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SEPTEMBER, 1878.

LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL-TEACHER.

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

CHAPTER XVI.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way."
LONGFELLOW.

Next morning was the eventful morning to me. After breakfast Mr. Morrison limped in with a stout hazel switch about five feet long.

"It is as thick as my thumb," he said, "and that is the lawful size for beating children, apprentices, or wives."

I should have liked to see him attempt to beat his wife with any sort of rod. I took it with thanks, telling him I was getting quite frightened.

"Don't say that," said his energetic wife. "Keep a stiff upper lip."

"Whale them well, whip in what you teach."

With this parting advice I started for school, accompanied by the two youngest children; the rest stayed at home to help in with the hay. The little girl, Alice, carried our luncheon in a little Indian-made basket. Arrived at the school-house, which was about a mile and a half distant, I found a group of dark, red, and flaxen-haired children waiting about the door. Two men were sitting on the fence whittling. They shut their knives with a snap and jumped down on my arrival. Mr. McLennan was coming from an opposite direction, with the key in his hand. The two men he introduced to me as the other trustees. One of these gentlemen was very dark-complexioned, and his whole face was covered with a forest of short black beard, except a little semicircle of clearing, under his eyes, which looked out from beneath heavy black brows. Cheeks he had none, forehead he had none. I think he must have monopolized the beards of a cohort of his relatives to make such a one of his own. This hairy man was the chief speaker, and grumbled a little about my size and youthfulness.

"You are fery unreasonable, Norman, son of Malcom McInnis," said Mr. McLennan, my trustee. "You cannot expect a big teacher for the fery small salary. She will be bigger and wiser if God does spare her."

"Precious goods are done up in small parcels," I said, smiling to cover a little annoyance.

"So are poisons, my young leddy," answered Mr. McInnes, with a smile that made him look like an amiable bear.

This interchange of stale jokes made a laugh, and we felt more at ease. Mr. McInnes volunteered to come and thrash the children for me, if my powers failed. Looking round on the little ones, he threatened in the most awful manner what would happen to them if they behaved badly. They gave me a few directions as to my duties, chiefly to be severe and to make them have their catechism every Friday, then they all took their departure and left me to take possession of my new kingdom in peace.

So, by many paths, I came to be installed as teacher of School Section No. 2, Glenshie. The school-house was a little log building with three small windows. A clumsy chimney came out so far into the floor as to leave a deep, dark corner on each side. One awkward double desk, hewn and hacked with knives, with initials cut deep into it, mottled with great splashes of ink, stretched from one end of the room to the other. A shelf in one of the dark corners by the chimney held the copy-books and slates, when out of use. There were no maps, no blackboard, nor ever had been. The floor was loose and uneven, the whole place was not any too good for a sheep stable. I had a new register, and the first thing to be done was to put down their names. Here came in a difficulty. They did not speak English fluently, —most of them did not speak it at all. The Morrison children, who did, were set to interpret, and being full of sly mischief, translated literally. What could I make of "Mary, the daughter of big Norman," or "Donald, the son of black Norman, the son of Malcolm McInnis," or "John, the son of Angus, who was the son of Murdoch, who was the son of Kenneth," or "Katie the black, daughter of Alexander the red?"

I could not make the register a book of genealogies in that way. After some trouble, I obtained from the mischievous little Morrisons the clan name, and filled up the register with Campbells, Camerons, Grants, and many varieties of Mac's, portioned out rightfully among the little Donalds, Duncans, Marys, Katies and Alecks present. There were forty-five names on the register this first day; of these, twelve did not know their letters. They were all small; one Kenneth, the son of Rory, the son of Duncan, was the only one present at all likely to belong to the mischievous squad that smoked out the last master. But they were restless and full of sly tricks. While they sat staring at me over the top of their books there was an undercurrent of pinches, kicks, cuffs, and hair-pulling.

"Where did your last teacher sit?" I asked.

"There was a high stool for him," said one, "but the boys burned it."

"How did your last teacher open school?" A long silence, then the youngest Morrison piped out, "He said a prayer."

"That is a good way," I said. "Kneel down, all of you, and shut your eyes, and we will pray."

I took the Lord's Prayer. "Give us this day our daily bread," meant every help I needed that day. I then began to classify them. All who could read, read in a sing-song voice, which was not to be wondered at when they thought in another language. There were two grammars, but not a geography or history in the school. As to arithmetic, I found I need not task their brains with the hat of plums for some time yet. I do not know how the forenoon passed; I had not got them nearly classified, when a youngster sang out, "Twelve o'clock." I looked at my

watch (it was papa's watch, and Walter, who got it when he came to Canada, lent it to me), and found the noon mark on the floor and my time only a few minutes different. When school was dismissed, the scholars, with whoop and halloo, dispersed to eat their dinners outside. Alice Morrison, opening the basket, gave me my dinner nicely wrapped up in paper. This child was attracted to me—I hoped she might like me. She is a wonderful little white dove to find in the backwoods. As I sat eating the two biscuits which were my allowance, I recalled what Minister McGillivray said to me: "Have you the divine gift of teaching? Can you draw the children to you?" I had a greater problem to solve than the hat of plums, as I sat looking through the little window to the alder-fringed Grace river.

"I must succeed," I said to myself. "If I fail, Aunt Henderson and Aunt Mattie will know, and say, 'I told you so,' and Walter will think they were right when they said I was not worth my salt. How am I to do these children good—to lead them up higher?" I asked myself. All my ignorance and cowardice came up before me. I knew nothing practically of governing—of keeping order. I had only learned how to obey. I had no theory of education, no training to teach, and then I was so little and young! I was glad that I loved children,—glad that I had learned patience with Jamie and the other little cousins at Enbridge. Was it superstition to take comfort from the hope that as my father really feared God above many, God, for his sake, would help me a little? I got through the afternoon some way, and went home heavy-hearted, and found a nice little dinner waiting for me, watched over by Mary Morrison.

A few days passed, the school gradually increased, and I felt more and more my own inability to manage. The trustees had informed me that I must give four reading lessons a day. There were so many classes, on account of the difference of books, on account of the want of books, that it was hard work to get through with the lessons, and there seemed to be no time to even attempt to govern them. It was a great distance to the nearest store, money was scarce, they traded on the barter principle, so they must wait till they had time to thrash grain, and they were only in the middle of hay harvest, —these were good and sufficient reasons for the scarcity of books, and for the absolute want of pens, pencils, and copy books. Some of the parents did not speak English at all, and in their eyes one English book, as a reader, was as good as another. One little fellow, just beginning to read, brought a tattered copy of Gil Blas as a reader, and another a dog-eared remnant of Jack Sheppard. As I struggled along through the lessons I thought constantly, what shall I do? Every day when the scholars were gone I prayed for guidance, and laid plans for the next day; every morning I came with renewed hope to begin, and all the day long I felt like some one who was managing a boat and did not know how to steer, and for want of skill was drifting at the mercy of every current. I had an idea that my helplessness was apparent to the scholars, and that some of them enjoyed it. I felt discouraged enough to throw up the school before many days had elapsed, but this I dare not do,—I must succeed. I was silent and sad, and shrunk into myself more and more. Mrs. Morrison watched me keenly, as if she knew of the struggle within me. She relaxed in her manner towards me and became pityingly kind. I hated to be pitied. but then it was nice of her to think of me at all. I noticed that this martial matron had a very pretty mouth, and that her smile—when she did smile—was very sweet to me. It meant compassion-

ate curiosity as to how long the struggle would last. One evening she met me at the little gate.

"Tired out?" she asked, when I came up.

"A little bit," I answered wearily.

"You don't whale enough,—you cannot manage those children without whipping."

I smiled, for what could I say?

"Here's a crumb of comfort for you," she said, taking a letter from her pocket. "One of the neighbors was over at Ramsay's store, and your brother gave it to him to bring over."

It was a letter from Annie, and had come enclosed in one to Walter. "They all missed me," she said; Jamie never went to bed without praying for 'Lizabeth to come back. Bella Wiley had gone to an aunt to learn the dressmaking and they had a new girl who was not so nice. Aunt had been in Ballymena, and met Arthur walking on the street with a gray-haired gentleman. He was so altered for the better, and so well dressed, that Aunt would not have known him had he not lifted his hat to her and said, "How do you do, Mrs. Henderson?" with his old mocking smile. All sent love, and Aunt wondered what kind of a school it was that I had gone to teach.

The letter carried me back to my old life at Enbridge. I remembered the time I was shut up to wind the tangled silk as a punishment for my attack on Annie. One thing I noticed that day, that it was worth while to take patience to get the right end of a tangled skein, for it was then easy to wind. "There is a right end to the tangled skein I am now trying to wind, if I could only find it," I reasoned.

"Children are all pretty much of a muchness," Mrs. Morrison remarked one day.

"Well," I said to myself, "if children are pretty much alike, what moved me when I was young will take effect on them." How I had hungered after love, after approbation, after the "Well done, Elizabeth," that never came. Mamma—dear, dear, mamma!—said so often, "You can lead Elizabeth anywhere by the heart." "I will love them," I said to myself, "and if love is a power, I will be able to teach them to love me, and then I will have an influence with them, and can use it for good." I went to bed joyfully that night, as if I had found the end of the tangle. The next day was the most discouraging day I had gone through yet. I could not keep them busy for want of proper books and other things. A heap of books, torn and defaced, dog-eared and spoiled, had gathered into the school by this time, but they were not very suitable. There was a variety of arithmetics, from an ancient copy of Gough, with all the first torn away, available only from vulgar fractions, that belonged to a lad in addition, and a still more dilapidated copy of Voster,—the hat of plums had been unearthed out of one of these,—sundry fragments of Thompson, Grey, and Walkingame. I would have given them all for one blackboard. One class had English Readers. Fancy the infliction of listening to children who did not understand the language in which they were reading, floundering through stately extracts of the calm, grave thoughts of those ponderous old fellows who flourish in the English Reader! It would have made every hair of their wigs stand on end with horror to have heard them.

That day wore wearily away, listening to the drowsy hum of the lessons. The idle children were playing pranks, and complaining of one another, in the specimens of forcible English which they knew. Their big brothers went to shanty far away up the Grand River, and learned a kind of English about the caboose fire which was to the point, but not always agreeable to ears polite.

The children, I could see, had always been accustomed to consider the teacher

as their natural enemy,—one to be worried by every means their active little brains could invent. How was I to bridge the gulf between us, and draw them near to me, and get them to work willingly? I had spoken to them repeatedly about books, pens, copybooks, and other things that were needed. They said, "We will get them when father has time to go to Mount Pleasant." But that time seemed long in coming, to my impatience.

I went home more depressed than ever. My dinner was waiting for me. Mary never relaxed in her habitual sulkiness, with occasional gleams of caustic humor, but my dinner was always ready.

Mrs. Morrison was, I thought, even more profane than usual. Getting into a passion was not at all necessary to drive her into profanity. Swearing was a luxury to her, and she raised it, by her originality of expression, to the dignity of a fine art. It was a strange thing, but the old soldier, her husband, never swore, neither did the children. She monopolized the accomplishment herself.

Everything combined to make me feel dreadfully. I made my escape out of the house, and walked up and down by the little river, musing on my difficulties—how to draw the scholars to me? how to make them willing workers? Next day when I went to school I found a good many big boys among the scholars. One of them was almost a man grown, with a beard beginning to crawl over his face.

"The fellows who smoked out the schoolmaster," I said, mentally, as I wrote down their names.

I felt a good deal like some hunted animal brought to bay. I wonder how I kept outwardly calm, while my heart beat as if it would choke me. I had to wait a little to steady my voice, so as to speak without trembling. I was well aware that the scholars knew I was afraid of them, and that they were enjoying it. There was the usual cuffing and hair-pulling. There was also triumphant whisperings behind the books. I wonder if desperation gets the name of courage. I felt myself get pale in my effort to be calm when I turned to face them.

"My scholars," I said, "I am only a stranger among you, brought here to teach you." It came to me all at once what to say, when they stopped their mischief to stare at me. "Willie Morrison," I said to the oldest little Morrison coming to school, "come here and interpret for me. I want every one to understand what I say. You have been accustomed to have men teachers, and I am sure you were surprised, when I came, to see a girl teacher, and not a very big one. When I came here I heard a very bad account of you. I have watched you since I came, and I tell you I do not think you are any worse than other children. I think you have made a mistake, that is all. You think your teacher is to be on one side, and you on the other, and that you are to learn only what he can compel you to learn. More than you think this, for the first present I got when I came here was a rod. I have been some days here, and I have made up my mind that I will not undertake to whip learning into you —I will not try to compel you to learn. I can teach you a good many things if you want to learn. I have to earn my living somewhere, but I will not live in strife. I would like you to be friends with me, for I am far from home, but if you are to be my enemies, if you will not be friends with me, I will go away to-morrow, The world is wide, and there are other schools besides this one."

I felt the soft little hand of Alice Morrison steal into mine. I took it as a good sign and held it, and felt a little stronger for it.

"It is for you to say whether I will stay or go; but remember, if you choose me as your teacher, you must

stand by me." The idea of my going away of my own accord had not occurred to them, and it took them by surprise.

"All of you who wish me to be the teacher here stand up."

The majority rose at once, the rest after an instant's hesitation. I was pleased to see that all were on their feet.

"Now, remember I am your teacher,—you have chosen me. You are my scholars, and I will teach you all I know, and do all the good I can. I will confess to you in the words of a great man that I am not as learned as Pontius Pilate, to know Hebrew, Greek and Latin, but I can teach you a good deal if you are willing to learn. I do not believe that it is altogether your fault that it is supposed you need so much whipping. There is a mistake somewhere. I know that you can be as well-behaved as any children anywhere, if you like. Let us—you and I together—try to make this school second to none in Canada for order and obedience. Then we will let people see what School Section No. 2 can do in the way of learning. Order first, learning afterwards." Willie Morrison, who interpreted my maiden speech for me, had been a great trouble to me since he came to school, inheriting, as he did, martial blood from his warlike mother, and a power of doing mischief slyly that I suppose came from original sin. He had kept all round him in a ferment. The spirit of chivalry woke in him, as he rendered my words into Gaelic. He was my friend and helper from that day.

After school I sat down to think. I believed I had got the reins in my hand, but was I able to drive? I had found the end of the tangled skein, could I wind it up? I must get them to work while the effect of my words lasted, that was clear. I would send for pens and pencils, ink and paper with my own money. It was worth more than money to me that they should be kept busy, and they would pay me back; I would not be a loser, even if they did not. Then I must improve the school so that they would take pride in it. I must have more desks, a blackboard, and a map of the world at least. This decision arrived at, I walked home briskly with hope narrowed down to a purpose. After dinner, with Alice Morrison for my guide, I went off to find Mr. McLennan, and told him of my wants. He was as much astonished as if I had asked him for half a kingdom.

"I will not stay, Mr. McLennan," I said, "merely to keep the school open. I want to do my best, and that no worker can do without tools. I am asking for as little as possible, and if I do not get it I have made up my mind to leave."

"It will not do for you to leave us that way when you have begun well. I will go up to-morrow and see what I can do," said Mr. McLennan.

He did come and fasten a shelf desk to the wall on wooden pins, round two sides of the room. Considering the smallness of the room, it was the best that could be done. He made a rack to hold books and a blackboard also; but I had to wait many days for the map. On the next Saturday we had a cleaning bee. When the walls were as white as lime could make them, the windows thoroughly cleaned, blinds made for them out of some material I had by me, the floor scrubbed, the gaping old fireplace filled with green boughs, and the blackboard in its place, the school-room did not know itself, it was so fine. I made a few mottoes for the walls, to keep before our minds the new order of things. The supplies came from Mount Pleasant, and we began to work in earnest. I had gained one step: the children and I were together—were on one side—and there came a taste of pleasure into the teaching.

CHAPTER XVII.

"The twig is so easily bended,
I will banish the rule and the rod;
I will teach them the goodness of knowledge,—
They will teach me the goodness of God."

CHARLES DICKENS.

The next thing I had to consider was how to get rid of one or two of those dreary reading lessons and brighten up the rest. As we had occasionally to have recourse to an interpreter, I determined to have a lesson in English instead of one of the reading lessons. I had some opposition from the children themselves, who were wedded to the four lessons; but, as they felt their progress in the language, and tested its usefulness when occasion arose, they became gradually reconciled, and the English lesson became a recognized institution. As soon as I was sure they understood me, I often told them little bits from history, as how easily the Picts and Scots harassed, and the Saxons conquered the ancient Britons because they were divided among themselves; and how, on the contrary, England was unconquerable in the time of the great Elizabeth, because that great Queen and her people were united. These lessons always ended with a little talk about the honor of the school. I told them of the dreadful riot I had heard in a school which I passed on my way to Glenshie. The teacher was speaking to some one at the door and the scholars, caring nothing for the reputation of their school, were trying to see who could make most noise, and how glad I was they were not my scholars. "If any one came to speak to me," I said, "I would like you all to remember the motto, 'Study to be Quiet,' and go on with your studies, keeping so still that you might hear a pin fall."

Remembering the pleasure Bible stories gave me when a child, I thought to wake up an interest in the Bible lesson, and wanting a gorgeous background for my first attempt, I chose the book of Esther as our reading lesson. I had some difficulty about enough Bibles, but I overcame it, thanks to Squire McPherson. They had always been accustomed to a Scripture lesson, so that was no innovation, but they had not taken any interest in it, partly from being deficient in the language. To interest them, I did not confine myself to the text but heightened the splendors of Shushan, the palace, by descriptions of oriental luxury borrowed from the Feast of Roses. Then we read the lesson and every one gave an opinion of what we read. All their sympathies went with the disobedient Vashti. Alice Morrison thought Vashti was afraid to go to the king. "After drinking for seven days they would be dreadful," she said, "They are bad enough here when they drink for one day."

As the interest deepened about Esther's fate, they became more earnest with their other studies to have more time for the Bible lesson. I must confess these were precious half hours to me, and I took as great an interest in the stories as when I heard them first in the Manse at Grey Abbey. One day during Bible lesson, when we had just hanged Haman, to the great satisfaction of the boys, a rap came to the door. I pointed to the motto "Study to be Quiet" as I went to open it. It was the good minister of Blair Athol on horseback, followed by a shaggy grey dog, which had a strong resemblance to himself. He would not alight or come in, being bound farther, but had brought me a work on education, which he thought might be useful to me. He enquired kindly how I was getting on, and then said suddenly, "Why, have you no school to-day?"

"Oh, yes, I have school, and my scholars are increasing every day. There are fifty-eight present to-day," I said.

He never said a word, but dismount-

ed and came in. When he saw them all so busy, and the improvements we had made in the school, he was much pleased. With pardonable vanity I drew his attention to their writing, in which they had made great progress, for I remembered my failure at examination before him. He made a little speech of approval and encouragement to the children. I went home that evening with my head among the stars.

Mrs. Morrison said to me, "You are succeeding better than I thought you would, but don't think you have conquered every difficulty. Some of the worst boys in the section have not come to you yet."

I did not heed her warning. Everything was rose-colored now. I was tasting the sweets of power for the first time, and though intoxicating, it was passing sweet. In spite of Mrs. Morrison's warning I thought, in my folly, that I had overcome all my difficulties, and that a smooth path lay before me. "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," and my fall was not long in coming.

The book Minister McGillivray gave me was "Abbot's Young Teacher," which I studied carefully after school, when I shut myself up to plan the next day's work. I found a difficulty in getting help from it. Every rule for governing took so much time to administer, and I had so many classes because the school was very large and the books so diversified. Then those four reading lessons could only be partially dodged, and above all, when I got through with the work that must be done, I was very tired. It is true the children did not limit me as to time, for I believe they would have stayed with me till sunset, but I had to send them away and stay behind to arrange the next day's work. Mr. Abbot spoke of appealing to the moral sense of the majority in all cases of wrong-doing. I thought that my boys loved and hated, but that a high moral sense of anything required to be planted in them, and time given for it to grow up. All the time I could spare for trying moral suasion and trial by jury was what could be cribbed from the review lessons and the catechisms on Friday.

I had two catechism classes—one the shorter catechism, and the other the Catholic catechism. The trustees insisted on Friday afternoons being given up to the shorter catechism. Then some Roman Catholic parents insisted that their catechism should be also taught, which was only fair. I did honestly want to be fair and equal with them, so as the shorter catechism had proofs to the questions, I took the trouble of writing out proofs for the other, which had none. The children were delighted, and learned the proofs very readily. I daresay I did not select the same texts as proofs that would have occurred to the reverend compiler of the catechism, for there did seem a difference of opinion between the questions and the proofs, but I copied them out of a Swiss paper, and they were selected by a clever man. However, they gave offence, and all the Catholic catechisms were quietly withdrawn. This gave me a little additional time to try Abbot's plans. I needed all my plans, for trouble was near. A few new boys had come to school, who did not care for the mistress, and were proud of it. I thought, "I will let them alone,—they will come round in time." Since I came first to the place, I had noticed that swearing was a besetting sin among the boys. They were great swearers, and their power of calling names was perfectly wonderful. Both these faults seemed to grow worse after the new boys came. In an evil hour, when I was more than usually provoked, I said rashly, "I will give a good whipping to the first boy I find guilty of such a disgustingly wicked practice as swearing."

It was dreadfully hot weather, at the beginning of the harvest of fall wheat,

and the children, in the sultry days, were out and in of the river like flocks of water-fowl, before school, at noon, and in the evening, as their dripping hair testified.

One very hot morning, when school was called, a good many were absent. I supposed they were in the river, though I was sorry they were so tardy. Among the truants was one of the last arrivals, one whose nature I could not touch, a fine-looking boy, but bold, defiant and reckless. After school was opened for a while, they came in, and took their places. As I glanced at their heads, I saw that they had not been in the water very lately.

"What has kept you so late?" I asked.

No answer. It was quite evident, by their faces, that they had agreed not to tell. I marked them tardy, and heard distinctly from Angus Van McErracher, the boy who was my trouble, the whisper, "What do we care for her marks?"

Then seven little girls came in, one of them little Alice Morrison, all with dripping locks and blue lips, showing that they had been a long time in the water.

"Where have you been all the time, children?" I asked.

"In the river," they answered.

"I would rather, if you must bathe in the morning, that you would take an earlier hour, so as to be in time for school. You should not stay in so long either; you are blue and shivering; you may be ill."

"The boys would not let us out," said Alice Morrison. "They stole our clothes, and kept us in the water till we were crying. When we told them you would be angry, they swore big oaths that they did not care for you or your anger. We told them to quit swearing, and they swore the more, and made bigger oaths, that we might have something to tell, they said."

I turned to the culprits. "Boys, come here," I said.

They rose and sauntered over to me, with a defiant air.

"Is this true?"

"You can believe it if you like," said Angus Van; "we don't care.

I turned sick as the consequences of my rash threat came home to me. To thrash five big boys, every one of them taller than myself, or else break my word given before the whole school.

"We must attend to business just now," I said "begin to your lessons at once." I wanted time to think, and all my thinking amounted to was, over and over again, "What shall I do? oh dear! what shall I do?"

The boys idled over their lessons, and I took pains to explain rules in arithmetic, and geographical terms to them as if nothing was the matter. When noon came I requested them to stay in, which they did. The loss of a dinner was small punishment. As I bent over the copies I was setting, whispers reached me of the tragic consequences that would follow if I laid a finger on them. We had no Bible lesson in the afternoon, or Bible story. I had lost heart! When school was let out in the evening, the five boys remaining with me, the scholars hung round the school, listening at the door, peeping through the windows to see if I really would whip the big boys,—if they would let me, or what they would do.

I went out and sent them all home. When I came in and sat down in my accustomed place, feeling more like a culprit than the five boys who sat in a row before me, I could evade the question no longer.

"Boys," I said, trying in vain to speak calmly, "when I threatened a whipping to any boy guilty of swearing, I was foolish enough to hope no one would swear. I have done wrong to undertake to punish sin. Only God can do that: it is His law you have broken; and yet I must either whip you or break my word." All the trouble that had been gathering all day welled up.

"You have been cruel to torment the little girls, and cowardly to me. Oh! boys, how could you do it?" I choked up, covered my face with my hands, and cried as heartily as ever I did over my childish sorrows at Enbridge. Dear me, how I did cry! My weeping always was a tropical shower.

"Don't cry, Miss Ray, don't cry," said Angus Van, at last. "We have done wrong. We are willing to take the thrashing that you may not break your word."

This breaking down of the culprits only made me cry the harder. At last, I do not know how, I got up, and with Mr. Morrison's stick, of lawful thickness, gave some stripes to each one and sat down. Covering my face with my handkerchief, feeling that I was really the beaten one, I said, "You may go, boys." They lingered awhile, and then, in rustic fashion, said they were sorry, and went away.

This adventure humbled me. I had been pluming myself on my success, and now I felt all weakness, foolishness and failure. Would I ever become sufficient for the place? This failure made me long for the consolation of a sight of my brother's face. I had not seen him since I came to Glenshie. He had promised to come to church at the Corners, but there had been no preaching since I came, and the church was shut up; so, as I could not do without seeing him any longer, I formed the bold determination to walk over to Gledbury. I went home to dinner to Morrison's, contrary to custom, to dress for my little journey and tell them not to expect me after school. It was wearing on to four when Richard Jessop came in.

"I have been to the other end of Glenshie," he said, "and my mother asked me to call coming back and see if you would come over to our place with me."

"I was intending to walk over to Gledbury this evening, I am longing so much to see Walter," I said.

"You could not walk to Gledbury this evening. It is quite a long way. I am glad I happened to come to-day. You will come with me?"

"Yes, I will be happy to go with you. A ride in the right direction is not to be refused. I am very glad to be saved from walking."

As we drove along Richard Jessop said to me in his bantering way, "You have come to be a lady in request, since I discovered you on the other side of the river from the mill. Father wants to settle relationship. He has made a new discovery of probabilities. Mother wants your help to cut a dress, like one of yours, for Amelia. Amelia wants you to teach her a stitch for a sofa pillow like one she saw with Charlotte Ramsay. Robert wants to talk to you,—Father and he will quarrel about that, I'm afraid; and so I, as common servant of all, am sent after you."

I did not get to Gledbury after all. I cut the dress, began the sofa pillow, talked Grey Abbey to the old man's satisfaction, but could get no farther than Jessop's mill, till it was too late to go on to Gledbury. After all, I knew I could not have any companionship with Walter while he was in the store, and Mr. Jessop said they would bring him to the mills on Sunday after sermon. Mr. Jessop had, he thought, really found a clue to a relationship between us, through some maternal relative who was a Henderson. It was in vain that I reminded him that Uncle Tom was only an uncle by marriage and not a blood relation. He drew from me the fact that Uncle Tom reckoned his descent from Henderson, a martyr, in the early days of Scotland's Kirk. His relative did the same, and so he established a shadowy relationship between us that seemed to please him mightily. Sunday morning I went with the Jessops to hear Minister McGillivray preach, and heard the longest sermon I ever heard in my life. I did not see either how it could be shortened,

without spoiling it. This man loved his people, had a great deal to say to them affecting their interests, and he said it. What would you have? Duty must be done. A shorter sermon would have left something unsaid, which he felt he must say and say now. The ought was imperative with this man, and if he explained himself at length, I for one was glad and took my share gratefully. I enjoyed the sermon the more because I saw in one of the pews my brother's handsome head. A great sense of contentment fell on me because he was near. I could have listened to Minister McGillivray till sunset. But judge of my horror when, discoursing on the trials inseparable from our condition here below, he said: "This truth is finely expressed in the following couplet, written impromptu by one of the candidates for a teacher's certificate:

"'Were this frail world our final rest
Living or dying none were blest.'"

Walter turned round and saw me, and gave me a look. I was strongly tempted to rise and explain, but I thought better of it. The Jessops brought Walter over to dinner, and I suffered a good deal of teasing about appropriating Montgomery's lines. Something is the matter with Walter, I thought, as I went a piece of the way to Gledbury with him after dinner. He tried to be gay and tease me as he used to do, but it was forced. I asked him tenderly what was the matter, and he told me to be quiet, and not turn myself into an interrogation point like old Jessop, and be forever asking questions. This was so unlike Walter, that I came back to Glenshie greatly troubled about him.

One thing I wish to mention that I noticed about this time: my school cares and trials seemed to have dismissed the question of personal religion from my mind. I needed help I knew, but it was help to govern and teach that I sought after, not help to lift me nearer to God. The boys whom I had pretended to punish gave me no more trouble,—they were in fact my helpers; for, as the school grew, and I was determined they should understand something of what they learned, the terrible four reading lessons made monitors a necessity. I had them all through my own hands twice a day, besides the English and Bible lessons,—the rest of the lessons were heard by monitors. My school was now a constant source of pleasure to me, despite the hard work. And it was hard work. When there were knots to untie in the coming day's arithmetic, I have been shut up in the school-room till after sunset. One thing was a great trouble to me, the elder boys, who had gone over a good part of their various arithmetics, never would trouble themselves to find out the reason of anything. The problem on hand was to be done, they were to multiply by this, divide by that, add here, subtract there, and that would get the answer—and that was all about it. To learn a rule and apply it, was a new thing to them, and they did not take up new things easily. I was afraid to turn them back, for they had a lordly disbelief in female attainments in arithmetic, that was thoroughly manish, and would be apt to believe that I turned them back because I could not carry them forward. Of course I wished the limit of my knowledge to be an unknown quantity to them, but again I wanted them to learn in a manner that they would feel they were learning. They believed in me, and thought me wonderful—for a girl—but the teacher of the other section, their old teacher before the section was divided (the gentleman whom I had mistaken for a Turk), had been in college and could find "any sum in the world," they said, "in some mysterious way, by algebra." Of course when he had led them to where they were it would be a confession of ignorance to turn them back. Abbot helped me out of this difficulty,

suggesting that "Any one, who understands arithmetic, should be able to make an arithmetic." I picked out a few of those who had run farthest before their knowledge and proposed to put them into a higher class, and have them each make a key to the arithmetic. When they discovered that they encountered slight difficulties in Numeration and Notation, over which it required some lessons on the blackboard to lift them, they surrendered at discretion, and I had no more trouble with them in this line. I had trouble enough in going from one arithmetic to another to study their various ways of putting the same thing, to be able to speak to each boy with the authority of his particular arithmetic at my back.

No wonder the Bible history lesson was a relief and a treat to me. One beautiful thing in my children,—they were my children by this time, and they will always remain my children,—was the freshness of their minds. Scripture narrative was not threadbare to them. As we grew more and more acquainted, and talked together freely, their bright sayings were delightful. They were very stiff in their opinions. In reading about Jacob they despised him fiercely for his meanness and trickiness. It was in vain that I pointed out to them that he believed the promise, while Esau despised it and schemed for the blessing to confirm the birthright. A boy retorted that "when God was Almighty he did not need the help of Jacob's schemes to fulfil that which concerned him." They actually rejoiced when retribution overtook him, and his sons deceived him as he had deceived his father. They had no sympathy with his anguish when he saw the blood-stained robe of his lost son. They never forgave him for the tricks of his youth, till he stood in the tent door, his grey head bowed with sorrow, expecting nothing but disaster, and saw the waggons coming and heard the news, "Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt," and he fainted with the incredulity of the sudden joy.

We spent many half-hours among the glories of Egypt, for its wonderful river, palm-trees, pyramids, temples, holy isle and city of a hundred gates, were all delightfully new to them. I hoped that the story of the children of Israel, once honored guests, then bondmen in Egypt, serving with rigor, seeing, under a cruel law, their pretty babes flung to the crocodiles, would enlist the chivalry of their Highland hearts on the side of the oppressed against oppression. I hope it was so. Remembering how Walter liked to hear of the wars of the Lord, I read with them the great battles of the Bible, till they knew the battle of Siddim, the defeat of the five kings at Gibeon, the decisive battle of Merom, the overthrow of Sisera at the foot of Mount Tabor, and the defeat of the Midianites by the well of Harod, better than they knew about Marathon or Hastings.

Whatever I was able to teach them, many a thing they taught me. Many a lesson they brought out of a Scripture incident that I did not know was in it. I was telling them one day of the woman who was gathering sticks during the three years' famine, to cook her last meal, and was asked for a morsel of it by Elijah, with the assurance that God would make the remainder sufficient during the scarcity. I asked them how God helped her, and expected them to say, "He multiplied the remainder," but little Edgar Morrison said, "By sending her a boarder." Many a time since I have found the truth of this,—the blessing that multiplies coming after the faith that divides.

(To be continued.)

MONOGRAPH OF THE DÈNÈ-DINDJIÉ INDIANS.*

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

TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

(*Continued.*)

The deluge of the Loucheux is identical with that of the other Dènès, and even with that of the Crees. Their tradition informs us, further, that the great canoe of their Noah, *Etœtcho-kren*, floated upon the waters, until their evaporation by the effects of the wind and heat. Then only he stopped on the summit of a high mountain, which they have pointed out to me in the Rocky Mountain range, and for which reason they call it *Tchané-guta* (the place of the old man). It was there that their Noah landed and remained until the earth became dry and habitable.

