints of the household of God: and under this inspiration—it is an essential inspiration—the Indian will try to

better his condition. The missionary work, with the policy of help towards self-helf—that I think will solve the Indian question."*

There are numerous examples in the United States of the effects of the humanizing in America, of civilization upon the Indians. Gen. F. A. Walker, late United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, (in his work on "the Indian Question,") speaking of the natural capacity of the Cherokees for civilization, says:—

"The Cherokees, who originally owned . . . . Georgia, Alabama and Tennesee, [and were driven from them] have now a reservation in the Indian Territory of nearly 4,000,000 acres. . . . They have their own written language, their national constitution and laws; their churches, schools, and academies; their judges and courts. Their dwellings consist of 500 frame, and 3,500 log houses. They raise about 3,000,000 bushels of corn, besides large quantities of wheat, oats and potatoes—their aggregate crops being greater than those of New Mexico Utah combined. Their stock consists of 16,000 horses; 75,000 neat cattle; 160,000 hogs and 9,000 sheep. . . . They have 60 schools in operation, with an aggregate attendance of 2,133 scholars. . . . They are creditors of the United States on a sum of $1,716,000—the interest of which is paid to the treasurer of the nation. . . . There are in the Indian Territory several other important tribes, aggregating 45,000 persons, who are in the same general condition as the Cherokees. . . . Other Indians in Kansas, Nebraska, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Pacific Coast, like them. The 100,000 Indians, thus characterized, will bear comparison, on the three points of industry, fragality and sobriety, with an equal population taken out of any southern or border States."

There are in round numbers, about 300,000 Indians in the United States—nearly 10,000 of whom are half breeds. Not more than 100,000, as already intimated, have been brought under the humanizing influence, more or less remote, of the white man's civilization, through the local agencies of the Indian Department; and not more than 25,000 of these Indians are members of Christian Churches. The average number of births is not above 2,000, and the number of deaths about 1,800. The number of houses occupied by the civilized Indians is fully 20,000 —property at the rate of 500 a year. The number of Indians who wear citizen's dresses is under 100,000. The number of schools in operation among the Indians on the "Reservation" (as given in the "report of the U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs") for last year, is under 350; number of teachers, 420; (males, 160; females, 260); number of pupils, 10,500 (males, 5,480; females, 5,020); number who can read in English, 8,615; in Indian, 6,656; in English and Indian, 6,314; number who have learned to read during the year, 1,390; number who have learned trades, 106; number of mills, 84; of shops, 140.

The same Bishop in his noble speech in Toronto, ably discussed the question, and illustrated each point by facts, as to the manhood, conscience, reverence, belief, sentiment, judgment, and reflection of the Indian, and showed that in all of these attributes he was quite equal to the white man.

Bishop Tuttle, of Montana, in his speaking on the same topic, said:—

"The Indian is a man; and there is a noble type of manhood among Indians. . . At the agencies and railway stations, you do not see the chiefs, you do not see the self respectful, noble Indians at all. . . . . There are noble features in his nature. He is a man: and, in the main, trustful if he has confidence in you.

Of all the religious bodies which have devoted themselves to the welfare of the Indians, the Friends, or Quakers, have for years stood out pre-eminently for their humane and benevolent treatment of them. Nothing can exceed the touching character of many of the details given at the "yearly meetings" of these people, of the patience, care and solicitude evinced by the members of that community, who were entrusted with the religious oversight of scattered Indian bands in the United States. George Fox, the eminent leader of the Friends, visited America in 1672, and addressed to many of the Indian tribes scattered between Maryland and Rhode Island loving words of peace and good will. William Penn,* coming after him in 1681, by many acts of generous friendship, so endeared himself to the red man, that for more than a century afterwards, his memory was held in grateful remembrance by the Indians of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.†

The *Edinburgh Review* of July 1806, referring to the dealings of the Quakers with the Indians of North America, and discussing the ill-advised efforts of the colonists to civilize them, says:—

"The people called Quakers, a society, in many respects, by far the most meritorious and amiable among our religious sects, seemed to have solved the problem. . . They appear to have proceeded upon the fundamental assumption, that the only means of civilizing those tribes . . . . must be sought in a well planned attempt to reclaim them from the precarious and idle life of hunters. For this purpose they conceived that the settlement of a few missionaries, ... carpenters, blacksmiths and ploughmen, ... was absolutely necessary. . . . . They likewise imagined that such persons, chosen for their quiet conduct and industrious, regular habits, sent to settle among the Indians without pomp or parade, would do more good than the most splendid scheme of colonization. . . . . Example was to be their great engine—and example they well knew, works slowly, gradually and quietly."

In explaining their plans the Quakers say:

"Some readers may think every scheme of civilization defective, that does not immediately attempt to plant Christianity. Of the infinite value of Christianity our Pennsylvanians are doubtless aware; but here, though they are not directly acting the part of missionaries, they are

* The area of the present State of Pennsylvania and part of New Jersey, granted to William Penn, in 1681, by Charles II., in lieu of a debt of £16,000 due by the Crown to his father, Admiral Penn, for arrears of pay, and for sums of money advanced by him for naval purposes.

† Thus in 1728, Governor Gordon, addressing the Indians at Conestoga, on the Susquehanna, said:—

"Your leagues with William Penn, and his governors, are in writing and on record, that our children and our children's children may have them in everlasting remembrance. And we know that you preserve the memory of those things among you by telling them to your children, and they again to the next generation; so that they remain stamped on your minds never to be forgotten."

At a treaty-conference held in 1756, a Delaware chief expressed himself to the Governor:—

"We rejoice to hear that you are disposed to renew the old good understanding, and that you call to mind the first treaties of friendship made by Onas [the Indian name of Penn] one great friend deceased, with our forefathers, when himself and his people first came over here. We take hold of these treaties with both our hands, and desire you to do the same, that a good understanding and true friendship may be re-established."

preaching religion by example; and are probably preparing the Indians, by more means than one, for the reception and acknowledgment of the Gospel."—Page 445.

Up to the present time the humane efforts of the Friends are indicated. In a report published by the American Government in 1874, it is stated that "the prominent men connected with the Society have, at their own expense, visited all the agencies under their care." They have also expended about $20,000 during the year, besides clothing, etc. The missionaries and teachers are reported "thoroughly earnest in their work; and the reports of schools and civilization . . . . show a satisfactory and encouraging progress."

We may here explain that the Indian Department of the United States is controlled by a Commission, and the local oversight of the Indians on the reservations is committed to resident agents. The religious oversight of the Indians in these agencies is apportioned out to the various religious bodies. From a government report published in 1874 we gather the following particulars:

"The Protestant Episcopal Church as reported to have expended $68,000 from it own treasury, besides quite a large sum contributed by Indians and others engaged directly in the work. They have a missionary Bishop (Dr. Hare), and a large staff of earnest workers.

"The Presbyterian Board report an expenditure of $23,000, besides contributions from their Indian churches. They have 44 missionaries and teachers. This is exclusive of the efforts of the Southern Presbyterian Church not reported.

"The Methodists report 20 white missionaries and 30 native preachers. Some of the most successful missions belong to this church.

"The Baptist, Congregational, Dutch Reformed, Lutheran and Roman Catholic Churches are reported as actively engaged in mission work, but the particulars are not given."

In addition to the efforts of the various religious bodies for the spiritual welfare of the Indians, the Government itself is doing a good work in an educational direction. At the Centennial Exhibition last year part of the Government exhibit was both novel and curious; and to any one who sympathized with the fast-disappearing red man, it was impressive. It consisted of practical and interesting illustrations of what the United States is now doing towards bringing the civilizing influences of Christian Education to bear upon the Indian tribes. General Eaton kindly devoted some time in explaining to the writer the various details of the system or scheme of Indian education, in which he felt so deep an interest. He pointed out from the various illustrations and examples on the collection, how remarkably successful had been the efforts of the Government as far as they had gone, in demonstrating the entire feasibility of bringing the Indian tribes under the potent influences of the semi-domestic and Christian home-like influences of the various mission schools in active operation among them. As to the nature of the exhibit, a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* in speaking of it, says:—

"The schools of the Indian Territory have made a very creditable display. They have sent photographs of their school-houses, prominent teachers, and representative pupils, and exhibit specimens of text-books, chirography, needle-work, drawing, etc. The wonderful progress which even some of the wilder tribes of Indians have made in a few years' residence in the Indian

Territory, as shown in this exhibit, demonstrates the wisdom of an Indian policy that removes the savages from the demoralizing influence of frontier settlements, and places them under direct civilizing influences. The Modocs, even, who a few years ago, from their fastnesses in the lava beds, defied the power of the United States, and spread terror throughout a whole region, are now rapidly learning the arts of civilization, and their schools make a very creditable display in the Centennial Exhibition."*

We have in this paper presented the "American," or United States, side of the Indian question. In our next we shall deal with the matter from a Canadian stand point.

J. GEORGE HODGINS.

THE HERMIT'S BRIDE.

On a rivulet's bank far from mountain-home,
I found a woodland belle,
Arrayed in a robe, white as pure sea-foam—
The joy of that sylvan dell.

On the winding banks of the laughing stream
I wooed this queen of light;
I made her a throne where the wild-flowers gleam,
In a haunt by the mountain height.

Still she loved the wild life in the mossy vale
Far better than reigning a queen,
Where the pale-brown tints of the autumn gale
Early blast the silver and sheen.

Like the weird music-moan of the ocean-shell,
As it sighs for the far off sea,
Came a nightly wail,—a sad fairy-spell,
From my homesick cherry-tree.

She moaned through the days of that winter drear,
She died at the violet's birth,
And now in my sorrow I drop a tear
By my lonely mountain hearth.

Truro, N. S. ARTHUR LANCELOT.

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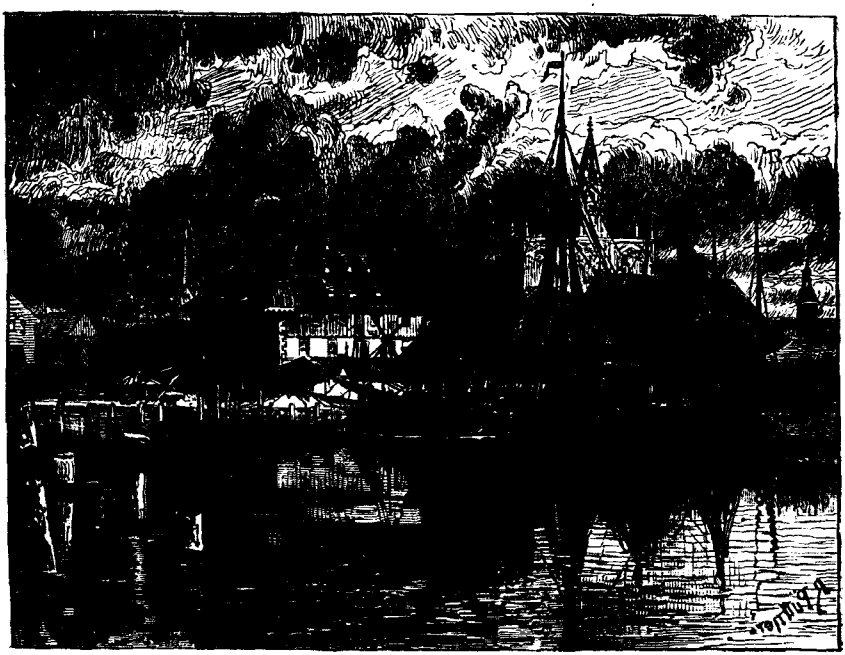
* Special report on the Ontario Educational Exhibit and the Educational Features of the International Exhibition at Philadephia, 1876. By J. George Hodgins, LL.D. Pages 96, 97.

DOWN THE RHINE.

FIRST PAPER.



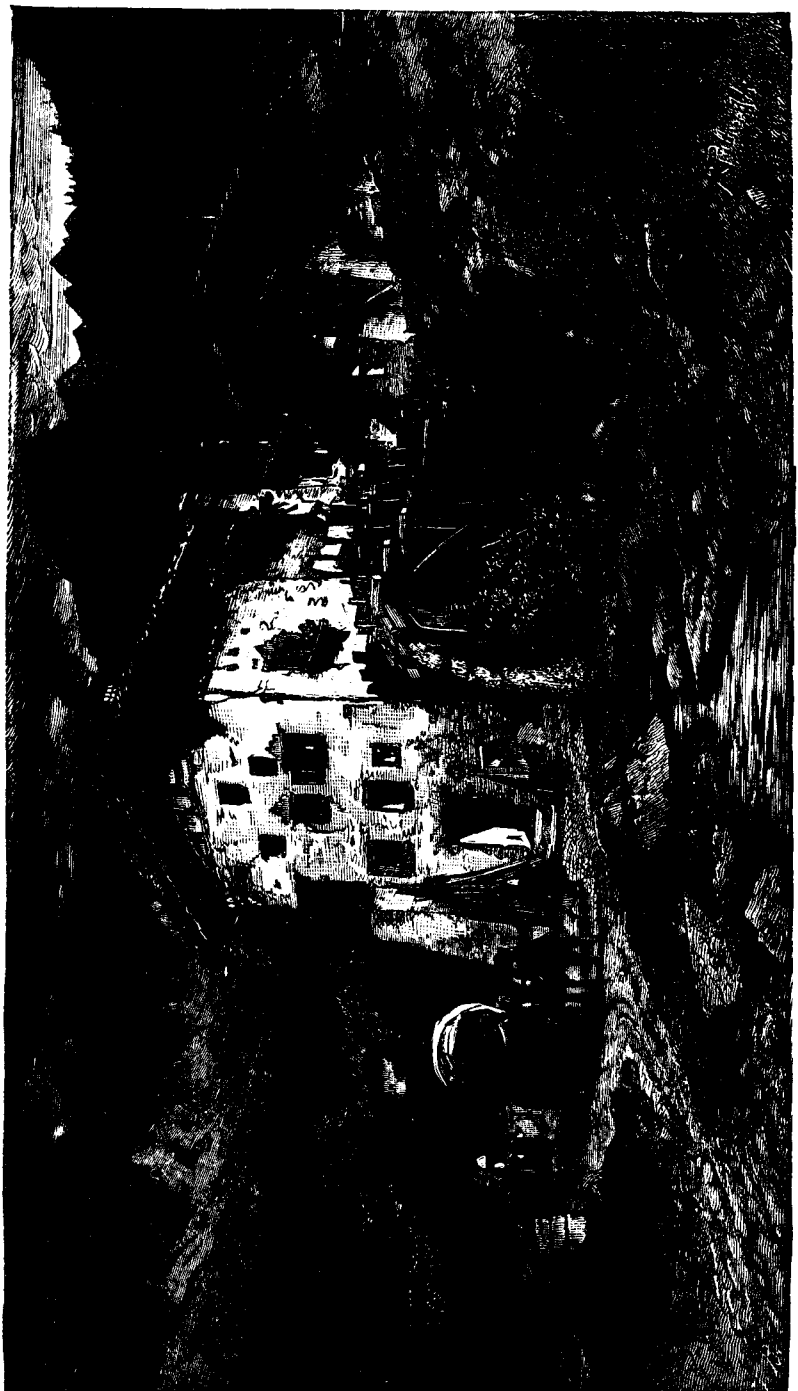
MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE AT CONSTANCE, WHERE THE COUNCIL MET.

LIKE a certain old, eternally-young, and dearly-monotonous subject, the Rhine has been an inexhaustible theme for song, legend and romance. Old as is its place in literature, familiar as are its shores not only to the traveller in Europe, but to the least well-read of the stay-at-homes, there is always something new to be said about it, or at least it can be viewed in a new aspect. Its early stages are certainly less well known than its middle portion—*the* Rhine of poetry and legend—but they are equally beautiful, and especially characterized by natural scenery of the most picturesque kind. Historical memories are not lacking either, even within fifty miles of its rise in the glaciers of the Alps, while its early beauty as a mountain-torrent, dashing over the rocks of Via Mala, has for some a greater charm than even its broad lake-like waters fringed with cathedrals, abbeys, and stately guildhalls, or its windings among "castled crags."

One branch of the river bursts from under a tumbled mass of ice and rock—one of those marvelous "seas" of ice which are the chief pecu-

liarity of the Alps, and which sometimes, as in the case of the glacier of the Rheinwald, present among other features that of an immense frozen waterfall. Passing through the village of Hinterrhein, whose inhabitants are the descendants of a colony planted there by Barbarossa to guard the old military road over the Alps, and which boasts of a Roman temple and other less well-defined remains of human dwellings of the same period, the Rhine enters the grand gorge of the Via Mala, between Andeer and Rongella, on the road below the Splügen Pass and the village. Every such pass has its Devil's Bridge or its "Hell" or its "Bottomless Pit," and tradition tells of demons who pelted at each other with the riven masses of rock, or giants who in malice split the rocks and dug the chasm across which men dared no longer pass. But it needs no such figures of speech to make a mountain-gorge one of the sublimest scenes in Nature, one which thrills the beholder with simple admiration and delight. The Via Mala is one of the most splendid of these scenes. A sheer descent of two thousand feet of rock, with clinging shrubs, and at the bottom the trunks of pines and firs that have lost their hold and grown into mossy columns stretched across the stream and often broken by its force; a winding, dizzy road leading over single-arched bridges and half viaducts built into the black rock; a foam-white stream below; a succession of miniature water-falls, rapids and whirlpools; spray and rainbow poised over the stream at intervals, and here and there the narrowing rocks bending their ledges together and wellnigh shutting out the sun; the "Lost Hole," where tall firs, with their roots seemingly in space, stand up like a forest of lances, and the very formation of the rocks reminds one of gigantic needles closely-wedged together,—such are the features of the gorge through which the Rhine forces its way. Then comes, Zillis, a regular Swiss village, at the entrance of the valley of Thusis, which is a broad green meadow dotted with chalets, a picturesque, domestic, rural landscape, a bit of time set in the frame of eternity, and holding in its village chronicles memories to which distance lends enchantment, but which, in view of the scenes we have just described seem wonderfully bare of dignity. Here is the Castle of Ortenstein, the warrior-abbey of Katsis, the Roman Realta, the Castle of Rhäzüns, the Bridge of Juvalta, and many castles on the heights overlooking the valley, which at the time of the "Black League" of the nobles against the "Gray Confederation" of the citizens (which gave its name to this canton, the Grisons) were so many rallying-points and dens of murder. There is romance in the legends of these castles, but one seldom stops to think of the robbery and lawlessness hidden by this romance. For these knights of the strong hand were no "Arthur's knights," defenders of the weak, champions of the widow and the orphan, gentle, brave and generous, but mostly oppressors, Bedouins of the Middle Ages, ready to pounce on the merchandise of travelling and unarmed burghers and defy the weak laws of an empire which could not afford to do without their support, and consequently winked at their offences.