The Hares, like the Loucheux, say that the waters of the Deluge retired into an abyss, which recalls the *tannour* of the Mahometans and the *theum* of the Hebrews. There some place their Noah, seeking in the opening the human beings who had escaped the cataclysm, in order to complete the destruction of mankind, with the exception of his own family.

Certain Hares assert, like the Hurons, that the earth was repeopled only by the changing of beasts into men. And, generally, the Montagnais speak of antediluvian animals in the same manner as they do of intelligent creatures.

The Loucheux also possess the tradition of the stranger with neither fire nor place, whom they name *Krwon-atan*, a translation of *Kron-edin* of the Hares. What they say completes the narrative of the latter:

"*Krwon-atan* is so called because he had neither fire nor tinder box. His wife, for whom there were many struggles and who was often carried off, was called *L'at'a-tsandia;* she was very beautiful, though old, but without children, for her husband had killed her only son. Not far from their tent rose a pointed rock; there his son concealed himself, doubtless through fear of his father. *Krwon-atan* scaled the mountain, bearing in his hand a lighted brand, rejoined there his only son and laid hold of him. 'My son,' he said, 'I am cold, light a fire.' The child cut and piled the wood; he put to it the fire which his father held. Then the man with neither fire nor place seizing his knife plunged it into the belly of his own son and killed him. After this act, he said to the mountain on which he had just immolated his son: '*Tchi tchrô kutig, atenen gwattsen, nen tsétti net vœdhelren, t'eninl''iya kutchin ?*'—'In the beginning, at the top of thee, great mountain, I have immolated to thee a very fat animal, wilt thou see it there?' Then he went down again to his tent.

"The man without fire had a brother who was like a stranger among the men-dogs (*l'en-akrey*). After his death, *Krwon-atan* married his wife, but she was of a peevish and cross temper, because the nerve of her leg was dried and shrunken. She was the mother of a little dog, for she was of the race of the men-dogs.

"One day, then, *Krwon-atan* was annoyed at her and said: 'It is well,

take thy dog of a son and be off; and even although thy dog should weep, never return here again.' She rose groaning, took her little dog in her arms and went far off, all alone. She walked, weeping, holding her little dog on her bosom, and went towards the sterile lands, towards a people which would not kill her. She entered into the desert where there are no paths. All winter she wandered at hap-hazard. Then food and water failing, she lay down to die, she and her dog. Suddenly a wolverine ran towards her and shook her. The deserted woman rose, followed the trail of the animal and arrived at the edge of the water. She was saved.

"*Krwon-atan* had a great number of enemies named *Nakkan-tsell*. Their chief constantly carried off his wife, for she was very beautiful. The man without fire was then always at war. One day that he was on a journey in the desert, he and his old wife bivouacked in a deserted camp. The old woman lighted a small fire for him, for she had one with her which always burned. *Krwon-atan* slept and during his sleep his wife was carried off. 'From my small fire, I have seen a great smoke arise,' she said to her ravishers. These people then hastened on the road; *Krwon-atan* was lying there between two fires, without being burned. He awoke. 'Who art thou and whence comest thou?' said the inhabitants of the desert to him. 'To what nation dost thou belong?' 'My friends,' he answered, 'I have travelled all winter, with neither fire nor place, that is why I am called *Krwon-atan*, that is, the stranger without fire.' 'Remain with us,' they said to him. And he remained with them.

"Seated on the floor of her tent, his wife mourned because she was alone and old, that her feet were worn out and torn, and that she had no longer anything but a little fire. 'Cease to weep,' said her husband to her, 'for in the future thou shalt have a son. Thus has told me *Eta-odu"ini* (he who sees on both sides). Behold, I am going to see and speak to him.'

"During his absence his enemies carried his wife off a second time.* Not finding her on his return, *Krwon-atan* delayed his journey to go and find her. He took many people with him, for his enemies were strong and numerous. The man without fire and his servants arrived on the shores of the Great Sea, whose banks are arid and treeless. They went round it for twenty nights and at last perceived a mountain, on whose summit a great smoke obscured the heavens. The mountain was very far off, but by his magic power the man without fire brought it nearer. They scaled it. It was there that his enemies kept *L'at'a'tsandia*, whom they had carried off. *Krwon-atan* defeated the ravishers, whose bodies he divided into two, cutting them down from head to foot, then he took back his wife, who presented him with a cake composed of flesh and fat. The man without fire raised the cake in presence of his companions, but there immediately issued from it a smoke so thick that it obscured the air. It was the same smoke which, at a distance, he had seen rise from the summit of the mountain.

"In the lapse of time, the descendants of *Krwon-atan* and their enemies *Nakkan-tsell* fought continuully, but neither could destroy the other. As to the man without fire, he lived a long time and died of old age."

I omit several other legends that I may cite a tradition, current also among

* According to the "*Histoire veritable des temps fabuleux*," the carrying off of Sarah is a fact frequently found in the History of the Egyptians. However arbitrary and far fetched may be certain of the identifications presented by this book between Biblical facts and Egyptian chronologies, I must here remark that the history of the man without fire, which approximates to that of Abraham, holds a prominent place in the extreme North of America, and that the fact of the carrying off of his wife is there frequently repeated.

the Hares, and which is the explanation of the lunar festival which the Dènè-Dindjié celebrate in spring. Its description will end this work:

"*Etsiégé* is so named because, when very young, they rubbed him with the dung of the musk ox to give him a magic spirit. He was found at the edge of the water in a wooden trough, by an old woman who brought him up. Having grown up, he was a very powerful magician and yet the mildest of men. He only called them his brothers, and even when angry his anger had no consequences. The power of *Etsiégé* was not that of which our jugglers boast. It was a power of whose nature we are now ignorant. It produced marvels by the help of a staff or rod." Others say with a reindeer's horns.

"Now at that time we lived in the midst of a strange nation which had made us slaves. We call them *Dhœnan* (public women).* This nation was rich; it possessed metal, cloths, cattle; but it plotted our destruction. We laughed at them, for they went naked, and regaled themselves by eating dog. Such was the food which they forced us to take; but *Etsiégé* never ate of it. They shaved the head and wore false hair. We were so miserable among them that we could laugh only in the pericardium of a reindeer or into a bladder, for fear of being heard by our persecutors; for they always thought we were turning them into ridicule.

"*Etsiégé* assembled the, men his brothers. He collected them into an army, and resolved to fight his enemies, and then to fly to the steppes of the sea coasts. He armed his snow-shoes with two horns, and left his tent as well as the old woman who had brought him up; he abandoned all he possessed and entered by night the houses of his brothers, that he might there perform the magic operation which was to deliver them. In the middle of their village a young man bound by the spirit bounded backwards and forwards through the tents. It is the magic which we called *akrey antschiw* (the young man magic). *Etsiégé* perceiving him, fastened on his snow-shoes armed with horns and leaped upon the young man, who carried him though the tents of his enemies. The magic young man ran and leaped, turning and carrying *Etsiégé* in his course. He slaying with his horns all the *Dhœnan* massacred them entirely. Then that very night they heard a great clamor in the country of our enemies. The old woman lamented on the edge of the path, crying 'Ah! if my sons lived, if my sons still lived! *netchra krakraw antschiw*: this very night the magic young man has killed them all.' Yet *Etsiégé* was not beaten; he had immolated a little white bitch;* (*olle*) with its blood he had rubbed his tent, and during the night the blood flowed into all the houses. Everywhere was heard only these cries: 'Alas! alas! my son is bathed in his blood!'

"The chief of the *Dhœnan*, named *T'atsan-eko* (the crow who runs), was weary and reflected. He pronounced only these words: '*Ellenné yé"a ensin'*—'He has eaten our fetich (animal-god).'

"Then *Etsiégé* upset all the pretty wooden dishes of *T'atsan-eko* and set them on fire. In taking flight, he saw on a scaffold five goat skins, and appropriated them. All his brothers went with him towards the place in which they had originally lived. But as they were somewhat slow of setting off, the crow who runs pursued them. They reached the shores of the sea, on which rose waves as high as mountains. *Etsiégé* struck the water with his staff and opened a passage for them. 'This

*In Hare *L'e-néné* (the other earth), no doubt supplying the word inhabitants—that is, the inhabitants of the other earth, of the continent which we have left.

* Elsewhere it is said that it was a small reindeer (*sié*); others say an ermine (*zoé*).

way, this way, my brothers!' he cried. They all followed him, and he easily made them cross the sea dry shod. They all landed on the other shore. Then he, alone on the edge of the sea, raised anew his staff and with it struck the earth. Immediately, the beam which sustained it giving way, the water inundated the terrestrial disc and destroyed all the *Dhœnan*.

"The evening being come *Etsiégé* (the Hares name him *Kotsidat'é*—he who works with the staff) said to his brothers: 'Our country is still far off, but calm yourselves, I am about to bring it nearer.' Thus saying, he took the fawn of a reindeer (*sié*), and having killed it, he pulled out the nerve of the leg. 'You will not eat this,' he said. By virtue of this magic act earth drew a little nearer. When the evening came, it was not very far off. *Etsiégé* then returned to his brothers, who told him: 'The children have nothing to eat, and the men are without provisions.'

"Now there was an immense multitude. For several days they had cast fishing lines and hooks, but had taken nothing. A great serpent had transformed all the fish into rocks, into the great desert, into the frozen earth. *Etsiégé* repaired to the side of the water, and spoke only these words, sighing: '*Etinu! yakké, tchine, kkétla se"t bénnènè ttsen nawiga, yeri beron du t'a nittayint'an?*'—'What! I shall have led my brothers to the foot of heaven, into the country of my ancestors. Why is the sea now closed against us?' He said only these words, and immediately fish abounded.

"In the arid desert they met another nation of powerful men. They were dressed in caps of wood, and in clothing covered with scales. It was not easy, therefore, to defeat them. However, the Dindjié set out to fight them; but seeing their great multitude the brothers of *Etsiégé* said to him: 'Speak thou alone, *Etsiégé*, and then we will see what will happen below,' for he stood on the summit of a high mountain. *Etsiégé* said to them: 'Place me in my traineau and throw me from the top of the mountain into the midst of my enemies.' They obeyed. Now, when his traineau began to roll on the slopes of the mountain it produced a dreadful noise, like that of several thunders. The enemy with caps of wood were in such terror that they took flight, and the Dindjié slaughtered them.

"*Etsiégé* had a younger brother named *Nédhœvè"ig ti"i* (he who is clothed with the white magic coat). In concert with his brother, he massacred our enemies, but not by fighting them. Clothed with a long coat of ermine skin, he swung constantly an instrument suspended at the end of a thong. He swung whilst speaking; but we no longer know what he said or what he did. The first time we saw you swinging your censers and praying softly, we thought you were doing something analogous. Well, by this speaking and this waving *Nédhœvè"ig ti"i* massacred our enemies.

"One day, among others, so great a crowd gathered together that they were in terror. Nevertheless, they put themselves on the defensive; but we had the worse and fled. When *Etsiégé* perceived the turn the battle took, he stood upon the mountain, pronouncing his accustomed magic words. His brother, clothed with the white dress, swung his instrument, speaking in a low tone. Suddenly *Etsiégé* set himself to leap in the form of a cross above each of the shoulders of his brother, pronouncing every time the single word, '*Isch*,'* and every time he said it an enemy bit the dust. They perished in this way till the last, for all day the two brothers

* The Indians have been unable to give me the meaning of this monosyllable; it is a word which has been lost in their language, like this phrase, "*Nonna tumène*," repeated by the man in white clothing.

did nothing but the one swing his instrument and the other leap in the form of a cross.*

The same *Etsiégé or Kotsidat'é*, was invoked by the Hares and the Loucheux in all difficult occurrences, for he always showed himself to be their protector. They name him also *Sa-kkè-dènè* (the man in the moon), *Sa-kkè-wèta*, *Sa-wèta* and *Si-zjé-dhidiè* (he who resides in the moon). The name is in allusion to his sudden disappearance from above this earth. The Yellow Knives, who call him *Otsint'esh*, say that, having scaled a mountain, he shut himself up in a magic tent, and that he was never seen to come out again. The Loucheux and Hares have another version. After having recalled the fact that he was found as a very small child at the water side by a troop of young girls, of whom one brought him up, and that the chief of their enemies, the Crow who runs, adopted him as his son, they relate that this powerful child took great care of his adoptive parents, and nourished them in a mysterious manner, although they had no good-will to him. They even detested him. "One day he asked these men that they should separate for him the shoulder and the fat of the entrails of all the animals that he should procure them. *T'atsan-éko* would not consent. 'That child is far too vain,' he observed. Then the child withdrew in anger. 'I shall go away,' he said to his mother, 'for these men are bad and ungrateful. After my departure they will all die; as for you, if you would save your life, observe my precepts. This evening, when night shall have come, close your tent, suspend to the ridge, in a bladder, the blood of the animal which I shall kill, and tie the dog outside of the house. The shoulder of the reindeer, which is here, cut up without breaking the bones, and place it outside of the tent. As for me, I go away into the moon, where those who hate me shall see me.' As his mother mourned: 'Be quiet, weep no more,' added he; 'I am not worthy of pity; sleep to-morrow and the day after, and then follow me.' He bowed his head, and before leaving added: 'When the man shall die, the star shall pale,' and fled.

"When night arrived they obeyed him. His parents carefully closed their tent, placed the animal which he had killed above the door, and outside they tied the dog. They had the shoulder of the reindeer cooked and cut up, taking good care not to break the bones. That done, they ate the food and lay down to sleep. The powerful child was still with them.

"Then from the ridge of the tent rose a great smoke and the child disappeared. He had set out for the moon. Suddenly that star paled, and there rose a violent wind which came sweeping like a whirlwind among the tents of the enemy. This tempest carried off the tents and the men; it dashed them against trees and rocks where they were all massacred by this formidable spirit. At this sight *T'atsan-éko* exclaimed: 'Ah! it is the tied child who is the cause of it. He has placed in the air his chaldron full of blood, and the spirit (the wind) has come.'

"That same night all the enemies died. As to the magic child, taking his vase full of blood, the skin of the slain animal (*sié*), and the little dog which had been left at the door, he took flight to the moon, where we can still see him."

There exist a great number of versions of the history of *Etsiégé* and of the inhabitant of the moon. Each of them contains several marks of the history of Moses.

* We have here again a repetition of the *Akrey antschiw*, or young man leaping and bounding, of which the tradition spoke before. It is now one of the forms of jugglery in use among the Loucheux and the Hares.

FESTIVAL OF THE VERNAL EQUINOX.

Conformably to the preceding tradition, the Dènè-Dindjié of the Mackenzie celebrate the following solemnity. At the new moon of the month called the *Rut of the Reindeer* (March-April), and at nightfall, in each tent the lean meat is cut up and set to roast in the heated ground; then it is made up in bundles, by packing it into game bags, which each man loads on his back. These preparations completed, all the male adults of the clan meet in a chief tent, their hands armed with staffs and their loins girt in the attitude of travellers. They place themselves around the fire in the posture of people exhausted with marching. Then rising one after the other, and leaving the tent in procession, half bent, as if succumbing to the load of their cut-up food, they traverse the paths traced around the tents, singing: "*Ouf sédha! klodatsolé, el'é-kké-t'é nondat' alé! ttsu-chiw yéén!*"—"Alas! oh, mouse with pointed snout (shrew mouse), leap twice above the earth in the form of a cross! Oh! wooded mountain, come!" So saying, the Hares of the River, for it is of them I am speaking here, penetrate into the first tent they reach, they eat there in common, and in haste, a part of the contents of their game bags. Then, rushing out immediately, they reform their procession, running into each of the huts, in which they renew their feast.

The Slave Dènès of Great Bear Lake make no procession around the tents. They content themselves with eating in common in the same lodge their lean minced meat, singing from time to time: "Oh! shrew mouse, we have passed (or rather we have issued from) above thy croup!"

The Dènès of the Rocky Mountains, who perform this ceremony at every renewal of the moon, repeat as a refrain, with the accompaniment of a rattle: "*Klodatsolè, êt'è ni-na-din' tla! ku sé-ya!*" "Shrew mouse, leap above the earth in the form of a leaper! Yet a little longer!" The last word has a double sense, and means also, *now cheer up! little fawn!*

The Hares of the woods, instead of walking, drag themselves, as if overwhelmed with a heavy load. They perform this ceremony only at the time of the moon's eclipses, and, looking up to heaven, cry: "*Enék'éw! klodatsolé; né kla t'è na-sik'in! ttsu-chiw yengé!*"—"How heavy it is! oh! shrew mouse, over thy back thou hast loaded me! Wooded mountain, come!"

The Dindjié leave their lodges as if concealing themselves; they prowl from tent to tent furtively, in haste, and with an air of perplexity, hurling at the same time two or four arrows stained red. This is what they call *Randja kkekraw ttsitchilandja*. That done, they sing:

"*Klag-datha, nan kket'ow nikkié anashœkray! aéchuha!*"—"Yellow mouse, pass quickly upon earth in the form of a cross! *aéchuha!*" They celebrate this festival only at the vernal equinox.

Finally, the Hares of the Steppes, or *K'a-tchô gottiné*, believing that the moon is in suffering, since she has disappeared, and in order to obey the prescribed rule of the *Sa-wéta*, sing: "*Klodatsolé, né kla t'é anasetliné! ttsuchié yengé-onna ttchiré-dinzégé!*"—"Oh! mouse with the pointed snout, thou hast thrown me over thy back (*post tergum tuum*)! Wooded mountain, come, lay hold on us and draw us far hence!"

I had much difficulty in obtaining the words of this song, in the different tribes which I visited, and to have them repeated to me by the Dènè-Dindjié, until I was able to learn them by heart. The rythm is slow and plaintive. The Indians could not, or would not, give me any other reason for this strange custom, than that they had it from their ancestors; that in this respect they obeyed the recommendations of the powerful and good man who was their protector on earth, and who now in-

habits the moon; in fine, that the purpose of this ceremony was to obtain his blessing, a great abundance of reindeer, and the death of their enemies. When I pressed my Indians further for other details, I only succeeded in saddening them. They assumed a serious air and said to me: "This song must not be despised, it is a mystery and a sacred thing; but we are ignorant of it. Demand this of others; as for us, we will say nothing more, for it would be to speak of the spirit of Death: *Ettsonné déti.*"

Among other things, I wished to know why, in these songs, they called the lunar divinity *mouse* and *shrew mouse*, whilst they assimilate him in the tradition to *Etsiégé*, or *Kotsidat'é*, whose history offers, as one may be convinced, more than one approach to that of the Hebrew legislator. The Dènè-Dindjié never could or would satisfy me on this point, which is the more curious, as the mouse is reputed *éttsonné*—that is, genius of death—among the Hares, as is the otter among the Slaves; whilst *Etsiégé* or *Kotsidat'é*, whom evidently they invoke under the name of the shrew mouse, or mouse, is considered by them as a sort of beneficent demigod. The sole explanation I myself can give is, that as Proteus in the fable is said to have passed under sea and under earth, like the mole and mouse, the Dènè-Dindjié may, in the same way, believe that their *Etsiégé*, otherwise *Kotsidat'é*, or *Sa-Wéta*, when he crossed the sea dry, like Moses, he did so in the fashion of these rodents; and so much the more, as in their language the same word means mole and shrew mouse, and that this latter animal is called mole in their country. We know, also, that the Jews believed that the souls of the just who died outside of the Holy Land would be resuscitated by opening for themselves a subterranean passage through continents and seas, in the manner of the moles and mice, and that it is by rolling thus painfully in these dark burrows that they may acquire the right to an entrance into the land of the chosen. Could it be a similar persuasion which led our Indians to invoke the mouse or shrew mouse, which they consider in other respects as the genius of death, in order that, from the frightful deserts in which they live, solitary and forsaken, it may open a passage for them to the mountain, towards which all their desires seem to tend? According to Guerin du Rocher, quoted elsewhere, the Red Sea is called *Suph* in Hebrew, and may, he says, have occasioned the comparison with the mole or shrew mouse, *Siphneus*. May what is said by this writer on the Egyptians not have its application in a fact so similar, and which presents much more similitude among our Dènè-Dindjié?

Many other peculiarities struck me in the stereotyped songs. First, the interjections, expressive, there of being overwhelmed,—"How heavy it is!" here of hope,—"Yet a little longer!" Then these numerous invocations to a mysterious mountain, whose remembrance has remained so graven in the mind of the Dènè-Dindjié that it is found in all their traditions. But these words are now dead in the minds of our Indians. To them, they appear to have lost all significance.

Invocations to Mount Zion must have been in frequent use among the Hebrews, for Jeremiah, when prophesying the return of the captive Israelites, thus expresses himself: "As yet (*or again*) they shall use this speech in the Land of Judah. . . . . The Lord bless thee, O habitation of justice, and *mountain* of holiness!"* The Holy Scriptures are, besides, full of such expressions as, "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains . . . and all nations shall flow unto it;"† of the "mountain of Israel;" "In mine holy

* Jeremiah XXXI., 23. † Isaiah II., 2.

mountain, in the mountain of the height of Israel, there shall all the house of Israel . . . . serve me."* "The Lord shall reign over them in Mount Zion, from henceforth, even for ever."†

There would, then, be on this point another mark of resemblance between our Dènè-Dindjié and the Hebrews. But in this wooded mountain which was to drag them out of their miserable condition, may it not be said that our Indians have had, as it were, the prevision of Calvary.‡

The lunar festival of the Dènè-Dindjié is called *T'ana-échéle-tsatèli* in Hare, and *Kron-t'a-nacha tsetœtal'* in Loucheux —that is, "the nocturnal and funeral procession around the tent." Such as it is, and explained naturally by its accompanying tradition, it has all the appearance of a sort of renewed Passover of the Hebrews, united to a sort of idolatrous worship of the star of night. But I find also in this ceremony several points of resemblance to the *Towaf*, a procession which the devout at Mecca make round the Kaaba or Tomb of Adam. We know, in fact, that the ancient Arabs and, since Mahomet, all the partisans of Islamism, go seven times round it in travelling dress with staff in hand, three times kneeling and four times walking. The Mussulman women also pay observance to this procession, but during the night—another point of resemblance. The Mussulmans allege they act in this way following the example of the moon, which also goes round the Kaaba.

The Dènè-Dindjié tribes, who celebrate this ceremony at each renewal of the moon, lead us to think that it has perhaps a similar origin to that of the Neomenia, or feasts of the new moon, of the Hebrews. Indeed, the first day of the moon was a day of oblation and sacrifice for the Israelites.* The festival was to take place during the night, in the open air (*sub aperto cœlo*), and when the light of the moon was beginning to shine. The rabbi who blessed the star was to leap three times towards heaven to attest his joy; at the same time addressing the moon, he implored blessings on the Hebrew people and curses on its enemies.†

The Neomenia were days of rejoicing and festivity to the Jews, who attributed life and speech to the moon, as the Talmud attests.‡

If, among the Dènè-Dindjié, there are one or two clans who hold this festival only at the time of the moon's eclipses, and believe, in performing the ceremony, that they help the moon in suffering, it should be remembered that the majority of Asiatics, such as the Chinese, Birmans, Siamese, Anamites, share with them an almost similar superstition. It is well known what a racket is caused in their towns at the time of an eclipse of the moon, in order, they say, to prevent the great celestial dog from devouring the star of night.

The lunar festival of our Dènè-Dindjié may be compared also with the worship of the ancients. What was the object of the Phœnicians when they invoked Ashtaroth upon the public places if not to obtain blessings from the earth, and the defeat of their enemies? It was this the Arabs intended by praying to Alytta, the Assyrians in addressing Myletta, the Persians in supplicating Mitra, the Egyptians Isis, the Greeks Arthemis, the Romans Ceres, Phœbe and Hecate; for all these divinities simply represented the moon. They present, then, the greatest resemblance to the *Sa-Weta* of our Indians.

And, further, it may be remembered that there have been adorers of Ash-

* Ezekiel XX., 40. † Micah IV., 7.

‡ "Et. induxit eos in montem sanctificationis suæ, mortem quem acquisivit dextera ejus."

* Numbers XXVIII., 11.

† Synagoga Judaica, caput XXII. Bâle, 1860.

‡ Synag. Jud., p. 479.

taroth, or the moon, from the Mosaic times to the captivity of Babylon, and that the ceremonies of Neomenia degenerated among certain Hebrews into veritable idolatry. See how Jeremiah was answered by those among the Israelitish captives in Chaldea who continued obstinately in their transgressions, in the midst even of adversity: "As for the word that thou hast spoken to us in the name of the LORD we will not hearken unto thee: But we will certainly do whatsoever thing goeth forth out of our own mouth, to burn incense unto the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto her, as we have done, we, and our fathers, our kings, and our princes, in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem; for then we had plenty of victuals, and were well, and saw no evil."*

It is precisely on account of their hardness of heart in persevering in that idolatry and in other heathen practices, that transgressors of the law, even in the land of captivity, were subject to this second condemnation: "I will bring you out from the people, and will gather you out of the countries wherein ye are scattered (in their flight from the Chaldeans), with a mighty hand, and with a stretched out arm, and with fury poured out. And I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and there will I plead with you face to face. .....And I will purge out from among you the rebels and them that transgress against me: *I will bring them forth out of the country where they sojourn, and they shall not enter into the land of Israel:* and ye shall know that I am the LORD."†

Jeremiah also says: "Therefore will I cast you out of this land that ye knew not, neither ye nor your fathers; and there shall ye serve other gods day and night."‡ He predicts that they shall have no rest, night nor day.

Moses himself had proclaimed to the Hebrew transgressors: "The LORD shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other."*

But, further, he who was the meekest of men, added by way of consolation: "If any of thine be driven out unto the outmost parts of heaven (*ad cardines cæli*) from thence will the LORD thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee."† These *cardines cæli* which are, according to commentators, nothing else but the poles, involuntarily recall to the mind, the *foot of heaven* and the *celestial pivot*, so often mentioned in the traditions, not only of the Dĕnè-Dindjié, but of so many other Redskin nations.

If we are now asked, how God is to bring from the extremities of the earth the unhappy remains of the dispersed of Israel, I answer that this redemption is understood by all the Fathers of the Church and by commentators, in a mystical sense; that is, that these unhappy remnants of the Babylonish captivity shall receive salvation and peace by the knowledge of the Redeemer. Ezekiel leaves no doubt on this point, when he says: "And I will set up one Shepherd over them, even my servant David; he shall feed them.....And I will make with them a covenant of peace .....*and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.*"‡ He does not say he will carry them out to bring them into Judea. Whoever is aware of the perpetual state of hostility and intestine feuds to which the Redskin tribes of America and Oceania were a prey; the incessant fears which accompanied them by day, and disturbed their rest at night, the foolish and chimerical terrors which the Indians who still remain heathens conceive for an imaginary enemy, who constantly pursues them; whoever has

* Jeremiah XLIV., 16, 17. † Ezekiel XX., 34, 38. ‡ Jeremiah XVI., 13.

* Deuteronomy XXVIII., 64. † Deuteronomy XXX., 4. ‡ Ezekiel XXXIV., 23, 35.

heard (not without a shudder) the plaintive, melancholy and lugubrious songs of our Redskins, even when they seek to be cheerful; whoever knows the persuasion held by the Redskins and Kanakas that a great change would be wrought in their miserable condition, when help should reach them from the East;* in fine, he who has been able to compare the enjoyment, the peace, the simple confidence, the frank good-nature of our Christians of yesterday, with the pretentiously grave, serious, distrustful, or wickedly sardonic physiognomy of the Fetichist Indians, may see that this prophecy has received its accomplishment to the letter. And this transformation of character is brought about from the day on which the Cross and the Gospel of the new alliance have penetrated to the tent of these sons of Shem, in the train of the sons of Japheth.

Further, this word of the Prophet teaches and proves to us that there really exist Israelites among those *who dwell in the deserts and woods*, that is, among the Indians, since the text is applied exclusively to the house of Israel, then captive in Chaldea. Besides, another prophet informs us that the remnant of Israel shall be dispersed into the Northern regions, for it is written: "Go and proclaim these words toward the North, and say, Return, thou backsliding Israel."† Now, by these Israelites, Jeremiah could not understand those of his countrymen who were then captive in Chaldea, a country situated to the east of Palestine, but rather those who, driven even from Chaldea on account of their unfaithfulness in the land of exile, must, according to the word of Ezekiel and Moses, be pursued by God into that wilderness unknown to all nations, and even to the outmost parts of heaven, that is, to the poles.

* See Franklin, LaHarpe, Cook. † Jeremiah III., 12.

CONCLUSION.

If, then, we would form a conclusion as to the *probable* Hebraic origin of the Dènè-Dindjié in particular, from the similitudes which exist between the customs, character, manners, social condition and traditions of that nation and those of the rebellious Hebrews, the Holy Scriptures themselves furnish a criterion of great probability. In this respect we would show less rashness than Guènèbrard and Thenet, two savants who, in the year 1555, first advanced the statement that the American tribes, in general, are the remains of the tribes dragged captive to Chaldea by Salmanazar; we would be less rash than the first Jesuit missionaries to Louisiana, who were imbued with the same idea, after having heard the Choktaws and Chikasaws sing words which reminded them of the Hebrew Halleluias;* less rash than so many Protestant ministers of the last century, who shared the opinion of Catholics on this point, among others Matthew Elliot and Roger Williams;† less rash than De Maistre, Miller and W. H. Davis, who, in his work,‡ gives us strong probabilities in favor of the Israelitish origin of the Nabajos of New Mexico, a people who say they came from the North, after having crossed the sea to the westward of the American continent, and whose practices, manners and language evidently attest their common origin with the Dènè-Dindjié; less rash than Aglio, who, in a very learned dissertation, sets himself to prove that America was originally colonized by the

* All the Dènè-Dindjié have analogous songs.
† Smithsonian Reports.
‡ New Mexico and Its People; New York, 1857. The reader may compare the customs of the Dènè-Dindjié with those of the Nabajos, whom a learned American, Mr. Gregg, thought to be the remains of the great Aztec nation. Humboldt is also of that opinion. Now, Sir Alexander Mackenzie finds among the Carriers and Babines, Dènè tribes of British Columbia, striking connections in language and customs with these same Aztecs.

Israelites.* Our conclusion would be, in fact, much less general, since it would restrict to the single family of the Dènè-Dindjié, what these authors or travellers have advanced as to the origin of all the Redskins.

But we shall remain faithful to the promise which we made of only proposing and discussing the question of origin, without pronouncing any decision. The good sense and knowledge of our readers shall decide. We, at the same time, believe that we have exhibited plausible proofs of the *Asiatic origin* of the Dènè-Dindjié family, and consequently of the Sarcis and Nabajos, since they belong to the same stock. Whether these last (as well as the generality of the Dènè-Dindjié, for the same reason) form part of the great Aztec family, or are Toltecs,† as others affirm, the pretended native origin of the Americans is not the less entirely destroyed. That is all we wished to prove, because it is the truth, and which is still sought for on this subject.

* Antiquitiés Mexicaines. Vol. VI. pp 232, 409, 420.

† By these Toltecs, we do not think that it was meant to designate the Flat-head Toltecs, but rather the Long-heads, who speak a dialect diametrically opposed to that of the first, and who present in their vocabulary certain points of resemblance to the Haïdas, or Kollouches and Dène-Dindjié.

They are distinguished by having their verbs with inflections formed by pronominal suffixes, similar to the Esquimaux, whilst in the Wakisch, or Flat-heads, the personal elements of the verb are initial, as in the Dènè-Dindjié, and the verbal termination invariable.

Further, the verb in it forms its future and past by means of auxiliaries.

The following is a comparative example, furnished me by one of my *confrères*, the Rev. Father Fouquet, missionary in British Columbia, to whom, also, I am indebted for the accompanying enumeration of the tribes :

	WAKISCH. (Flat Heads).	YUKULTAS. (Long Heads).
I eat	etsen-elten	amapen.
Thou eatest	nétchu-elten	lamtach-amap.
He eats	nèh-elten	amapé.
We eat	etstètl-elten	amapenoh.
You eat	netchaptl-elten	laktorruech-amap.
They eat	nékètl-elten	amaproh.
I will eat	elten tchencha	amamahu-chtlatlen.
Thou wilt eat	elten tchiucha	amamaptlela.
He will eat	elten tcha	amaptlé.
We will eat	uelten tstecha	amaptlènoh.
You will eat	uelten tchepcha	amaptorench.
They will eat	uelten tcha.	amaptlôh.
I have eaten, &c.	nétchén-elten	
I drink	etsen kahkah	nakren.
Thou drinkest	nétchu-kahka	lamtach-nakr.
He drinks	neh-kahkah	nakré.
We drink	etstètl-kahkah	nenakrsotènoh.
You drink	netchaptl-kahkah	laktormech-nakr.
They drink	nékétl-kahkah	neukréchoh.
I will drink	kahkah-tchencha	nakramahu-chlatlen.
Thou wilt drink	kahkah-tchiucha	nakrè tletuch.
He will drink	kahkah-techa	nakrè tletsor.
We will drink	ukahkah-tstècha	nakram tlenôh.
You will drink	ukahkah-tchepcha	nakra torench.
They will drink	ukahkah-techa	nakre tamtlôh.
I have drank	netchen-kahkah	

But the autochthony, or native origin, rejected, and the unity of origin of the Americans and Asiatics established and recognized, it remains for us to examine, in a few words, a last theory, by which it has been sought to be supported, namely, the fact of the formation in America itself of the many languages spoken on this continent. We cannot avoid pointing out this theory, for, in our opinion, it serves as a corollary to all that has hitherto been said upon the American question.