A legend of this part of the Rhine, less well known than those of the Loreley, Drachenfels or Bishop Hatto's Tower, belongs to Rhäzüns. After the feud had lasted long years between the nobles and the citizens, the young lord of this castle was captured in battle by the Gray Confederates, and the people's tribunal condemned him to death. The ex-

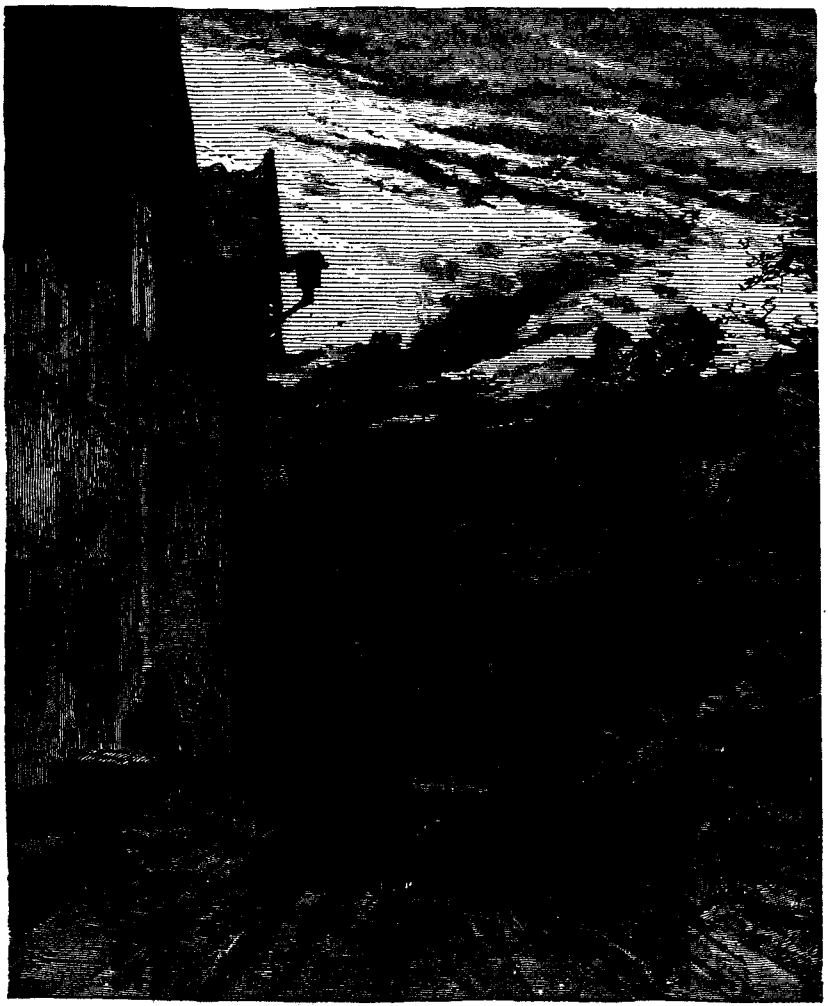


ZILLIS.

ecutioner stood ready, when an old retainer of the prisoner's family asked to be heard, and reminded the people that although the youth's hot blood had betrayed him into many a fray, yet some of his forefathers had been mild and genial men, not unwilling to drink a friendly glass with their humbler neighbours. For old associations' sake let this cus-

JUVALTA.

tom be renewed at least once before the execution of the last of the race of Rhäzünz: it was the first and last favour the youth, in his dying moments, requested of them. Stone drinking-vessels were brought: a regular carousal followed, and good-humour and good fellowship began to soften the feelings of the aggrieved citizens. Then the faithful old servant began to speak again, and said it would be a pity to kill the young man, a good swordsman too, who, if they would spare his life,



CITY GATE AT ILANZ.

join the Gray Confederacy and fight for, instead of against the people —be their champion, in a word, in all their quarrels, instead of their foe and oppressor. He prevailed, and the youth, it is said, religiously kept the promise made for him.

Passing the Toma Lake, a small mountain-tarn, whence rises one of feeders of the Vorder-Rhein, and Dissentis, whose churches are crowned with Greek-looking cupolas set upon high, square towers, and whose history goes back to the ravages of Attila's barbarian hordes and the establishment of the benedictine monastery that grew and flourished for upwards of a thousand years, and was at last destroyed by fire by the soldiers of the first French republic, we follow the course of the increas-

TAMINA SPRING.

ing river to where the smaller and shorter Middle Rhine falls into the main branch at Richenau. The Vorder-Rhein has almost as sublime a cradle as the other branch. Colossal rocks and yet deeper silence and solitude hem it in, for no road follows or bridges it, and it comes rolling through the wildest cantons of Switzerland, where eagles still nest undisturbed and bears still abound, and where the eternal snows and glaciers of Erispalt, Badus and Furka are still unseen save by native hunters and herdsmen whose homes are far away. Here is the great Alpine watershed, dividing the basin of the North Sea from that of the Mediterranean. But at Richenau *the* Rhine absorbs the individuality of each of these mountain torrents, and here we meet with memories of the mediæval and the modern worldly curiously mingled in the history of the castle, which has been an episcopal fortress of the bishops of Chur, its founders, a lay domain when the lords of Planta owned it, and an academy or high school when Monsieur Chabaud, the director gave fourteen hundred francs a year salary to a young teacher of history, geography, mathematics and French, who was afterward the citizen-king, Louis Philippe. Here is Martinsloch, where Suwarrow shamed his mutinous Cossacks who refused to attempt the passage of the Alps, by ordering a grave to be dug for him, throwing off his clothes and calling to his men to cast him in and cover him, "since you are no longer my children and I no longer your father."

Ilanz is the first town on the Rhine, and has all the picturesqueness one could desire in the way of quaint architecture, bulbous cupolas, steep roofs with windows like pigeon-holes, covered gateways, and a queer mixture of wood and stone which gives a wonderfully old look to every house. Chur—or Coire, as it is more commonly called out of Germany and Switzerland—is of much the same character, an old episcopal stronghold, for its bishops were temporal lords of high renown and still higher power. Then the Rhine winds on to another place, whose present aspect, that of a fashionable watering place, hardly brings its history as a mediæval spa to the mind. The healing springs at Ragatz

ISLAND OF MAINAU.

were discovered by a hunter of the thirteenth century on the land belonging to the great and wealthy Benedictine abbey. For centuries the spring, whose waters come from Pfäffers and Tamina, and are brought half a mile to Ragatz through iron pipes, was surrounded by mean little huts, the only homes of the local health seekers, except of

CASTLE OF HOHENTWIEL.

such — and they were the majority —as were the guests of the abbey; but when crowds increased and times changed, the abbey built a large guest-house at the springs. Now the place has passed into the hands of a brotherhood no less well known the world over, and who certainly, however well they serve us, give no room for romance in their dealings with us. The promenade and hotels of the place rival Baden and Homburg, but the old spring of Tamina, in its wild beauty, still remains the same as when the mediæval sportsman stumbled upon it, no doubt full of awe and trembling at the dark, damp walls of rock around him, where visitors now admire and sketch on the guarded path. The only other interest of Ragatz, except its scenery, is Schelling's grave and monument, put up by Maximilian II. of Bavaria, his scholar and friend.

Everywhere, as the Rhine flows on, the tourist notices its wonderful colouring, a light, clear green, which characterizes it at least as far as

the lake of Constance, in whose neighbourhood the vines first begin to bloom and become an important item in the prosperity of the country. Here too the river first becomes navigable, and the heavy square punt that ferries you over at Rüthi, and the pictures of the old market-ships that preceded the first American steamer of 1824, and carried the vine produce to other and dryer places (for in Constance the land lay so low that cellars could not be kept dry, and the surplus of the vintage was at once exchanged for corn and fruit, etc.), are the first signs of that stirring commercial life which is henceforth inseparably connected with the great German stream.

Five different governments crowd around and claim each a portion of the shores of the "great lake" of Germany. Yet it is not much more than forty miles long, with a breadth at its widest part of nine. In old Roman times its shores were far more beautiful and worthy of admiration than now. Then it was fringed by forests of birch, fir and oak, and its islands were covered with dense groves. The chief beauty of lowland is in its forests: when they are gone the bareness of the landscape is complete. Rocky mountains can afford to be treeless, but to an artist's eye there is little beauty in treeless plains, and all the boasting of German enthusiasts about this lake cannot hide the fact that its shores are singularly low and bare. But if the landscape is tame, the historical recollections of the Lake of Constance are rich and interesting. The oldest town on its shores is Bregenz, the *Brigantium* mentioned by Pliny and Strabo and Christianized by Saint Gall and Saint Columbanus, the Irish missionaries, whose wanderings over Europe produced so many world-famous monasteries. The great Abbey of St. Gall was not far from the lake, and Columbanus established his last monastery at Bobbio in Italy, Lindau ("the field of linden-trees"), almost as old a city as Bregenz, built on an island and connected with the mainland by a long bridge over which the railway runs, was founded by the Germans, and some of the earliest Christian converts built its churches and convents, while later on its commerce grew to be one of the most important in Germany, and raised the status of the city to the level of the members of the Hanseatic League; but all this was lost in the Thirty Years' War, when it was devastated and partly burnt: now it ranks as a third-rate Bavarian town. But it is impossible to string together all the remembrances that distinguish these lake towns, many of them now refuges for Englishmen in narrow circumstances, their commerce dwindled, their museums the thing best worth seeing in them.

We pass Arbon; Friedrichshafen, the summer palace of the kings of Wurtemberg, a sturdy, warring city in the Carlovingian times; Meersburg, now a fishing-centre, once a stronghold of its martial bishops, and famous in later times as the residence of the baron of Lassberg, a modern *savant* and *virtuoso* of whom Germany is justly proud; and lastly Constance, the city of the Roman emperor Constantius, still beautiful and stately in its buildings. Charlemagne tarried here on his way to Rome on the occasion of his coronation, and many German kings spent Christmas or Easter within its walls. Here, in the large but low hall of the Kaufhaus, or Merchants' Exchange, the council of 1414 met and never did the Greek councils of the primitive Church present more varied and turbulent scenes. The walls are panneled and frescoed by Philip Schworen, an artist of Munich, and Frederick Pecht, a native of Con-

stance, with representations of these scenes, but it was rather a rough place in those days, and tapestries and dais, weapons and costly hangings, concealed the unfinished state of walls, floor and roof. The old city has other buildings as intimately connected with the council as this hall—the convents of the Dominican and Franciscan Friars, each successively the prison of John Huss, the first containing a dungeon below the water-level and foul in the extreme, the second a better and airier cell for prisoners, as well as a great hall in which several sessions of the council took place, and where Huss was examined and condemned; the house where Huss first lodged with a good and obscure widow; and three miles from the town the castle of Gottlieben, also a prison of the Reformer, and for a short time of the deposed pope, John XXIII. Little more than a century later the Reformation had grown powerful in Constance, and Charles V. besieged and, notwithstanding the desperate resistance of the burghers, took the town, but not before a most murderous defence had been made on the Rhine bridge, the picture of which, after the unsuccessful fight, reminds one of the heroic defence of the dyke at Antwerp against the Spaniards, and even of that other memorable event in Spanish history, the Noche Triste of Mexico.

HANS HOLBEIN.

As we leave the lake two islands come in sight, Mainau and Reichenau, the latter having a legend attached to it connected with the foundation of its abbey, which is the counterpart of that of Saint Patrick and the snakes and vermin of Ireland. The "water was darkened by the multitude of serpents swimming to the mainland, and for the space of three days this exodus continued," whereupon St. Firmin founded the abbey, which grew to such wealth and power, both as a religious house, a school for the nobility, and a possessor of broad feudal domains, that the abbots used to boast in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries that they could sleep on their own lands all the way to Rome. The Rhine issues

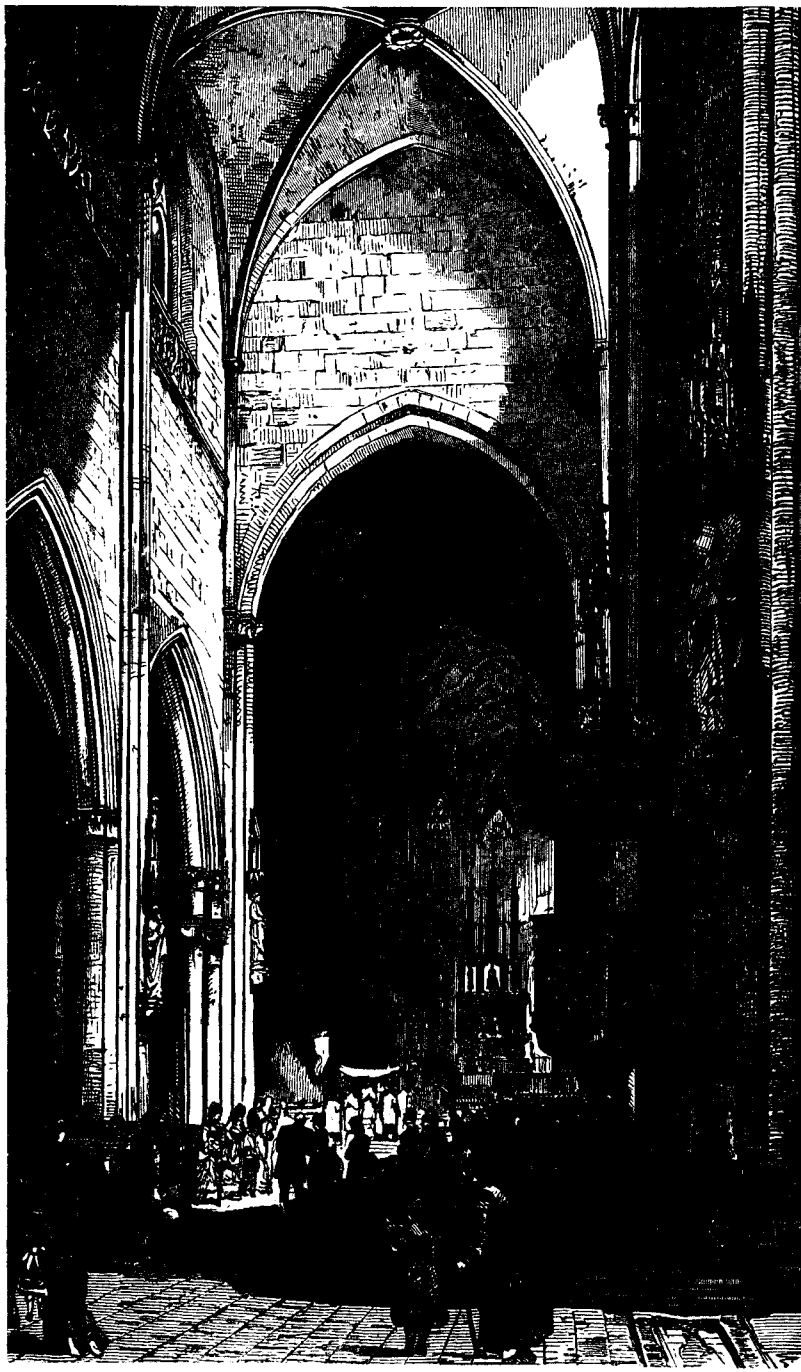
from the lake at Stein, a picturesque little town of Merovingian times, which has seen as many "tempests in a tea-cup" as any of its grander and more progressive rivals; and not far off is the castle of Hohentwiel, built into a towering rock, once the home of the beautiful and learned Hedwige, Duchess of Swabia. We need not dwell on Schaffhausen, one of the best-known points of the river, an ancient town overgrown with modern excrescences in the way of fashonable hotels and Parisian dwellings. One of the features of these river towns, when they are not "improved," is the crowding of houses and garden-walls sheer into the stream, leaving in many places no pathway on the banks, which are generally reached by steep, mossy steps leading from old streets or through private yards.

We are nearing the four "forest towns" of the Habsburghs, at the first of which, Waldshut—where stood in Roman times a single fort to command the wilderness, much as the pioneers' outposts used to stand on the edge of the Western forests peopled with hostile Indians— the Aar, the Rhine's first tributary of any consequence, joins the great stream. Lauffenburg, Säckingen, and Rheinfelden, the three other forest towns, each deserve a page of description, both for their scenery and their history, their past architectural beauties, and their present sleepy, museum-like existence: but rather than do them injustice we will pass on to Bâle or Basel, as it should be written, for the French pronunciation robs the name of its Greek and royal etymology from *Basileia*. Basel was never lagging in the race of intellectual progress: her burghers were proud and independent, not to say violent; her university was eager for novelties; her merchants spent their wealth in helping and furthering art and literature. The Rathhaus or guildhall is a gauge of the extent of the burgher supremacy: all over Germany and the Low Countries these civic buildings rival the churches in beauty and take the place of the private palaces that are so specially the boast of Italian cities. Among the great men of Basel are Holbein and the scarcely less worthy, though less well-known artist, Matthew Merian, the engraver. Of the former's designs many monuments remain, though injured by the weather—a fountain with a fresco of the dance of the peasants, and some houses with mural derocations ascribed to him. Basel has its own modern excitements—races and balls and banquets—although the private life of its citizens is characterized by great simplicity. The profession of teaching is in such repute there that many rich men devote themselves to it, and among the millionaires of the old city may be found not a few schoolmasters. As in Geneva, learning and a useful life are the only things on which the old families pride themselves.

From Basel, whose every reminiscence is German, and whose Swiss nationality dates only from the epoch of the Reformation, the Rhine flows through the "storied" Black Forest, peopled with nixies and gnomes, the abode of the spectre woodcutter, who had sold all power of feeliug human joys for the sake of gold, and who spent every night cutting down with incredible swiftness and ease the largest fir trees, that snapped like reeds under his axe. Old Breisach, with its cathedral of St. Stephen, and its toppling, huddled houses clustering around the church, is the most interesting town before we reach Freiburg. The tendency of mediæval towns to crowd and heighten their houses contrasts sharply with the tendency of our modern ones to spread and broaden theirs. Defence

and safety were the keynote of the old architecture, while display is that of ours, but with it has come monotony, a thing unknown to the builders of the Middle Ages. Houses of each century, or each period of art, have, it is true, a family likness, but, like the forms of Venetian glass, a pair or a set have minute differences of ornamentation which redeem the objects from any sameness. So it was with all mediæval art, including that of building the commonest dwelling-houses: there was congruity, but never slavish uniformity.

The first sight of Freiburg—we include it among Rhenish towns, though it is not *on* the Rhine—presents a very German picture. Old dormer windows pierce the high-pitched roofs; balconies and garden trellises hang in mid-air where you least expect them; the traditionary storks, the beloved of Hans Andersen, are realities even here on the tall city chimnies; and no matter where you look, your eye cannot help falling on the marvellously high and attenuated spire of one of the finest cathedrals in the world. Artistically speaking, this church has the unique interest of being the only completed work of ecclesiastical architecture that Germany possesses. The height of the spire and its position immediately above the great gateway produce here the same illusion and disappointment as to the size of the church which is proverbial as regards St. Peter's at Rome. This impression soon disappears, and every step reveals new beauties. Each cluster of simple tall grey columns, supporting massive fourteenth-century arches, is adorned with one carved niche and its delicate little spire sheltering the stone statue of an apostle or evangelist; the chancel is filled with the canons' stalls, each a masterpiece of wood-carving; and at the eastern end, beneath the three higher windows and separated from the wall, stands the mediæval high altar with its three carved spires surmounting the reredos, and just below this a "triptych" of enormous size, a pictured altar-piece with folding-doors, the latter being painted both inside and out scriptural subjects as quaintly interpreted by the devout painters of the early German school. But not only the nave, with its carved pulpit and canophy, its old dark benches, not renewed since the seventeenth century at least, and its crowds of worshippers, is interesting to the sight-seer, but each side chapel, rich with what in our times would be thought ample decoration for a large church, is enough to take up one's day. In these and in the aisles lie buried the patrons, founders, defenders and endowers of the cathedral, while in the chapel of the university are laid the masters and doctors whose fame reached over the learned and civilized world of the Middle ages, and whose labours Holbein no doubt flatteringly hinted at when he chose for the subject of his great altar-piece in his chapel the visit of the Wise Men of the East to the infant Saviour. In each of these chapels are wood-carvings of great beauty and variety, and stained glass windows whose colours are as vivid as they were four hundred years ago; and in one is still preserved a heavy Byzantine cross of chased silver, the gift (or trophy) of a crusading knight, for Freiburg too "took the cross" under the enthusiastic direction of that great man, Bernard Clairvaux. It is not often that such a building as this cathedral has such a worthy neighbour and companion as the beautiful exchange, or Kaufhaus that stands opposite on the "platz." This, though of later date and less pure architecture, is one of the most beautiful buildings of its kind in Germany. The lower part reminds one of the



INTERIOR OF FREIBURG CATHEDRAL.

doges' palace at Venice—a succession of four round arches on plain, strong, saxon-looking pillars; at each corner an oriel window with three equal sides and a little steep-pointed roof of its own, shooting up to the height of the main roof. The great hall on the same level has a plain balcony the whole length of the building, and five immense windows of rather nondescript form, and mullioned like Elizabethan windows, between each of which is a statue under a carved canopy; and these are what give the characteristic touch to the house. They represent the emperor Maximillian, lovingly called "the last knight," Charles V., "on whose dominions the sun never set," Philip I. and King Ferdinand. The colour of the material of which this exchange is built (red sandstone) increases the effect of this beautiful relict of the Middle Ages. But, though we should be glad to linger here and admire it at our leisure, there are other houses in the city that claim our attention as showing, in their less elaborate but perfectly tasteful decoration, the artistic instincts of those burghers of old. And the fountains too! Not the bald, allegorical, monotonous and rarely-found (and when found only useless and ornamental) fountains of our new cities, but the lavishly-carved, artistic creations of an art-imbued age—the water free to all and flowing for use as well as for show, and the statues of civic patron-saints and occasionally men of local renown; as, for instance, the single statue of a meditative monk, his left hand supporting his chin, and a closed book in his right hand, Berthold Schwarz, the inventor of gunpowder.