The American languages totally differ, we are told, in their vocabulary, but they participate, more or less, in their structure, in the polysynthetic element. Now, this difference, says Galatin, has an origin anterior or posterior to the occupation by these tribes of the American soil.

Further, I must acknowledge that, if the Flat-heads, the Long-heads and Kollouches are related to the Dènè-Dindjié family, it can only be a distant relationship. The Nabajos present much more resemblance with the latter.

Here are a few comparative terms in these different languages by which it will be seen that, whilst belonging to the same category, their divergences are sufficient to constitute so many distinct idioms, with the exception of the last three :

	Haïdas, (Kollouches) Charlotte Islands.	Tonguas, (Kollouches) Alaska.	Yukultas, (Long Heads) British Columbia.	Wakisch, (Flat-Heads) Oregon.	Dnaïné, (Atnans) Alaska.	Dindjié, Mackenzie.	Dènè, North-West Territory.
Man	étlingwa	kâ	pékwaném	swekkrar	dnaïné	dindjié	dènè ; danè.
Woman	ttsa-ta	châ	ttsé-ta	slani	ttsat ; ttsaké	ttsi-ndjô	ttsè-kwi ; ttsè-linè.
People	tah-tah	tlengété	lelkwatalé	misteyu	chottiné ; tiné	kuttchin	ottiné ; eyttané.
House	nah	ité	kiuk	lâiem		nivia ; zjé	nibali ; kuné.
Earth	kué	tlatka	kwich	tamhô	nen ; nni	nœn	nni ; nné.
Strong	tlatskaken	tlétsiné	tlokwémas	kwamkum		zjé-kotchrô	kuné-tchô.
Good	lakun	kénné	eykié	éillœ		nizjin	nézun ; nézin.
Bad	komlahaken	tlatlichka	yaksem	srahas		tchaandiedh	tsinté ; slini.

The Tonguas, or Haïdas, or we may even say these two nations united, constitute what is called the Kollouche family, which presents many features of resemblance with the Dindjié, or Loucheux, of the Peninsula of Alaska, in customs and manners. These are called *Tchekræ*, the Canadian, *Gens du fou;* the Hare, *Tchint'-aottiné*, and the Chippewa, *Eyunné*. It is these same Kollouches whom the ancient navigators called also *Tchinkittané* (inhabitants of the woods).

To the Tonguas are joined the Stikin, the Engwa, the Sitka, etc. ; they inhabit Alaska. To the Haïdas, who have ten villages on Charlotte Island, and as many in Alaska, are joined the Ttsatséné, the Kahégwané, and the Simpchians, who people twenty villages.

The Long Heads live in villages fortified and palissaded like those of the Polynesians and of the ancient Hurons. They included the following tribes : The Yukultas, five villages ; the Nawatés, five villages ; the Kwakwals, three villages ; the Pelkolas, five villages ; the Memkrés, six villages ; the Klawitsis, one village ; the Memlakrelas, five villages ; the Néchélos, one village ; the Reréïs, or Rarouaïs, the Kititsas and the Kittamaks.

The Flat Heads, or Wakisch, to whom belong the Chinooks, include the Sames, the Sanisch, five villages ; the Snohomisch, the Suhonomisch, the Skwamisch, eighteen villages ; the Dwamisch, the Lamy, the Etakmur, the Kawétchin, ten villages ; the Mnaïmos, three villages ; the Comox, two villages ; the Nutka, the Meskoyems, three villages ; the Klayokots, or Galagwiuts, the Ketsis, the Kwantlens, two villages ; the Maskwis, the Sumas, two villages ; the Nékamels, two villages ; the Tchilkwak, five villages ; the Pelaltos, four villages ; the Tsènès, two villages ; the Teatés, four villages ; the Nwarolalps, three villages ; the Semihamas,

On the first supposition, we are led to the admission that America was peopled by a multitude of small tribes, each speaking a different idiom; but this conflicts with the similitude of type, the structure of the language, the resemblance in manners and mode of life, the community of traditional ideas, etc. The scholar hence concludes that it is highly probable that *the prodigious division of American languages has sprung up in America itself*, either because of the changes to which all languages are naturally subject, or on account of the disunion among the different Redskin tribes or families caused by internal feuds.

This reasoning of the learned Frenchman appears to be decisive, since it is logical; and it is also now generally admitted.

At the same time, those who adopt this opinion do not seem to perceive that the dilemma of Galatin is a strong proof in favor of the theory of Asiatic—even of Israelitish—immigration; or rather that it is defective on one point, which is this: Is it possible that the natural changes to which all languages are naturally subject—that the separation resulting from national or civil wars—should be sufficiently powerful causes to bring about the formation and multiplication of *idioms* which do not present the slightest connection in their vocabularies? We do not believe so; and it remains to be proved. That these causes might determine and produce the multiplicity of *dialects* is no doubt true. We have palpable proofs of it in the innumerable shades in the Dènè-Dindjié, Algonquin, Sioux-Iroquois, and Flat-Head languages, etc. In Europe we

two villages; Tchwasens, the Sichals, five villages; the Tlohos, four villages; the Izikumisch, or Cours' d'alène. Thi snomenclature is by the Rev. Father Fouquet, missionary to these Indians.

The tribes of British Columbia and of Oregon, which belong to the Dènè-Dindjié family, are the Babines, the Nahanés, the Thekkanés, or Sekanis, the Talkrolis, or Carriers, the Atnans, the Spuzzums, the Shooshwaps; there are added to them the Okanagans, the Nikutamens, the Kootanis, the Yakamans, the Spokans, the Schuyelpis, or Chaudieres, the Kalispels, and the Pends d'oreille.

The reader cannot fail to have remarked the connection which exists between the termination of the names of the Flat Head tribes ending in *isch*, or *itch*, and that of the most Western tribes of the Loucheux nation, the *Dindjitch*, and *Intsi-Dindjitch*, of Alaska. Terminations in *tch*, unknown among the Chippewas, are observed all along the cordillera of the Rocky Mountains, especially among the Loucheux, the Beavers and the Sekanis. These last say *odesditch*, I speak; *eddjich*, to fall, (thunder); *uduesditch*, I say; *edjioch*, to bespatter; *otchoch*, giant, &c.

There may be seen in this similarity of terminations, as well as in the use which all these nations make of the double consonants *kl*, *tl*, *ts*, *tts*, *kk*, *sl*, *sr*, *rk*, *ttch*, a very probable indication of community of origin.

The comparison of the Dènè-Dindjié language, as it is spoken on the Western slope of the Rocky Mountains, with that in use on the Eastern slope, would furnish us with a last proof of the Western origin of our Indians, even should their testimony, their traditions and their customs not appear to be of sufficient weight, which is difficult to admit. Here is the proof. In French, we notice a gradation, constantly the same, between the root words, beginning in *st*, and the present words in *et*; they have passed through a phase in which the *e* has preceded the *s*. to make *est*. But *st* has always been primitive. Thus from *stella* has been formed successively *estelle*, *estoile*, then finally *etoile*; from Stephanos, has been formed *Estienne*, then *Etienne*; from *stratum*, *estrier* and *etrier*, etc., etc. This appears to be a constant law of language. We are then led logically to the conclusion that the compound must have preceded the simple in derivative words. Now, we see on the shores of the Pacific, and to the West of the Rocky Mountains, a great number of words in *st*, which are pronounced *est* in the mountains and *et* on the shores of the Mackenzie. Thus they say *sta*, seated, a promontory, among the Carriers of the West, *esta* among the Indians of the Liards river, and *eta* among the Hares of Good Hope; *spiz*, aunt, among the Carriers, *eshé* at Liard Fort, and *épe* at Good Hope; *st'a*, father, among the Atnans of Alaska, *est'a* in the Rocky Mountains, and *ét'a*, on the shores of the Mackenzie; *sba*, antelope, in the West, *esba*, in the mountains, *êpa* on the Mackenzie; *slan*, much, in the West, then *estlan* and *entl'on*, finally *l'an*, etc. Then, since S, which is here a sort of article, possesses the priority over *es*, and over *ê* in our hemisphere, we are authorised to admit it also in America, and, consequently, to consider the language of the Dènès of the Pacific as older and purer than that of the Dènès of the East.

possess a striking example, in the creation of four closely allied dialects, proceeding from the Latin—French, Spanish, Italian, and Provençal or Langue d'oc.

That, as the result of the mixture between conquerors and conquered, mixed languages might be created, as for instance, French, English and German, there is equal evidence; for it is easy to recognize in each of these the elements borrowed from its neighbors.

But nothing of this kind exists in America. The idioms, however divided, are perfectly distinct as to their vocabulary, and if one of the principles of their grammar appears to be common to all, it does not govern them equally and with the same intensity; several of them do not acknowledge it, and others know nothing about it.

Further, each of these idioms presents in itself a firm logical foundation, admirable by the multitude of locutions and the justice and appropriateness of its words; a proof that the brutalized, fallen and savage nations who speak them have not created them; still less that these languages could have been the painful product of wars of violence and internal divisions, as we have elsewhere proved.

Then, in concluding that the division of the American language has arisen in America, Galatin meant only to speak of the dialects; he must admit by implication that the idioms have been imported from elsewhere. If by American languages are understood the idioms themselves, such as the Esquimaux, the Dènè-Dindjié, the Algonquin, the Iroquois, the Quichua, the Maya, etc., we must, to be logical, rational and in agreement with the premises already laid down by the scholar now quoted, admit without subterfuge one of two things,—either a spontaneous creation in America—an opinion which cannot be sustained and to which we believe we have done justice—or else *a second diffusion of language, by a second judgment brought by God on a nation accursed and given up as a prey*, as De Maistre says, to serve as an example of divine justice. But I doubt whether certain persons would decide to admit the last horn of this other dilemma. The autochthony, pure and simple, of the Americans, and, consequently, a schism with Genesis, would appear to them preferable. In turn, we are not ready to acknowledge what we consider as conformable neither to the truth ascertained nor to the truth revealed.*

We must then, as a last analysis, have recourse to the Asiatic immigration, and place those who contradict the Bible face to face with the Babel of Genesis, unless they seek for the second American Babel, which we have just presented; for, to whichever side we turn, we find a God, Creator and Providence, who disposes of men and nations at His will, and makes them concur—here openly, there secretly—in the designs which His wisdom proposes, and against which theories and opinions vainly struggle.

* At the moment of going to press, I have had the honor and satisfaction of conversing with a priest of the Foreign Missions, who had spent twelve or fifteen years at Thibet, and who is returning there—l'Abbé Fage, well known to the readers of the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*. This intrepid and learned missionary manifested the greatest astonishment when, on hearing me speak the Dènè-Dindjié language, he recognized in it a great number of words identical with the Thibetan, or which are very nearly similar. I will mention here only the words, *earth, water, house, bear, west, father*. Besides, the articulations and the grammatical process of these two languages present numerous similitudes.

A POET'S SISTER.

"And what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils?"—*Quarles' Emblems.*

It is the penalty of genius to be observed. No sooner has an individual written, spoken or produced that which has made his name remarkable, perhaps immortal, than he and his privacy have parted company for ever. Henceforth he has become public property, and the world has assumed to itself the right to discover whatsoever it can concerning him and his. With a tender or an unscrupulous hand, the veil is lifted, and the public is invited to contemplate the author, the orator, the inventor, at home and abroad, to meet him in society, to go with him to his home, to sit down with him by his fireside, to retire with him to his study, —nay, into his very closet,—to follow him like his shadow, to surround him like the air he breathes, and to watch him incessantly like that terrible eye we read of, which, through an opening in the prison door, regarded its victim with a constant unrelenting surveillance.

It is this that distresses and embarrasses the sensitive mind of genius in its primary struggles, ere yet it can bring itself to accept as inevitable what must surely be. It is this that for the authoress, who is also the shrinking, the sensitive, the timid woman, strews the ascent of Olympus with rocks as well as roses; it is this that has given to the world the primary *nomes de plume* of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, of Edward Garrett and of George Eliot.

And this notoriety of authorship is not confined to the author himself. Prompt upon the queries, Who was he? Where was he born, reared, educated? follow naturally the others: Who are his parents? Do they yet live? What is their station, their character? Has he brothers, sisters, relatives? Is his genius inherited or unique? Is he married or single? What of his wife, his children, his entire belongings?

They, as well as he, are now the property of the great inquisitive public, and that public has a right to demand and elicit information on each and every one of these particulars. Friends, you have my apology for what is to follow.

One afternoon in the summer of last year, I was calling, for the first time since her arrival in the place, at the house of a lady, who, a Canadian by birth and education, but for many years a resident of the States, had recently returned to Canada, rented a small cottage, and settled down in our quiet village, desiring, as she said, to lay her bones, when she should die, among her own people.

There was little in the unpretending apartment into which I was shown to excite admiration. Its mistress had passed though many and sad vicissitudes, and its somewhat bare and ungarnished aspect bore sorrowful testimony to the poverty that had come upon her in life's later years; yet as my eye wandered carelessly over the room one object suddenly arrested its attention.

It was a photograph, *carte de visite* size, poorly executed and hanging in a shabby frame on the wall opposite me.

Whose was it? I asked myself, and where had I seen it?—for the face had a strangely familiar look, and yet I could not recall the original's identity. It was the half-length figure of a young man, with clustering dark curls waving back from an open brow, with dark eyes, full and fine, but somewhat cynical in their expression, as was also the

mouth, partially shaded by its thick moustache. The line of the nose was faultlessly straight, the nostril curving sensitively; and the whole face, with its slight, delicate outlines, indicated refinement and genius of a fastidious, critical and sharply analytical character.

Again I looked, and again I vainly endeavored to think whose was the picture.

Miss B's eyes followed mine. "That," she said, "is a photograph of Edgar Allan Poe. It was given me by his sister when I was in Washington, and I value it on her account as well as on his; for she is dead, poor thing, and I knew her well."

Here was a story. At once I recognized the poet's face, and tried to lay my stupidity half to the poorness of the photograph and half to the particular arrangement of the hair and dress, which differed slightly from that in the likenesses of Poe with which I was familiar.

But this sister! All my curiosity was excited about her. Why had I not known of her before? Was she like her brother, a celebrity, a child of song, of genius?

I remembered now having read that there were two brothers and a sister, Rosalie; and that the latter on her parents' death had, like her brothers, been adopted by friends.

In reply to my questions, Miss B. gave me at this time and subsequently, in a narrative which I induced her to commit to writing, and from which I shall quote freely in this paper, some account of her introduction to Miss Poe, and of the sad life and still sadder death of that unfortunate lady.

"In the April of 1874"—I quote from the narrative—"I had a severe attack of illness which confined me to my room for several weeks. I was recovering, though not yet able to leave my bed, when one day I heard a gentle tap at my room door. When I gave the word 'Enter' a delicate-looking little person announced herself as Miss Poe: and this was our only introduction; but she often came in afterwards until I was able to go about."

The place where this interview occurred was the Epiphany Church Home, Washington, a charitable institution into which Miss B. and Miss Poe had alike been forced by their necessities to seek a refuge for their declining years.

"Poor little body," the story proceeds, "she told me how she had been knocked about in the world,—how her mother on her death-bed gave her to a kind Virginia lady when she was but three weeks old; how that good woman had been all that a mother could be, treating her as she did her own children.

"She seems," the narrative adds, "to have always been a poor, sickly child; and never grew out of it.

"She appeared devoted to the interests of the family, and spoke of that mother as something more than common. She had a good home, yet there were little vexations. There was one boy whom she always designated as brother, though I should think he did not always *act* the brother; wished she was out of the way, etc., just as boys will do. I rather think he kept up that feeling as he grew older. It was a great annoyance to her that he should prove so unkind.

"It was that terrible Southern war that broke up so many happy homes and scattered the unfortunate inmates."

This was the fate of Miss Poe's friends: From wealth and comfort they were driven forth penniless, and thus their adopted daughter was compelled to seek another home, and try to do something for her own support.

She tried first one thing and then another, but her frail health did not permit her to do much, and now she was advancing in years.

"Some friend tried to get her into

the Louise Home at Washington." This is a spendid institution, built and supported by the munificence of Mr. Corcoran, a gentleman of Washington, and designed chiefly for aristocrats who have lost their all in the Southern cause. Its character is exclusive, and it is, of course, difficult, if not impossible, for any but those belonging to a certain class to obtain admission. Miss Poe's application was unsuccessful. The rooms, she was told, were all filled, and there were any number of names on the list when a vacancy should occur. Hence we find her in the Epiphany Church House.

"Miss Poe did not like it.

"The house was large and the inmates few in number, but it was not well adapted to the purpose. The rooms were large, consequently several had to occupy one dormitory, a thing rather repugnant to the more refined."

Miss Washington was the President, and of her my informant always spoke in terms of affection and esteem; but there were, she tells us, "Many other ladies,—too many, unfortunately; and, though intent on the work of benevolence, they sometimes disagreed on matters and things.

"It was intended to be a little heaven on earth; if so, there was a great failure.

"Those ladies born and bred could not brook the amalgamation. They held aloof, whilst the other class considered themselves quite upon an equality, 'because,' said they, 'all, gentle or simple, are living on charity.'

"Miss Poe had been brought up in the church (*i. e.*, Protestant Episcopal), but for some reason or other she had joined the Methodists in her later years. Whilst at the Home she attended that church (Methodist), though it was not liked, as the inmates were expected to attend the Epiphany.

"She had only been in the Home a short time when she became very dissatisfied and wished for a change; but 'beggars must not be choosers,' so she had to remain most unwillingly.

"For a lady, she was the most persevering beggar I ever came across. She would ask any of the ladies for money, whether she knew them or not. Of course, they did not like it, and perhaps gave it to be rid of the importunity. Poor little body! I know she was often snubbed. She was very erratic, and was ever on the wing, going, or wishing to go somewhere."

* * * *

"Miss Poe was erratic, nervous, never still. She would sometimes come into my room half a dozen times a day, staying only a few minutes, and pinching the leaves of my spice geranium, of which she was very fond. One day she came in and presented me with the photograph of her beloved brother. These photographs Miss Poe was in the habit of selling to any one who would buy, and thus earning an occasional quarter dollar."

The reader will here observe some points of resemblance between Miss Poe and her gifted brother. Far apart they were mentally and intellectually, yet very near and close in some things. The one has left to posterity the undying testament of genius, while for anything the world can show to the contrary, the other, poor soul, was ordinary enough, with no uncommon mental reach or dazzling display of talent; but in both there was the same streak of eccentricity,—we will not call it by a harsher name; in both the same readiness to solicit and accept pecuniary favors; in both the same morbid tendency.

Miss B. was in the habit of frequently "walking out" with Miss Poe, sometimes to visit an acquaintance at the luxurious Louise Home, into which both ladies had vainly tried to obtain admission, and in which Miss Poe had several friends, two in particular, elderly maiden ladies, whom she had known from childhood.

Again it was to the Art Gallery, another magnificent gift of Mr. Corcoran to the city of Washington. This fine collection is open to the public free on certain days of the week, and here poor Rosalie might occasionally be seen gazing with fast fading, wistful eyes on that ideal beauty which we are told "cannot enter the house of anguish," but which may yet go far towards soothing the anguish of the suffering human soul.

Cannot you picture her to yourself, standing in the mellowed light, amid all that "passionless perfection" and those rich surroundings, and cannot you think in some sort what must have been her thoughts? How the past would rise before her,—the old and happy past of childhood and girlhood; holding, it is true, its worries and vexations, its "brother," who was "unkind," and "wished she was out of the way," and doubtless many another worry small or great,—for what life is free from such?—but yet comprising surely all the fairest memories of her life. The loving parents, the mother who was "all that a mother could be," the congenial friendships and society, the pleasant round of duties and enjoyments, the warmth, the tenderness, the comforts, the security, the peace of home.

And now all these have melted from her like a dream, and she is old, and in a sense, desolate, and living on the charity of strangers. Ah, friends! Well may her brother's words have come back to her at such a time:

"O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?"

Another time it was to Oak Hill Cemetery that the friends walked—a paradise of lovely flowers and costly monuments, yet one more of Mr. Corcoran's magnificent gifts. But the time came for the last walk. Let me describe it in Miss B.'s own simple, touching words: "One Monday in the month of August I was going to visit a lady with whom Miss Poe was acquainted, and asked her if she wished to accompany me. She assented. It was evening and still very warm. It was some distance up the Avenue. Passing the President's Mansion, she complained of unusual fatigue. After our visit I hoped the lady would have given her a car ticket, as she very often did; however, it was not offered, and we wended our way homeward.

"The walk was very pleasant, but I saw she moved on painfully, complaining that her feet were burning."

It was the last. The tired limbs, the aching head, the burning feet, were soon to find their long repose.

She retired almost immediately upon reaching the Home, but came down the next morning and tottered feebly to her place at the breakfast table, attempting to swallow a few morsels of food, but her appetite, poor at any time, was now completely gone, and very soon, pushing the untasted food from her, she left the room, never to return to it again. A physician was called in. He said little, prescribing only perfect quiet. When he came again in the morning he found that a terrible change had taken place in his patient. With the first glance at her face he demanded peremptorily what she had taken, stimulants, or what?

Miss Poe feebly denied, but at length was compelled to admit that she had taken chloroform.

"Did you not know that it would kill you?" was the horrified question.

"No," was the faint and faltering reply, "but *I know it now*."

All that human skill could do was done, but without avail, and it was evident that life was ebbing fast. Some one suggested that the minister whose church she attended should be summoned. He came, but too late. She could no longer recognize him or any one. Her last words may have been

the dimly conscious soul's passing appeal to the God of mercy: "O Lord, how long!" Very peacefully she passed away at the last, just as the struggling dawn of a new day was breaking over the slumbering city.

There is little more to tell. A *post mortem* examination was made, but the precise nature of the verdict I could not learn. My informant was firmly of opinion that the over-dose of chloroform was purely accidental. Miss Poe was, it was well known, a terrible sufferer from neuralgic and other diseases, and she had doubtless taken the dose which had resulted so fatally, to obtain relief from intolerable pain, and without a thought of its ultimate consequences. Her only relative, a lawyer in Baltimore, was notified of her demise, and came to the Home, but did not remain long. He exhibited little concern for the fate of his unhappy cousin; said she had been a great trouble to him, and that he had given her money until he was wearied of her wants.

On the day of her death a letter arrived from New York, containing $50, sent by a gentleman who had lectured on her behalf. This letter Miss Poe had been for some time previously expecting, and her cousin's remark when told of it was, that it had *come in time to bury her.*

The ladies of the Home superintended the arrangements of the funeral, and my informant described it as "very respectable," with "five or six carriages in attendance."

The coffin was laid temporarily in a vault until the monument then in course of erection to the poet brother should be placed, when, as it was supposed, the sister's remains would be laid by his under the costly memorial stone. But not so. Edgar's dust was disinterred and buried beneath the monument, but not one word was said by those who had the right, of the poor forlorn Rosalie. So the kindly ladies of the Home had the coffin removed and buried quietly in the church burial ground..

EROL GERVASE.

RUSSIAN CITIES AND TOWNS.

PETER THE GREAT.

The Russian Empire comprises over a hundred nationalities, and more than forty different languages are spoken in it. From west to east at the longest part it measures some six thousand miles, and more than two thousand six hundred miles from north to south. Its total area is estimated to occupy one twenty-sixth of the entire surface of the globe, and one-sixth of the land. In round numbers, its population is eighty-five millions, or ten persons to each square mile of territory; in European Russia taken alone, however, the proportion is fourteen.

Although this relation of population is very meagre, and pre-supposes a large uninhabited area, it is also natural to expect cities of great size and importance to correspond with the immense extent of country governed, and the wealth of the nation. But this expectation is not borne out by facts, as the capital, and at the same time the largest city, St. Petersburg, has not yet attained to a population of seven hundred thousand, while but three others —Moscow, six hundred and two thousand; Odessa, one hundred and twenty-one thousand, and Kishnief, one hundred and two thousand—have exceeded a hundred thousand. There are but eleven cities with a population between fifty and a hundred thousand,

and some forty-three numbering from twenty to forty thousand inhabitants.

This anomalous condition of things has been accounted for from the fact that the natural course of emigration in Russia has been to the East, where stretches out an unoccupied territory almost boundless in extent; that the Russians are an agricultural people, and as soon as the land is worn out in one place, instead of resorting to any expensive mode of renovating it, they remove to the virgin soil farther eastward, thus almost unconsciously extending the borders of the Empire, even to Alaska, at the expense of present compactness.

Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, who has made this subject a special study, and enters very fully into it in his "Russia," gives another reason, which is required from the fact that Western European nations in the middle ages were situated in this respect as Russia is now, but powerful cities grew up then and flourished. In the new worlds of America and Australia, also with millions of acres of unoccupied lands, large and populous cities arose as if by magic. In Western Europe during the middle ages there was a strong rivalry always existing between the sovereign, the feudal nobility and the Church, which caused the gathering of numbers of the population in one place, and the encouragement of trades and industries to this end. In Russia, however, the condition of things during the middle ages was entirely different. When the Grand Princes of Moscow threw off the Tartar yoke they became at once the uncontested and all-powerful Czars of all Russia. At first they encouraged the mercantile and industrial classes by separating them from the peasantry, by preventing other classes from competing with them, and freeing them from the authority of the landed proprietors. But, on the other hand, the Czars looked upon them simply as a means of gathering money, imposed upon them ruinous taxes, and treated the whole urban population as serfs. The result was that the emigration from the towns grew to such an extent that legislative measures were taken to prevent it, and the urban population became legally fixed to the towns, as the rural population had already been confined to the soil. Those who attempted to slip away were brought back as truants, and a second attempt of the kind was punished by flogging and banishment to Siberia.

Under Peter the Great, who, during his travels in the West, had learned that the prosperity of the countries he visited was mainly attributable to the educated middle classes which radiated from the towns, a change in the Russian system was inaugurated. He attempted to create a similar class in Russia, out of hand, to alleviate the poverty and increase the intelligence of his own country. The whole municipal system was remodelled after the cumbersome method of the free towns of Germany; foreign artisans were encouraged to settle in his towns; foreign trade was encouraged; young Russians were sent abroad to bring back the learning of the West, and foreign practical books were translated into Russian and widely disseminated. Catherine II. was even more energetic in the formation of towns than her predecessor, and in the short space of twenty-three years created no less than two hundred and thirteen, some of which seem to resemble the celebrated Eden, which is memorable for the unseasonable "jollity" of Mark Tapley, of world-wide fame. These were all honored by an Imperial charter. Wallace says: "To transform a village into a town, it was necessary merely to prepare an izba, or log house, for the district court, another for the police office, a third for the prison, and so on. On an appointed day a government official arrived from the provincial capital, collected the officials

destined to serve in the newly-constructed or newly-arranged log houses, ordered a simple religious ceremony to be performed by the priest, caused a formal act to be written, and then declared the town to be 'opened.' All this required very little creative effort, but it was not so easy to create a spirit of commercial and industrial enterprise among the population. That could not be effected by Imperial ukase."

There are exceptional circumstances, however, in which cities may rise almost by the word of the builder in places which had previously been neglected by the natural impulses of the people. St. Petersburg, so named after its founder, was one of these.

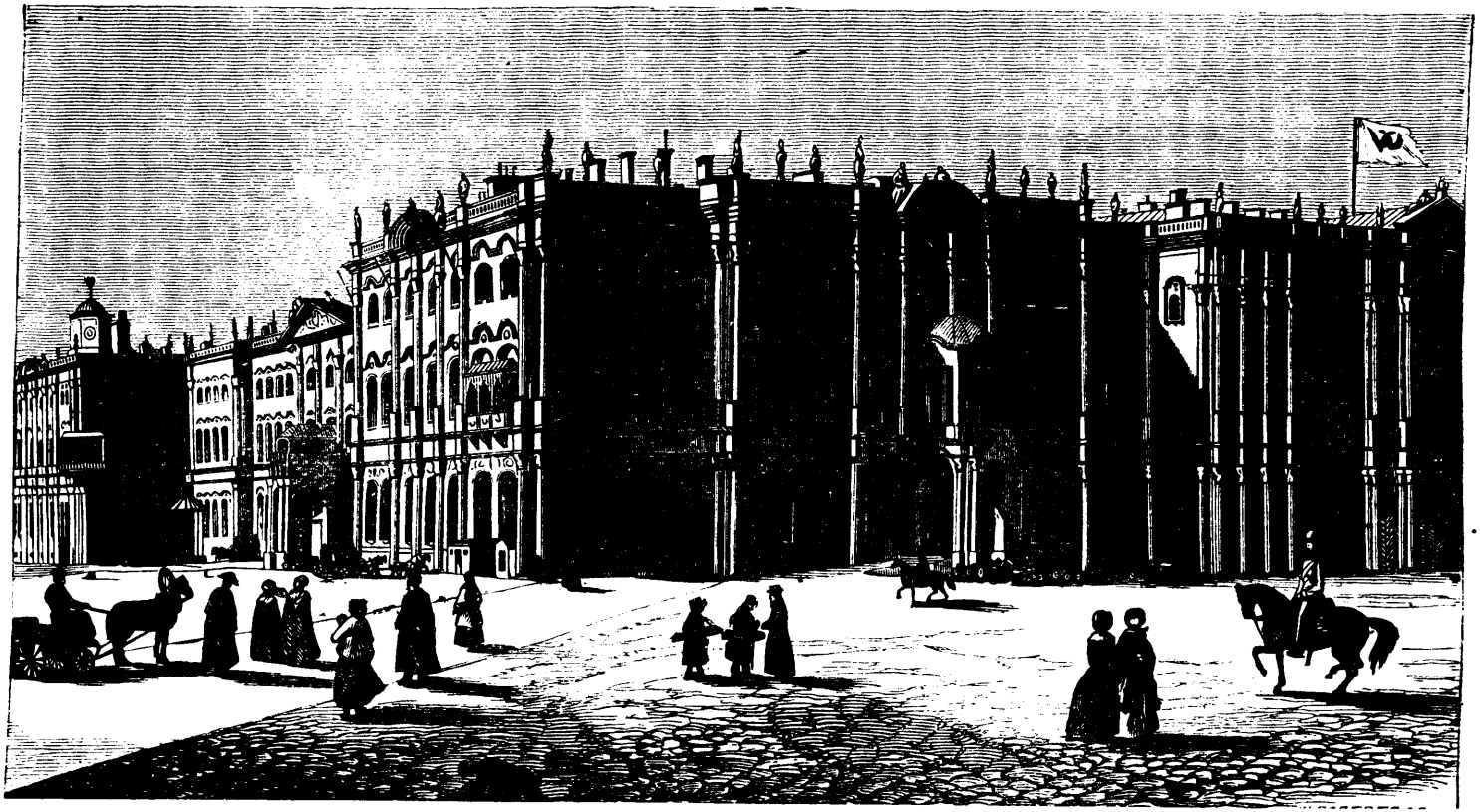
Peter I., Alexievitch, commonly known as Peter the Great, was one of those men whom, from the exceptional circumstances in which they are placed, or the remarkable characters they bear, stand out prominently and alone from amongst all men. In the case of this monarch, his "greatness" was due to the influence of a Genoese named Lefort, but for whom the future builder-up of his country might have been a ruler such as his predecessor, Ivan "the Terrible," whose name has come down to the present time shrouded in blood, the embodiment of everything cruel and that savors of terrorism. This Swiss initiated him into the sciences of art and civilization, and instilled into him the ambition to make his country great, and have his name remembered for the impetus given by him to the civilization of his country and its general advancement. Later on he came in contact with a Scotchman, named Patrick Gordon, who, with Lefort, was the means of establishing him firmly on his throne and guiding his course when Czar of Russia at the most critical stage in the nation's history.

To gain a seaboard at the south, Peter took the city of Azof, at the mouth of the Don, a piece of temerity which nearly cost him his kingdom and his life at the hands of the Turk; the diplomacy of Catherine, his mistress—afterwards the Queen—being all that saved the empire at the time. To gain a seaport on the Baltic he attacked Sweden, then in the possession of Finland, and was repeatedly beaten by the young monarch, Charles XII., on whose youth he had counted for an easy victory. But he was well satisfied to be beaten, being confident that the time would come when his raw troops would have gained skill and discipline from these very defeats.

Previous to this war he had visited the Baltic provinces, Prussia and Hanover, in the train of an embassy at whose head was his tried friend Lefort. In Amsterdam and Soardam he worked as a shipwright, and besides gained much practical experience in many trades and sciences, studying astronomy, geography, natural philosophy, anatomy and surgery. He visited England on the invitation of William III., and during his three months' stay received the honorary degree of D. C. L. from Oxford University. He brought from England five hundred artisans, artillerymen engineers, surgeons, etc. Austria and Venice were also visited by him during this unique journey.