From this inland side-trip we go back to the now broadening river, the part of the Rhine where the "watch" has been so often kept as well as sung—that part, too, where Roman forts were thickly strewn, and where the Merovingian and Carlovingian emperors fought and disputed about the partition of their inheritances. But everywhere in this land of Upper Alsace 1870 has effaced older memories, and modern ruins have been added to the older and more romantic ones. No foreigner can impartially decide on the great question of the day—*i.e.*, whether German or French sentiment predominates—while the interested parties themselves each loudly ignore the no doubt *real* claims of the other. As a simple matter of fact, Alsace is German by blood and by language, but race-differences are so often merged in other feelings the product of kind treatment and domestic ties, that the sympathies of nations may be materially changed in less than a century. We certainly come across a good deal that is very French in the villages between New Breisach and Colmer: the *blouse* is the costume of the men; the houses are painted in light colours, in contrast to their steep gray roofs; the women bring refreshments out to the waggoners, and stop for a coquettish gossip in a light-hearted, pleasant, vivacious way not seen in other places, whose matrons seem graver and more domestic. But Colmar, in its streets, the names over the shops, the old corner windows, is as German and antique, as good a "specimen" city, as Nuremberg or Aügsburg. Here is the artists delight and the antiquary's mine. Colmar, contemptuously styled "a hole" by the great Napoleon, was living enough at the time of the emperor Frederick II., and was one of the prosperous, haughty, freedom-loving burgher cities to which the sovereigns so gratefully gave the name and privileges of an "imperial" town. This city of ancient Germany is now one of the most stagnant among modern towns, just "advanced enough to possess corner

THE "DREI EXEN.'

"loafers," and, we hope, to be ashamed of having publicly burnt the works of Bayle in the market-place; but its architectural beauties are such and so many, that if you are on your way to Strassburg you had better deny yourself the pleasure of stopping here. Balconies and galleries strike the eye at every turn; irregular houses, their beams often visible; doorways of wonderful beauty; and a population nearly as antique, the women carrying loads on their heads, and wearing short dark stuff gowns, thick blue worsted stockings and wooden shoes. Of course the cathedral is the pride of the town, and it has some rather rare characteristics distinguishing it from the rest of the churches of this neighbourhood, chiefly its simplicity of decoration. The impression of a noble simplicity is specially borne in upon us by the aspect of the dark, broad chancel with its carved stalls, and little else in the way of ornament: the sculptured door leading to the sacristy unfortunately hides a remarkable work of early German art, the *The Virgin of the Rose-hedge,* by Martin Schön. The tower of the cathedral has above it only a small building, with a steep, irregular tapering roof, and here sits the watchman whistling on his cobbler's stool in a place that would be the envy of many a scholar pestered in his lower dwelling by inconsiderate visitors; as, for instance, that perfect type of scholars, Isaac Casaubon, whose journal bears witness to his yearning after more time and fewer admiring, consulting and tormenting friends. Not far from Colmar is a castle-ruin with three towers, "Drei Exen," illustrating an old Alsatian proverb, the translation of which is, in substance,

> Three castles on one hill;
> Three churches in one churchyard
> Three cities in one valley,—
> Such is Alsace everywhere.

Other castles crown the heights above the villages of Kaiserberg and Rappoltsweiler, but we are getting tired of castles, and this region is abundant in old houses, the shell of the old home-life which has changed so little in the country. What difference is there between this ruddy, blue-eyed girl, with thick plaits of fair hair, and utter innocence of expression, the mother of a future generation as healthy and sturdy and innocent as herself, and her own grandmother at the same age three generations back? Neither the village interests nor the village manner have changed: placidly the life flows on, like that of the Rhine water itself, in these broad, level, fruitful plains between the Black Forest and the Vosges. And so we seem, in these various houses with wide gables turned to the street, cross-beams and galleries and unexpected windows, outside stairs of stone or wood climbing up their sides, wide low doorways, tiny shrines set in the rough wall, and dizzy roofs pierced like dovecotes—houses that remind us of Chester, the old English town that has suffered least from innovation,—in these we seem to see some part of the old tranquil home-life of this Alsatian people renewed and reacted before our eyes. Again the same variety of beautiful houses will will meet us at Strassburg. But the woods are no less lovely: old trees round the ruins of St. Ulrich, and on the way to the abbey of Dusenbach, and round the shores of the "White" and the "Black" Lake, bring to the mind a yet older picture of German life, that of the free Teutons of Tacitus, the giant men who made it so important to the

Romans to have the Rhine, the great natural highway, strongly fortified from its sources to its mouth.

Hoh-Konigsburg, a splendid ruin, said to be the loveliest in Alsace, is now the property and the pride of the commune of that name, so that the victory of the present over the past is also represented in these living panoramas before us, for there is deep meaning in the possession by the people, as an artistic show, of the very stronghold which was once their bane and their terror. Then we run through Schlettstadt, with its

ST THOMASS CHURCH, STRASSBURG.

sedgy banks, among which herons and storks are picking up their daily bread: deep shadows of old trees hide the blank walls on the river-side, and its cathedral towers high above the mingled steeples and cupolas and nearly as high roofs as some of the larger buildings, while we think of its successful warfare with the bishops of Strassburg, its firm adherence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to the imperial cause, of its sieges and fires, and also its famous "academy" and library; not forgetting, however, its shame in the sixteenth century, when the Jews

FERKELMARKT (PIG-MARKET) AT STRASSBURG.

were more signally persecuted here than in many other towns—at a time, too when the fanatacism that had driven so many to change their faith should have taught both parties of Christians some home-lessons. Its neighbour, Strassburg, has nearly as bad a record, but what with the beauty of the latter and its recent stormy history, its sins are the last things a traveller thinks of. Its cathedral and its clock have been fully described, but other churches of the old city are well worth a visit, that of St. Thomas being a specimen of an architecture essentially Christian and anterior to the Gothic, the same whose perfection is seen in many churches in Umbria and Tuscany and Romagna, before the miserable mania of the Renaissance style grew up. What was pardonable in a palace was monstrous in a church, but there was an evil age just before the Reformation, when, if certain learned and elegant and *pagan* prelates had had their way, Christianity would have been condemned as "barbarism." They were the Voltaires of their day, the disciples of a cultured infidelity which brought on the great rent between Latin and Teutonic Christianity.

In Strassburg we have the river Ill and its canal joining the Rhine, and Venice-like scenes, narrow quays, clumsy, heavy punts, fanciful chimney-stacks, crazy, overhanging balconies, projecting windows, a stirring human tide, voices and noises breaking the silence, an air of unconsciousness of beauty and interest, an old-world atmosphere; but there is a newer side, less attractive, the Place Broglie, crowded with Parisian cafés with all their tawdry paraphrenalia, and prim white square houses, proud of their wretched uniform, like a row of charity-school children in England. Here is the fashionable centre, the lounging, gossiping dandyism and pretension of the modern world; but, thank Heaven! it is only an excrescence. Burn down this part, and the town would look as large and as important, for at every turn of more than two-thirds of the old area you are met by the living pictures that make these market-places, crooked streets and hidden chapels so familiar to the heart. The Ferkelmarket, or "pig-market," though not in the most famous quarter of the town, is remarkable for its old gabled, galleried houses, while the view of the great spire of the cathedral is also good: not far, again, is a thirteenth-century house, with two stories in the gable and three below, besides the ground-floor, which is a shop; and even many of the common houses, not specially pointed out to the tourists, are beautified by some artistic ironwork about the doors, some carved gateway or window, some wall-niche with a saint's statue, or a broad oak staircase as noble in proportions and beautiful in detail as if it were a princely abode. The absence of all meanness, of all vulgarity, of all shams, is what strikes one most in examining mediæval domestic architecture. Would we could go to school again in that regard! Just outside Strassburg we come upon a path leading through beach-woods upward toward rocky ledges and walls and a convent; not a ruined one this time, but a most frequented and friendly place, built on the top of a hill and presided over by a hospitable sisterhood. This is the scene of the life history and legends of St. Ottilia, and the spring for eye-diseases has been from time immemorial connected with her. The little chapel over the spring has the charm of small, unpretending, common places, where no show is made and no conventional admiration expected. Just as a speaker pauses here and there in his speech, expecting applause for such and such a popular

phrase or striking sensationalism, so is our admiration as travellers regulated and bespoken beforehand. Here no man with any pretension to education dare pass in silence or let out a criticism: some things are sacred, like the tradition of the beauty of a faded society-queen. "What has been must always be." But what a relief to find some places you are not expected to go into ecstasies about! And they are generally worthy of more attention than they get, and if churches they are invariably more likely to move you to devotion. This has been my experience in Europe. The great pageants, gorgeous processions, etc., leave the soul cold, but an empty church, a sparsely-attended service, a lack of music, a quiet frame of mind, unstrained by rushing after this or that picture, this or that monument—such are the things one remembers with thankfulness.

ERIN.

THE NEAPOLITANS TO MOZART.

"We remember Mozart's being obliged to take off his ring, while performing at Naples. The poetical and music-loving public of that land of song could only account for his divine genius by the belief that a spirit inhabited the jewel on his finger."—*Foreign Review* No. VII.

STRANGE musical wizard! the spells of thine art
Can ne'er, but with life, from our mem'ry depart;
The notes are now hushed, but their echo still rolls,
Like a slow-ebbing tide, o'er our passionate souls.

Fair Naples, thou know'st, is the home of sweet song,
And thither earth's minstrels all lovingly throng:
Inspired are the pilgrims who visit this shrine,
But when have we known inspiration like thine?

The kings of this world never heard on their thrones
Such rare modulations, such jubulant tones;
The music of dreams is less marvellous far
Than the chords of thy ravishing harmonies are.

With thy nostrils dilated, and tremulous lips,
Thine eyes lit with glory that nought can eclipse,
Thou seemest some Angel, and multitudes trace
God's breath passing, shadow-like, over thy face.

Where learnt thy weird fingers each exquisite strain
That floods our quick spirits with pleasure or pain?
Who taught thee to wake from mute ivory keys
Low moans like deep thunder, sighs soft as the breeze?

Our poets have chronicled oft in their rhyme
Fantastic old legends of madness and crime,
Of human souls bartered for gold, might, or fame,
In compact with One whom we shudder to name:

Is it thus thou hast gained supernatural skill?
Hast thou mortgaged thy soul to the Spirit of Ill?
Away with thy harmony, Wizard— but, no—
Those tones are seraphic,—it cannot be so.

There are beings, we know, of celestial birth,
Commissioned to haunt this dim planet of earth ;
Their silver-winged legions float ever in air,
Our eyes may not see them, but still they are there.

Perchance some bright minister, now at thy side,
To music's keen pathos thy fingers may guide ;
For, oh ! thy rapt strains in their tenderness seem
Like snatches of angel-song heard in a dream.

See ! see ! on thy finger there flashes a gem—
Its radiance is fit for a king's diadem :
Cast off that ring, Wizard ! Some musical sprite
Dwells shrined in that jewel's ineffable light.

Now, strike the still chords : sweeter murmurs are heard
Like the whispers of love, or the song of a bird.
Our tears fall like rain—Stranger, give us thy prayers—
Men have entertained Angels, ere now, unawares !

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

A FEW HOURS IN BOHEMIA.

THE beauty of this country is that no turbulent sea confines its borders, nor are martello-towers needed to guard its coast ; no jealous neighbour threatens its frontier, no army oppresses its citizens, and no king can usurp its throne. Its locality is hard to define. Like the Fata Morgana it is here to-day and gone to-morrow, for its territory is the mind of men, and in extent it is as boundless as thought. Natives of every clime are enrolled among its freemen, and all lands contain its representatives, but it is in the picturesque streets of the older continental cities of Europe, where rambling lodgings and cheap apartments are many, that the invisible mother-country founds her colonies. I will tell you how I went and what I saw there.

Afra was a cosmopolite, and consequently knew Bohemia, its by-ways and thoroughfares. If any one could fill the office of guide thereto Afra could, and when one evening she rushed into my room saying, "Come along if you want to go to Bohemia," I did not hesitate a moment, but made ready for the journey, with the simple precaution of putting on my bonnet and shawl.

"A cab ?" I asked, as we moved from the door.

"Who ever heard of entering Bohemia in a cab ?" laughed Afra, dryly. "People have been known to drive *out* in their own carriages, but they always make their first appearance there on foot, or at best in an omnibus."

"As you please," I replied, trying to keep pace with her rapid step, which showed constant practice.

"I wonder you did not propose a balloon,' she continued pettishly. "The gods don't give everything to one person : now, they give us brains, and they give other people—money."

"If you would understand, I—"

"No, you wouldn't. I shan't ride in cabs until I can pay for them myself; meanwhile, I have gros sous enough in my pocket for an omnibus fare, and if you have the same we will stop here." At this she entered a bureau, and as I followed I saw her get some tickets from a man who sat behind a small counter, and then composedly sit down on a bench, while she said, "We shall have some time to wait for our luxury;" then, showing me the tickets, she said, "Twelve and thirteen; it is a full night, and all these people ahead of us."

"Is it a lottery?" I asked, ignorantly.

"Very much of a lottery," Afra replied grimly—"like all the ways of Bohemia, remarkably uncertain. You get a ticket for something in the giving of the Muses, and you wait until your number is called. The worst of it is, the most unlikely people are called before you, and some get disgusted and leave,—there goes one out at the door at this moment. Well, he may be better or he may be worse off than those who finally win: who knows if any race is worth the running? Still, if you have courage to hold on, I believe there is no doubt that everyone ultimately gets something." Seeing my perplexity, she twisted the round tickets between her fingers, and added, "Do not be alarmed; these are only good for a seat in the first empty 'bus that comes up. The conductor will call out the numbers in rotation, and if ours is among them we shall go. It is frightful that you have never ridden in a 'bus before. I wonder where we should get ideas if we shut ourselves up in cabs, or never walked, or were hungry or tired, and thought only of our own comfort from morning to night? You don't know what you miss, you poor, deluded, unfortunate rich people. I will tell you of something I saw the other evening; and, as it is worthy of a name, it shall be called 'The Romance of an Omnibus.' Listen! isn't that our numbers I heard? Yes; come quick or we shall lose our chance."

"Well," said I, when we had successfully threaded the crowd, and were seated—"the romance."

"You have no idea of the fitness of things. My story is pathetic: it will look badly to see you drowned in tears—people will stare."

"I promise not to cry."

"Oh, if you are one of those stolid, unemotional beings who are never moved, I shan't waste my tale upon you. Wait until to-morrow; we will get Monsieur C—— to recount, and you shall hear something worth listening to. He is a regular troubadour—has the same artless vanity they were known to possess, their charming simplicity, their gestures, and their power of investing everything with romance. One is transported to the Middle Ages while he speaks; no book written on the subject could so fully give you the flavour of the times. He recalls Froissart. If you are not affected by C.'s stories, you had better pretend to be. But that, I am sure, will not be necessary; a great tragedian was lost when he became a great painter."

"Might I ask how and when and where I am to meet this wonderful man?"

"At the garden-party."

"In what way am I to get there."

"By strategy. There is a little re-union to-night of what may be called female Bohemians. They are going to settle the preliminaries of this party, and if you happen to be present they will invite you,—not

that they particularly care for your company, but because, as I said, you happen to be there. Only don't get yourself into a mess by tramping on anyone's toes."

"Have they corns."

"Yes, on every inch of surface: they are dreadfully thin-skinned. But they hate sham even more than a hard knock, and are quicker than a police-officer in detecting it, so be careful not to talk about anything you are ignorant of."

"Give me a few rules, and I promise to conduct myself properly."

"Well, don't be snobbish and patronize them, and don't look shocked at any strange opinions you hear, nor act as if you were at an animal show and were wondering what would happen next. Be sure not to assent when you see they wish to argue, and don't argue when they expect acquiescence. If any of them speak in broken English, and you can't for the life of you understand, don't ask them to repeat, but answer immediately, for you can imagine when one has taken pains to learn a foreign language one likesit to be appreciated and don't—But here we are, in short, make yourself at home as if you had been there all your life."

"Afra," I said, laying my hand on her arm as she took to her swift pace again, "perhaps I had better go home: I am afraid I can't—I think—that is—"

"Nonsense! as if you could not get on after all those hints! Anyway, you cannot return alone, and I am unable to go with you. Make up your mind to blunder, and do it. There was an amateur visited the studio about three months ago, her absurdities have served us for laughing material ever since. As she is getting rather stale you can take her place. This is the house; come in."

With this doubtful prospect in view I followed my peremptory guide from the narrow street into what appeared to be a spacious court, but as the only light it received was from a blinking candle in the window of the conciergerie, I could not determine. After exchanging some cabalistic sentences with a toothless old woman, the proprietor of the candle, Afra turned to the right, and walking a few steps came to a door opening on a stairway, which we mounted. I can think of nothing black enough for comparison with the darkness surrounding us. At last a faint glimmer showed an old lamp standing in the corner of a hall bare and carpetless. A series of doors flanked the place, looking to my unaccustomed eyes all alike, but Afra, without a moment's hesitation, went to one of them and knocked It was opened by a lady, who smiled and said, "Enter. You are just in time: school is over, and the model about going."

I found myself in a high-ceiled room, at one end of which was suspended a row of perhaps a dozen lamps. Here, at least, there was no lack of light; it required some moments to accustom our eyes to the sudden contrast. The yellow blaze was directed by reflectors into the space immediately beneath the lamps, which left the rest of the room pleasantly tempered. Some easels, a few chairs and screens, plaster casts on shelves, sketches in all stages of progress on the wall, a tea-kettle singing over a bright fire in a stove, and a curtain enclosing a corner used as a bedroom, completed the list of furniture. It was a night-school for lady artists. The class had finished for the evening, and a number of the students were moving about or seated near the fire, talking in an unlimited number of languages.

I was given several random introductions, and did my best to follow Afra's directions; but there was an indescribable quaintness about the appearance and manners of my new acquaintance that made it difficult not to stare. I found, however, that little notice was taken of me, as a lively discussion was being carried on over a study of an arm and hand which one of them was holding up for inspection.