It was in the year 1700, immediately on his return, which was hastened by a rebellion that had been quelled by Gordon ere his arrival, that Peter began his war with Sweden to regain Carelia and Ingria, which had previously belonged to Russia; but his troops were shamefully beaten at Narva. Notwithstanding this, while Charles XII. was employed in other directions, he, three years later, laid the foundation of the new capital, to be called by his own name, in the provinces of Ingria which he had been so shamefully beaten in trying to gain.

At the present time the most interesting sight in St. Petersburg, now a city of exceptional wealth and great magnificence, is the cottage in which



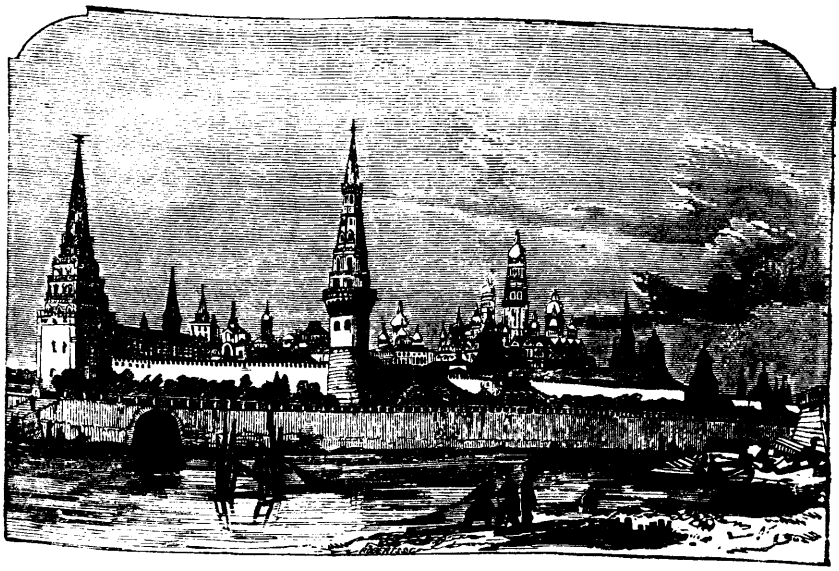
THE WINTER PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Peter the Great lived while laying the foundation and superintending the building of his new capital. This relic stands in a corner of the summer garden, which is said to be so carefully attended to that it almost rivals that of Yarskoye Selo, where a policeman is said to run after every leaf that falls to remove it out of sight. This historical building has been enclosed in another building, that it may be forever preserved from decay. The doors of this most modest imperial residence are hardly high enough for a tall visitor. It is built of logs, which are painted to resemble brick work; the walls are hung with coarse canvas, whitewashed, while the only ornament is around the doors, which are edged with flowered paper. Between the cottage and its case is carefully preserved the boat, built by the Emperor's own hands, in which he rowed around the Neva to inspect the different works under construction.

In marked contrast to this humble dwelling is the present residence of the Emperor when at St. Petersburg, the Winter Palace. It is the largest palace in the world, being built in the form of a square with each side seven hundred feet long. In summer, when "empty," no less than eight hundred people live in it, while when occupied by the Emperor it is inhabited by six thousand or more. In 1837 this gigantic pile was destroyed by fire, and with it many works of art that had been carefully collected during the reigns of Elizabeth, Catherine II., Alexander and Nicholas, fell a prey to the devouring element. Two years afterwards it had been rebuilt by the architect Kleinmichael.

St. Petersburg, as everybody knows, was founded on a marsh, and this fact is often made unpleasantly manifest to the inhabitants by the overflow of their glorious river, the Neva, which sometimes sweeps its torrents through streets and squares, causing much loss and suffering. It may be because rocks are in this neighborhood unknown that so much store has been placed on those of large size, and particular attention has been directed to obtaining immense single masses of stone for monumental purposes. That which forms the pedestal for the bronze equestrian statue of Peter the Great is perhaps the most noticeable of all. It is a rough, irregular mass of grayish rock which once lay in the marsh at a considerable distance from the city. It is forty-three feet long, twenty-one broad, and fourteen high in front, from which it slopes gradually backward, as seen in the frontispiece. The Empress Catharine hearing of it, ordered it to be transported to the city, an operation which was considered impossible, but was nevertheless accomplished. The statue which surmounts it represents the Emperor as gallantly riding up the rock dressed in the ancient costume of Muscovoy, with a short mantle flowing from his shoulders, which gives him a classical appearance. His feet are not hampered by stirrups and he was so engaged in urging his steed to trample to the earth the serpent of rebellion that he does not see the precipice up to whose edge he has ridden; but he is calm, fearless and self-possessed, and reining up his horse, pauses for a moment to beckon into existence the city which henceforth will bear his name. This work of art is by the French artist, Falconet. The height of the Emperor's figure in the statue is eleven feet, and of the horse seventeen feet. The only inscription is on a side of the rock, and reads as follows: "*Petro primo, Catharina secunda*, 1782."

To rival this monument and the pedestal on which it stands, Alexander's column, in honor of the Emperor of that name, was erected by the Emperor Nicholas. It rivals, if it does not exceed, the monoliths of ancient days, its height, including the figure on top and the block on which it is reared, being one hundred and fifty feet. The



THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

shaft is a round column of mottled red granite eighty-four feet high, on which stands a bronze statue of Religion, in the act of blessing the city. The history of this column is a curious one. The director of the Pytlerlax quarries in Finland was ordered to obtain, if possible, one solid mass fit to be hewn into a column eighty-four feet long. The search for such an extraordinary block was begun with slight hope of success, and the whole court and city were in a ferment of expectation. At last a carrier arrived with the news that a mass nearly one hundred feet long had been separated; but alas! a postscript bore the intimation that the director was busy sawing away the superfluous fourteen feet. The Emperor, not caring to trust so important a matter to any one, immediately posted away to endeavor to preserve the column intact, and arrived just in time to see the much desired end fall off, and to ruminate on some of the disadvantages of too implicit obedience.

As might be expected from the tastes of Peter the Great, St. Petersburg was built according to the most approved styles of Western Europe. With its broad, regular and wide streets, magnificent palaces, large, roomy houses, all of one size and pattern, built by foreign architects, it is grand and stately, but cold and displeasing. All is too regular, too business-like, too matter-of-fact to please, and the deserted streets add to the unsatisfactory feeling sure to settle itself on travellers.

Very different is the ancient, and by a fiction the present, capital of Russia, Moscow, which has been well described as "beautiful and rich, grotesque and absurd, magnificent and mean." It was not built in a day or in a century, but dates back from the middle of the twelfth century, when it is said to have been founded by George Dolgoruki, Prince of Kiev. From the fourteenth century until the foundation of St. Petersburg it was the seat of government, and was in the interval plundered and destroyed by the Tartans, Poles and Cossacks. It was again destroyed in 1812 by the inhabitants themselves on the entry of the French army, a course which led to the destruction of

the invading army and the ultimate downfall of Napoleon the First. The streets then destroyed were reconstructed on a more generous scale than before, and others which required alteration were widened at the same time.

The city is surrounded by an earthen rampart nearly thirty miles in length. The buildings are not in one solid mass,

CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, MOSCOW.

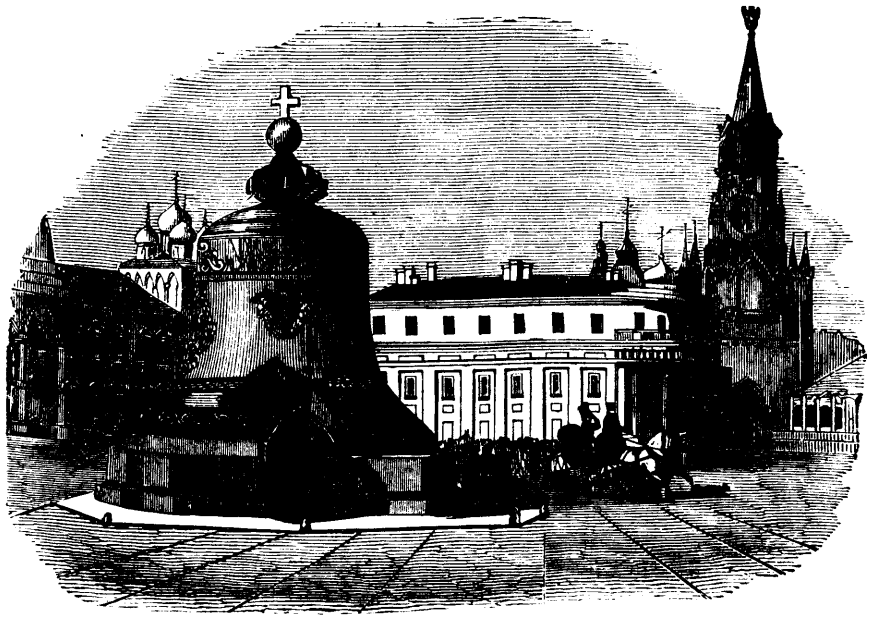
as in most great cities, but are spread in a kind of orderly confusion with streets in curves, undulating over and through

hills and valleys, giving the city a picturesque appearance from almost every point of view. The streets radiate from the Kremlin hill, which seems to have been the position originally selected for the city. These are intersected by other streets, forming rings around this centre.

The Kremlin is considered to be one of the most imposing sights in Europe, rising as it does from the river in tier after tier of beautiful buildings, crowned with the multitude of cupolas by which every church is covered. In the Kremlin palace everything is kept in readiness for the Emperor and the Court as if they were expected at every moment.

The most sacred place in the city, or indeed the empire, is the Church of the Assumption, which stands on the height of the Kremlin hill. In it, since its erection in the sixteenth century, all the czars have been crowned. It is gorgeously ornamented, on its walls nearly three thousand full-length figures being painted, and more than two thousand half-length figures, many of them more than natural size. It is said that two hundred and ten thousand leaves of gold foil were used in the ornamentation of this church.

The highest pinnacle of the cathedral is the top of the tower of Ivan Veliki, or the Great John, which is three hundred and twenty-five feet above the earth. At its foot, on a pedestal of solid granite is the Tsar Kolokol, or the king of bells—the largest bell in the world. The original great bell at Moscow, called Balshoi (the giant), was cast in the sixteenth century. After being raised and doing duty for many years it fell from its supports and was broken into fragments. In 1854 it was recast, then being twenty-one feet high, and eighteen in diameter; its weight was estimated at two hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds. It was suspended from an immense beam at the foot of the bell tower, and to ring it twenty-four men, who simply pulled the clapper, were employed. It again



THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

fell during a fire in 1706, and was a second time broken in fragments. In 1733 it was a third time cast with additional materials, and was given the name Tsar Kolokol, by which it has since been known. It is nineteen feet three inches high, nineteen feet in diameter, measures sixty feet nine inches around its margin, and is said to weigh four hundred and forty-three thousand seven hundred and seventy-two pounds. The metal of which it is cast is estimated to be worth over $300,000. The following account of it is from *Clarke's Travels:*

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL, MOSCOW.

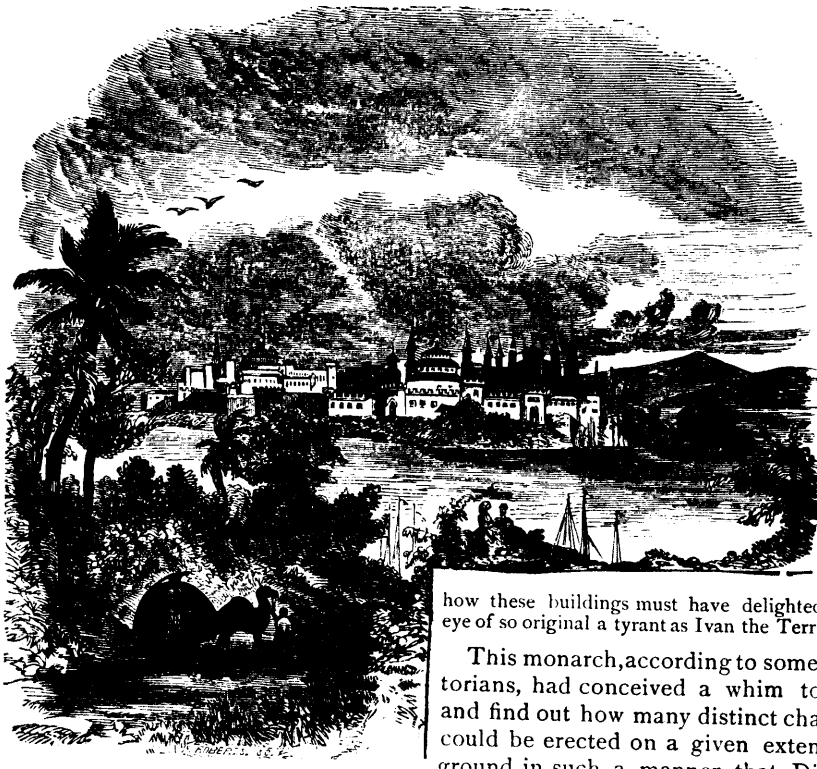
"The numberless bells of Moscow continued to ring during the whole of Easter week, tinkling and tolling without harmony or order. The large bell near the Cathedral is only used upon important occasions, and yields the finest and most solemn tone I ever heard. When it sounds, a deep hollow murmur vibrates all over Moscow, like the fullest tone of a vast organ, or the rolling of distant thunder. This bell is suspended in a tower called the belfry of St. Ivan, beneath others which, though of less size, are enormous. It is forty feet nine inches in circumference, sixteen and a half inches thick, and it weighs more than fifty-seven tons. The great bell of Moscow, known to be the largest ever founded, is in a deep pit in the midst of the Kremlin. * * * The bell is truly a mountain of metal. They relate that it contains a very large proportion of gold and silver, for that while it was in fusion the nobles and the people cast in as votive offerings their plate and money. * * * I endeavored in vain to assay a small part. The natives regard it with superstitious veneration, and they would not allow even a grain to be filed off; at the same time, it may be said the compound has a white, shining appearance, unlike bell metal in general, and perhaps its silvery appearance has strengthened if not given rise to a conjecture respecting the richness of its materials. On festival days the peasants visit the bell as they would a church, considering it an act of devotion, and they cross themselves as they descend and ascend the steps leading to the bell."

In 1837 it was taken from the pit in which it lay at the time of Mr. Clarke's visit and placed on the granite pedestal on which it now stands. It has been consecrated as a chapel, the opening used as a door being a piece six feet high and three wide which was broken out more than a century ago, some four years after it had been the last time recast, by some falling timbers during a fire.

The fourth largest bell in the world is the one in the Notre Dame Cathedral, in Montreal, which weighs twenty-nine thousand four hundred pounds. It was imported from France in 1843.

The personification of cruelty, Ivan "the Terrible," has already been alluded to; but Moscow could not be left without another reference to him in connection with that unique specimen of architecture, the Cathedral of St.

THE CITY OF KAZAN, RUSSIA.



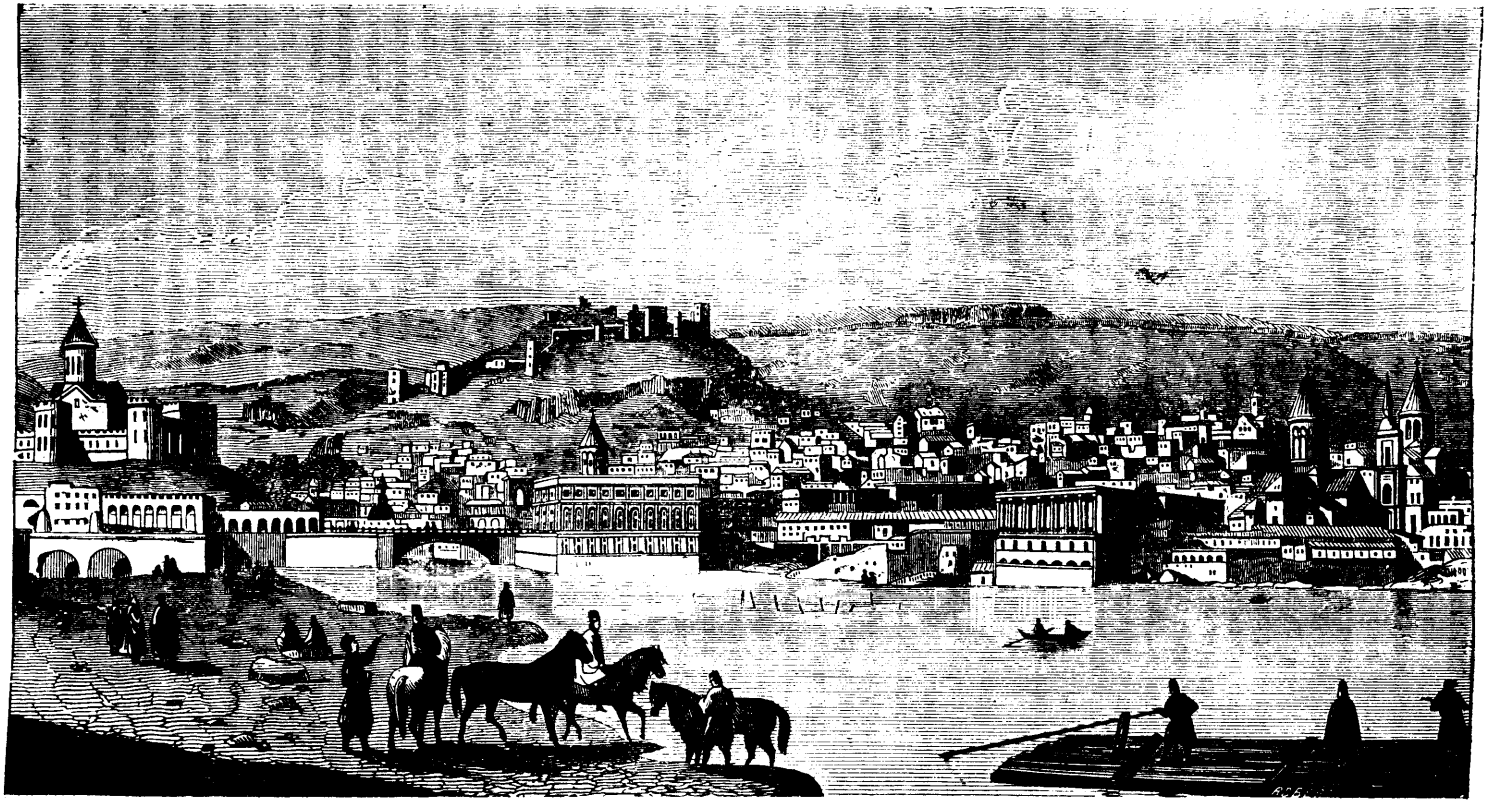
CITY OF ASTRAKHAN, RUSSIA.

Basil. This building, which was erected by his direction, has thus been described by Dr. Colange:—

"The church, with its twenty towers, large and small cupolas and roofs, forms one of the most singular objects in the world. Every one of the towers differs from the others in size and proportion, in shape and ornament. The whole is far from forming a whole; no main building is discoverable in this architectural maze; in every one of these irregularities lurks a separate church, in every excrescence a chapel. One of the towers stands prominently amid the confusion, yet it is not in the centre, for there is, in fact, neither centre nor side, neither beginning nor end; it is all here and there. Imagine all these points and pinnacles surmounted by very profusely-carved crosses, fancifully wreathed with gilded chains; imagine, further, with how many various patterns of arabesques every wall and passage are painted, how from painted flower-pots gigantic thistles, flowers, and shrubs spring forth, vary into vine-wreaths, wind and twist further, till they end in single lines and knots; imagine the now somewhat faded colors, red, blue, green, gold, silver, all fresh and gaudy, and you may in some degree comprehend how these buildings must have delighted the eye of so original a tyrant as Ivan the Terrible."

This monarch, according to some historians, had conceived a whim to try and find out how many distinct chapels could be erected on a given extent of ground in such a manner that Divine service could be held in all of them simultaneously, and thus the heterogeneous appearance of the structure. By others it is said that his object was to commemorate the capture of Kazan. Whatever the object of the building, there is no doubt that it pleased him well, and it is related that when the work was finished he summoned the architect, an Italian, before him, pronounced a panegyric on the work, embraced him warmly in thankfulness, and then ordered his eyes to be put out that he might not construct such another—a novel way of rewarding a man for success in gratifying his employer.

The conquest of Kazan, said to be commemorated by this church, was one of the most important in the early days of Russian history. This city is situated on the river Kazanska, about four miles from its mouth in the Volga, and four hundred and thirty miles east of Moscow.



TIFLIS, THE CAPITAL OF GEORGIA.

It was founded by a Tartar tribe in 1257 and became the capital of an independent kingdom by the Khan of the Golden Horde about the Fifteenth Century. For centuries it was the terror of Russia, but in 1552 was conquered by Ivan the Terrible, and the kingdom has since been subject to Russia. It is well supplied with means for religious instruction, having seventy churches, nine convents, and sixteen mosques. Withal, there is near it the Semiozernoi convent, with its miracle-working Madonna, Our Lady of Kazan, which gives it the character of a holy city in the eyes of the Russians. Notwithstanding these religious advantages, the Tartar element is holding its own, and the followers of Mohammed gain more converts from than they lose to the Greek Church.

Situated on an island in the Volga, at about twenty miles from the sea, is another representative city, that of Astrakhan. Built partly of brick, partly of wood, with crooked, ill lighted and ill paved streets, with a population consisting of Russians, Tartars, Georgians, Armenians, Persians and Hindoos, and places of worship for all, it is more a representative Russian city than any which have been previously discussed. Next to those of Newfoundland, the fisheries of the Caspian Sea are considered the most important in the world, and this industry centres in this city of some thirty thousand souls. It is the *entrepôt* of the Russian Oriental trade, its imports, in 1863, being valued at nearly a million dollars. In it are manufactured many of those cashmere shawls so much desired by ladies.

One of the most recent, important and bloodless acquisitions to Russian territory is the city of Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, which was ceded to the Czar by the last king of Georgia in 1801. It is situated on the Kur, one hundred and sixty-five miles south-east of the Black Sea, and is the Russian centre of military operations in Asia, and the headquarters of an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men whose duty it is to exercise a surveillance of the tribes, make and improve military roads, and, in one word, form the military outpost of the Russian Empire to the south-east. It is possible that since the acquisition of Kars, however, the latter city will become the centre of operations in the vicinity. Tiflis occupies a long stretch of uneven ground on both sides of the Kur, and is almost surrounded by an amphitheatre of brown, barren hills. Its architecture is an admixture of Asiatic and Europe, the older portions of the town consisting of unpaved lanes, with mud houses or those made of sunbaked brick with flat roofs and few windows, and of vaulted bazaars. In this portion all the business of the city is concentrated, while the newer portion, with its broad streets, open squares, grand palaces, and public buildings and residences in the more modern styles of architecture, are almost entirely reserved to the authorities newly imported into it. Its population, exclusive of the military, is estimated at sixty thousand. The city obtains special notoriety from its mineral springs, whose temperature varies from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty degrees. A railway, built for military purposes, connects it with Poti, a port in the Black Sea.

At the present the municipal system of Russia, although theoretically constructed with great care, is in its results the most remarkable in the world. As a rule the towns and cities cannot at all compare with those farther west, and it may almost be said that the desire to encourage, protect and build up an urban population has had but the one result, that of scattering and destroying it. As the country grows older, however, and the needs of the agricultural population greater from increased wealth and a desire after the luxuries money can buy, the population will naturally converge towards centres of education and

fashion, and town life will be more sought after. This tendency will, however, be met by another system peculiarly Russian, the communal, which is as remarkable as the municipal one. While the peasantry were serfs, and since, their land has been held in common, worked in common, and its produce sold in common, thus putting to practical test the fancies of the speculative communist. Notwithstanding this the town is attracting the members of the communes, who are taxed for the privilege of leaving the commune, and are liable to be peremptorily summoned at any time to return. The growing rivalry between the town and the commune will be most interesting to watch, and the issue most pregnant with lessons to students of political economy and observers of the course of time in general. G. H. F.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

I.

Red geraniums on the snow,
  That covers thy resting place, lost love!
The mouldering dust of earth below,
  And the glory and flush of earth above!
Lie there, die there, beautiful flowers,
  As she lies there who is long since dead;
Wither and droop in your buds' first hours,
  As she was withered ere youth had fled.
Red geraniums on her breast,
  Red geraniums at her feet,
Breathe out your lives o'er her last long rest,
  While over your blossoms the breezes beat
The under-notes of the old refrain,
  That evermore echoes again and again:
    "Love that hath us in the net,
      Can he pass, and we forget?
      Many suns arise and set;
      Many a change the years beget."
Red geraniums on the snow,
Answer for me to the sleeper below,—
Through many suns that have risen and set,
Have I forgotten? or do I forget?

II.

Have I forgotten the hopes and fears
That stirred all my heart in the by-gone years?
Have I forgotten the nut-brown hair,
And the lips that wore smiles such as angels wear?
Have I forgotten the graceful head
That has lain so long in its lowly bed?
Have I forgotten the dreams of old,
Or the tender talk that so soft is told?
Have I forgotten the dull despair
That froze me to stone when they laid thee there?
Red geraniums, on the snow
Dying above her, answer "no."

III.

Have I forgotten the storms within,
The weary and shameful load of sin,
When all my bitter and darkened life
Was a meaningless dream, and an aimless strife,—
When the heart within was as hard as the rock,
And the soul was a barren and fruitless stock?

Have I forgotten the horrible days
Of a life that had neither prayer nor praise?
Have I forgotten the mournful night
In the which I stumbled, nor missed the light?
O animal life! O heart of stone!
O the sin of the days that are gone!
Dust and ashes upon my head
As I lay these flowers above thy bed!
Shame and grief are my lot to dree,
But not, lost love, shame or grief for thee.

IV.

Why do I talk of such things to thee,
Things that thou sawest not, canst not see?
For the veil of the Holy of Holies is spread
'Twixt the sins of the living and rest of the dead;
So I know thou wast spared the deep distress
Of seeing me lost in the wilderness.
But whenever the Mighty one goes to war
The portals of Heaven are left ajar;
Whenever the lost is found again
The veil of the Temple is rent in twain,
That saints and angels may see from above
The victory of the Redeemer's love.
Earth's sins and struggles are not for the blest
To break the repose of their blissful rest,
But the triumph o'er sin, and the victory,
Are known at the foot of the Throne on high.
Should I forget the thorn-crowned face?
Should I forget the waiting grace,
The patient waiting in Love's own strength
That watched me, and hedged me, and won at length,
Till I stand to-day, lost love, by thy grave
Thy partner in Him who is mighty to save?
Love that hath us in His net
Shall He pass, or we forget?
Blood-red blossoms upon the snow,
For thee and for me, shall answer "no."

V.

Do I forget that, as days rolled on,
And the first mad anguish and pain were gone,
In tenderest love, not bitterest wrath,
He walled me around, and hedged in my path?
Thick were the thorns, and few were the flowers,
That grew in my ways in the by-gone hours;
But the thorns that were in them myself had sown,
And the flowers that blossomed He gave alone,
Till I, that cried out, when thou wert dead,
That the glory and joy of life had fled,

Found my stony desert and sky of gloom
As the garden of Eden brighten and bloom;
And the love and the hope I had lost in thee,
Come back at His bidding again to me.

VI.

Do I forget as I stand at thy feet
The glory and crown that have come on my life?
Do I forget by thy graveside, sweet,
The love and the honor I bear to my wife?
Do I forget all her love and trust?
Or is there a thought, or a hope, or a prayer,
As I bend for a little while over thy dust,
That the wife of my heart may not know and share?
Did I forget these, each bud I fling
In tender memory o'er thy head
Would be to my soul a bitterest sting,
And an injury, foul and base, to the dead.
I love thee better by loving her best:
For I know in my heart that the time will come
When we shall be gathered in too to our rest,
And thou wilt be there to welcome us home:
And well I ween that thou, sweet, dost know,
With thy clearer knowledge of things above,
What the true heart seeth but dimly below,—
That there are no limits or bounds for love;
That the earthly loves which He takes away,
He replaces again with a lavish hand,
Giving them fresh from day to day,
To draw us to Him with a growing band:
And however our lives may be tempest-tossed,
And however on earth we may make our moan,
Not a link of that chain shall be missing or lost
When we gather in Heaven around the Throne.
Day by day are fresh links begun,
But though they be many, the chain is one.

VII.

Red geraniums on the snow!
Tell her that naught have I forgot,
Be it of weal, or be it of woe,
That has darkened or lightened upon my lot.
Least of all through the stretch of years
Have I forgotten love's loyalty;
And the lessons it teaches in smiles and tears,
I learn, and am learning, until I die.

JOHN J. PROCTER.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

READ BEFORE A LITERARY SOCIETY.

Who was Jack the Giant-killer? The question is important. As Jacob was the type of Israelites so Jack is the type of Englishmen. This is not meant as an identification. He was the first great Englishman unless it were old King Cole. The question Who was Jack the Giant-killer? is therefore equivalent to the question: As an Englishman—as an Anglo-Celt—as an Aryan—who am I? From the books which touch on the heroes of the nursery and of the cottage fireside, which have of late become numerous, and which seem to have analyzed almost all tales but this, I learn first of all the general fact that every tale has its genealogy, and indeed that all tales descend from one tale, just as all men descend from one man. Not more sure is the student of the Shorter Catechism that he is an heir of Adam's sin by ordinary generation than is the later disciple of Grimm of the fact that the setting sun is the mill that filled the sea with salt—salt having been apparently the last thing that blessed all-producing mill was set to work upon before it sank into the sea—that in short in the changing features of the sky we may read the interpretation of every tale that is told.

"If all tales be true this one is not a lie," is a common Scottish saying with regard to such a tale as this of Jack the Giant-killer, but therein does the ignorance of a conceited age show itself. Not true! Why then has it lived so long and been told so often? Ten thousand tales are told each year, from complex novels down to funny newspaper paragraphs—many of them quite as interesting, quite as extravagant, quite as ludicrous, quite as heroic, but they are ephemeral compared with the everlastingness and omnipresence of this tale, which every English boy feels to be his very own. The good old tale may be occulted by the multitudinous glitter of fictitious productions which touch the surface of life and embody some moral or two, but the best of the products of our great century—let us bow when we name it—the XIX.,

> "As lamps high set
> Upon some earthly eminence
> Grow dim in distance and die out,
> While no star waneth yet."

The story which is common to all years and climes, which generation tells to generation and in which race holds fellowship with race, is to men as one of the stars. It is an instructive amusement sometimes indulged in by the social circle for one of a company to invent a story and whisper it to his neighbor and cause it to pass in this way around the room, the object being to find how much the story has varied in its passage from mind to mind. Amusing statements are sometimes made with regard to the variations of items of news as they go the rounds, as it is called, of the press. There recently appeared among the news items of an English newspaper the announcement that a certain house had prepared a biscuit containing a large amount of food in small compass, suitable for the use of sportsmen and soldiers. This commonplace statement, probably prepared rather in the interest of the baker than of the public, was condensed and recondensed until it changed into the very interesting announcement that a London house was now making for the use of sportsmen a very nourishing biscuit containing a small compass. In the face of facts of this sort no phenom-

enon can be more astonishing than the constancy of traditional stories which are found to-day alike in the valleys of Norway and on the plains of India, with only such variations as the differing conditions of society render absolutely necessary. The troll of the North becomes a fakeer in India, the king a rajah, and so on, but *mutatis mutandis* the tale itself remains the same. As a single example I may quote two tales which have been brought into juxtaposition by Mr. Cox. In the Hindu story of "Punchkin" "a rajah has seven daughters whose mother dies while they are still children, and a stepmother so persecutes them that they make their escape. In the jungle they are found by the seven sons of a neighboring king who are hunting, and each takes one of the princesses as a wife, the handsomest, of course, marrying the youngest. After a brief time of happiness the eldest prince sets off on a journey and does not return. His six brothers follow him, and are seen no more. After this, as Balna, the youngest princess, rocks her babe in his cradle, a fakeer makes his appearance, and having vainly asked her to marry him, transforms her into a dog and leads her away. The deserted child, as he grows older, learns how his parents and uncles had disappeared, and resolves to go in search of them. He learns from the gardener's wife that they have all been turned into stone by the great magician Punchkin, who keeps Balna herself imprisoned in a high tower because she will not marry him. In spite of the dissuasion of his aunts, he goes disguised in the clothes of his adviser's daughter, with a basket of flowers as a present for the captive princess. Thus arrayed the youth is admitted to her presence, and while none are looking makes himself known to his mother by means of a ring which she had left on his finger when stolen. The young man advises his mother to play the part of Delilah and find out from her tyrannical captor how to liberate his uncles, and whether the magician is himself subject to death. The device is successful, and the sorcerer betrays his secret. "Far away," he says, "far away, hundreds of miles from this, there lies a desolate country covered with thick jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm-trees, and in the centre of the circle stand six jars full of water piled one above another. Below the sixth jar is a small cage which contains a little green parrot; on the life of the parrot depends my life, and if the parrot is killed I must die." This keep is guarded by myriads of evil demons, and Balna dissuades her son from the venture; but he is resolute and finds helpers in some eagles whose young he has saved by slaying a large serpent which was making his way to their nest. The young eagles carry him to the jars, which he instantly upsets, and snatching the parrot from its cage rolls him up in his cloak. The magician is immediately at his bidding. Not only the seven princes, but a magnificent array of kings, courtiers, officers and servants are set at liberty. (Here we touch on our own story of Jack the Giant-killer.) Then the boy takes the parrot and tears off one of his wings, and the magician's right arm falls off. In like manner goes the left arm, and afterwards both legs—the magician all the while imploring him for his parrot. The body is now but a trunk, but still the eyes roll and the head begs. The boy then twists the parrot's neck, and round and round goes Punchkin's head, and he expires with a fearful groan. In the Norse tale of "the Giant who had no heart in his body," six sons of a king go forth to woo, leaving at home the seventh, called as usual, Askepot, a name which Sir George Dasent always translates Boots. They marry six daughters of another king, but never come home. Boots sets forth in search of them, in spite of dissuasion

similar to that which Balna's son had met with, first from his aunts and then from his mother. On the way he befriends a raven, a salmon and a wolf. The last bears him to the house of the giant, who has turned all his brothers and their wives into stone. Therein he finds a beautiful princess who promises to find out if she can where the giant keeps his heart. "for wherever it be it is not in 'his body." She tries the Delilah process for several days. Boots is always secreted under the bed, and the giant always smells his blood as in the English tales, but is set at rest by the devices of his captive. At last the giant tells his beguiler all his heart: "Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg, and in that egg lies my heart, you darling." The wolf takes Boots to the island; the raven gets him the church keys from the steeple top; and the salmon brings him the egg from the bottom. The wolf tells him to squeeze the egg, whereupon the giant screams out and begs to be spared and he will do all the prince wishes. He is first required to restore all the brothers and their brides to life, and is then squeezed to death. No one will believe that these two stories have no connection with each other, yet there is no vestige of evidence in favor of the tale having travelled from one country to the other. It is found within the present generation dormant in the Norwegian hills, unknown even to such story-mongers as Dunlop. It seems to have simply come down to both peoples from the days when they were one. Truly, as Sir George Dasent says, in words that have become proverbial, "popular tradition is tough." Is not the tale which is thus preserved by unseen power, unwritten yet unchanged, which has survived revolutions in government, in religion, and in spoken language through three thousand years and more, and which has been told during all that time by the firesides of the north and under the bungalows of the tropics, and has gone to the shaping of successive human minds through countless generations, worthy of respect?

The study of comparative mythology seems to open a field of knowledge as great, as important, and, possibly, as trustworthy, as geology has done. It must pass through the same stages. As geology has had its open-mouthed collectors of fossil thunderbolts and evidences of Noah's flood, its Mosaic and atomic cosmogonists, and lastly, its conscientious compilers of facts, working slowly, but unswervingly, toward sureties, to the test of which all preconceptions must one day be brought, so must the science which delves in the strata of tradition have its *gobe-mouche* field hands, its dogmatic theorists, its careful, inductive philosophers. "Know thyself" was, in practice at least, a later maxim of ancient philosophy, which at first busied itself almost exclusively with the objective world, and only in the Socratic age discovered that the proper study of mankind is man. The ancient prophet drew thunders from Sinai, and tempests from Carmel, and heard deep calling unto deep, but later and greater, more human and more divine, was He who drew his illustrations from, and based his teaching on, the manners and the ways of men. Bacon's process has in this age won such trophies from the facts of outside nature that the world has been for a moment ready to assert that Protoplasm, or something of that sort, created the heavens and the earth and all that in them is. It is a good sign to find that man in this age can no more than the ancients, live on matter alone, but must needs turn aside as of old, to hear the voice which speaks from the shekinah of the human soul.*

* Chrysostom.

The antiquary was at first a student of chiselled stones, and a magpie collector of ballads and fairy lore, simply because they were curious. He was without any thought of science. It was Jacob Grimm and his brother who elevated the study of comparative mythology into a science, and made it evident to all that, however crude first attempts might be, there were the materials in existence by which the most ancient and venerable thoughts of men might be ascertained. Folk-lore, instead of being preserved as a child preserves pretty sea-shells, became more important than the chronicles of kings. These latter tell more or less truly of the battles men fought and the sins they sinned, but the other unlocks the holy place of man's most universal thoughts, his deepest convictions and ruling impulses. Which of the Cæsars has been so much to the English people as even my little hero, Jack the Giant-killer?

The enquiry concerning him is by no means thread-bare. Other tales have been unfolded until, like the great Midgard serpent, they have been found to compass the universe. Men have traced the whole genealogy of the tale of Cinderella. She is the dawn maiden who has so often fled before the amorous sun. She is Rhodopis, whose slipper the king of Egypt fell in love with. A Hindu prince found a slipper likewise, and likewise wedded its owner, who, however, lost, for a time, her soul by losing the necklace in which it was suspended. In the Norse tales Cinderella is a boy. This is a natural variation if, as Mr. Moe assures us in his introduction to the noble collection of Norse tales which he and Mr. Asbjörnsen have so lovingly brought to light, and which Sir George Dasent has so appreciatively translated, German stories are told in the voice of elderly women, while the Norse ones are in the voice of men. Aschenputtel, the German girl of all work, is a pattern of modest goodness—Askepot, her brother of the north, a pattern of modest consciousness of strength, who knowing his power, allows himself to be put upon. The story runs thus;—it may be given as a sample of the transformations which stories undergo, and which are usually such as to prove unquestionable relationship on the one hand, and to make plain on the other that the one story was not borrowed from the other:—The out-lying meadow of a farmer being cropped every St. John's night, each son in turn volunteers to watch it, but only the youngest (it is always the youngest) has courage to face the uncanny monsters which do the plundering. By his courage and address the latter on three successive years becomes possessed of three horses, each grander than the one before it—the first being accompanied by a brazen, the second by a silver, and the third by a golden suit of armor and housings. These horses the boy successively hides and returns to his place in the ashes. The king of that country, as all kings did in those days, offers to whoever would perform a prescribed feat his peerless and only daughter and half his kingdom, a prodigal offer not unknown among Jewish monarchs, who derived it apparently from the Persians and who used it customarily only in daring hyperbole. The maiden was seated on a glass hill [the sky] with three golden apples in her lap, and whoever would ride to the top would have them and her. On the first day all tried the slippery steep in vain,—only one unknown knight in brazen armor rode easily up a third of the way and then returned, one of the apples which the princess bowled at him lodging in his shoe. Askepot's two brothers, returning from the tournament, were full of the day's proceedings, but derided his sigh that he might have been with them. The second day he rode up two-thirds of the hill in silver armor and received a second apple in

his shoe, and the third day he reached the top in golden armor and secured the third apple;—the heart of the maiden he had had with the first. He retired as usual in great haste, and was only found again after the king's officers had searched the whole country and forced from his brothers the confession that they had a younger brother, who, like David the Hebrew giant-killer, was not thought worth calling. When called he proved his identity by producing the apples, and further, by dropping his rags and appearing in his former glory. I have seen no authoritative interpretation of this story, not having looked it up in Cox, the soothsayer who decides all such questions; but, according to the modern Magi, it would probably be that the grey heaven puts on its glories and worships the sun at its setting, but retreating as soon as it receives a star, is lost until again discovered in an unexpected quarter at dawn. As the sun is, in the Teutonic languages, a lady, this form of the tale is a logical adaptation of the ecumenical myth.

Blue-beard, who slew six wives and was overcome by the friends of the seventh, is in like mannner one of a large family of magicians whose tale is the same everywhere, even to the number of captives. Among these Henry the Eighth is not to be numbered. He is generally regarded as a real personage, and at all events he failed by one of the orthodox number of victims. Blue-beard is Winter, who locks up in his dark closet six months of the year, but fails in his struggle with the seventh. To this view of things I give in my complete adhesion. It would require too much courage to doubt it were I inclined to.* Sometimes it is one bride who is locked up for six years and released by a lover on the seventh. Blue-beard, as we have it, was written by Charles Perrault (D'Armancour) and published in 1697. The original of the principal character was in those days held to be Giles, Marquis of Laval, a general in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII., brave, but given to black arts and wife murder. That only showed how little the people of that age knew about it.

Wherever Perrault got his tales, which, with those of several lady imitators, are the staple of our nursery literature, his creative power was of the order of that ascribed to the wand of Cinderella's fairy god-mother, changing the pumpkins and rats of rustic lore into coaches and horses, and weaving its good homespun threads into the silken attire, "tight-laced and high-heeled," of the court of the Grand Monarque—such as has delighted all children from his generation to ours, to be lost, alas! before the next in the rising flood of children's novels and Sunday-school reading. Even my sturdy friend Jack must submit to be spiritualized and made use of for religious, moral and sanitary purposes. Each of these tales of Perrault—"La Belle au Bois Dormant," "Le Chat Botté," "Le Petit Poucet," "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," "Riquet à la Houppe"* is meant, according to the writer's own procedure in appending a moral to each, to convey some life lesson to the young. What child, for instance, does not know that the story of Blue-beard is meant as a warning against the sin of curiosity? To the tales of Perrault the Comtesse D'Aulnoy added "La Belle aux Cheveux d'or," Fortunée, "Le Nain Jaune" and "La Chatte Blanche," most of which are found incorporated in her novels. Dunlop, the

* I only ask not to be disturbed in my belief by being told by Dr. Tylor that the wolf who ate the six kids, but could not eat the seventh, because it was hidden in the clock, is the night, or nether world, which devours the days at sunset, but cannot devour to-day, because the clock still has possession of it.

* This last developed later, according to Dunlop, in the hands of Madame Villeneuve into "La Belle et le Bete," but it is rather a very distant consanguinity than a development. "Beauty and the Beast" was a complete story long before the French writers touched it.

great story genealogist, traces with some success the relationship between a number of these French tales and those of Basile's Pentamerone, and of the "Nights of Straparola," and through them to oriental and other sources. With others he labors painfully, with questionable success, being evidently ignorant of the treasures of Teutonic tradition now so familiar. That the same popular tales that have been collected by Grimm and Moe and Asbjörnsen were afloat in the regions whence the French writers drew seems evident, although the characters in them were never attributed to Germany. Indeed, as the English accredit Cornwall with their Giant-killer, so the French place their Poucet or Hop-o'-my-Thumb in Brittany, yet the story is first cousin to all the Norse stories about Askepot. Puss-in-Boots, which Dunlop draws from a tale in the Straparola Nights, where "the cat of Constantine procures his master a fine castle and the heiress of a king," is to be found almost complete in Sir George Dasent's story of "Lord Peter." There, however, the fortunate possessor of the cat does not marry the king's daughter, but by beheading his cat becomes possessed of the most charming of brides. The last incident is the only part of the story which was left to Mme. D'Aulnoy, who worked out of it her gorgeous story of the White Cat, which, like most of the stories of Perrault's successors, finds its charm not in its naturalness, or if I may coin a word, *humanness*, but in the extravagance of its gorgeous impossibilities. It would hardly be fair, however, to follow Dunlop in discrediting these ladies for comparative lack of invention, now that we know that they had as materials only the gleanings of the luxuriant wild vintage from which he gathered, or as perhaps in this case, only the cut-off head of Puss-in-Boots, from which to form a complete new cat story.

I have thus run over these tales to show the immediate source from which our infants' library is chiefly derived. Genuine English tales—at least such as are of equal currency with the French ones in the drawing-room just alluded to—are not numerous. The Giant-killer indeed appears vaguely in some of these, such as Hop-o'-my-Thumb and Puss-in-Boots, but the strong-scented Englishman Jack is not there.

The story of Jack the Giant-killer seems, according to a variety of statements in Notes and Queries, not to have appeared in print before the beginning of last century. It does not appear in Will Thackeray's collection of Chapmen's literature, as preserved in the British Museum. Much the oldest edition known was printed in 12mo. at Newcastle in 1711. The first part was entitled "The History of Jack and the Giants," and the title of the second part was as follows: "The second part of Jack and the Giants, giving a full account of his victorious conquests over the north country giants, destroying the enchanted castle kept by Galligantus, dispersed the fiery griffins, put the conjurer to flight, and released not only many knights and ladies, but likewise a duke's daughter, to whom he was honorably married." The next edition that is extant was published at Aldermary Churchyard, probably twenty or thirty years later, and preserves the same title and arrangement. I regret that I have no means of examining these important publications, printed doubtless for the idle amusement of children, without any thought that the grave readers of a Canadian magazine would desire to study them.

Nothing could be harder on the vitality of rude popular tradition than adaptations of it to the drawing-room. The reverent restoration of an ancient ruin for the sake of preservation is well enough, but after the eldritch parts have been garnished

with the satins and brocades of the time of Queen Anne, and revamped for every rising generation since, one finds it hard to know what is really old, except the great stones that could not move. How many times the edition of the story I possess has been gutted and replastered I do not know, but it is wonderful how a tale like this can, like its hero, come out alive after twenty maulings and enchantments, and preserve in its latest refinement something at least of its identity. It is the same collection of stories everywhere, so far as I remember having seen it, excluding on the one hand "Jack and the Beanstalk," which comes presumably, like other tales in which giants are called ogres (Latin *orcus*), from the French, and on the other, certain traditional giant stories which I have never seen in print. These stories are probably gathered or have gathered themselves together from various sources, but just as Askepot and others appear as constant characters in the Norse tales, so, however many Jacks there may once have been in England, they were all of the same spirit—brave and tricksy—and they have all united in the one great hero of English story. It was Sir Francis Palgrave's opinion that the story of Jack and the Giants was founded on King Arthur and his exploits. This opinion is borne out by the story itself as it now stands, which makes Jack one of the mighty men of that spotless king. There is this to be remarked, however, that Arthur appears far oftener in the giant and fairy tales than giants do in the Arthur legends.

I shall not here institute a research into the giant stories of England. Geoffrey of Monmouth, the romancer, who compiled Armorican tales into British history, has one Goëmagot—who was thrown in wrestling with the Trojan invader, Corineus, the eponymous hero of Cornwall—who seems to be almost a namesake of the Gogmagog whose name is preserved in the Saxon regions of Shropshire and Cambridgeshire, and who probably by the coincidence of Scripture names got divided into the two who now hold high places as the tutelary twins of Cockaign.* Mr. Hunt has a Cornish giant-killer named Tom, who slew Blunderbus, or Blunderbore, with his cart-wheel and axle, a feat which affords proof of the unquestionable sort that Tom was the sun and lightning god. In India fire was made by a wheel-and-axle machine, and the sun was universally understood to be this machine in operation, the lightning being curiously the sparks which were thrown out by its rapid rotation. All over Europe and Aryan Asia there are remnants of fire worship in the customs of the people in which the blazing cart-wheel plays a conspicuous part. Here, then, at least, we are on solid ground. Tom is an unquestionable sun myth, but who that great one-eyed giant who appears in every nation under heaven is, the solar mythologists know well, but cannot tell, or at all events cannot make very plain. Odin always appears to mortals in the northern stories as an old man who has lost an eye, but with a comical look of wisdom in the other, which makes it quite an improvement on the round central organ of his distant Cyclopian relations.† The giants of English story are all Cornish or Welsh. Celtic tradition, of course, refers them still further back. With the Celts, like the Anakim among the Canaanites, the giants were not British, but remnants of a still earlier race, who had left abiding evidences of their existence

* When our Scythian ancestors made their first irruptions into the more civilized regions of the East, in the reign of Josiah and later, they were spoken of by Jewish writers under the name of Gog and Magog. Whether they so named themselves, or claimed any hero of name similar to Gogmagog, it would be interesting to know.

† Odin is the atmosphere, and his one eye is said to be the sun. In Tom at war with Blunderbore. do we find two separate sun myth s run foul of each other ?

and their might in such erections as those of Stonehenge, corroborated by the discovery, from time to time, of ribs of mastodons. A magnificent skeleton was discovered not so long ago at the very spot on the shore upon which Gogmagog was hurled from the rocks. It is to be feared, however, that if any traditions of the supposed earlier race were discovered they would still refer us back to a previous time as the age of the giants.

There are various ways of interpreting a tradition—the historical, the ethnological, the astronomical or physical, and the ethical. We have already found for instance an historical, a physical and an ethical explanation of Bluebeard. As an example of an ethnological interpretation we find in the Askefis or Askepot, already alluded to as the most frequent hero of Norse tales—perhaps we might say of all the popular *märchen* of Europe—the youngest and despised brother of the family, who being cast on his own resources attains, by the use of his wits and the favor of occult influences, to renown, and reaches a position in which he can patronize his more easy-going brothers, —a foreshadowing of the development of that branch of the Aryan race which, being thrust out of its home in Central Asia, has by the very roughness of its experience, and through the benign inspirations of a holier faith, attained to a force and practicalness of character and to a strength of position to which its more luxurious and more contemplative brethren in the ancient seats of Ormuz and of Ind are forced to bow down. We cannot tell how much of premonitory insight there may be here. The rustic tale of to-day enshrines not only the observations of early man, but the auguries and bodings of those who, having no history and no books, could all the more clearly hear the

> "Notes that are
> The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
> Or make their dim abode in distant winds";

and though they could not themselves explain what the spirit that was in them did signify, still could read in the facts of their every day life the character which the modern student, who now sees from the beginning to the end, can so aptly apply to the record of their race. The selection of the youngest for all successful adventure is, however, not limited to the Western Aryans, and must therefore have had its origin at least in something else than premonitions of the race movements of the future.

Our present question is, however, Who was Jack the Giant-killer? From the rhymes in the story, ever the most permanent portion of any text, we have the contradictory assertions that he was a Cornishman and that he was an Englishman.* He was doubtless a Cornishman and a Welshman both; but what I wish to affirm is that he certainly was an Englishman and a Norseman. I agree with Mr. Carlyle, who set me upon this quest, and with any others that have expressed themselves on this important question, that the original Jack the Giant-killer was the great god Thor, and thereby hangs a long tale which I shall endeavor to make short. The Norsemen in England displaced the Celts, a kindred Aryan race that had overrun Europe before them. In Scandinavia at a more remote period they displaced the ancient Turanian or Tartar race, which seems to have preceded all others in Europe and the north-east coast of America, and which survives in the Lapps, Finns and Esquimaux, as well as in the Basques of Spain. Their

* The Celtic giant stories do not differ extremely from those of their Norse brethren. Jack the Cornishman is probably as genuine a being as Jack the Englishman, and possibly it was from the Celtic Jack that our hero had his name. Jack is a word used in English for everything masculine—the jack-boot and the boot-jack, the jack-plane and the jack-saw, and a score of other jacks, and it is not far removed in sound from *ozach*, the Armorican word for husband.

war was, however, more with the great powers of nature than with men. When they came to the north from Asia, they brought with them a well-formed mythology. The powers of nature known in Asia had become personal—Odin, motion; Thor, heat and lightning; Balder, the heavens; Loki, said to be fire; Hel, Hades, the keeper of the unslain and therefore unhonored dead. When they reached the north they were anew brought into contact with the powers of nature, and that in a very different form from what they had known before. These shaped themselves into misty giants, jötuns, who reached a very much less complete state of personification than the Æsir, in German, Asen or Asiatic gods.* There were the Hrym-thursar, or frost giants; Ægir, the sea-foam; Hymir, whom we would call Zero, and Scrymir or Scrymnir, who was Utgard-Loki. Loki indeed had a very ambiguous position. He had relatives if not a home in Utgard, and was at the same time the great mischief-maker of Asgard. Everything that the people had brought with them from Asia—everything that was light and warm, even Loki, had its place among the better gods in Asgard, the region of the Æsir; while everything that was cold and dark and northern had its place in Jötunheim, in Utgard or the outer region. As the Teutonic race had made war upon the earlier Lapps, so the Æsir were looked upon as waging war with the jötuns. When the earlier race dropped out of memory and the jötuns had, like the gods, by the ordinary process of differentiation, become the characters of tales rather than living powers of recognized meaning, every mountain and wood continued to be peopled by a race which may be considered a sort of reminiscence of the people's old enemies—or rather as a cross between the Lapps and the jötuns; many of them were dwarfs like the former, and others gigantic like the latter. In the later tales the troll is generally a giant of enormous bulk but very unsubstantial construction, and very liable to burst and leave not a rack behind at sunrise, or on the discovery of his name, or through some other untoward event which throws too much light on him. What the jötuns were to the Æsir such were the trolls to mortals. The combats in both cases were rather contests with bigness and illusion than fights such as occur between man and man. The difference between the Æsir and the jötuns, or between mortal and troll, was by no means, as is generally assumed by modern writers, simply that between cleverness and brute strength; for at times the former were entirely outwitted by their more misty adversaries. Still less, as Snorri's fiction, the Younger Edda, asserts, was it one between goodness and badness. The legends which he himself records, show the good gods to have been the greater rascals by far, gaining their advantages by the most inexcusable treachery, and being entirely outdone in magnanimity and good nature by the beings of whom Snorri makes his Interpreter (to borrow a name from the "Pilgrim's Progress") say "They are all bad." Nor is it a contest between the earthly and the heavenly, seeing that at Ragnarök —the twilight of the gods or judgment day—the Æsir were to be all slain and victory was to be on the side espoused by the more spiritual, or at all events less concrete jötuns. The real difference, I am inclined to think, although I know of none so far as I have read who sustain me in the opinion, is as above hinted between the completer creations of a mature mythology, which had sprung from nature in times long past and had gone through ages of anthropomorphism, and the very imperfect personifications of more recent date, called into being by fresh contact

* This very natural but apparently fanciful etymological identification is made use of by Mr. Carlyle and others, with I know not what soundness of derivation.

with nature under new conditions, and after the underlying meaning of the immigrant gods had been partly forgotten. The same theory would, if correctly applied to the contest between the Olympic gods and the supposed earlier divinities, vitiate the genealogies of the Greek poets, who naturally put the less personal conceptions of their race in an ancestral relationship to those more human, and holding therefore more direct relations with mankind. It would overturn the beautiful but not in all respects tenable theory to which Keats gives such fine expression in his Hyperion, where Oceanus says:

"Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness; nor are we
Thereby more conquered, than by us the rule
Of shapeless Chaos."

The giving way of darkness to light, and of chaos to shapely nature, are natural phenomena, and involve no conflict of allegiance on the part of worshippers, and therefore differ entirely from the war between two sets of more and less humanized deities, a contest which may possibly be susceptible of the same explanation in the south as in the north. If this nebular theory of divine development be correct, the gigantic, misty forms—so transparent, as Prof. Max Müller says, that their meaning can be plainly seen through—are those of the younger and not, as naturally represented, of the older gods. Whichever class of beings is supposed to be victorious in the contest with the other, the sympathies of men are always on the side of those who have been longest household acquaintances, and have come down farthest into the likeness of men having differentiated farthest from the nature-facts which gave them birth. This conflict between the more and less human gods takes, in the Scandinavian tales, a still more concrete form in that between human beings and trolls, which reveals the old myth in a further stage of inevitable development. These trolls having charge of the inside of the mountains, and of the depths of the seas, live rudely, and eat men and women, but are vastly rich in gold and silver. As notwithstanding their great size, man nearly always, by the aid of courage, and wit, and favorable chroniclers, comes off victorious, it may be claimed that our ancestors, although superstitious, were not abject in their dread of mysterious things. Thus much they had of good from their most unholy faith,—if faith it can be called, which is simply the record of childish observations of nature, expressed in a manner imposed by the way in which language grows, and which seems to be able to co-exist with ideas of God and of right and wrong such as would utterly shame and condemn the very divinities to which it gives names and histories rather than homage.

The most rollicking and daring of all the warriors of Asgard was Thor—the Norseman's friend—the thunder god. The best of the stories told of him in the Younger Edda is that quoted by Mr. Carlyle in his lecture on Odin, which represents the thunderer as visiting Jötunheim attended by Loki, fire, and Thialfi, agricultural labor—ever in all mythology the quietest but most persistent enemy of the reign of the giants. Night coming on, the three travellers creep into a cave, and hearing dreadful sounds they enter a smaller inner cavern and Thor, hammer in hand, stands in the door. Coming out in the morning, they find they have been taking refuge in the mitten of a giant, who, sleeping close by, had disturbed them with his snores, the inner chamber being the mitten's thumb. The mon-

ster is good-natured enough and carries their luggage with his own. When they sleep again, Thor, more courageous than honorable, attempts the death of his travelling companion with three blows of his hammer, each of which causes him to open his eyes and complain of a falling leaf or some such annoyance. Scrymir leaves them and shows the way to the city, which they soon discern and find to be so high that they almost break their necks looking to the top of it. There they are received and unmercifully chaffed. Various feats are proposed to Thor, which, as the heat and thunder god, are entirely in his line. He is asked to drain a horn of water, which with his utmost efforts, he cannot do; to lift a cat, of which, by his utmost strength, he can only raise one foot from the ground; to wrestle with an aged woman, whom he cannot throw. Utgard Loki, who is the entertainer, accompanies his crestfallen guests out of the city, and then explains to them that they need not be down-hearted; they had been conquered only by illusions. The drinking horn had its other end in the ocean, and the draughts of the god had actually caused its waters to recede; the cat was the Midgard serpent, which surrounds the world and holds it together, and this he had almost displaced, and the aged dame was old age, and who can conquer her! The giant on whom he had tried his hammer was their host himself. He pointed out three great rifts in a mountain which those blows had made, and forthwith vanished, and the city of Utgard at the same moment disappeared. Here was the first giant-killer, although dealing with giants that could not be slain.

Whence came these gods Thor and Odin, to one of whom we have traced our hero Jack? Were they heroes first, and gods after, or gods first and heroes after, or were they never human at all? Snorri Sturlason, the Icelander —all honor to him, in spite of his madcap life, and to Sæmund, whose mantle fell on Snorri, the editors respectively of the Younger and of the Elder Edda, for that, living in an age of iconoclasm, with regard to things heathen, they had enough of the historic spirit to lay up for the scholars of the future all that they could gather of the literature of their country—the best country, according to its inhabitants, that the sun shines on. They, doubtless, thought that in doing so they were contributing to history. Their legacy, if of no chronological value, is precious to us in revealing more than we can gather from any other source of whence we came. Snorri distinctly tells us that Odin was a warrior who came from the region of the Black Sea. Mr. Carlyle builds on this tradition his theory that Odin was first a hero, then a god, and dedicates to him the first section of his imaginative book on hero-worship. We need, however, go no further from our present subject than to the early Danish history of Saxo Grammaticus to see how very easy it is to change myths into histories. There we have a whole line of kings whose names have been gathered from the various sagas, arranged as best the writer could, so as to look like a consecutive narrative, and carrying the genealogy, of course, back to Odin, who, being no longer a god, had to be looked on as a man. Such utterly unscrupulous conduct cannot be condemned without condemning the early Christian historians of all lands. The conscience of the age found no fault with invented history, and credulous vanity accepted it without question. When chieftains began to be flattered they were called sons of Odin. When kings first claimed divine right they did it on the ground that they were sons of Odin. The genealogies which their flatterers made for them were quite as good as those which others have made for the European peoples, tracing them through Gomer

and Magog to Noah. Indeed the brilliant imagination of Saxo would not have been held to be duly consecrated had he not been equal to the feat of tracing the descent of Odin himself from Noah. The historic Odin was one Siggi, to whom the name of Odin may possibly have been applied in some way as a title, or who may long after his death have been confounded with Odin. It is a constant thing in early legends for mortals who have passed into history to be clothed with the attributes and deeds of the gods, and for their names to be found figuring in tales which are unquestionably more or less mythical. Thus the name of Attila the Hun, and possibly Siegfried and Brunehaut of early Frankish renown, are found in the *dramatis personæ* of the Volsunga-Saga. The same story of shooting an apple on a boy's head is told of William Tell; of William of Cloudslie, the north of England outlaw; also by Saxo Grammaticus, who lived as long ago as Tell, of one Palnatoki; and in the Wilkinga Saga of Egil, the brother of the mythical Völund or Wayland Smith as he is called in England; and of St. Olaf, who by his skill at archery convinced a neighboring chieftain who had been inclined to be sceptical of the truth of Christianity. It is found likewise in the tales of many Asiatic tribes. All this does not prove that the hero Tell never existed, but makes it extremely likely that the story existed long before him and was conferred by popular favor as a sort of wreath upon the head of whatever fell archer it seemed to fit. In like manner the rush of Odin or Woden, the Wild Huntsman and his train, which sudden gusts of wind on weird moonlight nights are liable to call up, crops up not only in the folk-lore of every land, but is generally associated with some local hero, king or squire—whether Arthur, Barbarossa, Waldemar, Charles Quint, or Dietrich of Berne, written more grandly "Theodoric of Verona," or others of less note beyond the little region in which they are recognized as having passed over to the immortal gods. These are not cases really of men becoming gods, but of gods coming down, as it were, and becoming men. It was not the mighty hunting of these chieftains that gave rise to the tale, but the eery gusts of the half cloudy moonlight nights which first gave form to Odin's Hunt continue to keep alive his memory in connection with their well-remembered names. In Scotland and Ireland the same symptoms and the same popular usages are associated with the processions of the good folk—a name which seems to include all the ancient gods—trolls, jötuns, dwarfs and fays, which, although they have been excommunicated and exorcised ever since the days of St. Augustine and St. Olaf, still hold a place both in the faith and the affections of the people of the Old World. This spiritual machinery is among the most important of the properties which the human race leaves behind it in crossing the sea. "A running stream they daurna' cross," particularly if it be as broad as the Gulf Stream. Our hills are not only uncrowned by ruins of eld, which in the ancestral lands make every tuft of broom give life to plaided warrior armed for strife, and which compel men to think upon and to live in the days that are no more, but our rocks and our rills are untenanted, and much of communion with nature is lost to us. To us they are but limestone and granite quarries, water privileges and swamp drains, and what fellowship can man have with these? Not truly was it said that they change their clime but not their minds who cross the sea. A Yorkshire man once flitted because of a bogart which infested his house. Being on his way challenged by a neighbor as to what he was doing, he heard to his dismay the answer given from within the churn, "We're flitting." Our bogarts have stayed behind. We have not even the

old churns to keep them in. Who knows but that this difficulty of crossing the sea may have had something to do with the comparatively disintegrated condition of English folk-lore as compared with that of Scandinavia? Our giant-killer is the most that is left to us of the abundant legendary wealth which the troll stories of Scandinavia contain. His story, too, when compared with them appears like a few collected bones of a long dismembered skeleton, with stray ones from other sources.

As the Hunt of Odin is preserved in local tradition in connection with the names of men of almost modern date; as the hatreds, jealousies and illicit loves of the gods taint the legends of all nations and times, giving plots to epos and romance, ballad and tale, so are the mighty, wrathy and jovial deeds of Thor preserved in the giant stories which have survived the neglect of a thousand years, and are now trying to survive the over-attention of children's publishers. One of the tales in Dasent's collection, called "The Blue Belt," the only one which is evidently marked with oriental admixture, apparently quite recent, from Sinbad the Sailor, is founded on the might-giving virtue of the belt of Thor. There is a remnant of this belt story in Jack the Giant-killer. Jack's eating match with a Welsh giant is found unaltered in the Norse collection, along with another adventure about squeezing cheese, which is familiar enough in English, but which does not appear in any text of the Giant-killer that I know of. The cap of wisdom, coat of darkness, shoes of swiftness, and sword of sharpness, do not belong to this story alone. The power of vanishing and easy transportation belongs naturally to all beings of jötun kind, but cannot be borrowed by everybody. The seven-league boots appear first in England on the Devonshire giant, Bolster. Jack's latest feat is a war like Thor's against enchantment, and being so well equipped with borrowed illusions, he comes off victorious.*

The story of Jack and the Beanstalk, although apparently, as above remarked, received in its present form from the French, has a sort of indistinct counterpart in a Norse tale, of a troll from whom a quilt, with gold and silver patches, seven silver ducks, and a golden harp, were successively stolen by an over-reaching youngster, who crossed the water instead of the atmosphere to get them. The quilt is presumed to be the sky, the hen that laid the golden eggs, the dawn, I suppose, and the harp the wind. Two of the emblems are, at all events, quite frequent in all fairy lore.

As the Norsemen associated their fairy world with the Lapps that had preceded them, so probably the Saxons in England got their spiritual beings mixed up with memories of fierce Briton chiefs who contested the mountain fastnesses of England and Wales with the cruel invaders. In a rude age it would not take long for an illiterate people to be unable to distinguish between the mountain genii, in whom their fathers believed, who lived in the midst of gold and silver, in the interior of the hills, and the desperate outlaws, whose names would be a terror, perhaps even after they were dead. Thus

* Some of Thor's most notable tussles were with the great Midgard serpent, which, however, he did not conquer. A still better serpent or dragon conflict appears in the Volsunga Saga, which centres on the destruction of the dragon Fafnir, by the sword of the hero Sigurd Fafnir's Bane. It would evidently be a mistake to suppose that, with all his tremendous efforts at bringing order out of confusion, Snorri had succeeded in making anything like a complete compendium of Teutonic mythology, and stories which he omitted probably, as mere records of fact and filled with names which he could not place in his recognized Olympus, have sometimes more important and more comprehensible mythic elements in them, than have those which he has enshrined. The universal snake story does not come into the record of this hero, except in the form of the fiery griffins, which defended the enchanted castle, but with which he had no conflict.

the giant became a Welshman or a Cornishman, and his assailant an Englishman. The calling of Jack also a Cornishman would be, among the English, at least, simply impossible, until after the day of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who did perhaps more than any other influence could have done to liberalize the minds of his countrymen towards their neighbors of another race.