"It is a style I should call the lantern," said she. "The redness of the flesh can only be accounted for on the supposition that a light is shining through it."

"I should call it raw beef," remarked another.

"It is a shame, mademoiselle!" began the model in an injured tone. She had been tying on her bonnet before a bit of looking-glass she had taken from her pocket. "Does my arm look like that?" Here she indignantly drew up her sleeve and held out that dimpled member, meanwhile gazing wrathfully at the sketch. "It ought not to be allowed. The silver tones of my flesh are entirely lost; and see how you have caricatured the elegance of my beautiful hand. Will not some one help mademoiselle to put it right before my reputation is ruined?"

"Jeanne, a model is not a critic," said the author of the drawing, coming forward and grasping the canvas with no gentle hand.—"Ladies, if you wish to find fault, turn to your own studies. That proportion is frightful"—she pointed to different sketches as she spoke—"that ear is too large; and madame, if you take a crust of paint like yours for freedom of touch, I pity you."

This dispute was by no means the last during the evening. Opinions seemed to be plentiful in Bohemia, each individual being furnished with a set of her own on every subject broached; and as no diffidence was shown in putting them forth, the company quarrelled with great good-nature and evident enjoyment. A pot of tea was then brewed by the owner of the studio, who had been English before she became Bohemian, and the beverage was handed round in tea-cups, which, like the opinions of the guests, differed widely from each other. In the silence that attended this diversion Afra took the floor and said, "How about the garden-party to the country? Who is going?"

Several spoke, and one asked, "Shall we take lunch with us?"

"No, something will be provided for us there."

"So much the better. When are we to meet, and where?"

"Twelve o'clock, midday, at ——."

"What messieurs are going?"

"Quite a number—a tenor from the Grand Opera, and the leader of the orchestra, who is a magnificent violinist; that new Spanish painter who plays the guitar divinely; a poet—that is, he has written some pretty songs—besides plenty more."

"That promises well."

"You will bring your friend?" and the speaker nodded her head toward me.

"I shall be delighted: I am so curious to see those eccentric—" Here a warning glance from Afra stopped me.

But the lady only laughed and said, "You will see eccentricity enough to-morrow, if that is what you want. People who devote their minds to great objects have no time to think of little things. You had better see that Afra has on her bonnet or she will go without one."

"Nonsense!" replied Afra.—"Miss," this to the owner of the studio, who was so called in honour of her English birth, "are you ever troubled by the ghost of that young painter who hung himself up there!"

"Those who have occasion to commit suicide are not likely to come back: they have had enough of this world," said the Englishwoman.

"Did some one really die here?" I asked.

"Yes, really;" and Afra mimicked my tone of horror. "You know, a Bohemian is at home anywhere, so a change of country don't affect him much. If we find a place disagreeable, we travel."

"Was he insane?"

"Not more than the rest of us, but *you* can't understand the feeling that would induce a man to do such a thing. This young fellow painted a picture: he put his mind, his soul, himself, into it, and sent it to the Exhibition. It was rejected—that is, he was rejected—and he came here and died. They found him suspended from that beam where the lamps hang now."

"I thought your Bohemia was so gay?"

"So it is, but the brightest light makes the deepest shadows."

The conversation went on. These ladies discussed politics, literature, art and society with absolute confidence. One of the topics was Alfred de Musset. The Englishwoman was praising the English Alfred, when a pale-faced girl, who up to this moment had been intently reading, oblivious of all about her, closed her book with a snap (it was a much-worn edition of one of the classics, bought for a few sous on the quay) and broke out with—"Your Tennyson is childish. His King Arthur puts me in mind of our Louis Philippe and his umbrella. Did you know Louis carried an umbrella with him when he was obliged to fly from Paris? One would have looked well held over Arthur's dragon helmet that disagreeable night he left the queen to go and fight his nephew. But perhaps Guinevere had lent it to Launcelot, and even the best friends, alas! do not return umbrellas. Your poet writes in white kid gloves, and thinks in them too. Imagine the magnificent rush and struggle of those ancient days, the ecstasy of battle, the intensity of life, and then read your Tennyson's milk-and-water tales, with their modern English-ménage feelings. Arthur would have been much more likely to give his wife a beating, as did the hero of *Nibelungen Lied*, than that high-flown lecture; and it would have done the Guinevere of that time more good."

"And what is your Alfred, Anita?"

"He is divine."

"After the heathen pattern. He dipped his pen in mire."

"What is mire?—water and earth. What are we?—water and earth. Mire is humanity, and holds in itself not only the roots of the tree, but the germ of the flower. A poet who is too delicate to plant his thought in earth must be content to give it but the life of a parasite: it can have no separate existence of its own."

"But one need not be bad to be great."

"Nor need one be good to be great," returned Anita sarcastically. "Alfred de Musset was a peculiar type of a peculiar time. He did not imagine: he felt, he lived, he was himself, and was original, like a new variety of flower or a new species of insect. Tennyson has gleaned from

everybody's fields: our Alfred gathered only from his own. The one is made, the other is born."

"Come away," said Afra impatiently: "no one can speak while Anita is on her hobby. Besides, I must get home early to trim a bonnet for to-morrow;" and without more leavetaking than a "Good-evening," which included every one, we found ourselves in the street.

"Who is Anita?" I asked.

"She is nobody just now: what she will be remains to be seen. Her family wish her to be an artist: she wishes to adopt the stage as a profession, and is studying for it *sub rosa*. Did you ever see a more tragic face?"

"Poor thing!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"Don't pity her," said Afra, more seriously than she had yet spoken. "The best gift that can be bestowed upon a mortal is a strong natural inclination for any particular life and the opportunity of following it. The man or woman who has that can use the wheel of Fate for a spinning wheel."

The next morning at the appointed time I met Afra at the station. "How do I look?" she asked standing up for my inspection as soon as I appeared in sight, at the same time regarding as much of her dress as it was possible for her to see. But before I could reply the satisfied expression of her face changed: an unpleasant discovery had been made. "I have shoes on that are not mates," she exclaimed—"cloth and leather: that looks rather queer, doesn't it? Do you think it will be noticed? I could not decide which pair to wear, and put on one of each to see the effect: afterward I forgot them. Now, I suppose that would be thought eccentric, though any one might make the same mistake. It shows I have two pairs of shoes," she added more cheerfully, "and they are both black. How is my bonnet?"

The bonnet was black velvet, and we were in midsummer. The material, however, was skilfully draped with a veil, and a profusion of pink flowers gave it a seasonable air. A crimson bow was also tied at her neck; she complacently remarked that "pink and crimson harmonize beautifully;" and others of the party arriving at that moment, I was saved the trouble of making a polite answer.

The ride through ripening grain-fields and moss-thatched hamlets need not be described; suffice it to say, it was France and June. An omnibus was waiting at the station where we dismounted: it carried us near, but not to, our destination. After leaving it we walked through the streets of a low-roofed village, then followed a path bordered with wild mignonette and apple trees that wound up the side of a hill covered with vineyards. A couple of chattering magpies ran before us, an invisible cuckoo was heard between snatches of Italian melody warbled by the tenor *sotto voce*, and the little company overflowed with gayety.

The house we arrived at looked as if it might be a castle in the air materialized—pointed windows hidden in ivy, through which you saw the chintz-covered walls of the interior; turrets on the roof and a stair-tower; odd nooks for pigeons and cattle; the colour a weather-toned red, met by gray roofs, green trees and blue sky. We passed through it to the quaint garden: rows of dwarf pears bordered its paths, and trellises and walls supported nectarines and vines, with sunshine and shadow caressing the half-ripe fruit.

The shady spaces were occupied by guests who had arrived before us, and we saw with pleasure that ceremony had not been invited to attend. The host's kindly manner was sufficient to put the company at once at ease. We wandered at will from group to group, listening or conversing: introductions were sometimes given, but more often not.

At one table some ladies and gentlemen were playing the artistic game of "five points." A more difficult pastime was never invented. The materials necessary are simply a piece of paper and a pencil: it is their use that is extraordinary. A person puts five dots on the paper in whatever position fancy may dictate: on this slight foundation another is expected to design a figure, the puzzle being to include all the marks given. One that I saw had four of the dots placed unusually close together, and the fifth in a distant corner: this latter, in the opinion of the lookers-on, would surely prove refractory. After some moments of consideration, with pencil suspended and eye attentive, the artist commenced drawing. In ten minutes the sketch was finished. It was an angel: her upturned head took in the highest of the group of dots; one hand hanging by her side the next; a knee the third; and the flowing hem of her robe the fourth; but the fifth in the corner—what could reach it? With a touch of the pencil the angel's other hand appeared flinging up a censer attached to a long chain, which struck the solitary dot like a shot amid acclamations. To show that he did not consider the feat a *tour de force*, the artist turned the paper, and taking the same marks drew a devil in an entirely different attitude, the difficult point being reached by his pitchfork. This gave rise to a learned discussion as to whether the devil's emblematic pitchfork was not a descendant of Neptune's trident, which I did not stay to hear, as Afra whispered she wanted to present me to Monsieur C——, and I was taken to a gentleman of no great height, but of such wondrous width that Nature must have formed him in a most generous mood.

"You are English?" said this wide man to me as I was introduced, and without waiting for a reply went on: "I like your country-people: they admire frankly. Show them a picture, they exclaim, 'Beautiful! magnificent! lovely! exquisite! name your price;' and they buy it Here the public look and look. 'Not bad,' they say, 'but the colour is from Veronese, and that attitude is surely Raphael's. What a mine that man's genius has been to ambitious but less gifted artists!' and so they go on. I wish they would let the dead rest in peace. Are you acquainted with Mr. B——?"

I was obliged to say "No."

"I wish to send a message to him," he continued grandly: "tell him that I paint now for him alone."

"You are court-painter to Mr. B——," I remarked laughingly.

"Don't speak of courts," he exclaimed pettishly. "I was to have painted the baptism of the prince imperial for the state: it gave me no end of annoyance, and in the end was never finished."

"I understood that you insisted on painting the little prince nude, after the Rubens manner, and that was one ground of objection to the design," said Afra.

"The baby would have had on plenty of clothes: one of his dresses was sent from the Tuileries for Monsieur C—— to paint, and I sewed a rosette on it myself." This from the painter's wife

"A countryman of yours sat for the head of a young priest at the ceremony. He had a fine countenance: he was studying art with me at the time, and has since been professor of drawing at your Naval Academy. Teaching is a sad trade—Pagasus dragging the plough."

"At least, your other great picture brought you nothing but praise."

"The public have since repented of being so good to me. Then, they could not say enough in my favour: now, if a person asks what I am doing, every one repeats like a parrot, 'C—— doesn't paint, C—— doesn't paint.' I have heard it so often that I begin to believe it myself, and when I am asked join the general cry, 'C—— doesn't paint.'"

I laughed, thinking this a joke, but I soon found that though C—— might be cynical, sarcastic or bitter, though he might excite unintentional laughter by his remarks, he was too sensitive a man to take any but a serious view of life. The imperfections of the world excited his disgust, his anger, never his mirth.

"Ah but, monsieur," said Afra, "you should be satisfied, and leave some little honour for the rest of us to gather. The stories one hears of your youth are like fairy-tales."

"And they are true," replied the artist with evident enjoyment. "In those days I was pointed out to people when I walked the street; which, by the way, gave rise to an odd incident. A gentleman thought he had seen me in a crowd, but he had taken an older and taller man for the great painter. He believed big pictures were painted by big men, and I had not then my present circumference. This gentleman sent me an invitation to dine with him. On the day appointed I arrived at the house, and was met at the door by my host, a look of surprise and annoyance on his face which he tried to conceal by a low bow, at the same time asking politely, 'How is your father?'—'Very well, thank you,' I returned, although I could not understand why my father's health should be a matter of interest to him.—'You have come to tell me of some catastrophe which prevents his attendance here to-day?'—'Not at all: I have come to dine with you, according to this invitation.' Here I pulled out the card, which I happened to have in my pocket.—'Are you the person here addressed?" he said, staring at me.—'I am.' 'I beg your pardon, there is a mistake: I meant it for your father, the painter of the "Décadence des Romains."'—'I am the painter of the "Décadence," but I am not my father.'—'You ought to be an older man.'—'I should have been, monsieur, had I been born sooner.'—At that moment a friend, overhearing the conversation and divining the cause, came and explained to my wonder-struck host that I was really the artist in question. With many apologies I was led into a hall adorned with floral arches in my honour, next to a beautiful salon, likewise decorated, and finally we reached the dining-room, which was arranged to represent my picture. Columns wreathed with flowers supported the roof; flowers festooned the white table-linen and adorned the antique vessels that covered it; couches of different coloured silk were laid after the Roman fashion for the guests to recline upon; and lovely women dressed in costly Roman costumes, their heads crowned with flowers, were placed in the attitudes that you will see on my celebrated canvas. Was it not a graceful tribute to my genius?"

"If a Frenchman wants to pay a compliment, he never uses one that

has done duty before, but invents something new," said Afra emphatically.

"What are you painting now, monsieur?" I asked.

"A series of pictures called 'Pierrot the Clown.' He succeeds in tricking the world in every station of life. I am just finishing his deathbed. All his friends are weeping about him: the doctor feels his pulse and gives some learned name to the disease—doctors know so much—while hidden everywhere around the room are empty bottles. The drunken clown plays with even death for a mask."

"I thought he painted such romantic pictures," said I to Afra as we turned from the master.

"So he does: there is one in his studio now. A girl clad in gray and shadow—open-air shade which in his hands is so clear and luminous. She walks along a garden-path, her head bent down, dreaming as she goes, and unconsciously nearing a half-open gateway, through which the the sunshine is streaming. Above the rustic gate two doves are billing and cooing. You feel sure the girl is about to pass through this typical, sunshiny, invitingly half-open door; and—what is beyond?"

Just then we were called to lunch, a plentiful but not luxurious repast. There was no lack of lively repartees and anecdotes, and we had speeches and songs afterward. I wonder if I ever heard "'Tis better to laugh than be sighing" given with more zest than on that day? One could easily imagine that it was such an occasion as this that had inspired it.

Lunch being over, Monsieur C——was asked to relate one of his own stories. I cannot give it entire, but the plot was this: A pilgrim, whom he called poor Jacques, hearing much of heaven, set out to find his way to the blessed abode, with only a little dog to accompany him on the journey. As he went he met many of his contemporaries, who had made what a walker would style but poor time. The allusions to well-known peculiarities in the various people and their occupation in the other life caused much amusement. For instance, Ingres, the painter, was seated by the roadside playing Rossini's music on the violin, on which instrument he was a great proficient. But he was known to detest the Italian's music before he started heavenward: his taste must then have grown *en route*. (Critics might object to this supposition.) However, Jacques was anxious to push on, and spent little time listening. But he was a good-hearted man, and, though he would not delay for his own amusement, he could not refuse to stop when fellow-pilgrims asked him for assistance. Little children were continually straying from the path, and without Jacques and his little dog would inevitably have been lost. Feeble old people were standing looking with despair at some obstacle that without Jacques's friendly arm they would have found it impossible to pass. Young men who never looked where they were walking were continually calling on him for a hand to help them out of the ditch where they had fallen; and young girls—well, one would suppose they had never been given feet of their own to walk with, from the trouble they were to poor Jacques. The worst of it was, that when all these good people were well over the worst of their troubles they called Jacques a simpleton for his pains, and refused to have any intercourse with him, giving him the worst side of the road and laughing at his old-fashioned staff and scrip, and even at his little dog, to which they gave

many a sly kick. Nor was it any wonder, for there were many in the company robed in silk, wearing precious stones and with well filled wallets by their sides. Jacques was but human, and often he wished he had never set out for heaven at all in such company; but even in their bitterest moods neither Jacques nor the little dog could ever hear a cry of distress without forgetting all unkindness and rushing at once to the rescue.

These labours exhausted Jacques's strength; the little dog, too, was worn to a shadow, and so timid from ill-treatment that it was only when some great occasion called out his mettle that you saw what a noble little dog-heart he had. He did his best to comfort his master, but when Jacques's sandals were worn out and his cloak in rags, and when he looked forward and saw nothing yet of the holy city in view, though he still tried to go forward, Nature gave way: he sank to the ground, and the little dog licked his hands in vain to awaken him.

There is a band of angels who each night descend the holy mount whereon is built the city, in search of such pilgrims as have failed through fatigue to reach the gate. They are clothed in robes woven of good deeds, which never lose their lustre, for they are renewed every day. It was this company which found Jacques in his swoon by the roadside. One gently touched his tired body, and more than the vigour of youth leapt through his veins. Another whispered "Come," and he arose and walked with them. As he moved on with eyes abashed, thinking of the rents in his garments and regretting their poverty, he noticed that they were too changed, and were as bright as those of his companions. "Who has done this?" he said, venturing to address the one that walked at his right hand. "You wore them always," he answered with an angelic smile, "but it is this light which shows their beauty;" and he pointed to that which streamed from the celestial walls.

There was much applause. I saw Afra wipe a tear from her eye; only, a thin-faced individual who sat near me whispered that it was too long. The delicacy and pathos of expression and language it is impossible to give, and, though old in form, the story was skillfully new in incident; nor must I forget that the little dog slipped through the eternal gate with his master. Some one asked the troubadour why he did not write it out. He shook his head and threw up his hands as he replied, "I wrote one book, and gave it to a literary man for correction. You should have seen the manuscript when he sent it home: not a page but was scarred and cut. He called that 'style.' Now, what did I want with style? I wanted to write as I talked."

"Certainly," said one. "What did you do?"

"I quickly put Monsieur le Rédacteur's style out of my book: then I published it. George Sand promised to write the preface, but some busybody told her that I was attacking the whole world, so she would have nothing to do with it. She was misled: I blamed nothing in my book but what deserved censure."

Having heard this excellent representation of the ancient minstrel, we were shortly given a touch of the modern usurper of the name. A gentleman was present who in the many turns of Fortune's wheel had once found himself a follower of the burnt-cork persuasion. He gave us a negro melody with a lively accompaniment on the guitar. A melan-

choly Spanish song followed. The company again dispersed into congenial groups, and in the long twilight you heard the murmur of voices broken by occasional snatches of melody or the nightingale's song.

"And what do you think of Bohemia?" asked Afra as we returned that night.

"It was different from what I expected. They are refined, and, though frank, never rude. I think—"

Afra laughed: "You had unconsciously thought them a set of sharpers; but there is a great difference between living by your brains and living by your wits. My dear, you have broken bread with giants to-day: such men live in another world that they may rule this one."

ITA.

THE HIRELING SCHOOLMASTER.

BY THE REV. JOHN MAY, M. A.

THE Human Family has always been torn by internal dissensions. Nations, tribes, families, fall out and fight. This unhappy world is a bear-garden. It is one continued scene of national, social, political, religious, and scientific warfare. In the midst of the din and dust, the clank and clangour of the serried hosts of battle, then, is it not refreshing to see that there is at least *one* subject on which men agree; one foe against which every sword is unsheathed? That foe is ignorance. The consensus of opinion in modern times on the question of Popular Education is simply marvellous, when we consider the utter want of harmony that prevails so generally elsewhere. Nor is this unanimity of thought confined to civilized or Christian peoples. Ontario won laurels at Philadelphia for her school system; but so did Japan. True, a thinker here and there may shake his head in doubt, or even lift his voice in opposition; but, so firm a hold has the idea of universal education taken of the human mind, that no sane candidate for the suffrages of the people can anywhere be found so fool-hardy as to pronounce against it. Nor can there be any reasonable doubt that here at least *vox populi* is *vox dei*. That the simultaneous development of man in his moral, physical, and intellectual natures is the true lever of his elevation, may now be said to have fairly passed beyond the region of controversy.