I have spoken of Thor as the first giant-killer, and he or his counterpart god of the rising-sun and of the thunderbolt, would appear to have been so recognized before he got his Norse name of Thor, and was first loved by the wild men of the storm. In India every schoolboy has some story to tell of Beeman, one of the five pandoas, and his adventures in killing the Rachsas. This story is traced back as far as the Mahâbhârata.

Another familiar character, and one thoroughly English, as well as thoroughly universal, who may perhaps be more or less identified in his origin with Jack the Giant-killer, is Tom Thumb. In German he is Däumerling, Däumesdick or Kleindäumchen, and Simrock, in his Deutsche Mythologie, identifies him with Thor, who became somewhat ludicrously famous for his defence of the *thumb* of Scrymer's mitten. If this be correct, this is the last possible reduction of the gigantic characters of our great nature drama. Daümerling, or Däumling, as Dr. Murray, of McGill College, in his Ballad Poetry of Scotland points out, is probably one with the elfin Tamlane of the Scottish ballad. He is also Poucet, Policinello, Punchinello, Punch*—a hero who in all popular representations is worked chiefly by the thumb of the exhibitor. Tom Thumb's adventures take us back to Hindoo customs, which we need not here enter on. Having got him to India, some would identify him with Vamuna, the dwarf form taken by Vishnu when he went to ask for as much territory as he could cover with three steps. Unlike Tom Thumb, however, Vishnu immediately assumed gigantic size, and at once possessed himself of the three regions of the universe.

From this whole enquiry the following conclusions would seem to flow:

I. The more nebulous and less humanized divinities of a particular age are not the older, but the later, productions of the human mind.

II. The conflict between the earlier and the later gods was simply man's struggle with nature, projected, as it were, upon the heavens, whence it came back to him in the stories of conflicts between human beings and trolls.

III. The hero does not rise into a god, but divine attributes descend on the hero. A myth is not easily wiped out, but catches, as it were, on many historic episodes in its descent through time.

IV. We have in most stories the nature-myth on the one hand, and on the other real human beings and events, or, at least, periods of history with which the former has become more or less associated.

V. A broad water is a real obstacle in the passage of myths, strongly localized superstitions disappearing amid scenes entirely new.

N. B.

* From *pouce* and *police*, French and Italian words for thumb.

"BANGOR," ON THE BELFAST LOUGH.

BY FESTINA LENTE, AUTHOR OF "HIC JACET," ETC.

There was a broad smile of superiority on Lillie's face, that caused heart-burnings amongst the other children. Sarah, Annie and Willie were invited out to tea, and she was not included in the invitation. Wherefore, then, that beaming smile?—merely from the sense of distinction. She was going to be left alone with me, and the occasion was rare, and the wrong-headed Irish mind obstinately clung to the conviction that it was a position to be envied; hence the smile and manner which caused so much irritation to the others. Dinner was just over, and I had climbed up into my old-fashioned window seat, for the purpose of changing my sea-weeds into dry papers. One after the other, Sarah, Annie and Willie had rushed in, and scrambled up to me, to give me the farewell hug that no amount of faces and sarcastic speeches from the recipient ever cured them of bestowing. Out of doors, the yellow leaves fell softly from a willow tree, and the open window let in the distant sound of the waters of the Lough splashing on the rocks.

"What bliss is a quiet afternoon!" I said to myself, for Lillie was a silent, gentle little creature, who could amuse herself for an hour with digging in the sand, and rather enjoyed quiet; and as she was a good walker I intended to climb for some two miles over the headlands to get at a bay where sea-weeds of rare brilliance were to be found, and we were all of us lunatics for the time being over sea-weeds.

A gentle tap at the door. Being in a severe mood, I do not answer, the door handle is turned, and a small head is inserted round the corner of the door.

"Totty—dear Totty!"

"Well, Jennie," I answer, without turning my head.

The door closes, and the head disappears; I know what is coming and harden my heart until I feel like adamant. Jennie's head again—a very fair head of yellow-white hair, two eyes as blue as the sea; a very siren to coax, this said Jennie. I am unlucky enough to drop some of my specimens; in flies Jennie to the rescue—who so zealous or neat-handed as she? She stands on tip-toe to hand them up to me, and I severely stoop over to reach them. I see then that her outdoor costume is complete, all but the hat; the thick boots are laced up tightly, the little red cloak is buttoned under the chin, and a bucket peeps from one arm underneath the red folds.

"Run and tell Lillie to be ready in five minutes to go for a walk with me," I say firmly. Away run the willing little feet, and return as quickly.

"Totty,"—a pause—"you nearly ready, Totty?"

"Quite," I say grimly as I tie on my sun-hat, take up basket and prepare to start.

"I come too, Totty?" says Jennie. "I'll be very good."

"Lillie and I are going too far for you, Jennie, and you will be tired."

"No! I won't be tired, Totty dear."

"Besides which," I continued grimly, "you will fall on the rocks and roar, you know you will."

For, on any exciting occasion, it was Jennie's practice to emit a sound that could only be properly designated as a "roar."

"If I fall down, I won't roar a bit," said Jennie. "Yesterday I got a 'sore

bang' on my knee and I did not roar, I didn't."

The "sore bang," excited my risible faculties, and Jennie, setting down her bucket, showed me in the midst of a multitude of cuts and bruises on her bare legs an especially aggravating one, which was the "sore bang" before mentioned. What am I to do? In the garden nurse, with wee Effie and Tom, is standing waiting for Jennie. But this said Jennie has managed to hold fast with her plump, dimpled hand to me, and knows well enough she has won the day.

"Och, sure there, it's too much trouble ye're takin', Miss dear," said nurse apologetically—weakly, too, for she knew well enough that not all her height, breadth and weight would suffice to alter Miss Jennie's determination, when once it was fixed. We started, escorted by Effie and Tom to the garden gate, and there we left them, to watch our race down the field with admiring eyes. If a grass field slopes down to the shore, what can you do but race down it? so away we went, and of course Lillie and I arrived at the rocks before Jennie was half way down the field. Jennie was a nursery child of six years of age, who very much objected to the position. But until she was seven she was not to be allowed to cross the threshold of the school-room. This was the law, but Jennie persistently broke it, and fought hard fights with the nursery authorities to escape to the field of glory, where her sisters with Willie dragged out the melancholy school hours. She was one of those fair-haired children with peach-like skins that neither freckle nor burn, and was a little character all to herself. Sarah and Annie, Willie and Lillie, Tommy and Effie, always played together as boon companions, but Jenny's only game was to act Philistine, playing the part of attacking party with power and zest, and holding her own, without any need of extraneous help. Yet of herself, as an individual, it may be fairly said that she lived in an impenetrable calm—a calm that only bodily injuries could break, when it gave place to the roar, which was justly objected to by her friends. The following instance of her calmness of temperament is worthy of record:

When Effie was about two years old, some one was careless enough to leave the window open on to the lawn. Presently she was missed, and Jennie was asked if she knew where she was. "Oh! she has fell out of winder," said she, in slow, calm tones, and surely enough, there lay wee Effie on the grass, having fallen at least five feet, before arriving there. Happily she was uninjured.

Jennie reached us by a series of remarkable runs, that often ended in a roll, and flushed and elate with success, walked with us over the shingle. A fresh wind from the Lough sent the waves in unexpected stretches to our very feet, washing up one over another those flat shingly stones that often kept us by the hour, "skipping stones" on the waves. We called the spot, "Skipping-stone Bay," and found that its charms only grew on us as we gained skill in the art. We passed it now, after indulging in a few skips for Jennie's benefit, and climbed then on to some rocks covered with sea-weeds, of a slippery nature, and finding there the view we loved so well, we stopped to look at it.

We could see the opposite shore of the Lough, barren and dark, and tinged with purple, as if its wastes were covered with heather. To the east the rough white horses of the Irish Sea sent their advance guards far up the Lough, and broke, with force that rendered it almost impossible to land there, upon the Copeland Islands. Looking down upon the coast on which we stood, we could see the houses struggling in irregular streets, with the headlands stretched out rough

and rocky, and a surf beating over them. In the direction in which we were going, one larger house stood alone upon the cliffs. It rose up stiff, ugly, and modern, without a single grace of architectural beauty to excuse its being there at all. In that dreary abode lived three people who appeared to have lost all interest in living at all. They kept down the blinds of the windows that faced the Lough, as if they disliked the waters that broke so persistently at their garden gates. In that garden they kept a dog, in whose fabulous size and disposition to bite we had full faith. One of the charms at the coast at Bangor is the number of bays which the water has hollowed between the ridges of rock. Lillie and Jennie and I climbed manfully up and down the rocky paths, and at length arrived at our destination and sat down to enjoy the sight we had walked so far to see. All the shallows of the bay were pink with sea-weeds, which floated softly up and down, and rose and sunk with the ripple of the tide—all the feathery fronds, with their exquisite delicacy, spread out in a manner that filled our souls with longing, and at last roused in us the frantic desire of possession. But the rarest and best pieces would not come within reach of my arm, not even when I risked my neck on the slippery sea-weed that covered a rocky strand, jutting out in the bay. Meantime Lillie and Jennie had taken off shoes and stockings and were paddling about in the shallow water, grasping sea-weeds, and proud of the opportunity of doing me a service. Their pretty white feet flashed under the clear water, and the pink sea-weeds floated against them, and they made, in their happy unconsciousness, a pretty picture framed in the September sunlight.

The tug of war came an hour afterwards, when we found that our united efforts were futile when directed to getting on Jennie's boots. Lillie and I took turns in trying, each one resting when exhausted, and Jennie calmly drew her determined lips into a straight line, and suggested that she should walk home barefooted. The secret was out then. She did not *mean* to put them on, and Lillie and I discovered this at the same time and interchanged looks of great acuteness. We then talked of little nursery girls who could not put on their own boots, and in less than five minutes the sarcasm became too biting for Jennie to hold out against, and she not only slipped on the boots, but very cleverly laced them up.

"I always put on my own boots," she said, with a sneer at our incapacity which took away our breath with its calm audacity. We then started for home, but we saw so many charming nooks to rest in that our progress was but slow. And every nook had its story of anemone, or snail, or sea-weed, and an insatiable appetite for "stories made up as you go on" possessed these two little maidens, until at length I had to turn the tables and insist on their taking their turns at story telling.

"There was once a little girl," said Jennie, calmly, "that went for a walk with Totty; and she fell down and banged herself, and she didn't roar, and it's me, Jennie."

But Lillie gently took her to task for the subject of her story, and began to relate some marvel of sea and sky, that she said was more interesting. It was unfinished, however, on account of its great length and apparent absence of "story," and as the tide was coming in we went homewards. We played games then, and went to sea, and made rapid progress during storms, and we called Jennie Captain Jo, a nickname that she proudly bears to this day, at least to me. The marvels of that afternoon's walk had all to be related to those who did not partake in its delights. The sea-weeds, which were rare and exquisitely beautiful, were freely—I might say ostentatiously—divided by Lillie and Jennie, and every one, down to Tommy,

was well impressed with the incidents which led to their being found.

The next day brought us half a dozen visitors from town—three children with their aunts—and when dinner was over the question arose as to what was to be done with them. The aunts said that they would keep the three children with them, but an uproar arose at the very idea, for all the children wanted to be together.

"Now Jack," said his aunt, who doated on him, "you are a bad boy, and what will your mother say to me if you break your neck?"

"Yes! you know you are a bad boy, Jack," said another aunt. "You are the most disobedient, bad boy that ever was."

"Yes! and you are to stay with us all the afternoon," said the other aunt, settling herself into an easy chair. "We will take you down to the shore in an hour or so."

The recipient of these pleasing remarks grinned and subsided. He was a tall, red-headed lad, of immense animal strength and spirits, and was rather complimented than otherwise by the continual fussing of his aunts, but his face looked rather gloomy as he saw us ready to start for a walk.

"Totty," whispered Sarah, as we crossed the lawn, "he says he won't paddle nor wade, nor sail his boat in deep rock pools, if you will let him come with us."

I was not too desirous to add the nomadic Jack to six other restless spirits, as all his relations spoke of him as a "Turk," a "mischievous boy," and a "monkey," indifferently.

"On his honor," put in Sarah, as if that settled the case. And so it did. The aunts all spoke together, and refused to add such a fire-brand to our party, but we prevailed at last, and then as we appeared on the lawn such cheers and war dances of delight welcomed us, that I began to think these wild Irish spirits had all gone mad. Immediate action was necessary, and as they were all stopped in their wild career by a low stone wall, I climbed on this and waved my basket to command silence.

"Totty's going to make a speech, hoorah for Totty!" roared Sarah, and Willie stood on his head with frantic desire to please.

"Willie, stand on your feet! Sarah, if you cheer any more, I will go home. Jack, you are the biggest boy present, keep order! Now then, I put you all upon honor. You are not to go to any forbidden places without asking permission. If I say 'no,' I mean 'no,' and any one who does not intend to obey at the first word is *never* allowed to come with me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Totty—yes!" said my four loyal children.

"Away you go, then, to Skipping-stone Bay," said I, with the last feeling of uneasiness gone, and as I stood laughing to see them race helter skelter down the slope, a very polite voice said:

"Allow me to help you down, Miss Clifford."

There on the other side of the wall stood the proper and meek Uncle John, who had come home from the Indies for a two years' stay in Ireland, and who was frightened out of his wits by his lively nephews and nieces. I surrendered myself to fate, and allowed myself to be helped stone by stone down a wall that Sarah often cleared at a flying leap, and then had to endure the languid escort of Uncle John all down the slope. I was so glad when he slipped and fell down, and to see his top hat rolling at full speed on to the shore. It set him running to get it, and when he had got it, he turned with me towards the rocks, and I began to fear we were to have his society all the afternoon. "I would rather have Jack," I said to myself. "At any rate he is alive."

Jack's red head was then blazing like a meteor in the sun as he dashed hither and thither in pursuit of sea anemones.

He set up a howl of joy as he recognized a victim in his uncle.

"I—I think I will not intrude longer on your afternoon's pleasure," said Uncle John, rapidly retracing his steps, and I climbed up the rocks to my favorite seat, which the children called my throne, and commanded from that position a very good view of anything necessary for me to see. In fact, it commanded a view of the most dangerous places on the shore.

I had got my Euclid in my pocket, and took it out, and had an hour of quiet study. Sometimes the fun and laughter from the children below broke in upon my train of thought, but as a rule I was uninterrupted. I do not know why I had such a longing to understand Euclid's propositions at Bangor, but so it was, and many of the bright hours by the Lough have been lightened by the happiness of feeling that one more of them lay within my grasp. But Jack had got his boat to sail, and all the rock pools were too small, and he pointed out a place far out between the rocks, where there was a beautiful pool. So he and I went there, and sailed the frigate, and escaped from perils by land and sea, and became firm friends before the next hour was over. In fact, Jack behaved like a saint, or, rather, an honorable boy, who knew how to keep his word, and after that one experience of him we included him always in our picnics and parties of pleasure, and I always felt that if there was one more than another that I could rely upon in an emergency, it was red-headed Jack.

One day we went to Donaghadee. I volunteered to go on one car, with Willie on one side of me and Jack on the other, as the boys wanted to be on the same car, and the aunts had determined to keep Jack between them. Sarah and Annie were on the other side of the car, and we came last of all. Three other car loads went in front, with the grown up people and the young children. As for us, we were as happy as larks. The autumn day was gloriously bright, the red and yellow bramble leaves and the crimson leaves covered the hedges, and whenever we wished we stopped to gather leaves and shells. For part of our journey our way led by the shore, and on the lovely little sand beaches lay the shells we rarely found. Jack, as we came back along the road by moonlight, became possessed of the spirit of boasting, and said that he could ride home standing up on the car all the way. Willie opened his mouth with admiration of the feat, for he was a timid boy of very gentle disposition. Immediate suppression of Jack was necessary.

"That is nothing to do," I said scornfully. "I have a brother who climbs tall pear trees and hangs by his feet from the topmost bough." Jack grew humble and asked particulars as to the way to do it. One of the cars in front stopped, and the aunts said they were sure I must be tired of Jack, and that Uncle John would take his place and Jack should go and sit with them. But Jack would not go, and Sarah and Annie held on to him, and so we went on as before. The moon shone brightly; the trees arched over the road. Now we were in a country lane, and now beside the Lough. The waves, as usual, were covered with white horses; some sail boats skimmed over the surface; a steamer with its flashing lights was passing the light-house; and some autumn birds sang in the hedges. The hilly streets of Bangor came in sight, and our house, with its three fuchsias, as high as willow trees and covered even still with globular blossoms, standing on the lawn like sentinels. From the sitting room windows flashed a bright light, for a cheerful fire was burning.

But with October came some rainy days. The aunts, with Jack, went back to town, though Uncle John haunted us still, coming in at odd times when he

believed he should be protected from his young relations by the presence of their parents or me. On rainy days, we went out of doors until we felt wet, when we came in and remained in doors for the day. We then pressed sea-weeds, or made beautiful cards of them, and sorted our shells, and exchanged varieties with each other. In the evenings, we played conglomeration, and had so much fun over the medleys we wrote that the elder folks humbly asked permission to join us, and so we all sat round the large table, and Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair, with Uncle John and one or two other gentlemen, labored hard to produce clever effusions. Uncle John laughed so much over his that he could not read it for some time, but no one else saw any particular "*jeu d'esprit*" in it. Sarah's was the best; she had taken hold of the absurd jumble of nouns allotted to her, and had made a masterly story of them. Mrs. St. Clair poured forth hers in a Johnsonian style purposely, and occasioned much fun and laughter. As long as the rainy weather lasted the interest in conglomeration remained as intense as ever; but with bright moonlight nights returned the yachting mania.

On Sundays we went to the Presbyterian church, and sat in the doctor's pew. His wife, a faded, gentle little creature, sat in a corner looking with dread on the vigorous life of the children; since then I have heard that she has faded out of life altogether. The doctor, a hardy, powerful man, sat in the corner of the square pew opposite her. The townsfolk were scantily scattered over the church. The church is plain and simple, the windows are large, and the trees outside can be heard rustling their boughs against the panes. The Precentor led the singing, and started up extraordinary tunes, rich in canon and fugue, much to the delight of Sarah and Willie, who had all the genius of the Celt for music, and who picked up the theme far quicker than I could do, and began to make themselves conspicuous by their determination to join the basses in their solo part of the fugue. I was sorry to repress them, but the Precentor cast his eyes on us, and it was a necessary act.

The bathing at Bangor is charming. Though there is not a sand beach such as that at Port Rush, it has the advantage of being very safe, and you can bathe in any one of the numberless bays that break up the irregular shore. There is only one spot that is really dangerous, and *the* one bathing machine of the town is stationed there. Only on one occasion did we take advantage of the machine, and that was on a thoroughly wet day, when the rocks were covered with pools, so that we could not keep our clothes dry. The old bathing woman sat on the steps of the machine with a pipe in her mouth, and busily knitted, while we found the machine not to our liking, the floor being covered with dirty sand, and the walls with spiders and black beetles. We often stayed in the water swimming for an hour at a time. It was the year of the Franco-Prussian war, and we played tournaments in the water. Mrs. St. Clair, a tall, powerful woman, would catch me, and plunge me under the waves just as she did her children, and when, burning for revenge, I rushed after her, she would go out into deep water, so that I was out of my depth, and perfectly helpless to do her any injury. If I swam after her, my disadvantage was equally great—with a few quiet strokes she would keep as much ahead of me as she chose. So that to this day I am unrevenged. Often as we floated upon the buoyant waves in an ecstacy of delight at our surroundings, unwilling to stir for fear of breaking our blissful dreams, a vessel would sail into the bay. Its reflection would be cast in the water; soon we were entangled in its reflected riggings. We lay upon its sails and

grasped at phantom coils and ropes; it would pass, the heavy waves from its wake would disturb us effectually, and we would hastily clamber up some rocks to wait for peace again. Yachting on the Belfast Lough is fraught with danger. Mr. St. Clair, with some gentlemen, came in one evening looking white and scared. It was some days afterwards that we were told of the misfortune which had befallen them: that a sudden squall had blown the yacht almost over, that it had been righted by little short of a miracle, and that the lives of those on board had hung on a hair's breadth of chance of escape. After that Mr. St. Clair came down by train, as he did not wish to risk his life in another autumn squall on the treacherous Lough.

A NIGHT WITH PETER CRIM.

"I pity the skiff or canoe caught in this blast," was Peter Crim's mental reflection, as he threw an extra pine knot on the already blazing fire, which sent a shower of sparks up the chimney and filled the apartment in which he sat with a vivid crimson glow, lighting up the much begrimmed rafters, and flashing over the small curtainless windows, with a lurid glare.

Peter was a well-known huntsman and trapper on the Canadian back lakes, who had made his home on a rocky island, known as Moss Cliff, for many a year. He was at present engaged in mending a pair of untanned leather leggings, with a huge needle and a piece of twine, while he enjoyed his pipe. Having had a successful day among the ducks he was in high good humor with himself and all the world. Lying curled up about the fire were four dogs, whose weary, draggled appearance showed that they had done their master faithful service, and he regarded them complacently through the filmy wreaths of tobacco smoke, as he drew his needle clumsily in and out. Suspended from a crane over the fire was a large pot, which sent forth a pleasant bubbling sound and filled the room with a savory odor. Peter's household gods consisted of the said pot and a kettle which stood on the hearth, a canoe and rifle, a table and a few benches—which last had evidently been manufactured by his own hands. The walls were decorated by a goodly array of deers' antlers, which were to him what a collection of scalps would be to the primitive red man.

Presently a beautiful retriever which had been lying at his feet started up, and gazing into his master's face, began to whine and wag his tail. Peter paused in his occupation, and taking his pipe out of his mouth, sat for a moment in a listening attitude. Through the ceaseless roar of battling wind and water without came a faint halloo, which could only have been distinguished by the practised ear of the hunter. Starting up with the speed of lightning he snatched a lantern off a shelf near at hand, which he lit with a blazing brand from the fire, and then putting on his hat he rushed out into the murky darkness, followed by all the dogs, who set up a furious barking, while he held the lantern up over his head and shouted with

all his might. Another shout floated over the dark, angry waters, and yet another, and he answered again and again, as he wended his way down over the mossy rocks, followed by the dogs.

"It is two fellows in a skiff," he ejaculated, as he drew near the landing place, in the vicinity of which he espied a large skiff struggling with the waves. The occupants of the boat set up a joyous shout when by the aid of the lantern they could see their way to shore, and guided and assisted by Peter they were soon standing high and dry on the rocks. They were two young amateur sportsmen, and had a wonderful story to tell of their perilous voyage up the lake. They had been out since morning and had attempted to land before nightfall, but being unacquainted with the shores and islands, they were cruising about in quest of a landing place when night closed in about them and the storm blew up. They had got among a group of islands and had given themselves up for lost, when their attention was attracted by Peter's light, and they essayed to attract his attention, with what success we have seen. They were both bewailing the loss of a favorite and valuable dog, which for some unaccountable reason had sprung out of the boat and disappeared into the darkness just before they succeeded in attracting the hunter's attention.

In the meantime they had reached Peter's habitation and were standing in the glow of the fire shaking the spray off their coats preparatory to hanging them up to dry.

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose you don't know where you have got to," said Peter, with an important air, "this is Moss Cliff lodge, and I am Peter Crim; I daresay you have often heard of me,—every one knows me in these parts."

They had never before heard of either Peter or his lodge, but as it appeared to afford him a great deal of satisfaction to think that every one had heard of him they did not inform him of their ignorance, but in return for his information they informed him that their names were respectively Jack Ackland and Tom Boyer, and that they were two law students from the city of Toronto.

"Well, boys, dry and rest yourselves. This place is rough, as you see, but such as it is you are welcome to it, and I suppose a little supper would not go amiss with you," he continued.

"Supper! I feel as if I could devour an ox!" said young Boyer, who had been casting hungry glances at the bubbling pot.

"And as to this place being rough, when you opened the door I thought I never set my eyes upon anything so cosy and comfortable-looking as this fire," chimed in his friend.

"I haven't got an ox for you exactly," said Peter, laughing, "but as I generally make stew enough at one time to last me for three or four days at this time of year, I think there will be enough for all hands." And he removed the cover from the pot and flooded the room with an appetizing odor of game stew.

"There is nothing like a few potatoes and a bit of onion to make a stew go good," he continued, diving into a dark region near the fire-place, from which he emerged with a dish containing the said vegetables, which he proceeded to peel and slice into the pot, a process that was watched with the greatest interest by his hungry guests. Having stirred the stew with a large iron spoon, he laid a loaf of rye bread, a large platter and a few tin plates and iron spoons on the table.

"That is a supper for a king," repeated young Boyer, as his host emptied the greater part of the contents of the pot into the platter.

"Yes, provided the king was chilled and tired and hungry, I don't know but what he would enjoy it as well as the next fellow," said Peter, logically,

as he heaped the tin plates, well pleased that his fare was so highly appreciated.

"Now, boys, the ducks will be on the wing bright and early, and if you want to see some of the tallest shooting you ever saw in all your born days, come out with me at daybreak," said the hunter, as he lighted his guests to bed with a lantern.

They followed him up three log steps into a small chamber which contained a bed, a bench, half a dozen decoy ducks, a coil of rope, and an old fowling-piece.

"This door has got an ugly fashion of creaking on its hinges, particularly on such nights as this, and as there is no other way of fastening it I shall bolt it on the outside," he said, suiting the action to the word after closing the door after him.

"Good-night, remember daybreak," he continued, as he stepped down into the kitchen.

The two young sportsmen were soon sleeping the sleep of the just, and snoring in unison with Peter, who had wrapped himself in his coat and lain down before the fire as was his wont, particularly when he had visitors, his establishment boasting of but one bed.

But alas! this happy state of things did not last long, at least as far as our young friends were concerned. They had not been asleep more than an hour when they were suddenly awakened by a loud mocking laugh which proceeded from the kitchen, and which was quickly followed by a cracked female voice repeating:

"Say your prayers! Now is your time! Now or never! Shoot the sportsmen! My name is Peter Crim! Ha! ha! ha!"

There was a maniac shut up in the house, that was plain, and when the loneliness of the place, and the darkness of the night and the howling of the wind without was taken into consideration the idea was horrible. They lay silently for what seemed to them an interminable length of time.

"Up and at him, boys; that is you! Now is your time! My name is Peter Crim! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Stop your chatter, you jade, or I will twist your neck for you!" said Peter, in a drowsy tone, and the next moment they heard him throwing wood on the fire.

"Ackland, I believe we have got into a den of thieves," whispered young Boyer. His friend gave him a nudge which showed he was of the same opinion, but thought it most discreet to keep silent! They could not be supposed to have much money about them, but they had two gold watches, two valuable rifles, and two bran new ulsters, and men had been murdered for less. Such were the thoughts that passed through their heads. They thought of Peter's plausible excuse for bolting them in, and several other circumstances which they now looked upon as suspicious came into their minds. After another silence the voice went on:

"How's luck, boys—how's luck? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh, you won't stop your clatter, won't you? I'll teach you who's boss in this establishment!" said Peter again, and the next moment they heard a heavy crash as if something had been thrown across the room, followed by a gurgling sound like a person choking, and then all was as still as the grave. But the silence and darkness could not last for all time, and day began to dawn. They could hear Peter begin to move about and speak to his dogs, and he was rather surprised to hear his guests knocking violently at their chamber door when he thought they were yet in the land of dreams.

"That's right, boys, that is what I like to see! You are the right stuff for sportsmen!" he repeated, as he drew the bolt and admitted them into the kitchen.

"The old sinner!" they mentally exclaimed.

The fire was burning brightly, and

standing blinking on the table near it was a parrot.

"How's luck, boys—how's luck?" it repeated, in the terrible voice that had so disturbed their night's rest. They looked at each other and burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"She is a rare one to gabble," said Peter, thinking the bird's conversational powers had excited their merriment. "I always shut her into the pantry in the evening, but I forgot the door, and she got out last night. I was afraid she would disturb you with her chatter, so I threw a boot at her," he continued, as he pocketed his powder flash. "She has done me good service in her time, though—has Poll," he went on, as the two young men made preparations to accompany him out on the lake. "I was sitting here all alone as usual one stormy night, when the door opened, and in walked an ill-looking dog of an Indian, and the most ruffianly specimen of a white man I ever clapped my eyes upon. They sat down by the fire, and gave me to understand that they wanted some supper. I had plenty of venison in the house, but I did not like the looks of them, and I thought giving them supper would not be a very sure way of getting rid of them, so I told them I had nothing for them, and as I did not keep a public house, I thought they had better be travelling. The white man got very insolent, and taking a dirk out of a leather scabbard at his side, he began to stick it into the table with a bravo air. Poll was in the pantry, and all at once she burst out with:

"Say your prayers! Now's your time! Now or never! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Who have you got shut in that cupboard?" he asked, turning as white as a sheet.

"You had better open it and see. I shouldn't think a fellow like you with a dirk in his hand would be afraid of anything," I said, and if he did not jump up and bolt, followed by his companion!—and I tell you, I was obliged to Poll for ridding me of two such disagreeable visitors."

Here the attention of all three was attracted by a scratching and whining at the door. Peter glanced at his dogs, which were all standing about him, and then opened the door, where, hungry, draggled, battered by last night's storm, stood the dog who had been mourned as lost. He had evidently swam in to the island and succeeded in scrambling up on the rocks, and his reception by the two young men can be better imagined than described. It was late in autumn, and as Peter had predicted, the ducks were already on the wing. After a rare morning's sport they returned to the lodge, where they partook of a hearty breakfast, enjoyed only less than supper the night previously, and then went on their way, carrying with them a laughable memory of the night spent with kind-hearted Peter Crim.

Young Folks.

HOW WE WENT BOTANIZING.

—"Which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide."

Thus far had I got, and was absently nibbling the end of my pencil, trying to think of a good way to begin my article, when I felt a boyish hand on my shoulder, and heard Ted's voice say, with a shout of laughter:

"'Musing upon many things'—very poetical, but not so true as it might be. I'll bet you a copper you weren't musing upon anything but how to keep out of the water. Jingo! how gingerly you did hop from one clod to another!"

"Beware, Teddy," I retorted, quickly, "this is almost as unsafe ground as the swamp. I didn't tumble in as you did, anyhow, and have to be ignominiously fished out by the hair of my head."

"Oh, that's mean to twit a fellow! I wouldn't be mean if I were you."

Ted spoke in his usual bravado style; but, though he was behind me, I knew very well he was anxiously looking round to see that Louise wasn't within hearing. You see he had been terribly teased about his mishap the day we went botanizing. After bragging of his masculine capabilities for taking flying leaps over dangerous places, and conjuring up before our mind's eyes the horrible spectacle of three dripping feminine figures wildly rushing home *minus* botanical specimens, to think that he was the only one, after all, who came to grief! Well, it was funny!

We girls—that is, Isabel and I, and our cousin Louise—had been attending a course of lectures on botany, by one of the professors of our college, through the winter. When the lovely spring days came, and the sun smiled down on the hard ground, thawing out the last atom of frost, and causing tiny shoots to appear over the earth, and a tender flush of green on the trees, it had occurred to us that we might endeavor to utilize some of our multifarious knowledge and try to collect an herbarium. Hoping that our brother Ted, a troublesome young fellow in his second year at college, might prove useful as a beast of burden, we had used all our powers in sarcasm, flattery and everything else calculated to move the masculine mind, to no purpose. He had known some fellows, he said, who had made collections of botanical specimens, but they were invariably the green youths, who soon got over their enthusiasm when they found that traversing mile after mile of hill and valley, rock and river, had been the necessary result. Besides, he continued, he did not approve of this mad struggle after knowledge at present occupying the attention of the feminine world, —when it interfered with his comfort. Indeed, I am afraid the whole scheme would have fallen through, had not Isabel happened to mention incidentally something about Lou being one of the party, and then it was fun to see how quickly the face of the circumstances changed. Of how much more consequence is one cousin than two sisters! Ted, I need scarcely say, from that time smiled most graciously on our

proceedings, and offered to lend his valuable assistance to any extent.