This is matter of mutual congratulation. Ignorance is a foeman worthy of our steel; and it is a cheering sight to behold the armed battallions of the day unitedly arrayed against him. But, although the prize is priceless and the victory sure, yet the warfare is costly. In our own country, education costs the people an immense sum of money every year. On the whole, this money is paid with wonderful cheerfulness; albeit in the rural parts a certain amount of grumbling may from time to time be heard concerning the increased and increasing expenditure. Is there any just cause of dissatisfaction on the part of the rate-payer? I believe that in most instances there is not. The rate-payer receives ten-

fold value for his money. This is the *rule;* just as ample accommodation and efficient teaching are now the rule, and not the exception. But, alas! there *are* exceptions; and the object of this paper is, to briefly deal with them, and suggest a means of their swift and effectual removal. And I trust that the subject may commend itself to public consideration in view of its extreme practical importance. For, just as no money consideration can ever adequately represent the value of faithful, efficient instruction; so must it also fail as a measure of the evil done, the injury inflicted by the opposite of this.

For an infant people, we are justly proud of our school system. No expense, no pains have been spared in the erection of the stately edifice. Strong are its foundations; lordly its pillared aisles and lofty domes; exquisite its polish. A true master-builder laid its corner stone; and another able workman is finishing the edifice with "shoutings" of praise. The first legislative wisdom in the land; the choicest administrative ability, have been put under tribute. Funds without stint have been supplied for its needs. The workmen on its walls have been cheered by the plaudits of the multitude. The face of the country has been lined as a chess-board to facilitate the work. Thousands of school sections, wards and districts; a legion of Trustees, Teachers, Examiners, Inspectors; books, pamphlets, papers, reports; all manner of aids and appliances are brought into requisition, in order that our youth of both sexes may gain a sound, useful, practical training for their several callings in life; or be enabled to mount the ladder of knowledge from the little school in the woods to the University itself. Will it be credited that the power to frustrate and render nugatory all this paraphernalia of educational enterprise, to reduce the actual harvest of all this machinery and exertion to *nil* is still suffered to reside in a single one of all these agencies; the success of all the others being absolutely dependent on his will? Incredible! but so it is. The very life of the school system dwells in the Scoolmaster. He is its heart. When this organ is healthy and vigorous, growth and beauty are diffused throughout; when it ceases to beat or is embedded in the "fatty degeneration" of sloth or indifference, what can follow but decay or death? And, in not a few sections, this school-death reigns undisturbed. The Schoolmaster holds the key of success. He shuts or opens; binds or looses, at pleasure. He is the Arbiter of educational destiny. He is the main pillar of the temple; and woe to the building when he is untrustworthy! On him rests a responsibility not elsewhere surpassed. In him resides a power; in him is vested a trust, far-reaching, sacred! And yet, in every County in the Province may be found teachers who are utterly insensible of this responsibility, utterly recreant to this trust. Practically unassailable, the hireling defies every criticism, and smiles at every futile assault. In vain may Legislatures deliberate; ministers issue manifestoes; Inspectors scrutinize and condemn; "Central Committees" elevate the "standard" to the "plucking" point; Trustees remonstrate; taxpayers growl and grumble; the hireling teacher frustrates, defies, laughs at them all! And little he'll reck if they let him sleep on in the place where the School-law has laid him,

In *any* human being sloth is a vice,—in the *teacher* it is a crime. What would be thought of the engineer who, through sheer indifference to the welfare of the human freight aboard, should let the motive fire

die out, or barely maintain a flickering existence? Would he not be "sacked" at the nearest port? Now, the school is a ship freighted with young immortals; its cargo is in value far above rubies; its engineer is the schoolmaster; speed is essential, for life is short; the master slumbers; the fires die out; the vessel rolls idly about, and the passengers kill time as best they may. Failure as a teacher is either manslaughter or murder. Inefficiency arising from sheer incapacity, should it be the first offence, may be styled simple homicide; if repeated under new engagements it becomes manslaughter in the first degree. The culpability consists in the *repetition* of the offence, for the manifest reason that on account of the peculiar nature of the vocation, no person can know for a certainty in advance of actual experiment, whether he is about to prove a failure or a success. Up to this point he is blameless; but experiment having once demonstrated his incapacity, a second attempt without at least additional training, would seem to savour of trifling with grave responsibilities and solemn interests; and would thus, if wanting in success, involve a degree of clear culpability. And it is precisely here, in its incipient form, that incapacity should be met and, if possible, removed from the arena of mischief before the youthful mind and character have been hopelessly devastated by its baneful influence. Nothing will justify reiterated failure. The juvenile mind is not a legitimate sphere for amateur experiment in the noble art of teaching. Let the teacher's other qualifications be what they may, if life, zeal, earnestness is wanting, *all* is wanting. No amount of learning will have the faintest tendency to compensate for the lack of these. Devoid of them the work done is a soulless corpse.

And yet the warmest zeal, the most untiring industry may fail of success. *Preceptor nascitur; non fit.* Teaching is an art. The best part of it is an inspiration, an instinct. No Normal or Model School can impart this *afflatus*, any more than a Mozart or a Beethoven could create an "ear for music." The non-musical may, by dint of practice, learn to play on an instrument, but the playing is always coldly mechanical; so, too, may the Normal School rules be appropriated by one whose native inaptitude for teaching can never be removed. I have known very zealous teachers, in a few instances, fall lamentably short of success. The careless *must* fail; the zealous *may*. In both cases, duty to themselves as well as duty to a suffering public, demands retirement from the profession.

We feel sympathy, not indignation, towards the teacher who does his best in vain. We pity incapacity; we loathe unprincipled dereliction of duty. When failure springs from pure indolence or sheer indifference, words fail to characterize the fault as it deserves. The lazy teacher is a downright criminal; a living, bare-faced fraud; a salaried calamity. In the first place he obtains money under false pretences. Is this the extent of his criminality? By no means. His salary, a dead loss to the section, forms but a single item in the school disasters of the year, and it is not the principal item. Think of the time far worse than wasted in that school of forty or fifty children,—precious weeks and months gone never to return, at a period of life, too, when every hour is gold. The true seed-time is lost for ever. Nor is this all. Money squandered, time lost, what next? Habits of idleness or trifling contracted. Think of the demoralizing influence of bad example daily brought to bear on

the plastic, imitative mind of youth. From the person and character of the teacher flows forth a ceaseless stream of unseen mystic power, moulding the youthful character for better or for worse. Mere inaction does not arrest the process. The teacher who tries to kill weary time by whittling a stick, is silently but surely whittling out of his pupils any habits of industry they may have acquired. It is difficult to expose in words the deep, far-reaching effects of an influence so malign. Banish it from the sacred precincts of the schoolroom! Make the teacher a present of his year's salary the first morning of the year, and let him go. Do anything, everything, but allow an indolent master for a single day to shed his baleful influence around your children. Were it possible for such a one to leave the school where he found it,—no better, no worse, —he would be comparatively blameless: but it is not so. The unfaithful teacher not only adds nothing to the work already done, but mars, disfigures, and in part destroys it. To habits of industry, order, neatness in the pupil, succeed those of idleness, confusion, and slovenliness,—habits at best slow of removal, and which may adhere to the character while life endures. In a word, when we consider the mighty influence of example, and especially the teacher's example—his demeanor, personal appearance, morals—on the minds of those committed to his charge, it is simply impossible to calculate his power for good or for evil.

And now for the remedy. Is there none? Can it be possible that law and regulation are both silent on so grave a matter as this? Will it be believed that the unprincipled hireling can, in the name of a noble calling, with absolute impunity continue to rob school sections and devastate youthful character? If I am not mistaken he can. Now, if this be the true state of the case—if it is a fact that no remedy is provided for an evil which, if universal, would suffice to stifle education everywhere, and which being, as it is, not uncommon, actually does paralyze only too many schools in the rural districts annually,—then surely it is not too much to say that the defect is a serious, a fundamental one; a substantial grievance crying aloud for earnest consideration and swift redress. Long and earnestly had I pondered over the matter, not without pain, and almost a sense of despair. I had asked myself many a time on turning my weary steps from some school which I had found decaying or dead in the hands of one of these hirelings,—"Is there no cure for the distressing malady? no possible means of release? no conceivable device by which the oppressed, defrauded ratepayer may be rescued from so dire an injustice? no specific wherewith to purge the profession of this plague? Long time I reflected, but reflection only generated despair. Experience had demonstrated the fact that ability to teach may co-exist with unwillingness to use this ability; and that consequently, as regards third-class teachers, relief could not be sought from the Examining Boards. It was clear that no height of standard, no amount of arithmetic or grammar, must necessarily generate zeal, dislodge a rooted aversion to the work, or exorcise the spirit of indifference. It was patent that even a handsome salary might fail to convert sloth into energy, or stimulate the sluggard to deeds of devotion. Finally it was distressingly apparent that in such cases, inspection, continuing a duty, constituted an inspectoral discomforture. At last one day the light flashed in, and I shouted "Eureka!"

Before proceeding further, I must anticipate a possible objection. The

existence of the evil may be admitted; the *lack of remedy* denied. It may be said that the existing "Form of Agreement" between Teacher and Trustees contains all that is required as a guarantee of faithfulness on the part of the former, or redress on that of the latter. I deny this. It is quite true that the Teacher solemnly binds himself to "teach faithfully;" so far, so good. Now, suppose he should *not* teach faithfully, where is the redress on the part of the Trustees? Remonstrance might fail; threats pass unheeded; dismissal would be a dangerous resource. How could inefficiency be *proved* in a Court of law? Many a worthless pedagogue may thank the *fear of consequences* for that sublime immunity from molestation which he enjoys in the occupancy of his sinecure. There *are* occupations in which a single day's idleness would mean disaster to the idler. Teaching is not one of them. There is not the least difficulty in holding office here, one year at least, without evincing more than the very faintest semblance of exertion. An experienced hand especially knows how to accomplish this. Always at his post—doing nothing—who can touch him? Punctuality and routine effectually screen him from all outside interference. Is not the mill always in motion? and who, assuming to weigh or measure the peculiar grist, could positively *swear* to the number of bushels; Entrenched in a position impregnable to legal batteries, the hireling laughs at all comers. Trustees bewail their contract; the taxpayer growls; the Inspector condemns; the school-desks are sparsely occupied; the very hireling himself sees, feels, understands it all: *n'importe*: there he is; and there, too, in undisturbed possession he will remain till his term expires, when he means to seek for "pastures new." The little bit of personal exertion involved in his annual guest of a new field of uselessness, is cheerfully incurred, as the very moderate purchase of another twelve months *otium cum dignitate*. Everybody knows how the matter stands; but who can prove it?

But, it may be said that the Inspector may, and ought to cancel a third-class certificate in cases such as these. Very true. *Is it done?* The responsibility is too great. For absolute misconduct, immorality, or crime, no Inspector would hesitate an instant: not so, for mere uselessness. He may refuse advance to a higher class of certificate; but he will hesitate to cut an engagement in twain. And, what common sense might here have anticipated, experience has proved. In brief, the best proof of a want of definite, reasonable power, on the part of both Trustees and Inspector, to act in such cases, must be sought in the all but universal inaction that prevails. How many teachers have been cut off in mid career for inefficiency? and what are their names? I have never known, I have never heard of a single instance of abrupt dismissal for this cause.

My sole object in this paper is, first to diagnose a wide spread, malignant disorder; and then to prescribe a remedy. The malady is indeed chronic; but the purgative will prove effectual. It is this: Let the School Law be so amended or supplemented, that the Inspector and Trustees may act conjointly in dealing with all cases of inefficiency, in a summary manner; and with perfect immunity from the risk of legal prosecution. Let them be empowered to sit in judgment on the teacher *at any time* during the period of his engagement. Let it be made their *duty* to do so, on receipt of a complaint of inefficiency made against the

teacher, in writing, and signed by any three ratepayers of the section. Let their decision be *final*: and let the power of instant dismissal vest in the Trustees, should the decision of the Board of Trial be adverse to the teacher, and bear the signatures of the Inspector and two of the Trustees at least. Finally, let it be lawful and compulsory for the Trustees to pay the Teacher in full up to date of dismissal; and for the Inspector to publish his name as a dismissed teacher, in the *School Journal*, should his failure be the result of mere carelessness or indifference. Some such remedy as this, would prove as effectual as it is desirable for the relief of "the present distress."

THE LATEST CHINESE OUTRAGE.

BRET HARTE.

It was noon by the sun; we had finished our game
And was passin' remarks goin' back to our claim;
Jones was countin' his chips, Smith—relievin' his mind
Of ideas that a "straight" should beat "three of a kind,"
When Johnson, of Elko, came gallopin' down,
With a look on his face 'twixt a grin and a frown,
And he calls "Drop your shovels, and face right about,
For them Chinese from Murphy's are cleanin' us out—

With their ching a ring chow
And their chic colorow
They're bent upon making
The jolliest row."

Then Jones—my own pardner—looks up with a sigh,
"It's your wash bill," sez he, and I answers "You lie!"
But afore he could draw, or the others could arm,
Up tumbles the Bates' boys who heard the alarm.
And a yell from the hill top, and roar of a gong,
Mixed up with remarks like "Hi! yi! Chang-a-wong!"
And bombs, shells, and crackers that crashed through the trees
Revealed in their war-togs four hundred Chinees!

Four hundred Chinee
We are eight, don't ye see!
That made a square fifty
To just one o' we.

They were dressed in their best, but I grieve that the same
Was largely made up of our own, to their shame,
And my pardner's best shirt and his trousers were hung
On a spear, and above him were tauntingly swung;
While that beggar Cley Lee, like a conjuror sat,
Pullin' out eggs and chickens from Johnson's best hat;
And Bate's game rooster was part of their "loot,"
And all of Smith's pigs were skyiegled to boot,
But the climax was reached and I liked to have died
When my demijohn, empty, came down the hillside;--

Down the hillside
What once held the pride
Of Robinson County
Pitched down the hillside!

Then we axed for a parley. When out of the din
To the front comes a-rocking that heathen, Ah Sin !
" You owe flowty doollee—we washee you camp,
You catchee my washee—me catchee no stamp ;
Oee dollar hap dozen, me no catchee yet
Now that flowty dollee—no hab ? how can get ?
Me catchee your piggee—me sellee for cash,
It catchee me licee—you catchee no " hash ; "
Me belly good Sheliff—me lebbe when can,
Me allee same halp pin as Melican man !

But Melican man
He washee him pan
On *bottom* side hillee
And catchee—how can ?

" Are we men ? " says Joe Johnson, " and list to this jaw
Without process of warrant, or colour of law ?
Are we men or—a chew ! "—here he gasped in his speech
For a stink-pot had fallen just out of his reach.
" Shall we stand here as idle, and let Asia pour
Her barbaric hordes on this civilized shore ?
Has the White Man no country ? Are we left in the lurch ?
And likewise what's gone of the Established Church ?
One man to four hundred is great odds, I own,
But this yer's a White Man—I plays it alone ! "
And he sprang up the hillside—to stop him none dare—
Till a yell from the top told a " White Man was there ! "

A White Man was there !
We prayed he might spare
Those misguided Heathens
The few clothes they wear.

They fled, and he followed, but no matter where
They fled to escape him, the " White Man was there,"
Till we missed first his voice on the pine-wooded slope
And we knew for the Heathen henceforth was no hope.
And the yells they grew fainter, when Peterson said
" It simply was human to bury his dead."

And then with slow tread
We crept up, in dread,
But found next to nothing
Alive there or dead.

But there was his trail, and the way that they came,
And yonder, no doubt, he was bagging his game.
When Jones drops his pick-axe, and Thompson says " Shoo ! "
And both of 'em points to a cage of bamboo,
Hanging down from a tree with a label that swung
Conspicuous, with letters in some foreign tongue.
Which when freely translated, the same did appear
Was the Chinese for saying : " A White Man is here ! "

For as we draw near
In anger and fear,
Bound hand and foot, Johnson
Looked down with a leer !

In his mouth was an opium pipe—which was why
He leered at us so with a drunken-like eye !

They had shaved off his eyebrows, and tacked on a cue,
They had painted his face of a coppery hue,
And rigged him all up in a heathenish suit,
Then softly departed, each man with his "loot."

Yes, every galoot,
And Ah Sin, to boot,
Had left him there hanging
Like ripening fruit.

At a mass meeting held up at Murphy's next day,
There were seventeen speakers, and each had his say;
There were twelve resolutions, that instantly passed,
And each resolution was worse than the last;
There were fourteen petitions—which granting the same,
Will determine what Governor Murphy's shall name.
And the man from our District—that goes up next year,
Goes up on one issue that's patent and clear;

"Can the work of a mean,
Degraded, unclean,
Believer in Buddha
Be held as a lien?"

SOME FRENCH NOVELS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

HORACE'S imprecation against "them who have said our witty sayings before us" may be illustrated by Porson's undertaking to publish "Joe Miller," with a commentary showing all the jests to be derived from ancient Greek writers! Porson's statement is sufficiently correct if we add the late Greek romances, the Eastern tales, the French and Italian stories of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The various collections of short novels and romances which have become the common property of Christendom are traceable, in very many instances, to far older sources. Bandello and other imitators of Boccacio have taken the story of the thief who robbed the King's treasury from Herodotus; many other tales in these collections are from Arabian and Persian sources. These collections of stories are those found as the model of the "Heptameron" of Margaret of Navarre represent the most popular type of fiction up to the seventeenth century. They are taken from every conceivable source, consisting of a series of short stories strung round a central frame-work, and although we scarce recognise them when transfigured in Chaucer and Shakspeare, they had a place in the early literature of Europe which they alone could fill—each story being like a skeleton sermon, to be put into fuller words by the reciter. The standard of humour is low, realism of life and character they do not attempt, neither in structure of plot nor in moral tone do any of them rise above the Golden Ass of Apuleias.

The other types of prose-fiction which have appeared in Europe since the decline of the old romances of chivalry are still more widely removed from the modern realistic novel. Such were the philosophic tales like "Eutopia" and "Arcadia," the pastoral novels and long heroic stories of Gomberville and Madame Sandeu—one of which, the "Polexandre" of

Gomberville, occupies five volumes, each of twelve hundred pages!—allegoric or ethical tales like the great satires of Swift and Cervantes. Le Sage's brilliant romance, though it has furnished the leading idea for the plot of the most realistic of our English writers, Smollet and his greater contemporary, is in many of its incidents taken bodily from earlier Spanish tales and dramas, and in no way aims at describing the world of real life as Le Sage knew it. The disgracefully impure stories of *Crebillon*, the younger, are a mere reproduction of the worst faults of Boccacio. It illustrates curiously the coarseness tolerated by the taste of the time of King George the Third to find so estimable a clergyman and so pure a poet as Gray, in one of his letters, picturing as his ideal of an earthly paradise to sit under a tree and read perpetual new tales by *Crebillon, Fils!*

Voltaire has assigned to Madame La Fayette the distinction of being the first to represent in her novels "the manners of real men." But "Zayde" and "The Princess of Cleves" do not belong to the modern school—they describe the etiquette and pomp of courts, and give no picture of the every-day Parisian life of the days of the "Great Monarch." The "Life of Mary Anne" of *Marivaux*, and the much more able and much better known "Marion Lescault" of the *Abbé Prevot* take us into the world of real life, of artists and students, citizens and priests of the early part of the eighteenth century, two generations before the great Revolution.