Fortunately the day agreed upon—a Saturday, so that Ted might be free to accompany us—was perfectly heavenly, if I may be allowed the expression, and soon after breakfast we started, fully equipped and accoutred. Here I may as well digress and give an account of the various implements necessary to such an expedition. These are—a large knife or trowel, strong enough to dig up roots and bulbs, as well as for cutting woody branches, and a botanical box and portfolio. The botanical box is exceedingly useful for preserving specimens in a fresh condition. It is made of japanned tin, rounded, from twelve to eighteen inches in length, and flattened above and below. Any portable tin box of convenient size will answer, though the boxes made for the purpose are very handy, having a handle at either end, to which a strap may be attached, and the entire arrangement slung over the botanist's back, like a guide-book. This is a very convenient way of disposing of your box, if you don't happen to have such a gallant cavalier as we had. It is essential that the lid—opening for nearly the entire length of one side of the box, should close tightly, so that the specimens may not wilt. Most flowers and leafy branches, if slightly sprinkled and kept closed up, will keep perfectly fresh for hours, or even all night, if the botanist has not time to arrange them. However, it is scarcely necessary to say that the safer course is to analyze and classify the specimens as soon as possible after tearing them from their "native jungle." The portfolio is not absolutely necessary, except for receiving specimens too delicate even for the botanical box. It (the portfolio) should be pretty strong, from a foot to twenty inches long, nine to eleven wide, and fastened with a leather strap and buckle. It hould contain a quantity of thin and smooth unsized paper; the poorest printing and grocer's tea-paper are very good for the purpose. The specimens for which this affair is suitable should be prepared as soon as dug up. The roots (in all cases, when the plant is not too long, the roots must be preserved) should be washed free of earth, and the specimens laid separately in a folded sheet and kept under moderate pressure in the closed portfolio. Botanical specimens should be either in flower or fruit. Herbs will often exhibit both on the same plant, and whenever it is possible both should by all means be procured, as it makes a much more interesting collection to notice the transition from one stage to the other. Of herbs, especially annuals which do not exceed fifteen inches, the whole plant, root and all, should be taken up as a specimen. When it happens to be a little longer—say eighteen inches—a neat-handed person may arrange in some way, by curving the plant, to fasten the whole to a sheet of paper, without sacrificing any part of the root. Some collectors think that the specimens should never be too long for the sheets to which they are fastened, but I must confess that it has become a passion with me to get in neatly some dried plants which are too long. I believe I would almost as soon cut off my youthful nephew's legs, because he has outgrown his cradle, as unnecessarily clip away any tiny rootlet so that the plant might attain to immortality in my herbarium or—let us be stylish or die—*hortus siccus*. However, this is a long digression—let us return to the excursion just starting, Ted, of course, carrying all our empty baggage, with the pleasing prospect of returning wet and dirty, and much more heavily laden, in a couple of hours. Much to our surprise he did not grumble at all,only enquiring with effusive sarcasm if we had not a step-ladder, screw-driver, dark-lantern, or other domestic utensil with which

to load his patient back. Fortunately for us we had not far to go before getting to a swamp below a steep, shrubby bank, situated not far from the foot of our Royal Mountain. This swamp had been decided on as the scene of action for that day. In the selection we thought we had been wise, for necessarily we had a larger choice, very different kinds of plants growing in wet and in dry soils, and we thought that when we became tired of hilly work, the marsh would form a pleasant diversion, and *vice versâ*. Alas! for the plans of mortals! We soon had some of the conceit taken out of us, for turning our attention first to the swamp, we found it would take considerably more than one short morning to exhaust its wonders. It is needless to state that the fence enclosing this delightful if somewhat *soggy* place we girls did not climb —did you ever see girls willing to climb fences when any masculine happened to be present? In spite of Ted's sneers, and jeers, and fleers, we one and all squeezed through a space scarcely large enough for a well-conditioned cat, intently watched, meanwhile, by a sociable old gentleman who was tending some peaceable looking cows, and who leaned both arms on the fence by way, I suppose, of putting himself and us more at our ease. At first, to our inexperienced eyes, the vegetation appeared to consist principally of wet, spongy moss, in which our feet left deep impressions, and fern fronds slowly unrolling themselves as they forced a way through the cold, wet soil. Of these, however, we did not take much notice, as we knew they belonged to a much more intricate branch of the science than we were, at that time, capable of undertaking. All vegetation is divided by the science of botany into two great classes—*Phænogamous* or Flowering Plants, to which belong all those which have any blossoms, however minute; and *Cryptogamous* or Flowerless Plants, to which belong ferns, mosses, lichens, fungi, sea-weeds, etc., which have no blossoms, though possessing organs of very minute size necessary for propagating the species. As we advanced into the jungle, work began in earnest. To dig we were *not* ashamed, and the trowel was in constant requisition. Often, in our eagerness to tear from the soil a coveted specimen, that useful tool was quite disregarded, and in spite of an occasional young frog leaping indiscriminately hither and thither in wild terror at our incursion, fingers were satisfactorily employed in its place. Many an accident we narrowly escaped, for, of course, we were quite unaccustomed to this hop, skip and jump style of locomotion—and several times when we thought a foot was firmly planted on a clod of earth, it slipped off with a suggestive *glug* which occasioned a wail of anguish. Of course, traversing a swamp in this way requires more care about one's footing than almost any other ground which could be chosen, but I can truly and heartily say that the reward in the end greatly overbalances the trouble. Of all the exquisite wild-flowers I have ever seen, I think some spring marsh-plants exhibit the most delicate purity. Among other Canadian specimens I may mention the *Star-flower (Trientàlis Americana)*, an exceedingly fragile little plant, which generally grows upon decayed stumps of trees. The whole height of the plant never, I think, exceeds three or three and a half inches. A single slender stalk rises from the ground for about two inches, where it branches out into a whorl of leaves, very irregular in size and number. From the centre of this cluster is a tiny, hair-like pedicel about an inch in length, which supports the only blossom produced by each plant. This flower is white, and its general appearance and size somewhat resemble a small wild strawberry-blossom, only that the petals (the corolla is parted so deeply as to give the appearance of separate petals) six in number, are of

thinner texture, and slope to a fine point. Finding that *one* plant, fastened upon a sheet of paper ten inches by fifteen, looked rather insignificant, I arranged two with the stems crossing each other, and have been complimented upon their appearance. Another plant which vies, in my estimation, with that already mentioned is called *Menyanthes trifoliata*, probably from two words signifying *month* and *a flower*, some say from the fact that such is about the limit of its flowering time. There is a common name for this plant given in my manual, but it is so ugly and inappropriate that I have entirely ignored it, and prefer at all times to make use of the classical name. This herb is perennial, and alternate-leaved with a thickish creeping rootstock sheathed by the bases of the long petioles or stem-leaves, which bear three oval or oblong leaflets at the summit. The flowers are white, or rarely reddish. It is a noticeable fact that the great proportion of wild, and particularly spring-flowers, are white. The corolla of the *menyanthes* is short funnel-form or cup-shaped, and is five-parted, as is also the calyx. The inner surface of the cup is bearded, or filled with delicate curled up white hairs, giving a misty, foam-like appearance to the blossom which is exceedingly beautiful. All about us, here and there, myriads of marsh marigolds spangled the surface of the ground, reminding us so forcibly of Jean Ingelow's quaint, fondling words—

"O brave marsh mary buds rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold."

This flower (*Càltha palùstris*) belongs to the order *Ranunculaceæ* or *Crowfoot Family*, and is too common to require much description. It rejoices in two titles for everyday use—Marsh Marigold and Cowslip, which are both misnomers, as it resembles neither in anything except the yellow color.

All this time, like Persephone of old, we had been straying further and further in among the wild luxuriousness of vegetation. The shrubby dog-wood or kinnikinnik bushes trailed their red branches down over the water, and held up for our inspection millions of tiny apetalous flowers in close, flat cymes, while the willows (classical name *Salix*, said to be derived from the Celtic *sal*, near, and *lis*, water) were draped with a soft abundance of tasseled catkins. Here I stooped over a bright-colored leaf, a tiny red maple tree, thinking I had found another new specimen, and was rising with a great sense of disappointment at heart, when another little flower caught my eye. Of course I pounced upon it, and found that the leader supporting on its apex the tiny blossom was by no means the whole of the plant, for a much longer shoot crept out from the root, one of those

—"Vagrant
Vines that wandered
Seeking the sunshine round and round."

Vagrant indeed, and tangled up to such an extent with the things about, that it required a good deal of patience to effect its release. This pretty plant —I say plant advisedly, for the flower is very insignificant—belongs to the large and respectable family *Rosaceæ*, and is called *Rùbus hispidus* or Running Swamp-blackberry. Rising red and triumphant from my struggle with the roots, I saw something which caused me to shade my eyes from the now hot morning sun, and gaze in the direction of the fence, from which by this time we were a long way distant. "Teddy, my child," I ventured to remark to my brother, who was assiduously aiding Lou in doing nothing, "look at the ancient cowherd! What does he want? He's waving something at us!"

"His handkerchief," suggested Lou, with her hands also shading her eyes.

"Handkerchief!" echoed Ted, in that supremely matter-of-fact tone for which he is noted, "do you suppose a gentleman in his position, or at his age, is accustomed to such luxuries? I

should say, now, it is probably the *Lost Will!*"

"Or," put in Isabel, in her quaint, quiet way, "perhaps it's a warrant to arrest us for trespassing on *holey ground*."

This sally was received with applause, and actually put Teddy into such a good humor that he volunteered to go and see what the individual wanted, and started off in somewhat reckless haste to accomplish that end.

"Ted," I called out in an expostulatory tone, "be careful—remember that

> 'A true love forsaken,
> A new love may get,
> But a neck that's once broken
> Can never be set.'"

Not that there was much danger of his neck in such a remarkably soft place—but still that did not alter the beauty of the sentiment, or the sisterly affection which prompted its recital. Teddy answered by a derisive laugh, and a grand leap at a long mossy tree-root, which effort would have been eminently successful as a "squelcher" for me if the treacherous thing hadn't given way, and landed our pride and joy in a frightfully wet and undignified position. I believe we rushed to the rescue, but that did not seem to consist of anything but shrieking with laughter, while Teddy picked himself up and endeavored to wring out some of the superfluous moisture. Strange to say, he took his immersion like a lamb, merely remarking that that old idiot would have to wait until he got on some dry things—and then took himself away without another word. How is it one is always so much more sorry for a person in misfortune, when he bears it with good humor? It is scarcely necessary to state that we never taunt Ted with the occurrence unless we wish to be "more disagreeable than nature intended us." After he was gone, Isabel picked her way carefully across the swamp, and, after a short colloquy with the old man, returned, bearing in her hand some sort of wild rose-bush with long, straggling, red shoots, and but the premonition of leaf-buds. This much we could tell from its general appearance, but, of course, it was not of any use in a botanical point of view, as it had neither flower nor fruit. I wonder what the old man thought we were searching for, and where and why he took the trouble of digging the thing up. By way of thanks, I took off my hat, and waved it once or twice round my head, to which he responded. What he was—whether a duke in disguise, or merely a humble dabbler in science like ourselves,—remains a mystery to this day,—for when we returned over the fence on our homeward way, he and his peaceful cows had disappeared from the scene. The sun had now become very warm, and we began to fear its influence would wilt some of the larger branches which we were unable to cram into the botanical box. Also, we were beginning to feel very tired—and were glad to yield up our burdens to our errant knight, whom we met on the road returning to our aid. It being Saturday, we were constrained to finish our work in spite of tiredness, and so after a short rest we proceeded to analyze and arrange each specimen according to its order, genus, species and variety. For this purpose, we use the "Manual of Botany of the Northern United States," by Asa Gray, Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. This manual is very complete and includes most of the plants indigenous to this part of the Dominion. Each plant after being prepared —that is, having superfluous roots and leaves trimmed off, was laid upon a sheet of paper and another carefully pressed down upon it with the finger, smoothing leaf by leaf to position. When the root, rootstock or stem is too thick and fleshy, the inner side should be sliced away, for otherwise the specimen is too bulky to press nicely. Having arrived

at this point all the difficulty was overcome. We now placed two driers between every two specimens, and when a goodly pile had risen, laid them in the copying-press between two calf-bound books and screwed it down. The driers, which had been manufactured during previous evenings, are composed of several sheets of blotting-paper lightly stitched together. The botanist should be provided with quite a number of these useful articles, which may also be made of soft wrapping or newspaper, for while the specimens are under pressure it is necessary to remove the driers, at first once a day, and substitute fresh ones, so that the plant may have every opportunity of drying as quickly as possible. Of course, the damp driers are spread out, and when the moisture has thoroughly evaporated may be used again. As for the copying-press—we were certainly very lucky in possessing that admirable invention. It had been in the house a long time, and its discovery in the lumber-room was hailed with unconcealed joy. Mangle-weights, irons, or other heavy articles, however, answer the purpose equally well, though not so easy to manage. A week or so spent in careful watching, changing driers, etc., etc., and we had the satisfaction of seeing our specimens turn out remarkably well. And now we had come to the last stage, which we managed as neatly as possible, sticking each specimen on a separate sheet with narrow strips of gummed paper, and having written as legibly as we could, in the lower right hand corner, the family, generic and common names, along with the date and place of growth and color of flower, we consigned all the sheets containing plants of one family to a dark blue wrapper, and now bring our *hortus siccus* forth with pride and joy, but only when some kindred spirit crosses our path. Oh, this wonderful Botany—this sweetest of all the sciences—which opens our eyes and causes us to behold with veneration and awe the meanest, ugliest plant struggling for life by the dusty roadside; which leads us by tender, slow degrees from the tiniest embryo, embedded in albumen, to the loftiest tree, explaining the wonderful cellular tissue, full of mysterious life, of which alike the smallest and the greatest are composed! It draws the attention far past the form, color and perfume of the outward parts, and fastens it upon the extreme beauty and minuteness of the various organs, each performing its own function so simply that even we can understand something of the great Creator's plan. To know something—and indeed, when one knows anything of this science he generally wishes to know all,—is an education in itself. I wonder why more people, and especially ladies, to whom it is peculiarly suited, do not turn their attention to this study. Try it, friend, that is all I can say, and you will not be disappointed. A little time and trouble, a little scrambling over the thorny, rocky path to knowledge, and the reward is yours—you emerge upon a scene opening vista after vista of miraculous beauty before your wondering eyes. Is it not something gained—something which can never be lost—to be able to look on every little piece of vegetation, even a blade of grass, with perfect admiration—to be able to say with Elizabeth Barrett Browning,

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God"?

Kay Livingstone.

JOSEPHINE.

June 24th, A. D. 1763, was an important day for the inhabitants of Martinique, for on it was signed the treaty which ceded their island home to France.

Great were the rejoicings, and amid the frantic shouts of an excited populace, the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the blaze of bonfires, a newborn babe opened its eyes upon a world which was to bring to it the height of human felicity, and almost the lowest depths of human sorrow.

The parents of the little stranger augured a splendid destiny for her, for not only was she born on a most auspicious day, but "her brow was encircled by a transparent crown,"—at least so her attendants said,—and this was "an infallible sign" that a glorious future was to be hers. Still even a fond mother would hardly suppose it possible that the daughter of a simple citizen of Martinique would one day be Empress of France,—and yet it was so, for the child born that day was Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, first wife of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte.

From earliest childhood Josephine gave evidence of a most trusting and affectionate nature. Surrounded by slaves to whom her slightest wish was law, how easily might she have become a most tyrannical mistress, instead of the true friend ever ready to advance the worthy, and (as far as she could) shield the unfortunate from the cruelty and injustice which invariably attend slavery! When still a mere child she was betrothed to a young Englishman of noble family, whose parents, having attached themselves to the fortunes of the House of Stuart, now found England to be no longer a suitable home for them. The children were deeply attached to each other, and seem to have been quite aware of the arrangement entered into by their parents, for whilst pursuing their studies together under the same tutor, they often spoke of each other as "husband" or "wife."

Years passed over; Josephine was nearly fourteen when one day she and two of her young companions resolved to seek the hut of an old negress (or as some accounts say, an old creole), who pretended to foretell future events. The result of the interview between the fortune-teller and the young girls is so well known that it seems almost useless to reproduce it here, and yet a sketch of the life of Josephine would be incomplete without it. To one of Josephine's companions the old woman merely predicted "a husband and a home in another island." A safe prediction, for the inhabitants of the neighboring islands were frequently intermarrying.

To another she said, "Your parents will soon send you to Europe, your ship will be taken by Algerian corsairs; you will be led away captive and conducted to a seraglio. There you will have a son who will reign gloriously."

This was literally fulfilled, and the young creole whose fortune was thus foretold was the mother of the famous Sultan Malmouth.

To Josephine she promised even a more eventful future, as the following, which I copy from the *Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, will show:

"You will be married to a man of a fair complexion, destined now to be the husband of another of your family. The young lady whose place you are called to fill will not live long. A young creole whom you love does not cease to

think of you, but you will *never* marry him. Your first husband will be a man born in Martinique; you will separate from him, and he will perish tragically. Your second husband will fill the world with his glory, and will subject many nations to his power. After having astonished the world *you will die miserable.* When you leave this island a prodigy will appear in the air."

How much of this strange speech was really made at the time of Josephine's visit to old Euphemia, and how much was added afterwards, none can now know, but it is said the Empress and her relations always gave the old woman credit for all of it.* How literally the leading events were fulfilled, all students of history know, but to some of my readers it may be new to learn that at the time of old Euphemia's prediction, Maria Tascher, the elder sister of Josephine, was engaged to, and preparing for her marriage with, M. de Beauharnais. She died suddenly, and a year after Josephine became his wife. The marriage was an unhappy one, and a legal separation took place, though at the time of his death (he was guillotined during the Reign of Terror) they were on better terms, and he left her the sole care of their children. On leaving the Island of Martinique, the ship in which Josephine sailed was surrounded by a phosphoric flame called "St. Elmo's fire."

The death of Maria Tascher de la Pagerie was a sad blow to her mother, with whom she had always been the favorite daughter, as Josephine was of her father. Shortly after this family affliction Madame Renaudin, a wealthy widow living in Paris, and sister to Monsieur Tascher de la Pagerie, was very urgent that her brother should leave his home in Martinique, and share hers. He was inclined to do so, but his wife could not bear the thoughts of ending her days away from her loved island, and Madame Renaudin's kind offer was refused. Then it was that young Josephine was sent to her aunt, who being struck with the girl's remarkable beauty determined to secure for her the position which had been intended for her sister.

The Marquis de Beauharnais was quite willing to receive Josephine as his daughter-in-law: Monsieur Tascher was equally willing to receive Monsieur Alexander de Beauharnais as his son-in-law, and as for the young people themselves they were not consulted in the matter. It was nothing to the elder members of the families that both Alexander and Josephine had placed their affections elsewhere—the marriage was "desirable," and all they had to do was to submit. Is it any wonder they were unhappy?—any wonder they separated after a time?

The married life of Madame de Beauharnais extended over a period of about thirteen years, three of which she had spent at Martinique with her parents, and one, at least, at the monastery of Panthemont. The rest of the time she lived under her husband's roof, though she might as well have been miles distant, they had so little in common; but for the sake of her children, Hortense and Eugene, she calmly bore her loveless lot. The year 1793 was a terrible one to France—in January, their King, Louis XVI., was executed, and from that time all semblance of order vanished. The prisons were crowded with members of the best families of France, their only crime being that they were born "aristocrats," but that was a crime which could only be absolved by death. Each morning the death roll was read, which condemned guiltless persons to a cruel death, and each evening the vacant places of the murdered ones were filled with others equally guiltless.

* This and other historical stories of minute predictions accurately fulfilled sound wonderful enough in the form in which they have come down to us; but if they had been investigated at the time it is more than likely that there would have been very little found in them.—ED. NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

No pen could adequately describe that fearful time which has been aptly termed the "Reign of Terror." From the second to the seventh of September, 1005 persons were said to have been put to death *in* the prisons, besides the almost countless numbers that fell by the guillotine.

Monsieur de Beauharnais was early marked as a victim. Was he not the son of a Marquis?—did not the objectionable *de* belong to his name?—and worse still, had he not raised his voice against the murder of Louis? Josephine had become reconciled to her husband shortly before this, and she was called upon to share his imprisonment. Her prison was a house belonging to the Carmelite priests—which was crowded to its utmost capacity with heart-broken women, whose male relatives were incarcerated elsewhere. There, as Josephine says, "the dawn of each day announced to us that new victims had been carried away during the night. Those who remained spent the morning in agonizing reflections. In the afternoon I joined my fellow-prisoners, and hastily ran over the journals, which were then but the archives of death." Thus it was she became aware of M. de Beauharnais' death, and there she received his farewell letter. At this time she too was marked for destruction, and only saved because, the death-roll being longer than usual, there was not sufficient room for all in the vehicle which was to transport them to the scaffold. This circumstance was taken advantage of by a mulatto, who, having been brought up in the de la Pagerie family, recognized Josephine, and determined to save her if possible. He had influence with Marat and others, and as her name had once appeared on the death-roll, he had but little difficulty in obtaining her release, particularly as owing to some mistake she had been numbered among the printed victims of that day. Next day the tyrant Robespierre was deposed, and soon all the luckless prisoners were liberated.

We now come to the most important period of Josephine's life—her introduction to Napoleon, *le petit caporal*. Many stories are told of their first meeting, but we will listen to her own words on the subject:

"Being one day on a visit to a friend, while sitting by a window, I was looking at some violets, when, suddenly, the famous Bonaparte was announced. Why, I am unable to say, but that name made me tremble; a violent shudder seized me on seeing him approach. I dared, however, to catch his attention; while the rest of the company looked at him in silence, I was the first to speak to him."

The acquaintance thus commenced was eagerly continued by Bonaparte, who soon made her an offer of his hand. She hesitated at first on account of her children, one of whom, Hortense, had a great aversion to him. But the conqueror of Italy was not to be defeated by a woman; he persevered in his suit, and two days before leaving Paris to take command of the army of Italy, Madame Beauharnais gave her hand to "little Bonaparte," as she frequently called him.

Josephine was now about thirty-three. Her husband was nearly six years younger, but the difference in age never appears to have been felt by either. They were devotedly attached to each other, her influence over him was great, and always for good, and when in his insatiable ambition he decided upon divorcing her, he suffered as keenly as she did.

In 1799, Napoleon was appointed First Consul, and from that time the life of Josephine was a continued rise, till in 1804 she was crowned as Empress of France.

Sometime before his elevation to the Imperial throne, both Bonaparte and Josephine had a most narrow escape from death. Several attempts had been

already made, all of which had proved abortive, and of all of which he was fully aware, but the one now referred to was the only one in which Josephine's life was also endangered. The account given by Arnault, and that by Mlle. Le Normand—which is in reality written by Josephine herself—are entirely different. In the former we are told Napoleon had been much pressed to go to the opera that evening, but being greatly fatigued he threw himself on a sofa in his wife's room and fell asleep. Josephine came in, awakened him, and would not listen to his desire to remain at home. To please her he went, though so fatigued that he slept on his way to the opera-house. Josephine followed in her carriage, and on reaching a certain spot an explosion took place between the two carriages, killing several persons who were near, but failing in its object of destroying the First Consul, who, rudely awakened from his sleep, fancied himself, for the moment, living over again one of his adventures in Italy.

Josephine, writing of it, says: "The oratorio called the '*Creation*,' by Hayden, was to be performed at the opera, and Bonaparte had made me promise to attend. The weather was dark and cloudy, and I showed no inclination to leave my apartment. My dream of the night before weighed on my spirits, so that I had given strict orders to have the *garde de service* doubled, and to see that there was not the slightest obstacle in the way of his suite in passing along the street. At eight o'clock he left the Tuilleries and almost immediately the noise of a terrible explosion was heard. I hurried to the scene of confusion, directing my carriage in the very track of my husband's. An officer informed me of his escape, and I thankfully joined him at the opera." This vile attempt upon the life of Napoleon was caused by the explosion of what was called an *infernal machine*.

December 2nd, 1804, the Pope placed the crown of France upon the head of one who only a few short years before had been but a simple soldier. Josephine shared his glory, but she wept sad tears as he placed on her head the crown he had won from the Bourbons. "What!" he exclaimed in a low tone, "Josephine in tears? Is she alone on this glorious day a stranger to the happiness of him whom she alone ought to love?" But his words could not drive away her sadness, as she says she "seemed to behold the spirit of Louis XVI. gazing with pity on her."

From this memorable 2nd December there was no more privacy for Josephine. She says herself that she "found the part she had to act very painful to her." She was thrown among an entirely different set, her old friends she could rarely see, and she was so surrounded with ceremony that the weight of her grandeur became well-nigh insupportable.

Shortly after his coronation Bonaparte started on a tour through Italy. At Milan his reception was so enthusiastic that he was not allowed to enter the city by the ordinary gate, but a new one was opened purposely for him. There he was invested with the "iron crown" of Lombardy, and added "King of Italy" to his title of Emperor. Josephine did not share this coronation; the cloud that was afterwards to obscure her life was already making its appearance. Her husband's family had never loved her, though some of them frankly admitted how much she had added to his greatness—and as they were even now planning among themselves how to bring about a divorce, they did not wish any fresh honor to be paid her. Eliza, the eldest sister of Napoleon, was the first to broach the subject to her brother. It was long, however, before he really considered her proposal seriously. Having no children to whom he could leave the throne was a great trial

to a man of Bonaparte's ambition, but he fought against it and would have conquered had it not been for his brothers and sisters. Eugene de Beauharnais, his step-son, he adopted as future king of Italy, and the little Napoleon, son of Hortense de Beauharnais and Louis Bonaparte, as his successor to the throne of France. Had this child lived, doubtless the schemes of Josephine's sisters-in-law would have proved abortive, but Providence willed it otherwise. In 1806 the young prince died, and from that hour it may be said that Josephine's fate was sealed.

She fought hard against her unhappy lot, beseeching Bonaparte with tears not to do her so great a wrong, and recalling to his recollection his own words to her just before their marriage: "I devote to the execration of posterity, the one of us who shall be first to sunder the bands which unite us." But it was all to no purpose,—a wife in whose veins flowed royal blood would alone satisfy the self-made Emperor, and as Josephine was in the way she must be removed, no matter how much she might suffer.

But it was easier to divorce a wife than to find another to take her place, as Bonaparte soon found. The two empresses of Russia (dowager and regent) refused any alliance with him, so also did the grand duchess, Catherine of Wurtemberg; and when at last the Archduchess of Austria, Maria Louisa, consented to unite her fate with his, it was because of the tears and entreaties of her father, who was forced to obey the conqueror of his country. While these negotiations were pending, Josephine was still the undivorced wife, still the Empress, and it must have been with a sad and heavy heart that she awaited her sentence of banishment. At length the day came when, having the promise of a royal bride, Josephine was called upon to sign the act of separation. The day before she had had a final interview with the man she so deeply loved. What passed between them none knew, but on separating each showed traces of deep emotion and even tears. And now, Dec. 16th, 1809, of her own act she was to banish herself forever from her true place as his wife! "When Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely," she writes, "presented to me, for my signature, the *Acte*, all persons present uttered an involuntary sigh. I myself started. 'Ah! in the name of Heaven,' said I, 'Napoleon, and is it thus you repay the tenderest affection? What? All I can hope then for signing this decree, is to preserve the vain title of Empress-Queen-crowned.' He tried to speak to me, but broke off in the middle of a word. All ye who pity me, oh, had you seen his distress would have pitied him also." And it was true. Bonaparte suffered keenly, for in spite of his jealousies regarding her, he loved her dearly, and Maria Louisa never held the place in his affections that had been given to Josephine; but he had argued himself into the belief that he must sacrifice his own feelings to the good of France, whereas in truth he was but following the dictates of his overweening ambition.

Immediately after signing the *Acte*, Josephine was informed that she was to be conducted to Malmaison. She prepared for her journey, carrying with her some ornaments and pictures from her apartments, among others a likeness of M. de Beauharnais. "As to Napoleon's," she says quaintly, "I affected to forget it. Methought it should be reserved for his future bride." Thus by a stroke of the pen were two lives separated that had been united for sixteen years, and a sin committed which could not fail to bring its own punishment. From that time Bonaparte's power began to decline. How could it be otherwise? He owed more of his position to Josephine than he had any idea of, until it was too late. She had a most winning manner, was ever making friends for the Emperor (frequently

taking them from those who had been his enemies), and no friend once made was ever lost. "Had Napoleon," said the Emperor Alexander of Russia to her one day after her divorce, "continued to listen to your advice, he would probably now have reigned over a great and generous people." But it was not to be; he had discarded a noble woman, beloved of France, French herself, and more than all, "one of the people," to replace her by an Austrian, an enemy, and a princess, who could never forget she was better born than her husband. He had not even the excuse of passion; it was a cool, deliberate choice of what he hoped would seat him firmly on his throne, but what in reality led indirectly to his loss of it.

For a little over five years Josephine bore her sorrows, and then death came to her release. She had heard the shouts of the populace as her successor entered Paris; she had listened to the booming of the "hundred and one" guns which proclaimed the birth of that successor's child; she had witnessed the departure of Napoleon on his expedition against Russia; had mourned over the terrible retreat; had rejoiced that *he* at least was still spared to France; she had witnessed his first abdication, the restoration of the Bourbons, his exile to Elba, and knew that he was to attempt his escape from there—but she was spared his final overthrow and his long imprisonment at St. Helena.

May 29th, 1814, she breathed her last, surrounded by her children and her sorrowing friends, her last thought for the man who had so cruelly wronged her, her fast-glazing eye fixed lovingly upon his portrait. "Never did the first wife of Napoleon cause a tear to flow," were almost her last words, and she might have added that she had dried many, for her whole life was one continuous effort to do good to her fellow-beings. She was buried with great pomp, all striving to do her honor, and the ceremony lasting till five in the afternoon. The National Guard were in attendance, as also the Emperor of Russia, several marshals of France, the King of Prussia, many ecclesiastics of high standing, and more than 8,000 of the people. The latter wept piteously for the one who had given them "work and bread," calling her their "mother and support." Her body lies in the church at Ruel, her heart at Malmaison, where some of her happiest days were spent.

A simple stone at Ruel records her name, age, and the date of her death; nothing thereon indicates that beneath that stone lies the remains of a broken-hearted woman, though Empress-Queen-crowned.

M.

LITTLE PILKINS.

In a certain June that has long gone by, late on a balmy afternoon, I sauntered forth to make the tour of my garden.

Now the fashion of the garden was on this wise: It lay in the angle of two streets, with a very good width in front, but stretching back still further along the unpretentious little thoroughfare at the side, until it abutted upon a row of small but decent dwellings in the rear. A high board fence enclosed the greater part of it, but on a line with the middle of the house this ugly, impervious barrier sloped gradually down into a low, green, open paling.

It was dewy morning when I had last seen my cinnamon pinks and pansies, my yellow roses, and the beauteous big shaft of double white rocket; and it will never do to leave flowers too long by themselves; they need looking after and talking to very often, to keep them in their first perfection—persuasive admonitions twice a day, at least.

As I wandered leisurely from plant to plant and from shrub to shrub in a meditative way, I became suddenly aware of a strange sound of labored breathing, and directly I discovered a little plump, pink face pressed in between the palings; one fat hand grasped a slat on either side; the eyes were tight shut, the mouth was puckered to a mere point, and the little bud of a nose was quite engrossed in snuffing up the air most assiduously, and then exhaling it again with a long sigh of satisfaction.

"Fine or superfine?" pondered I. "Snips and snails" or "sugar and spice?" Boy or girl? But the question speedily answered itself, for behind the bars I caught sight of two sturdy little legs in gray stockings and knickerbockers, and out of one side-pocket peeped a blue-edged handkerchief, and out of the other the apex of a top. Still the little bud of a nose kept snuffing on and on.

"Well, well!" I said at last very gently, so as not to frighten away my little visitor; "what kind of a nice little boy is that looking through my garden fence?"

"It's a boy coll'd Ev'ett," was the response, in a tone more gentle still. "A boy coll'd Ed'ard Ev'ett. A boy coll'd Ed'ard Ev'ett Pilkins," he repeated; and still his eyes were shut and still his nose went snuffing on.

"And what *are* you doing," I asked again, "that makes you look so funny, I can't help laughing?"

The eyelids opened and disclosed a pair of mild, pale blue eyes, and the puckered mouth relaxed into a smile as he answered, "Oh, I'm only smellin' up this good smell in here. It smells so dreadful splendid in here that I stop and smell it up every day when I go to school, and every day when I come home again." Then he shut his eyes and puckered up his mouth, and went to snuffing again.

"Why don't you come inside?" I asked.

"Darsent do it, ma'am."

"Why not?"

"Might get turned out and tooken up."

"Oh, not when you are invited. If you would like to come in I will open the side gate for you."

"Wouldn't I, though!" and this time he opened his eyes for good, and his whole face was one big smile. "Wouldn't I, though, like to get nearer to those posies that smell so dreadful fine!"

In a minute more he was among the flowers.

"Well, well, well!" he said softly. "I never, never 'spected to be inside of this. Which do you think smells the very bestest of all, ma'am?"

"I don't know, for I love them

every one; but perhaps this bed of pinks may please you best."

The child took one snuff at the mass of pinks, and then went plump down on the gravel walk on hands and knees, and hung over them as one bewitched.

"Oh! oh! I never, never!" he ejaculated at last in his little gentle way; "no, I never, never! I can't breathe it in fast enough nor hard enough, nor long enough."