The "Life of Mary Anne" describes the adventures of an orphan girl, adopted and educated up to her sixteenth year by the curé of a country parish, and forced by his death to seek employment on the recommendation of the curé's friends in Paris. In the house of her employer she is tempted, as was Richardson's Pamela, her religious principles enabling her to resist. Returning from church one day she sprains her foot and is carried to the house of a M. Velville, between whom and the friendless girl an honourable passion develops. Mary Anne is still persecuted by her employer; she becomes homeless, but obtains a refuge by the kindness of a religious lady. Meanwhile M. Velville refuses to contract a marriage in his own rank in society, and, in a very naturally written scene, his mother appeals to Mary Anne's love for him to prevent a mesalliance which would ruin his prospects. The moral tone of the book is very pure. Mary Anne's character is simple and womanly, but the conclusion is lame and impotent. *Madame Velville*, won over by *Mary Anne*'s amiability, consents to the marriage, and all goes well, when M. Velville suddenly tires of his passion for a peasant girl and marries one of his own rank. M. Marivaux died in 1763, he seems to have been a man of simple character, very charitable and pious. Like Richardson, he had no pretensions to scholarship; like Richardson, whose novels resemble his in some of the incidents, he was the idol of a small clique, and had an overweening opinion of his own writings.

Very different were the life and works of the Abbé Prevot. Born in Artois in 1697, he twice joined the Order of the Jesuits, and twice left it to engage in military life. He seems to have led a Bohemian existence at Paris, and to have been familiar with its lowest scenes of dissipation and gambling. Of this too he became sated, and sought refuge in one of the most strictly ascetic of monastic foundations, the Benedictines of St. Maur. But scarce had he bound himself with the "three-

fold cord," the irrevocable vow of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, then unable to bear their restraint, he forsook his convent, and fled to England, where he supported himself by literature, his books being successfully published in Paris. Here he formed a connection which still further estranged him from his former ecclesiastical position. But he had powerful friends in the French Church, and a moral obstacle such as a *mistress* was not so insuperable as a canonical obstacle such as a *wife*. The errant abbé was recalled and raised to the position of chaplain and high almoner to the Prince de Conti. Here for many years he lived in great repute, publishing, besides numerous pamphlets and political works, his novels which at once gained the highest position, and opened a vein of literary material never tried before. He seems to have held much the position of Laurence Sterne, whose gross and demoralizing novels did not hinder his being the recipient of church preferment and the pet of good society. Prevot's books have far more depth of feeling, far more true moral tone, than those of the Anglican Prebend of Yorkminster. The worldly Abbé met a terrible end. On November 23rd, 1763, he was returning home through the royal forest of Chantilly, when falling down in a sudden fit, some peasants supposing him dead, carried the body on a bier to the curé of the nearest village. There being no dead-house, the curé had the body placed in the church, when an inquest was held, and the body opened by a surgeon. At the touch of the knife, a cry came from the unhappy man whom the pain recalled to consciousness, the surgeon tried to arrest his hand, but it was too late, a mortal wound had been inflicted. In such a dreadful scene, the more so because it took place in a church, the Abbé Prevot, author of "Marion Lescault," breathed his last.

"Marion Lescault" is the history of a young man of good family and position, gifted with many brilliant and amiable qualities, who is led by a fatal and irresistible attachment, into a life of the lowest degradation, and who to the last throws away every advantage of nature and fortune in order to live as a wretched outcast, with the worthless and selfish being on whom he has fixed his love.

This young man, when at College, meets Marion Lescault, in a stage coach, by which she is proceeding to school. He elopes with her. They proceed to Paris, where he has funds enough to support them for some time. Her brother joins them and introduces the practice of gambling. *Marion* is quite unable to bear with poverty, her extravagant vanity must have perpetual supplies of money. She procures her own support and that of her lover and brother by the most indiscriminate coquetry. Yet, while continually false to him, she preserves for her lover the most ardent affection. The author paints in the warmest colours her matchless beauty and grace and charming gayety, so that while we read we almost forget to condemn the infatuation which she inspires. At length her lover's family procure evidence of an act of fraud, in consequence of which she is sentenced to penal servitude in the convict settlement at New Orleans. Her lover follows her to the last under the influence of trial her character becomes purified. She rejects an advantageous marriage in order to keep with her lover, in whose arms she dies, exhausted by grief and fatigue.

The novels of Prevot are closely related in style to those of Rousseau, which appeared a few years later—the influence of both may be traced

in the tone of French fiction ever since. The general corruption of Parisian society found its typical exposition in two novels published a very short time before the Revolution "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" and the "Memoires du Chevalier Faublas" by that Louvet, of whom Macaulay says that he is "well known as the author of a very ingenious and licentious romance, and more honourably distinguished by the generosity with which he pleaded for the unfortunate, and by the intrepidity with which he defied the wicked and powerful."

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

GENTLEMAN DICK.

THEY had, all of them, nicknames themselves, for in a Colorado mining-community it was not difficult to acquire a title, and they called him Gentleman Dick. It was rather an odd name, to be sure, but it was very expressive, and conveyed much of the prevailing opinion and estimate of its owner. They laughed when he expressed a desire to join the party in Denver, and Old Platte looked at his long, delicate hands, so like a woman's, with a smile of rough, good-humoured pity, mingled, perhaps, with a shade of contempt for the habits and occupation that had engendered such apparent effeminacy. But he pleaded so earnestly and talked with such quiet energy and confidence of what he could and would do, and moreover had about him so much of that spirit of subdued *bonhommie* that always captivates the roughest of the rough, that they relented, took his money and put it in the "pot," and informed him that he was one of them. Their decision was not altogether unconnected with the fact that he had given evidence of considerable surgical skill in his treatment of Mr. Woods, more familiarly known as "Short card William," who had been shot a week or so previously over a game of poker by an independent bull-whacker whom he had attempted to defraud. The sense of the community had sustained the act; and while the exhibition of his skill in dealing was universally condemned as having been indiscreet under the circumstances, still he was accounted a live man among them, and the discovery of a surgeon to dress his wound was hailed with a somewhat general feeling of relief. Had it not been for the fact that the sobriquet of Gentleman Dick was already conferred and accepted universally as his name, he certainly would not have escaped that of "Doctor," and as it was, Mr. Woods, who was profuse as well as profane in his gratitude, insisted upon so calling him. A doctor, or anything bearing even a resemblance to a member of that sadly-represented profession, was regarded with a certain degree of reverence among a community whose peculiar habits often gave rise to pressing and immediate need of surgical attendance. Consequently, Gentleman Dick rapidly attained an elevated position in their regard, and became a great favourite with Old Platte's party, although they still looked doubtfully at his slender figure and felt "kind o' bothered"

by the air of gentility and good-breeding which hung around him in spite of the rough miner's garments that he had chosen to assume. By the time they left Denver for the Blue he was deemed as indispensable to the company as Old Platte himself.

The forest of dark pines and furs that covered both sides of the valley of the Blue grew down to the bars of the river, which along its banks was thickly grown with wild gooseberry and raspberry bushes, and piled up here and there with great tangled heaps of driftwood which the spring floods brought down and left in masses of inextricable confusion along its sides. Back a little distance from one of those sandy flats, and nestled right in the shadow of the forest's edge, they built a long rough cabin early in June. In summer-time the spot was a wild and picturesque one. Green and luxuriant vegetation made a soft and brilliant carpet at the feet of the stately old pines; huge boulder-like rocks, their edges softened and rounded in the grasp of one of Agassiz' pre-Adamite glaciers that had ground its icy way down from the melting snow-caps above—rocks covered with bright lichens and tufts of moss—lay piled on one another at the foot of the steep mountain-side; while gnarled cedars twisted around about them, their rough red roots twining here and there in search of sustenance. Below the cabin a little way lay the bar—Chihuahua Bar they had christened it, out of deference to "Jones of Chihuahua," whose prospecting-pan had developed the fact that gold in promising quantities lay beneath it—and a little farther on the Blue sang merrily in its gravelly bed. Down the river, about two miles, was Blue Bar, where about two hundred miners had formed a settlement, and where a red-headed Scotchman, who combined the duties of a self-constituted postmaster with the dispensation of a villainous article of whiskey, kept a lively grocery and provision store.

During the early part of the season they had prospected up along the river, finding gold all the way, but not in quantities sufficiently large to warrant working. At the place, however, which they subsequently named Chihuahua (pronounced in the vernacular Chee-waw-waw) the perspicacious Jones had given it as his opinion, formed after mature deliberation and a sapient examination of some two or three shovelsful of dirt, that there was a satisfactory "colour in that ar bank." Some hard work of about a week demonstrated that there were excellent diggings there, and then work was commenced upon it in good earnest. The Cabin was built, Gentleman Dick's choice of location being unanimously approved; two or three trips were made across the "Range" to the nearest settlement for materials and provisions; and then the real labour began. As they cut through the heavy bank of mould and gravel, gradually eating a long trench to the bed-rock, prospects grew better and better. At last, one day a narrow ledge of brittle, shaly rock came in view, covered with a coating of thick, heavy yellow mud, of which Old Platte gathered a panful and betook himself down to the river-side. A war-whoop from the direction in which he had disappeared came ringing through the gooseberry bushes to their ears, and with a responsive yell and a simultaneous dropping of shovels and picks they all dashed off to his side. He was discovered in a condition of great excitement, dancing wildly around the pan, in the bottom of which about half

a teaspoonful of coarse yellow nuggets were shining among the black sand. It was a grand prospect, and with the exception of Gentleman Dick, whose exultation was of a very mild and reserved order, the proprietors of the Chihuahua Claim behaved in a very undignified and unseemly way; Thompson and Jones organizing an impromptu sparring-match, and Old Platte standing indecorously on his head in a neighbouring clump of bushes. Sundry war-whoops and divers indications of activity showed that work of a very lively and energetic character was being prosecuted that afternoon on the bar; and when the sun sunk to rest behind the purple mountains, and the blue mists of evening rose in the valley, they had their sluice-boxes and "riffles" in order, and were ready to commence washing at sunrise.

It did not take very long to clean the ledge, and early in the afternoon the water was shut off. When it was found that the "riffles" yielded thirteen ounces of gold that would coin eighteen dollars and a half to the ounce, a firm conviction seemed to settle upon the camp that this was an occasion which it would be improper to pass over without a thorough and practical acknowledgement of its importance in the shape of a regular celebration. The gold was weighed and divided, all sitting in a circle in the middle of the cabin floor, while Old Platte officiated at the scales with all the gravity and dignity which the responsible position called for.

Mr. McNab's grocery and post-office at Blue Bar was the scene of much excitement and noisy revelry that evening and all the next day while the gold lasted. Miners who had heard of the Chihuahua "streak" flocked up to Blue Bar to get the particulars, and naturally joined in the general feeling of exultation and hilarity that seemed to pervade that community. Old Platte got terribly drunk, and Thompson and Jones developed the strangest eccentricities of gait, manner and speech, and finally subsided into a deep slumber in the dust and sand of the main thoroughfare of the Bar. Gentleman Dick's absence from the festivities was not noticed that evening, but the next day Thompson, who seemed to feel aggrieved on the subject, announced his intention of going up to Chihuahua to fetch him down. He left Mr. McNab's on his charitable mission armed with a bottle of rum, and proceeded up the creek in a moderate state of intoxication. That he was somewhat sobered on his arrival at the cabin was perhaps due to the fact that the cork was fixed very firmly in the neck of his bottle: at any rate, he did not ask his friend to drink when he found him.

Gentleman Dick had just directed and sealed a letter, and was about to start for the settlement of Gold Dirt, when Thompson loomed up unsteadily in the doorway, surveyed him inquiringly for a moment and asked undecidedly and apologetically, "Wass' up? W'ere you goin'?"

Gentleman Dick, apparently overlooking his somewhat dubious condition, told him that he had been writing a letter to some one who lived in the States: he was going to Gold Dirt to mail it, and a ring of Blue Creek Gold was to accompany it to its destination. Thompson said no more, but stood there in the doorway with McNab's rum under his arm. He did not stir, nor did he seem to notice the "good-bye" that came down the winding trail through the pines, but remained there stolid and immovable, gazing vacantly at the writing-paper on the rough table. Suddenly he straightened himself up to his full height, and taking the

bottle from under his arm, held it out at arm's length and apostrophized it in terms which Mr. McNab would have regarded as a personal insult, and which the community on the Blue might possibly have resented with a challenge to mortal combat. His next step, had they witnessed it, would certainly have led to the conclusion that he was a dangerous lunatic, and one, at that, whose peculiar madness was of a kind specially objectionable to the residents of Blue Bar. He placed the object toward which his feelings had undergone so sudden a revulsion carefully on the ground, and seizing in his hands a huge boulder, he proceeded to let it drop accurately upon it. He oscilated critically over the fragments, as if to assure himself that the result had been satisfactorily attained, and then strode rapidly and unsteadily into the forest. How such unsound principles of economy came to be adopted by him never very clearly appeared; and the problem of his absence from camp for two whole days, and his subsequent reform upon the subject of whiskey, were matters very freely discussed at McNab's hut, without any definate or reliable result being arrived at.

Summer had melted imperceptibly into autumn; and the bright tints that glittered on the mountain slopes and through the sturdy undergrowth of the forest told that it in its turn was soon to give way to winter. Chihuahua Bar was piled up with great heaps of boulders and gravel, furrowed here and there with deep ditches and trenches, and otherwise gave ample evidence of the hard work that had been done. But, as Old Platte remarked, "The luck was down on them," and the partners had very little to show for their long months of toil. Gentleman Dick had worked as hard and earnestly as the others, and had never been known to utter a word of complaint through the many hardships and mishaps they endured. But a great change had come over him. No one who saw him when he joined the party in Denver would have ventured to call him strong or robust, but, delicate as he was then, he was now a mere shadow by comparison. The change had been more marked and rapid during the last few weeks. He had seemed to fade gradually away, growing daily weaker and weaker, until at last a knowledge of his increasing debility forced itself upon the not very observant faculties of his companions—coming rather as a sense of indefinable uneasiness on his behalf than any actual apprehension of his real condition. His great expressive eyes shone out with an unnatural brilliancy from his pale, sunken cheeks, and a deeper shade of melancholy seemed settling on his naturally thoughtful face. Thompson probably noticed it more than anybody else, but said nothing, while Old Platte and Jones exchanged ideas on the subject with a sort of puzzled anxiety, mingled, it might be, with some genuine alarm. They noticed that the work began to fatigue him more and more, and that he often had to pause in the middle of it, weary and exhausted.

At last, one day, about the first of November, he remained in his bunk in the cabin, unable to come down to the claim. In their rough, uncouth way they pitied him, and would have given anything they could command to be able to relieve him. But they seemed instinctively to feel that his case was something out of their reach, and with the exception of a weak suggestion from Jones, that he should try some of "them ar antibilious pills as he had in his box," no course of medical treatment

was contemplated. Besides, was he not himself a doctor? and if he could do nothing, what should they be able to effect? The argument was sufficiently conclusive; at least, Jones accepted it as such, and retired in some confusion, comforting himself by the perusal of the label on his box of pills, which really seemed to justify the suggestion he had made. Twice after this, on days when the warm sunshine tempted him out of doors, he came down to the claim and sat by the wheel and watched them working; but he never did any more work. He did not tell them he could not do it, or complain that he was too weak: it was tacitly understood that his share of the season's labour was over.

About the middle of November the winter stepped in in its sudden way and commenced to take possession of the valley of the Blue, and by the first of December the ice was so thick that the partners reluctantly stopped work. "Jones of Chihuahua" had expressed his determination of going south to Santa-Fé, to stay until spring among the "Greasers," but Old Platte and Thompson would stay on the Blue for the winter, and to that end had laid in such provisions as were deemed necessary. The settlement below on the Bar had been abandoned early in November; and it was doubtful if a white man besides themselves could be found by its waters any nearer than the end of the Great Cañon of the Rio Colorado. But they cared very little for that, and looked forward to their voluntary hibernation without any feeling of apprehension on the score of loneliness. Both were hardy mountaineers. Thompson had been the first man that ever performed the feat of crossing the range at Grey's Peak in the middle of winter, with the aid of a pair of snow-shoes; and he and Old Platte knew that if their provisions gave out they could readily reach some of the Clear Creek diggings in the same way. So Jones strapped his belt of gold-dust around his waist and prepared to depart. He shook hands with the partners, and when Gentleman Dick, with a forced cheeriness of manner and with wishes for a pleasant winter in New Mexico, remarked, "Next spring the boys will give you a third of my share, Jones," he stoutly and earnestly repudiated the implied idea, but with a confusion and uncertainty of manner that indicated a serious doubt in the soundness of his own assertions.

Gentleman Dick released the big hand as he lay in his blankets, and said for the last time, "Good-bye, Jones."

"Good-bye, old man."

Jones strode away abruptly on his journey, and if the moisture about his eyes was in excess of what was required in their normal condition, it was probably due to the bracing and biting frostiness of the morning air.

And so they resigned themselves to their winter's prison on the Blue—Old Platte stolidly and contentedly, Thompson uneasily and restlessly, and Gentleman Dick peacefully and calmly, knowing full well that spring would never bloom again for him. Thus the December days flew by, growing colder and colder, and the snow-line crept gradually down the slopes of the range until it reached the edge of the timber, where it seemed to pause for a few days in its advance. It had already snowed several times in the valley, and the afternoon sun had always melted it away; but they knew by experience that it would soon come down in good earnest and cover everything up for the winter in a mantle of snow some six or seven feet deep. And as the days sped on, Gentleman Dick grew paler and paler, and his bright eyes shone with a brighter lustre,

while he seemed to be gradually slipping away, losing little by little his hold upon life. He was a mystery to his companions, for he had no disease that could be detected, and why he should sink thus without any apparent cause, was more than they could understand.

The wind came roaring down the cañon in wild, fierce gusts; the dead, frost-hardened, brittle branches of the sturdy old pines rattled and cracked and broke as it swept by laden with glittering crystals, stolen from the range above, where it circled madly round the snowy peaks, and whirled away great winding-sheets of snow—fine, sleety snow, that filled the atmosphere with sharp, prickly needles, that made their way inside Old Platte's rough woollen shirt as he chopped away at the woodpile, and made him shiver as they melted down his back. Everything was frozen hard and fast; the Blue was silent in its bed; stones and sticks adhered to the ground as if part and parcel of it, and each piece of wood in the pile that Old Platte was working at stood stiffly and firmly in its place. The wind, just before a snow-storm, always comes down the canons in fierce premonitory gusts, and as it was desirable to get in a good stock of wood before the snow-drifts gathered around the cabin, Old Platte had been hacking manfully for some hours. The sun sunk low in the hollow of the hills to the westward while he was still working, and lit up with a cold, yellow glare the snowy wastes and icy peaks of the mighty mountains that stood guard over the Blue. The whistling of the wind among the pines died gradually away, and the silence that seemed to fall with the deepening shadows was only broken by the ringing strokes of the axe and the crack of the splitting wood. When he ceased, the valley had faded into darkness, and the range with its sharp outlines was only faintly discernable against the sombre gray pall that had overspread the sky.

He made a broad stack of logs by the fireplace and a larger one outside the door, and then stood by the threshold to take a look at the weather. A great, soft feather of snow came sailing slowly down and nestled in his shaggy beard, and another fluttered on to the back of his hand. He looked up through the darkness and saw that it was already beginning to fall thickly, and then, with a self-satisfied glance of approval at his provident woodpile, went into the cabin and fastened the door.

Thompson had shot a fine argal or Rocky Mountain sheep that morning, and the broiled steaks were giving forth a most acceptable odour. He had tried to get Gentleman Dick to taste of a choice piece, but he shook his head wearily, as he had every time for some two weeks or more when proffered food. He could eat nothing, and lay there propped up on rough pillows, seeming scarcely conscious of their presence; his dreamy eyes, with lids half drooping, looking fixedly into the blazing fire. Even the coffee, civilized as it was by the addition of some patent condensed milk, and upon the manufacture of which Thompson had prided himself not a little, stood untouched by his bedside. Old Platte lit his pipe and dragged his three-legged stool into a corner of the wide chimney, and Thompson, after moving the things away to a corner, sat down opposite, mending his snow shoes with a bundle of buckskin thongs. They did not talk much in that family of evenings: men of this class are not conversational in their habits, and a stranger who should look in would

be apt to think them an unsocial set. Old Platte puffed steadily at his pipe, blinking and winking at the fire, which he poked occasionally with a stick or fed with a log of wood from the pile by his side. Thompson worked quietly with knife and awl at his dilapidated shoes, and the pale, patient face beyond still gazed dreamily into the fire. There were old scenes, doubtless, in among those burning logs—old familiar faces, dear memories of the past, and weird fantastic visions pictured in the glowing coals. At last the eyes left the fire for a moment, resting on the two that sat by it, and he said, "Boys, it's Christmas Eve."

Thompson started, for he had not heard him speak with so much energy for weeks.

"Christmas Eve!" he repeated absently. "Christmas Eve, and to-morrow will be Christmas Day. Last Christmas was not like this: all was bright and fair, and she—"

The rest of the sentence was lost as he muttered it uneasily to himself and resumed his watching of the fire. Christmas Eve! So it was, they had not thought of it. Christmas Eve! The name seemed out of place among those rocky fastnesses. What could the pines and the solitude, the snow and the ice, have in common with Christmas? Christmas Eve down in that desolate valley, in the quiet depths of the forest, away, miles away, from human habitation of any kind? Christmas Eve! It seemed absurd, but Christmas Eve it was nevertheless, there as everywhere else.

Old Platte took his blackened old pipe from between his lips and mechanically repeated the words. "Christmas Eve!" he half growled, as if some perplexing ideas had been called into existence by the suggestion, and his pipe went out as he listlessly shoved some stray coals back into the fire with his foot. But his meditations, to judge from his countenance, were neither interesting nor profitable. Probably his Christmases had never been passed in a way that was calculated to make them pleasingly conspicuous in the background of his life. Most of his early recollections were associated with a villainous roadside groggery in Pike county, Missouri, of which his father was the proprietor. Any questions relating to this parent and home he had been known to invariably evade, and whenever conversation tended in that direction he strenuously discouraged it. Why he did so never very clearly appeared. Some people who pretended to know used to say that the old gentleman had been doing a lively trade in horseflesh without going through the customary formalities of finance, and that some people with whom his dealings had been unsatisfactory, in consequence of this unbusiness-like habit of his, had called at his house one evening and invited him to walk out with them. The invitation was one he would have liked to decline, but extra inducements in the shape of the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against his forehead and a low but determined "Dry up and come along!" caused him to put on his hat and step out. He was found next morning hanging from a branch of a neighbouring tree with a brief but expressive obituary written in pencil on a scrap of paper and pinned on his coat: "Horse-thief! Jerry Moon and Scotty, take notice." Inasmuch as one of the latter individuals was the chief authority for the story, and had expedited his departure from Pike county in consequence of the intimation contained in the lines on the same bit of paper, it may be safely inferred that there was some foundation for the numerous

stories of a similar nature that were in circulation. So Christmas spent as his had been had no particular interest for Old Platte, and was pretty much the same as any other kind of day upon which there would be an equally good excuse for stopping work and getting venomously drunk. At any rate, the memories that clung around that Pike county whisky-shop were none of the pleasantest or most gratifying; and with a grunt of general dissatisfaction he rekindled his pipe, put a couple of sticks on the fire and allowed his mind to slide off into a more congenial train of reflection.

To Thompson, Gentleman Dick's words had come as a sort of revelation. He knew well enough that Christmas came in December, and also upon what day of that month it fell, but of late the days had gone by so monotonously, and had so little to distinguish them one from another, that he had kept no account of them, and had no idea that it was so near. Some indefinable influence that he could not account for had of late sent his mind groping into old and better channels, and consequently when he was reminded of the presence of Christmas he felt disposed to accord it a measure of consideration rather different from that with which several of its predecessors had met. Like Old Platte, he had regarded it as a good day to go on a "bust" and initiate a "drunk" of more or less duration, but just now he seemed as if inclined to take a different view of it. His eyes could take a clearer and healthier view of the past than he had for a long time had, and its old memories and scenes flocked up before him now, bright through the dim mist that time had cast over them, and fresher and sweeter than ever by contrast with the gloomy present. The snow-shoes slid from his lap and one by one the thongs of buckskins dropped upon the floor, as he leaned back in the corner of the broad chimney, his face resting upon his sinewy hand and his eyes looking through the fire into the world of the past.

Old Platte lay curled up in his bearskins and blankets fast asleep, but the other still sat by the fire in the same position—still dreamily thinking. How long he had sat there he did not know. The fire had sunk into a glowing heap of coals, fast changing into soft white ashes, on which now and then a melting snow-flake that had stolen down through the chimney would fall and disappear with a short angry sizz, and the shadows in the cabin were deep and dark. Suddenly it seemed to him in his dreaming that a voice called him by name, and he awoke from his reverie with a chill and a shudder and a sense of indefinable dread creeping over him—a dread of what, he could not tell. A handful of chips blazed up brightly and lit up the cabin with their flickering light as he turned nervously toward the patient, quiet face behind him. The eyes, shaded by the long black eyelashes, were still on the fire, and while he was confident that he had not been called, he was dimly conscious of a great change that had taken place. As he still looked anxiously at the faded features, the eyes left their long watching of the embers and were raised to meet his. He felt he was wanted, and was by his side in a moment: "How d'yer feel, old man?"

Gentleman Dick smiled as he laid his wasted fingers across the sturdy brown hand that leaned on the edge of his bunk, and turning with difficulty on his pillow, he said in a voice scarce above a whisper, "Thompson, old fellow, you and Platte have been kind, very kind, to me. I won't trouble you much more now. I'm going to say—good-bye to you;

and—Thompson—I want you to do one little thing for me—when spring comes." He reached into a chink among the logs by his side and drew forth an envelope containing a few letters, a photograph of a woman's face, fair and tender, and a gold ring.

Thompson took it with a hand that shook as his rarely did.

"Send it soon—it's addressed and all—send it to her. Maybe she will be glad to know I am—gone—at last—out of her path—out of the way—and the world. She sent it back to me—would not have it—or me. Now—" Then his mind seemed to wander, and he rambled incoherently, repeating over and over again a name that sounded like that on the envelope. "You will do it, won't you, Thompson?" said he, rallying suddenly.

Thompson's voice was husky and thick as he answered impressively, "Damn me ef I don't!" adding mentally, as he glanced at the package, "Damn her skin, whoever she is! She's at the bottom of all this here business, you bet."

Gentleman Dick's lips moved as if he were speaking, and as Thompson leaned over him he could hear, in a broken whisper, "Gold—in old boot—under bed—Old Platte half."

He heard no more. The pressure of the wasted fingers relaxed, the weary head sunk slowly back on the pillow, and the tired eyelids dropped over the glazing eyes.

"Dick!" said Thomson—"Dick, old man!"

Too late. Away through the softly-falling snow, from the Blue with its stillness and solitude, from its heartaches and sorrows and troubles, the weary spirit had fled, and Gentleman Dick was at rest.

Spring had come again; the snow had melted from the valleys; the grass and the ferns and the green grass and bright lichens once more peeped out among the gray boulders and about the feet of the stately pines; and the Blue, freed from its wintry prison, sang merrily over the gravelly reaches. And as the miners flocked down that spring from over the range, they saw near by the Chihuahua Claim and the deserted cabin, in a square formed by four gigantic pines, a neatly-built cairn of boulders. One big gray boulder rested securely on top of all, and on it was hacked, in rough and simple letters, GENTLEMAN DICK.

PANGLOSS.

TURKISH ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

A PICTURE by Mayer, which hangs in one of the private galleries of America, illustrates the rough-and-ready methods with which justice is administered in Turkey. The cadi goes out in the morning without making known his intended route, takes his walk with suitable attendants, and stops at the first bazaar. He seats himself at random in one of the shops and examines the weights, measures and merchandise. He lends an ear to all complaints; interrogates any merchant accused of infraction of law; and then, without court or jury, and especially without delay, pronounces judgment, applies the penalty, and goes on in

quest of other delinquents. In these cases, however, the punishment is of a different character. Notwithstanding the identity of the crime, he cannot treat the offending merchant as a common thief; that would have a prejudicial effect on commerce. The penalty is graduated thus: the mildest, confiscation; the moderate, closing the shop; the severest, exposure. This last is inflicted in a singular manner. The culprit is placed with his back against his shop, and is compelled to raise himself on his toes until the weight of his whole body rests on them; his ear is then nailed to the door or shutter of his shop. This punishment lasts two, four or six hours. It is true, the criminal may abridge its duration whenever he chooses to let himself down; but the Turkish merchant is jealous of his reputation, and nothing but the last necessity would induce him to resemble a thief by the mutilation of his ears. As one gazes upon the wretch thus nailed up, one is disposed to compassionate his case, but Mohammed tells you that he is an old offender, and if you should observe his ear closely it would resemble a colander.

It was after receiving this explanation that M. Mayer found his horror sufficiently alleviated to allow of his making the sketch from which the picture referred to was afterwards composed. The criminal, nailed by his ear, was standing stiff and motionless on the extreme points of his great toes, and seated near him, on the sill of the door, was the guard, charged with seeing the punishment duly executed, smoking a pipe. The quantity of tobacco in the pipe seemed to be graduated to the time the punishment was to continue. Around these two personages was a demicircle of idlers. After a time the culprit, finding he had nothing to expect from the crowd—among whom, perhaps, he recognised some of his customers—hazarded a word to the guard. "Brother," said he, "one law of our holy prophet is, that men should help one another." The guard seemed to take no exception to the precept in the abstract, and continued quietly to smoke. "Brother," resumed the patient, "did you not hear me?" The guard made no other reply than a large puff of smoke that ascended to his neighbour's nose. "Brother," still presisted the man, "one of us can aid the other, and do a thing acceptable to Mohammed." The puffs of smoke succeeded each other with a regularity that extinguished the poor fellow's hopes. "Brother," cried the dependant with a dolorous voice, "put a stone under my heels and I will give you a piastre." No reply. "Two piastres." A pause. "Three piastres." Smoke. "Four piastres." "Ten piastres," said the guard quietly. The ear and the purse of the man held the parley which was visible in the countenance. At length the pain conquered and the ten piastres rolled at the feet of the guard, who counted them with great deliberation, put them in his purse, rested his pipe against the wall, and picking up a pebble about as large as the egg of a tomtit, placed it under the man's heels. "Brother," said the culprit, "I feel nothing under my feet." "A stone is there, however," answered the guard, resuming his seat and pipe; but it is true I selected it in reference to your price. Give me a *tatari* (five francs) and I will place a stone under you so appropriate to your necessities that you shall sigh for it when you reach Paradise." The result may be anticipated; the guard had his money, and the merchant his stone.

H. W. M.

When life, like the morning,
With bright hope is dawning,
Our spirits are free, and untrammel'd with care;
Unchained, unsorrowing,
Whilst we are borrowing
Moments of happiness, brilliant and fair,
And fondly we cherish
Those visions which perish,
Whilst storms of affliction come silently on.
Oh, how few can discover
The dark clouds which hover
Like tempest, to deluge, when pleasure is gone.
Thus, as Spring flowers decay
Our youth glides away,
And manhood with peril and trouble draws near,
We look back with sorrow,
Yet hope for to-morrow
Seems casting her sunbeams on things which are drear
Thus hope, with her false light,
Beams with a lustre bright,
Gilding the visions of fiction, as truth,
Till, with the waste of time,
Sear'd is our manhood's prime;
Vanished away, as the dreams of our youth;
Then, when the life of man
Draws to its shortest span,
Energies, which were once firm in command,
Feebly are languishing,
Light of life vanishing,
Faint are our faculties, unnerved the hand,
Strongest reasons decay,
And our dreams pass away,
One moment we pause on the border of thought;
But our visions are fled
And are named with the dead;
One moment we pause; but we hallow it not,
For even whilst thinking,
Our spirits are sinking,
To shades, which but yield to eternity's call,
Our thought is not given
In silence to heaven,
Where registered lie the deep thoughts of us all.

Toronto, 7th Nov., 1877. E. J. W. R.

Current Literature.

In a new book by the author of "A Princess of Thule," we have a right to expect something above the ordinary run of novels, and his latest production* certainly promises at the outset to fulfil all reasonable expectations. That it falls away most miserably almost as soon as one's interest is established in the leading characters we feel constrained to assert, and shall take occasion to indicate the reason why. One of the chief charms of Mr. Black

*Green Pastures and Piccadilly. By Wm. Black. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

as a writer of fiction is in his taking us out of that conventional world which hack novelists have invented, and delineating choice bits of that world of which all of us have some experience. For the first twenty chapters or so of "Green Pastures and Piccadilly" the story evolves itself after Mr. Black's best style, and we follow the ante-and post-nuptial love-story of Lady Sylvia and Mr. Balfour with appreciative interest, and entertain lively expectations in regard to what is to come. But beyond that, the story is a complete failure. It is as if Mr. Black had set out to write a story worthy of his reputation, but when it was half done his health failed him ; so, coming to this continent by way of relaxation, he bethought him of making his holiday notes do service for the concluding portion of the book. We can quite believe that Lady Sylvia's jealousy of politics, which seemed to sever her husband from that close and loving communion which her nature yearned for, was part of Mr. Black's original conception ; but to bring about Balfour's financial ruin so suddenly, and to change the story to the dry narration of a transatlantic (or, should we in Canada say, cisatlantic ?) tour, savours very much of the *Deus ex machina*. It is true that the story passes through Canada by rail, and that we are treated to Impressions of Niagara, but, even to readers in this Dominion, these facts will not compensate for the lack of artistic conditions in the second half of the story. The first impression recorded of Canadians is, that they "converse in guttural French ;" and the readers of the book who happen to know something of western Canada must smile when they read that. After leaving Niagara, the excursionists "plunged into that interminable forest-land between Lakes Huron and Erie,"—a statement as absurd in point of fact as of geography. We learn from the title-page that the work was written in conjunction with an American writer. This will account for the local colouring given to the scenes laid in the Far West, but we cannot help thinking that "Green Pastures and Piccadilly" is spoiled as a work of art because of its being taken beyond Piccadilly and the green pastures around Lady Sylvia's home, beyond the range of Mr. Black's experience and observation

Critics have frequently brought the objection against stories written by the author of "Ginxs' Baby," that they were written with a purpose. His most recent production,* however, is not one of them, and a capital story in fourteen chapters it is. In his preface to it the author says, he shall be content if "The Captain's Cabin" rends its perusers some good lesson of human sympathy, forbearance, and charity. Whether this be so or not, they cannot fail to be interested in the story, which professes to relate simply the incidents of a particular Atlantic voyage, but which manages to introduce complications and incidents enough to satisfy the readers of three-volume novels. In one respect, the book is highly objectionable. We understand that the author, Mr. Jenkins, is himself a Canadian, and as several of the characters in the story are represented to be Canadians, it is a matter of astonishment to us that he should depict them all as—more or less—so many prigs. Sir Benjamin Peakman, a "Quebec politician," is a prig, as is also his wife. So, to some extent, is Sandy McGowkie, "of the firm of McGowkie & Middlemass, who keep a store at Toronto." To the only "gentleman" whom Mr. Jenkins has thought proper to depict, he has given the name and title of "Lord Pendlebury." Mr. Jenkins published some time ago in St. James's Magazine, "Legends of Muskoka," and, judging both from these and "The Captain's Cabin," we really think he ought to leave Canada and the Canadians alone, until, at least, he has taken some little pains to understand his own country and countrymen.

Vennor's reputation as a weather prophet, notwithstanding some unlucky

*_The Captain's Cabin: a Christmas Story_. By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P. Illustrated Montreal: Dawson Bros:

forecasts made by him, is tolerably well established, and the Almanac* which goes by his name promises to becomes an institution. In point of fact, Mr. Vennor only contributes a few pages to the Almanac, and these by no means constitute the most valuable portion of the publication. It is essentially a "weather almanac," and its editor, whoever he may be, deserves the utmost credit for his industry and ability in compiling and collecting such a mass of "weather literature." A valuable and specially commendable feature of the Almanac is, the elaborate and careful review of the weather of 1877.

MRS. Holmes is a well-known and popular American novelist whose works evince a degree of power which is far from common in works of fiction. There are two ways in which the power of the story tellers shows itself—in the construction of the plot and in the delineation of the character, By both of these characteristics is Mrs. Holmes'† "Mildred" distinguished, although there are some characters in it—such as Lilian and Geraldine—who are unnecessarily conventional, and incidents—such as the meeting of Mildred and her father—which are too strained. The whole story, however, is of engrossing interest, and most of the leading characters are well delineated. "Mildred" is the story of a foundling girl, who illustrates in a very marked degree the law of heredity, both as regards features and temperament; and, after gaining upon the affections of her own grandfather to such an extent that he adopts her, events prove her to be his own grandchild indeed. The story is laid in New England, and the reader is made acquainted with many characteristic incidents of New England life, and many well-drawn New England characters. Mildred herself and Judge Howell, are admirable portraitures, as are also Oliver and Lawrence. The hopeless, but enduring, love of Oliver is told with much pathos, and the vacillation of Lawrence between Lilian and Mildred—between the dictates of interest and the impulsion of love, is clearly depicted. Altogether, the book may be pronounced the happy production of a clever writer.

Musical.

THE winter season in London has been marked so far chiefly by the extra operatic performances at the Haymarket, which Mr. Mapleson seems to have found lucrative and popular, and the myriad swarms of concerts and recitals of every description. Among the operas produced at the Haymarket have been *Ruy Blas*, *Robert Le Diable*, *Faust*, *Don Giovanni*, *Der Freischutz* and *Il Flauto Magico*; the principal artists being Mddle. Mariman, Mddle Caroline Salla, Mddle. Belocca, and Signors Foli and Fancelli. Ruy Blas, the terrible drama of Victor Hugo, is very different it would seem from Ruy Blas, the opera of Signor Marshetti, who, although he may have done his best, cannot possess the requisite genius for such an undertaking. His music is simply an imitation of that of Verdi, and where Verdi could only fail, what can be expected of Marshetti? The setting appears to have little merit beyond illustrating the thorough vapidity of Italian music as applied to drama

**Vennor's Winter Almanac and Weather Record for* 1877-8. Montreal: John Dougall & Son; Dawson Bros.

† *Mildred.* By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

by the side of the true and more dramatic successes of recent German compositions.

Curiously enough, the character of Don Cæsar de Bazan, for whom it will be remembered Ruy Blas is passed off at Court, is omitted in the present Italian version. Speaking of Mddle. Marimon, the *Times* has almost extravagant praise of her singing, this season, it says, "there is no living artist who excels her in the command of what is styled *bravura*," and this seems to have been particularly shown in her rendering of the difficult and somewhat eccentric music allotted to Astrifiammante in *Il Flauto Magico*. Leaving the Haymarket, the "Ante-Christmas" ballad concerts of Mr. John Boosey, at St. James's Hall, claim our attention. The artists here have been Mrs. Osgood and Miss Orridge, the latter a rising young sopr: no of much ability, and the Edith Wynne type, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, Mr. Thurley Beale and other ballad singers, *par excellence*, well known outside a London audience. It seems to us though, that even the rarest genius amongst all these, Mr. Sims Reeves, has after all a wonderfully limited repertoire, and we find ourselves wondering how a London audience can, year after year, go and hear him, even him, the pet and idol of thousands, sing—"*My pretty Jane*," "*Come into the garden Maud*," and "*The Message*." The pianist at these concerts has been Miss Margaret Bucknall, a name quite unknown out here, although its possessor is rapidly rising into view as a first-class performer. Next comes the Monday popular concerts, Director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, alternating with the Saturday popular concerts, both being held in St. James's Hall. The artists are, Mdme. Norman, Nérinda, MM. Rico, Zerbini and Piatti, all instrumentalists, Mr. Charles Hallé, Miss Dora Schirmacher, a young and already notable pianist, Mr. Santly, Fraulien Friedlander and Redeker and other first-class vocalists. The concerts at the Crystal Palace are well understood here, but they have been recently enriched by the performances of Herr Wilhelmj.

It seems to us almost incredible, that an entertainment, including an overture of Mendelssohn's, a Raff concerto, a Liszt rhapsodie and solos by Wilhelmj, *could* be enjoyed for the sum of sixpence, and yet such is the case. The students' orchestral concerts in connection with the Royal Academy of Music, form a leading feature of the present season; on the 13th December, the first two parts of Bach's Christmas Oratorio, were given by a complete band and chorus formed by the Professors, and the late and present students and the choir of the Academy.

An event of interest at the Crystal Palace, was the production of "*Hezekiah*," a new work by Mr. Joseph Hatton, the popular composer of "*Goodby, Sweetheart*," &c. *Hezekiah* is a sacred drama, the libretto by Beatrice Abercrombie, and the artists included Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Maybrick, and the Crystal Palace choir. Mr. Sydney Smith is evidently well appreciated as a popular pianist and composer, his recent recitals at Willis's having been surprisingly well attended. He delighted the audience with much of his own sparkling composition, and played besides part of a Chopin concerto, and several pieces of Schumann. He was assisted by Mr. Shakspeare and the Mdlles. Badia, while Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. W. Ganz, and Signor Badia accompanied the vocal music. At the Royal Albert Hall, Verdi's Requiem Mass has been lately given, with Barnby as conductor, and Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, as chief soloist. So much for London, and it must be held in mind that these concerts form only *half* of the actual musical entertainments of this wonderful city, a fact which by itself is sufficient to refute the statement, that England is an unmusical country. Turning then from London music to that which is distinctly known as "provincial" the same activity may be noticed. Manchester has indeed been specially favoured by having had a symphony by Goldmark, "A rustic Wedding," performed there by Charles Halle's orchestra. At a recent concert in the same town, the second part of the programme was devoted entirely to Wagner's music, including a march from *Götter*

dämmerung. A Norwich concert for the benefit of Dr. Bunnett was well attended and testified in many ways to the estimation in which the injured gentleman is held. It may be remembered that in consequence of some promise to an older friend of the Dean's, Dr. Bunnett was deprived of that promotion to the highest musical position in the city to which he was so fairly entitled. Arabella Goddard has been delighting the provinces, and was specially successful at Brighton. Mr. Best's fine organ recitals at Liverpool have been almost entirely stopped by the condition of the organ, which is almost too uncertain to be used at all. Says the Liverpool *Porcupine*:—"It is suffering from what may be termed *organic* asthma. It is subject to strange internal rumblings, its whole system in fact, is demoralized." It will be a lasting disgrace for the citizens of Liverpool, if the great organ of St. George's Hall, which has almost of itself conferred on her musical repute, is not repaired immediately.

After MacFarren's "*Lady of the Lake*," the two most interesting recent English compositions are Dr. Armes' (organist of Durham Cathedal), oratorio of "*Hezekiah*," and "*The Sorcerer*," the latter a comic opera half Sullivan, half Gilbert. The oratorio seems to be a production altogether in the spirit of the old school, the choruses being characterized by Handelian uniformity, and little or no originality. The soloists at the first representation were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Sims Thomas, the latter in the part of Hezekiah. But *The Sorcerer* was a real success, and a work of singular merit. We quote from the "*Examiner*":—"The character of refined humour as opposed to low comicality is fully sustained by Mr. Sullivan's music. That Mr. Sullivan is a learned musician, an excellent writer for the orchestra, and a musical humourist of the true order, are facts beyond dispute. But never before have these qualities appeared combined on so important a scale as in the present instance. The *finale* of the first act is an elaborate piece of construction with as many as nine solo parts, independently sustained and grouped together according to their divergent emotions in the most masterly way. Here also we meet in the whispered "aside" of Alexis and Aline with as pretty a bit of true sentiment as can well be imagined. The *ensemble* in the second act, "Oh! joy, the charm works well," is equally well constructed, while the quintel of the same act—*couplets* with interesting bits of concerted music would be the technical description—the lighter vein of comic opera prevails . . . . . Amongst the happiest touches of humour in the opera, is the Handelian character of the music which accompanies the old-fashioned courtship of Sir Marmaduke Point Dextre, and the Lady Sangazure. In other places the claptrap of the modern opera is parodied in the most amusing manner. The preparation of the philtre strikingly recalls numerous "incantation" scenes from popular operas, and such a stanza as—

> Now for the tea of our host,
> Now for the rollicking bun,
> Now for the muffin and toast,
> Now for the gay Sally-Lun—

is an admirable equivalent for the familiar "*andiam beviam*" of the lyric stage . . . . Here at last is a work of entirely English growth which bids fair to hold its own by the side of numberless foreign importations. Mr. Gilbert's dialogue is, as regards true humour, as superior to the ordinary run of French libretti, as Mr. Sullivan's music is to the clever commonplaces of Offenbach and Lecocq, and it is quite time that our public should realize the part. Enthusiasts, moreover, may cherish a hope that an early opportunity will be afforded to our rising composer to show his strength on that higher dramatic stage, the weakness of which he has so clearly parodied."

Continental music does not present so interesting an aspect. It is impossible to tell what half the musicians are doing, there is so little movement among performers and few works of merit being sent out by composers,

Wagner, who by common consent, stands at last at the head of living musicians, is publishing through Schott & Co., the poem of his new *Bühnenwihfestspiel* (*Parsifal*), *Sieg fried* (idyll for orchestra), and a "Sketch of a Piano-forte Sonata." At Leipsic an interesting musical event was the representation of Frans bon Holstein's romantic opera, *Die Hochlander* late in the fall, attended with great enthusiasm. At the Genandham concert much new and somewhat strange music has been performed. Lux, Scholz, Bungert, Saint, Saens, and Hilter contributing the more important productions. Milan has said good-by to Adelina Patti, who by-the-way, certainly appears to arrange that Signor Nicolini shall sing with her in every place she goes to. In the Austrian Church at Rome, was recently performed in Liszt's honor the "Trōstungen," a Sonata by Mendelssohn, two figures by Bach and other pieces. The church was filled with the pick of the fashionable world, Roman and foreign, and the Host having been removed, the company conversed aloud without any restraint. After a few bars of the "Trōstungen," a door was flung open and Liszt advanced to receive—the Princess Karolina Layn—Wittgestein. Taure's latest successes were achieved at Brussels, where it was expected that *Lohengrin*, under Wagner's immediate direction will shortly be revived.

The Harvard Musical Association (U.S.), lately gave a fine performance of Schubert's great ninth Symphony, besides, a comparatively new overture by Gade, "In the Highlands," and Schumann's Symphony in D Minor. Amonst the Boston concerts, we notice Miss Amy Fary's piano recitals, wonderful efforts of memory if nothing else, a chamber concert of more than average interest in Union Hall, Boston, at which two young lady violinists, pupils of Julius Vichberg, played remarkable selections in a truly remarkable manner, and piano recitals by Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood. The Hinar oratorios, Bach and Handel were doubtless given in the creditable manner long ago as signed to the Handel and Hadyn society, and such soloists as Miss Thursby Mr. Joseph Maas, and Mr. Whitney. According to *Dwight*, New York is to have in a season of five months, at leart forty-two concerts, "at which the highest order of orchestral music will be rendered," which we can well believe with such men at the helm as Theodore Thomas and Dr. Damrosch.

Ambroise Thomas' *A Summer Night's Dream*, was lately presented by the Hess English Opera Company to a Philadelphian audience. The libretto is said to be bad, and what else could it be with a drunken Shakspere, a Queen Elizabeth who lectures on Temperance, and a worse than conventional Falstaff.

We have the following sketch of local music from a Montreal correspondent :—

"We in Montreal are becoming each day more sensitive with respect to our claim as a musical city, particularly when, on all sides, we hear that Toronto is the musical metropolis, or centre of the art, for the Dominion. We like to shut one eye to the latter *fact* and fondly think that by deceiving ourselves, others too may be unsuspectingly caught. The truth is, however, that in many ways there is a great lack of good music here, and perhaps a greater dearth in soloists than any other article. Lately we seem to be picking up, and the recent arrival of Fraulein Helene Nievert, a German singer of much power, in our midst promises better things for the *soprani*. What may be termed though a genuine and unexpected treat, was enjoyed here last week by those of our music-loving and appreciating citizens, who heard the Dow Opera Troupe from Boston. Passing over Mrs. Dow, who, it may be remembered, did some very inartistic things in the "*Messiah*" once in your city, and who is quite as inconsistent in opera, dressing altogether in modern style, and having simply no conception whatever of acting, there was Miss. Adelaide Randall, who was supremely successful in all her parts, although her voice is far too light for such notes as *Azucena*, the gipsy Queen in the Bohemian Girl. Her acting was so natural, well-sustained and original as to merit the highest praise, which was accorded her

in conjunction with Mr. Joseph Maas. This latter artist is almost unequalled, and as I hear that Carl Rosa has engaged him for next season, you may expect to hear something of him. His tenor is wonderfully pure, rich and full, always sympathetic, and when in *Il Trovatore*, at the close of "*Di Quella Pira*," he gave as the *ut de paitrino* twice, and with the utmost ease, I felt, in common with many others doubtless, that I had heard the consummation of vocalism. The high tenor C is usually phenominal, and Tamberlik and others who possess it (and they are very few) possess nothing else. But Maas has lost none of his natural richness of quality in attempting a high note, and I believe he could quite as easily sing a note or two higher if he choose. That he is destined for something great you may be assured, for in presence, figure and acting he is in no whit behind his beautiful voice. The next morning, the *Gazette*, which boasts of a very learned musical column once a week, noticed Maas in conjunction with Clarke, a second tenor that they had for reserve, as simply a very efficient singer indeed. I do not vouch for the words, but that was the spirit of the critique.

As for concerts, there was the one given by the Philharmonic Society, conducter Mr. Maclagan, about a month ago, which, in some respects, was most indifferent. Mr. Maclagan is not popular personally, and then he makes the most outrageous fuss with his arms and baton, flourishing all three about in a highly excited way (which is also exciting to those seated near him) and which does not even keep his people in order. A charming part song, "The Bell's of St. Michael's Tower," was perhaps the most successful item on the programme. A concert aria by Mendelssohn, sung by Fraulein Nievert, was also very much applauded. Mr. Maclagan has lately resigned his organistship of Christ Church Cathedral here, and is starting a conservatory of music in company with Mr. George Barton, late of Toronto, whom doubtless you remember.

The Mendelssohn Choir are practising Gade's *Spring's Message*, for their concert early in March—their full concert—sometime in November, was in every way perfect, the singing of MacFarren's *Sands of Dee*, and Leslie's *Land Ho*, being especially noticeable.

Mdme. Chatterton Bohrer, daughter of Mr. Chatterton of Drury Lane Theatre, who has settled here with Herr Bohrer, her husband, a fine pianist, gave lately, at the residence of Mr. Tiffin, Sherbrooke street, a harp recital, assisted by several well-known amateurs. The tickets were a dollar, reserved or *sofa seats*, one dollar and a half, which latter regulation met with no end of ridicule from all classes. These occurrences, past and future, sum up our musical life as a city. For the present, there is literally nothing to say or nothing musical is happening. There is some talk of a permanent opera in Boston, and should this be established, it will do good for Montreal, artists will be easily accessible, and a run down to Boston will not appear so formidable a thing as it does now, when you are not quite sure if there will be anything going on till you arrive there.

Dr. Daner commences lecturing on music before the Ladies' Educational, on Monday, the 14th. His prospectus is interesting but limited.

M. Victor Maurel, lately of the Italian Opera, Covent Garden, proposes giving this winter, in the great towns of France, a series of classical concerts. He will be assisted by Mdlle. Duval, of the Opera Comique, M. Paul Viardot, the violinst, and other artists.

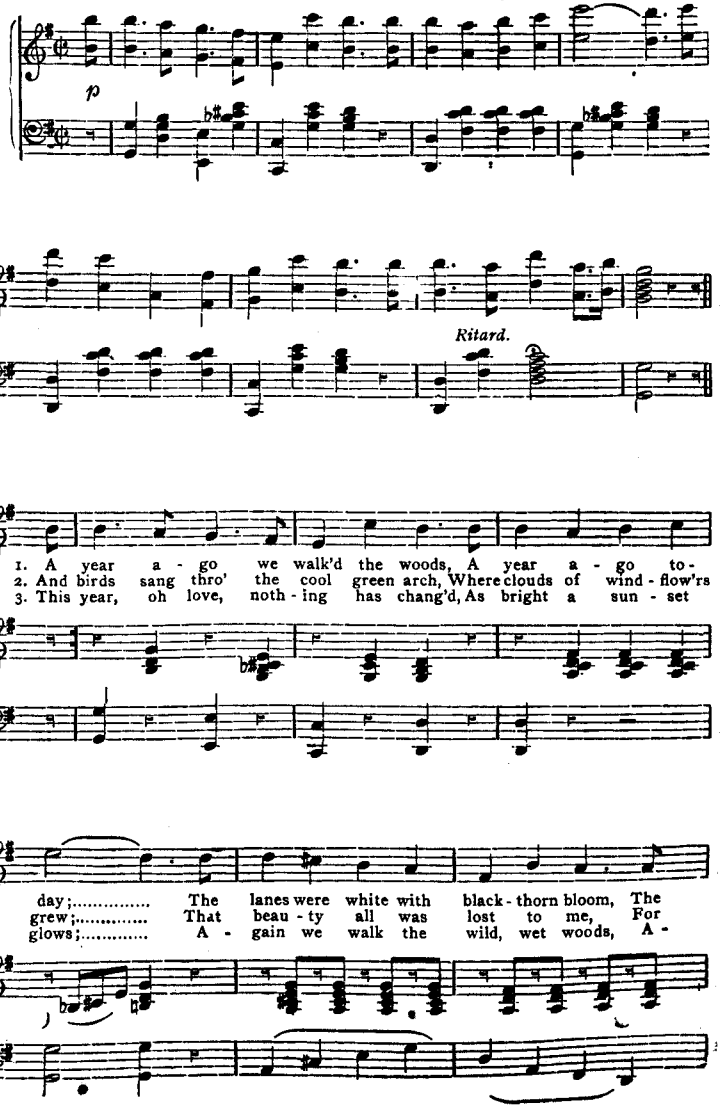
Mdme. Marie Roze sang before a large audience at the Brighton Aquarium the first week in December, being recalled after each song. She sailed for America on the 20th of the same month.

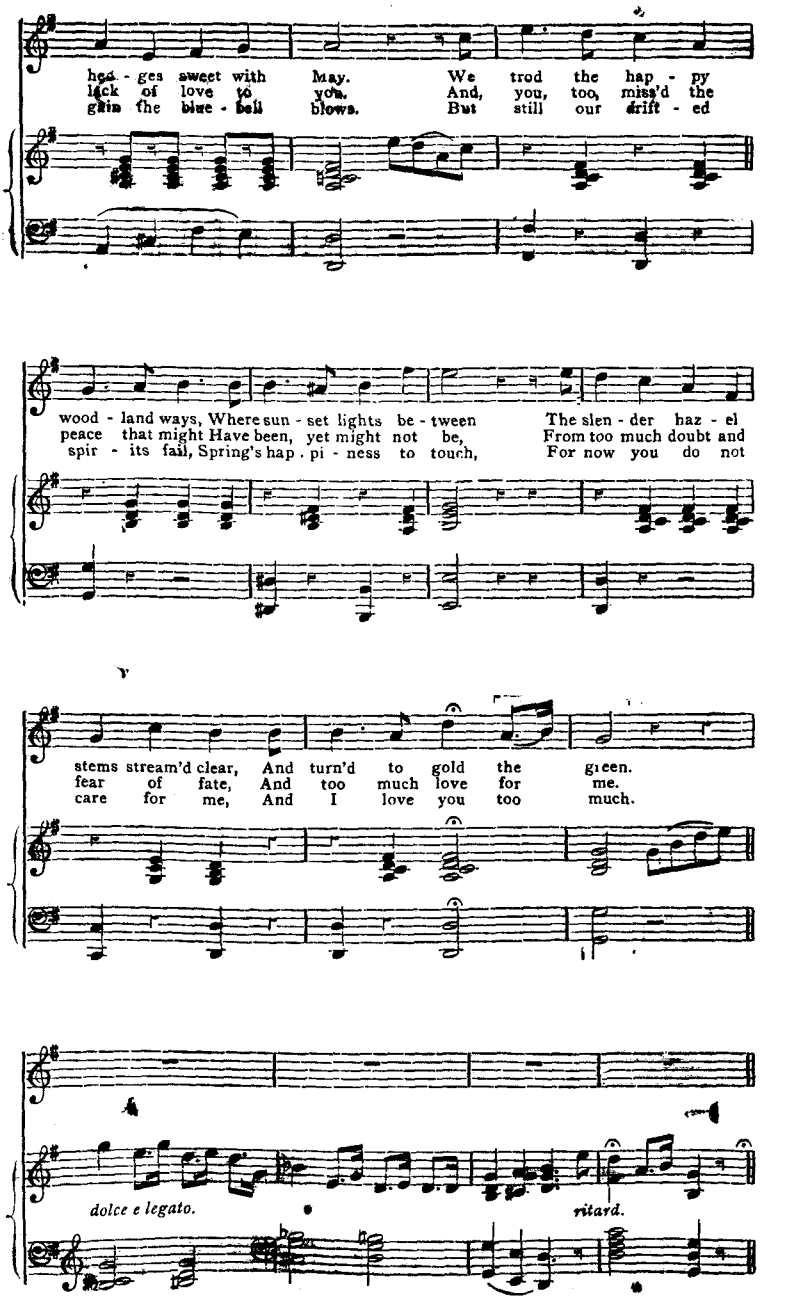
Another new cantata, "*The Song of the Months*," by Francis Howell, was performed on the 19th and 20th of December at Sevenoaks and Westerham.

There was a recent performance at Dundee, by the Amateur Musical Society, of Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata, "*The Ancient Mariner*," and afterwards of "*Paradise and the Peri.*" The chorus and orchestra numbered 150, with Mr. Carrodier as leader.

A YEAR AGO.

Moderato. Music by GEO. T. BULLING.




hed - ges sweet with May. We trod the hap - py
lack of love to you. And, you, too, miss'd the
grin the blue - bell blows. But still our drift - ed
wood - land ways, Where sun - set lights be - tween The slen - der haz - el
peace that might Have been, yet might not be, From too much doubt and
spir - its fail, Spring's hap . pi - ness to touch, For now you do not
stems stream'd clear, And turn'd to gold the green.
fear of fate, And too much love for me.
care for me, And I love you too much.
dolce e legato.
ritard.