"Oh, you need not feel so discouraged about it," I answered; "you shall have plenty of time, and some of the pinks, too; put them in water when you get home, and they will keep fresh a long time. When they wither, come back and get some more."

"Thank you, ma'am," he answered with a little blush. "Maybe that wouldn't be manners. Maybe my farer wouldn't let me."

"You can tell him I asked you, anyway," said I, gathering the pinks.

"Now they'll *know* I've been in here, won't they?" he asked with a radiant gleam in his eyes. "'Cause how could I get the flowers if I wasn't? I never, never 'spected I'd come inside! It wasn't wicked, I guess, to smell 'em through the fence. Farer says what you can carry away in your eyes and ears isn't stealing, and the same to your nose, I guess. It looks 'zactly like heaven in here, don't it, ma'am?"

"Does it?" I answered laughing; "what do you know about heaven, little man?"

"Oh, lots and lots," he replied serenely.

"I'm glad you do, but I think heaven has far more beauty and pleasantness than even my dear garden."

"Maybe so; but this is the nighest to it that I ever saw."

"Now hold the flowers, Edward, as I cut them."

"Yes, ma'am; but I ain't coll'd Ed'ard."

"Oh, I thought that was your name."

"Yes, ma'am, so it is; but I'm an Ed'ard coll'd Ev'ett."

"All right, sir; we'll make no more such mistakes. Everett it shall be."

As I gave the boy the pinks, I saw that he put first one in his right hand and then one in his left, with perfect regularity. "Pinks to the right of me; pinks to the left of me!" thought I to myself; "into the valley of bloom rode the young Everett!" When I cut the roses they were sorted in similar fashion, and the geranium leaves, also, went their diverse ways. "There," said I at last, "you have two gay little bouquets, indeed! And now tell me who told you so much about heaven?"

"Oh, diff'ent ones; Joey, and the minister, and my Scunnel-school teacher, and my farer more'n anybody."

"It isn't every boy that has a father like that; you are fortunate."

"Yes, ma'am. Farer says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he *can* try to give 'em religion; 'cause religion's cheap in this country, if anything is; so he's tryin' very hard to give us all religion 'fore we grow up."

"Well, how is it turning out?"

"Joey's got it, and Marty's got it, and Nelly hasn't got it yet, and Florry and me's a-trying, and the baby's too little to know much, and the speck of a new baby can't do anything but sleep."

"You must have a good father, Everett; I hope his best wishes will be all fulfilled."

"Yes, ma'am; I've got a good mover, too, only she's so busy she can't talk much;" and then my little visitor departed with his twin-bouquets and a radiant face.

It was only a few days later when I saw the pleasant little visage thrust through the palings again.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you!" I cried; "Do come in!"

"Thank you, ma'am. Can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Got put in the closet last time."

"For what, pray?"

"Coming in without being washed and scrubbed. Farer says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he *can* make 'em clean,

for water is cheap in this country, if anything is."

"Well, then, can't you get washed and scrubbed?"

"Yes, ma'am; Joey'll do it."

"Fly home then, like a bird, and I'll wait here for you."

When he came back there was an extra glow on that round and ruddy countenance; it gleamed like a red-cheeked apple just polished for the fruit-basket. He went down on his knees again over the bed of pinks, and seemed like one enchanted. As I cut the flowers and gave them into his hands we fell into conversation as before.

"I'm so sorry you were put in the closet for coming here, Everett," I said, "It was a very unpleasant ending to the afternoon."

"No, ma'am, not so very," he answered serenely. "Ought to have minded what I was told. Besides, I just shut my eyes and thought of the pinks till Joey let me out."

"Are the others at home as fond of flowers as you are?"

"They like 'em very much; they thought what I took home from here was awful nice, and they knew I'd been in here. The first thing Joey said when farer come home was 'Oh, farer! farer! what do you think? Ev'ett's been in the Gardena-Edena, and here's some flowers that grew there!'"

"In where?" I asked.

"In the Gardena-Edena; Joey always calls it so. That's my house;" he continued, pointing; "one, two, three, down the row; and when you go upstairs in the back room and squeedge your head way over sideways against the shutter, you can see a little piece of this Gardena-Edena. If your barn wasn't there, and our house was a little further back and turned a teenty-taunty bit this way, we could see lots of it. Joey's glad we can see even a speck of it."

"Joey's your oldest brother, I suppose."

"No, ma'am, Joey's my big sister. She's a girl coll'd Jophesine Panoleon Bonaparte Pilkins."

"Oh; and Marty's your next sister then?"

"No, ma'am, Marty's my big bro'rer; he's a boy coll'd Martin Thuler Pilkins."

"Why,—what long, large names!"

"Yes, ma'am; we've *all* got 'em. Farer says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he can give 'em good names, 'cause good names is cheap, if anything is, in this country."

"And may I know the names of the others, too?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. Next comes Nelly."

"Another sister?"

"No, ma'am, a bro'rer. He's a boy coll'd Hosharo Nelson Pilkins. And next comes me. And after me comes Florry. Florry's a girl coll'd Florence Gightinale Pilkins."

"Is that all?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," he answered very mildly. "Next comes the baby. He's a small boy coll'd Christopher Bolumkus Pilkins. Last of all comes the speck of a new baby. He's a *very* small boy coll'd Henry Bard Weecher."

"G-r-r-acious!"

"Ain't that a nice name, too?"

"It's so tremendously long and strong for such a mite of a child! I should think it would wear him to the very bone!"

"No, ma'am," returned Everett gently. "He don't appear to mind it. Perhaps because we only call him Henny."

In the meantime, I had been cutting flowers and Everett receiving them, and dividing them as before quite impartially between his right hand and his left. Pinks, pansies, roses, phloxes, myrtle, jasmine, went twig for twig and sprig for sprig on this side and on that.

"You always make two bouquets, Everett," said I.

"Yes, ma'am," repeated he with great mildness, "I *always* make *two* bouquets."

It would have been gratifying to know why, but I did not ask him, for I respect the plans and purposes of little heads, and know that little hearts

have often "long, long thoughts" in them. Not that I approve for an instant of the wild and cataclysmal doctrine of Budge-and-Toddyism, which, if once permitted to prevail, would sweep the entire American nation from the face of the earth within six months, and leave the great Bird of Freedom himself, only a plucked, denuded fowl upon a barren strand. No, never that, for a moment; but a feeling that there is an individuality in the little people as well as in the larger ones that deserves consideration. Perhaps the feeling has been strengthened by the still vivid memory of sundry sore-hearted hours, when the "Pshaw! pshaw!" the "Tut! tut!" or the "What's the good of it, child!" of an older will, went like the besom of destruction straight through certain little cob-webby plans that had been long a-weaving.

During that beautiful early summer Everett and I had many a pleasant meeting. Two or three times a week he came to see me; we always fell into conversation on matters grave or gay or lively or severe; I always cut a nosegay of flowers for him, and he always divided them in his own little way. One day in mid-July I said to him:

"I have something this morning I know you will like. Almost all boys would like them better than flowers."

"I don't know what it is yet," he answered softly, "but I like *everything* in here."

"It's cherries! That's what it is! 'Cherries are ripe! cherries are ripe! and children can have some!' Come into the house and get them." And I showed him the way up a half-dozen miniature steps tucked deftly into a small corner, that led from the garden into the bay-window of the library.

"Oh what nice quirly steps!" ejaculated Everett gently. "There's everything strange and pretty and nice like fairy tales in this Gardena-Edena."

We sat down by the library table where the basket of cherries stood, and I picked from it the biggest and reddest, with the longest stems,—for a stemless cherry is an imperfect treasure; half the fun is to shake and dangle it and twirl its ruby roundness before eating;—and as I gave them to him his eyes shone with pleasure, but not one was put in his mouth. One cherry went into his right hand and one into his left. I tried with a pair devoid of stems. The result was the same. One was enclosed by the palm of one chubby hand, the other by the palm of the other. Verily, thought I to myself, this is growing uncanny. The boy behaves as if he were a fairy himself, and some inexorable ogre compelled him to go through with this unmeaning pantomine. If he does so the next time I see him, I will surely ask the reason why, and break the wicked spell.

And when I saw him a few days later, and gave him first flowers and then cherries, and found that he did just as before, dividing them with exactitude into two portions, I fulfilled my vow.

"Everett," I said, "you have always made two bouquets out of flowers I have given you."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied with great mildness, "I have always made two."

"And now, instead of eating the cherries, you are making them into two bunches as you did before."

"Yes ma'am, I'm making them into two."

"I should like to know why, if you are willing to tell me."

"Oh yes, ma'am; I'd like to. Half of all I have is Florry's. Half of all I *ever* had is Florry's. Half of all I'm ever going to have is Florry's."

"Then the flowers are always for her and these cherries too."

"Yes, ma'am, and everything I get. I always want her to have her half first, so as to get the best, and she always wants me to have the best, and sometimes we can't tell which is the best, and that makes us laugh."

"Is Florry your favorite, then?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered very gently; "Florry *is* my favorite."

"Why?"

"Because Florry's sick. She very

sick. She can't get well. She's too sick to stay here much longer. She's got a 'sumption, and she can't live long."

"You never told me that, Everett!"

"No, ma'am; you never asked me."

"But, my dear little man, you must tell me whatever you want to, without my asking."

"Must I?"

"Certainly; don't fail to do so."

"Then I'll tell you something now; shall I, ma'am?"

"Of course, my dear."

"Florry wants very much to see the lady that lives in the Gardena-Edena before she goes away. Florry's my dearest pet. Half of all I have is Florry's. Half of all I ever had, except you. I've seen you and talked with you and been in your Gardena-Edena, and Florry hasn't. You have been just as sweet as an angel to me, and smiled at me ever so many times, but not at Florry. She calls me 'Etty.' Almost every day she says, 'Etty, dear, I want to see the lady that lives in the Gardena-Edena before I go.'"

"I wish you had told me this before, Everett. I will go with you any hour of any day she wants me."

"Thank you, ma'am; I knew you would. Florry's seen a little bit of this Gardena-Edena. She used to sleep in the little front room, but when she got worse and couldn't sit up but a little while at a time, then she changed into the back room, so that when she *did* sit up she could squeedge her head sideways over by the shutter and see a little bit of it. Sometimes when the wind blows, she smells the flowers from 'way over here, and then she's glad. She hasn't sat up this week."

"Have you a good doctor for her?"

"Yes, ma'am. Used to have two, but it wasn't any good. They said she couldn't get well. Now we've got another that does all he can."

"I am very sorry about your Florry."

"Yes, ma'am, so am I," he answered softly, while the tears welled up in his eyes; "but it can't be helped. Farer says, when you can help a thing help it, and when you can't, then *bear* it with patience. Farer says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he can teach 'em to go without, and have patience, 'cause patience is cheap, if anything is in this country."

"Sound doctrine," I answered, "but sometimes hard to practice. Give your Florry my kindest wishes, and tell her the minute she wants me, I will come."

"I will, ma'am, and thank you too;" and he went away happy in his double treasure of flowers and fruit.

It is not within the power of words to describe the exceeding mildness of this little child. His most joyous joys seemed subdued; his troubles appeared to leave him quite untroubled; his strongest enthusiasms were completely under control. We have seen saintly mothers and grandmothers, like goodly vessels that have breasted the waves, and been tossed by the tides and have bowed to the gales, at last floating into quiet harbors, in the mellow sunset light, but it is rare to meet such ripe serenity in youth or childhood.

My little Pilkins seemed even to be aware of and to contemplate his own small lingual deficiencies with an unperturbed urbanity of soul. I sometimes wondered that the father or the mother or the helpful Joey did not correct them, and make the little fellow mind his p's and q's, and various other consonants; but perhaps with a Josephine Napoleon Bonaparte, a Martin Luther, and a Horatio Nelson before him, a Florence Nightingale, a Christopher Columbus and a Henry Ward Beecher behind him, not to mention a mother that was too busy to talk, these sinless blunders were not thought worthy of notice. I supposed myself quite familiar with his especial methods of speech, but he continued to puzzle even me, sometimes.

The time of cherries had passed, and the breathless heats of August had come, when Everett told me one morning, that the doctor said Florry was worse.

"Yes, my Florry is sicker and sicker," he said with a tremble in his

voice; "but next week," he added, trying to smile, "she'll feel better. She'll feel a good deal better, 'cause next week's got a bursday in it. I'll be nine years old, and I'm going to have a present."

"Won't that be nice!" I answered.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm going to have a present, and it's half for Florry. In the country where we used to live, right across the road from Darby-coll'd-Deaco..'s there's a cousin that's going to send me a present. It't a present of a Collo-coll'-toodles."

"A what, Everett?"

"A splendid Collo-coll'-toodles; and it's half for Florry. Isn't that nice?"

"Oh, very; I should like to see it when it comes."

"Yes, ma'am; you shall; I'll bring it right over and show it to you."

On the following Thursday, therefore, he came to me all aglow with a mild radiance, and told me that his birthday present had arrived. "It's here!" he cried jubilantly. "It's here, and Florry likes it!"

"How very pleasant!" I replied.

"Yes, ma'am, very pleasant; and if you'll let me, I'll run and get it, and show it to you. Nelly's holding it for me outside the gate."

And in a moment he had fled and returned, bringing with him a profusely woolly white poodle, which he set down on the floor between us. It was so shaggy there was no knowing bow from stern until it walked, and it looked like a little sheepskin door-mat that had suddenly rolled itself up and determined to be somebody.

"Oh, *that's* it," I exclaimed with a sigh of relief.

"Yes, ma'am, *that's* it; that's my Collo-coll'-toodles. All that kind of dogs is coll'-toodles, but this toodle's own name is coll'-Collo." "Carlo! Carlo!" I said, "come and get a neck-tie;" for I just bethought me of a sky-blue ribbon in the library drawer. We tied it on, Everett and I, with a stylish bow behind his left ear, and then Everett kissed him over and over again with chastened rapture. "The only matter of Collo-coll'-toodles," said Everett with a gentle sigh, "is, that we can't divide him. We don't know which half is Florry's and which is mine. I think the best way is for Florry to have all of him now, because you know when she,—when she goes away,"—and there was a little choke in his throat,—"I can't *help* having all of him. I'm afraid she'll go very soon now. She thinks so. She's made movver wash her white dress all clean, and buy a white ribbon for her hair. She's glad that Collo-coll'-toodles came so soon, and she'd be glad if you would come and see her to-morrow. She said to-day: 'Etty, dear, tell the lady that lives in the Gardena-Edena, that I'd like to see her in the morning if it's perf'ly convenient.' I'll come and bring you when her room's broomed up, if you'll come."

"Of course I will, dear child, gladly."

It was early the next morning when Everett came for me, earlier than I expected him; but I went just as I was, in my white morning gown, stopping only to gather a few flowers for the little sister, as we passed through the garden.

With a strange delicacy, not one of the family appeared. Everett alone conducted me through the passage, up the stair-case, all very plain, but very clean, into the sick child's room. A great pang of infinite pity rushed through my heart at the sight of the little fading life before me; the white, patient, hollow-eyed child, hurrying on with hot, quick pulses, into the great hereafter. Almost as instantly came also the remembrance that for her this visit should be a time of peace, rest and soothing, without so much as one disturbing look or gesture. I laid my hand gently on hers, and looked down in her eyes and smiled.

She smiled in return. "I thank you, ma'am," she said; "I thank you very much, but I can't talk much; my breath goes so fast."

"I came to talk to *you*," I answered, "as long as you want me, and about anything you like."

"Tell me about your Garden of

Eden, please. I'd like to hear all about that. How it's shaped out, and where everything grows."

The little Carlo was nestled down by her side in the bed. Everett climbed up and rested near him, leaning on his elbow, looking part of the time at Florry and part at me. I laid the flowers in one of her little thin hands and took the other in mine.

"It's so strange and so nice to see you," she said, stopping between every few words to breathe. "I've wanted it so much and now I've got it. Almost everything comes just as I want it. I wanted to see Carlo, and Carlo's here, and loves me already. I wanted to see you, and you're here. I was afraid my white dress wouldn't be ready, but mother washed it, and Joey ironed it and sewed a frill in, and that's ready, They all wear white there, don't they?"

"I think so," I answered slowly, "of one kind or another. Do you care so much for the dress, dear?"

"I know what you think. Yes, I know. *He* could make it white and clean as He could my heart, as I think He has; but I just wanted to *look* ready, too. I *am* all ready but one or two little things. I want to go. There's too much pain and weakness here for me. I love the home up there. I love those that live there. They seem like dear, kind friends to me, But one thing troubles me,—and that is *how* I'll go. Etty thinks a shining angel will bear me to the sky, don't you, Etty, dear?"

"Yes, Florry, I'm sure of it."

"But if it should be a stranger angel," she said anxiously, "wouldn't I be afraid? If only the kind Lord himself could come! But of course He can't for every child that has to go! Do you think I'll be afraid?"

I patted the little thin hand, and shook my head and smiled. "Not even one tiny bit; I think the 'dear, kind Friend' you have there will send such a messenger as you will be glad to go with. He has made all the other things come right, He will make this right too. Only trust Him for this as you have for the rest."

"I think I can," she said, looking earnestly at me. "I will. I do. Will you tell me now about your Garden of Eden?"

I described to her as well as I could the general plan of the garden; the little lawn in front, with its trees and shrubs, and the gravel walks that ran in and out among the grass, waving now to the right to give space for an arbor vitæ, and now to the left to make room for a clump of sumach; and then hiding themselves in a little thicket of greenness; the close-cut grassy terrace that went quite around the house; the high trellises that carried the vines to the top of the piazza; the shorter ones that supported the roses and clematis; the summer-house over in the corner; the geometrical flower-beds bordered with thrift, and blazing with brightest colors; the hemlock hedge that ran across between the flower-garden and the kitchen-garden; the row of great white Antwerp raspberries that were planted all along the side fence; the spicy strawberry-patch behind the hedge, where the rows of currant and gooseberry bushes were planted; where the pear-trees stood; where the cherry-trees grew;—and then the whole wonderful procession of the blessed flowers, from those that blossomed first and bravest in the damp, nipping, early spring morning, to those that opened boldest and latest in the dark autumn frosts, until finally, the flowers and the summer had to move together into the big bay-window of the library, and stay captive till the spring came again. The child's eyes were earnestly fixed on mine, a faint smile flitted over her face now and then, and once in a while her fingers pressed mine.

"Go on; go on, please," she said when I paused. "Isn't there any more?"

"Oh yes, any quantity; all you want to hear."

So I went on then to tell her of the robins that had built their nest in the elm-tree, with a little piece of pink tissue paper at one side for a festive banner; of the felonious old gray puss

that tried to steal the baby-birds, and got sent away for it; of the two fat toads that lived at their ease in the lettuce bed, and came out at dusk to ensnare insects with their little lasso-like tongues; of the great green spotted frog, a perfect stranger to all the family, who suddenly arrived one morning from foreign parts, without a shadow of an introduction, and coolly settled himself in the high grass around the mossy trough that catches the drippings from the well.

The sultry August morning had been growing sultrier and more oppressive every moment; the distant, busy hum of the streets was only an indistinct murmur, and the house was absolutely still. The great, bright eyes that had been fastened so earnestly on mine at first, had slowly drooped and languished, and closed more than once. and the child seemed too drowsy to speak. But again the little fingers pressed mine faintly, and again I talked on, in the most dreaming, droning tones I could command, spinning an endless thread, spider-fashion, out of myself about anything that came uppermost; the bees that visited my garden, and foraged for honey and pollen in such a fussy, buzzy, blundering way, hurrying and scrambling for fear some other bee should get ahead of them, and muttering and talking about it all the time, like some people who take their dinner with so much needless noise and commotion that their friends wish they would do their eating in Greenland, and only come home between times. And then of the butterflies, the gorgeous, beautiful creatures, the floating flowers that perch upon the anchored ones, and fan them with their painted wings, and display their beauties in the sunshine, and sip so deftly, that like some other people who take their bite and sup most daintily, pleasing you with their brightness all the time, you hardly ever remember that they eat at all.

And then of the wasps, those fervid fire-worshippers, who seem to die with every chilling wind and to be born again with the sunshine; idle as well as peevish, they like best the viscous silene and other gummy flowers that have already generously exuded their treasures for them; but most of all they love the juice of a bruised strawberry,an over-ripe raspberry,or a fallen pear! That's the wine for their lordships! They tipple and tipple, till they scarcely can rise again into the warm summer air, and then go drifting lazily by to leeward, centreboard down.

The child's eyes had now long been closed, her fingers had fallen quite away from mine, her whole frame seemed relaxed and tranquil in a sweet, calm sleep. Softly rising from my seat, and holding up my finger to Everett as an entreaty for perfect stillness, I stole silently away again to my own Garden of Eden.

Not many days after, my little Pilkins came once more to see me. I spoke to him cheerfully as he entered the library, but he did not answer. I asked him if anything had happened,—if Florry was worse, but he *could* not answer. I opened my arms and he ran into them, hid his face on my shoulder and cried long, long and heavily.

True to himself, however, he struggled with his sorrow; he checked it as manfully as he could, and soon lifting his head, he said gently:

"My Florry's gone, all gone at last! She went away this morning, just a little while ago, and everything happened the way she wanted it. She had a good sleep the day you were there. When she woke up she said, 'Etty, dear, when you see the lady that lives in the Gardena-Edena, tell her she soothed me to a sweet, long sleep, the best I ever, *ever* had.' And in that sleep she had a vision. It was a vision of an angel. It was dressed in white and it looked like you, and had flowers in its hand as you had."

I smiled at the simple childishness that did not see how the living fact had suggested the dreaming fancy.

"Yes," Everett went on, "and *it* smiled, too, like you smiled at Florry, and it looked in her eyes, and it laid

its gentle hand on Florry's, and it said, 'I'm sure you would not be afraid to go away with me,' and Florry said 'Oh no, not at all! I'd love to go with *you!*' And then it said, 'I shall come soon,' and it faded away like a light, fainter and fainter, smiling at Florry all the time. It looked like you, only it was ever so much bigger and stronger, and dazzled up all the room. Joey said it was a dream, but Florry said no, it was a vision; and farer said 'Who knows? let the child take her comfort!' The next morning Florry made them wash her nice and clean and lay her white frock by her. 'It may come to-day, Etty, dear,' she said, 'or it may come to-morrow; and I must be all ready.' And yesterday she got all ready again and waited. But this morning she called Joey early, and made her put the white dress on her, and tie her curls with the new white ribbon. 'This is the day,' she said; 'I wasn't sure before, but now I know it; call them in, and kiss me good-bye, all.' Then we all kissed her good-bye, one by one; and little Collo felt lonely, and climbed up on the bed, and cried and lapped her cheek, so she kissed him good-bye too, and he cuddled right down by her side. Then she said she was tired and wanted to go to sleep; but first she wanted Joey to lay the little new baby on her arm so that she could feel it there a little while, and then she smiled at us and said, 'I'm just as happy as I can be,' and fell fast asleep."

"And did not wake again?"

"Only for a minute. We think the angel must have come for her; for after a while, she opened her eyes quick and bright, just as if somebody had called her, and said softly, 'Yes, yes! I'm all ready!' and smiled and lifted up her arms to be carried, and then,—and then,—they said she was gone!"

Once more the poor little man gave in to his sorrow and leaned his head on me, and sobbed, while I spoke such words of sympathy as seemed to soothe him best. "Everett," I said at last, "let us do something for Florry that we know she would like. Let us take quantities of flowers, rich and sweet and beautiful, and let us make a perfect bed of them—bed and pillow and coverlet—for the little form in its little white dress that Florry left behind her."

"Oh, that *would* be nice," said Everett; "my Florry did *love* flowers so much."

And so we did; the little pearl-white child, with all that was beneath her and about her, we so garlanded and crowned and wreathed and decked with flowers that the last picture of her on earth was that of a waxen bird in a great wilderness of glowing brilliant blossoms.

This happened on the eve of a long-planned visit to the sea-shore.

When I returned, after six weeks or more, I missed my little comrade. I looked often at the place in the open palings where the pleasant little face had been wont to frame itself, and listened many a time for the soft footfalls that used to come so unintrusively in at the side gate, but in vain. At last I bade my handmaid Rose summon him to his friend and the flowers once more.

"Oh dear, ma'am," she exclaimed penitently, "I do beg your pardon, I'm sure! I forgot entirely to tell you that the little fellow was here twice to see you. The last time, when I told him you'd be away for a couple of weeks yet, he just cried and said he'd never see you again, and he left a long message for you. I passed particular remarks upon it, ma'am, he gave it so wise and old-fashioned like! 'Tell her,' said he, 'that I came to say good-bye. Father says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he *can* give 'em room to grow, for room's cheap out West in this country, if anything is; so we're going out West, far, far West, and I'm afraid I'll never see her again!'"

His foreboding was true; I have never seen or heard of him since; but still, through the dissolving years, my heart has ever remained faithful to the memory of my own Little Pilkins.
—*Olive A. Wadsworth, in Sunday Afternoon.*

PUZZLES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

I.

CHARADE.

When summer's cheerful days are gone,
And winter's dreary reign comes on ;
When clouds move darkly through the sky,
And storms of snow around us fly,
'Tis then my *first* is prized indeed ;—
Both high and low its influence need.

My *next*, a tiny insect, flies
From winter's bitter blast, or dies
In frozen stupor, else remains
Till spring's warm breath unlocks its chains.
To man and beast alike a pest,
'Tis seldom hailed a welcome guest.

My *whole* no beauty can display
When seen amid the glare of day ;
But viewed in summer's lovely night,
It lends a clear though transient light.

E. H. N.

II.

SQUARE WORD.

Sour, a summary of laws, not busy, a swift animal.

N. M. G.

III.

INITIAL CHANGES.

Put different heads to a bird of prey, and find successively :—a noise made by some animals ; a dish ; a frown ; something worn by a monk ; a snarl ; to prey ; a part of the face ; a domestic bird.

IV.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Transpose what you did when you first signed your name into a strong fortress.
2. A number of generations into a plant.
3. A coast into an animal.
4. A bird into a class of trees.
5. A sacred poem into a class of fruit-trees.
6. Vocal sounds into a class of animals.
7. One of the United States into a part of public revenue.
8. A class of sweet flowers into loathsome diseases.
9. Aromatic substances into a sign of the zodiac.
10. A plant into an animal.
11. Solicitude into a line of descendants.
12. Perfume into an entrance way.
13. A part of the American flag into a minister in the ancient church.

V.

ACROSTIC.

My first, is a Swiss Reformer ;
My second, the god of physic ;
My third, a distinguished naval commander ;
My fourth, a law in force among the ancient Greeks ;
My fifth, a celebrated battle ;
My sixth one of the dialects spoken by the Greeks ;
My seventh a famous Athenian court of justice.
The initials form the name of a famous Eastern queen.

J. T. F.

VI.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In trespass, not in sin,
In Babel, not in din ;
In incense, not in oil,
In labor, not in toil ;
In altar, not in fire,
In tabor, not in lyre ;
In temple, not in spire.
Conspiring 'gainst his sire, a son
Is raised aloft while on the run.

VII.

WORD SQUARE.

1. One who has no passion higher,
   Than to adore unfeeling fire.
2. A term employed in botany,
   As hooked or curved an end may be.
3. To ornament with raised designs,
   Or carve a work in jutting lines.
4. Upon the foot I meet my fate,
   As does the one beside—my mate.
5. One of a sect long since gone hence,
   Famous for their abstinence.
6. If you should fail the word to find,
   Do *this* with a determined mind.

VIII.

LOGOGRIPH.

Complete I am a prophet ; transpose, and I become a negative ; again, and I become an art journal ; again, and I become fastened ; behead, and I am complained ; reverse, and I am a girl's name.

IX.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole, composed of 18 letters, is a celebrated woman.

The 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is a machine.
The 6, 7, 8, 9, is a tree.
The 10, 11, 12, 13, is a metal.
The 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, is a worker.

X.

TRANSPOSED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The words, after the letters have been transposed, form a double acrostic whose initials and finals each name a gem.

1. Change an ambush to a species of fruit.
2. Change an insect to also.
3. Change not of kin to not young.
4. Change a native of a foreign country to a residence.
5. Change not present to a lake in Europe.
6. Change a city in Central America to a boy's name.
7. Change a reptile to an emotion.

The 1st is a word of five letters; the 2d, of four; the 3d, of five; the 4th, of five; the 5th, of five; the 6th, of four; the 7th of five.

XI.

BIRD PUZZLE.

1. A toy made of paper. 2. A consonant and pale. 3. The builder of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. 4. A burning vowel. 5. A consonant. 6. Used in hunting in the fifteenth century. 7. Part of a fence. 8. A boy's name. 9. A pronoun and a preposition. 10. Has been made famous by an American poet. 11. Part of a house and seen at the Flood. 12. A tailor's implement. 13. To shrink with fear. 14. A consonant and to waken. 15. Used in chess. 16. What we do when eating. 17. What old birds are not to be caught with, and part of a foot. 18. On ships, and a quarrel. 19. Used for raising heavy weights. 20. An abbreviation of a girl's name, and a pastry. 21. A ringlet and a sheep. 22. A country partly in Europe. 23. Heard on most farms.

XII.

A HIDDEN QUOTATION.

In the following lines may be found a well-known quotation from Shakespeare, one word in each line:

MY HOME.

A little cottage bowered in green,
With rose-bush clambering here and there
By trellised porch, and blooming fair
Round lattice-panes: can any scene
In other lands with this compare,
Or could you name a place more sweet,
Or would the flowers that bloom elsewhere
Smell half so fragrant and so rare?
Ah! roam the wide world as I will,
Sweet home! you're dear to memory still.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

I.

A QUIZ.—Start, tart, art, rat, tar, star, sat, as.

II.

COMPARISONS.—1, Quart, quarter. 2. Prop, proper. 3, She, sheer. 4, Be, beer. 5, Crack, cracker. 6, Broth, brother. 7, Must, muster, 8, Rash, rasher. 9, Off, offer. 10, Wand. wander.

III.

SQUARE WORD.—

H	E	E	L
E	N	V	Y
E	V	E	N
L	Y	N	X

IV.

CHARADE.—Where.

V.

PROBLEM.—55 and 25.

VI.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Look not upon the wine when it is red.

VII.

RIDDLE.—Devil.

The Home.

BUILDING CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY TOM GLEN.

The beginning of September came in unusually hot and sweltering, bringing to the busy Carleton Place its usual worries.

The owner of the Carleton Place is a lumberer, well-known on St. Peter street, Quebec. Buyers say Carleton's timber cuts up well; no punky culls with the sound side uppermost to be found in it. He is Reeve of the Township Council, and as such entitled to a seat in the County Council; nay, some say he will attain to the dignity of Warden yet. His letters come addressed to William Carleton, Esq., J. P. His men, the hewers, scorers, teamsters, road-cutters say, when paid off, "Carleton's concern is a good one, sure pay and no cheating." In the bush his men murmur less round the camboose fire than men usually do. Even Le Bœuf, cook and professional fault-finder, lifts his oily face from inspecting the contents of the bake-kettle and says, "Carleton, he one good man, no better man on the Ottawa river. He pray well, he pay well, does Monsieur Bill."

He is a man honored and honorable, but his capable, fair-faced wife acknowledges occasionally, under strong provocation, that he is thoughtless, not of the comfort of his men, but of the trouble he gives, and the turmoil in which he keeps his own household. In fact, William Carleton, with all his perfections, has a soft spot in his heart, I suppose, and all manner of shiftless, needy, troubled or borrowing people discover it. It is to William Carleton that Mistress Molly O'Brien comes for "a bit o' fresh bafe, an' a thrifle o' tay, an' a notion o' shugar, an', Lord love ye! a rowl o' the illigant butther that comes so hard, an' yellow, an' swate from undher your wife's purty han's. Sure ye'll not be the loser: I'll come over or send Bridget an' make for ye all the soap, soft and hard, that ye'll need for shanty or house for a twelve-month to come. It's a ploughin' bee I'm makin', poor, dissolate widdy that I am, an' ye'll send a man to it, to lade off the rest like and show them how! Sure the real kindness is in ye!"

Mistress O'Brien gets all her requests granted and goes home rejoicing. Mrs. Carleton, who considers her a great nuisance, would prefer making the soap herself. She knows well that, what with "a bit of grase for cooking—bless your generous heart, ma'am! sure your soap grase is good enough for our kitchening; and the laste taste in life of the soap I med to clane the childer's duds; an troth, if you could gather up any ould things that wor past dacency for yer own darlin's, for mine'll soon be in their bare mate wid sunbames for clothin', it's I that'll be thankful to your goodness," that soap becomes the dearest soap in the Dominion of Canada.

It is to William Carleton that Pierre Chartrain comes for "pork and peas for soup for my wife, for she sick. She come for wash the shankee blanket when she

better," says Pierre; which she will do, and steal a pair or two before she leaves, if Argus watched her.

It is William Carleton's horses that are borrowed to draw the poor back settler's barrel of potash to the store at the front. It is his canoe that takes the same individual's grist across the river to McLennan's mill. In short, William Carleton has so many to oblige, principally shrill-voiced females; so many shiftless men to find odd jobs for; so many people in difficulties to lend money to, that his wife declared when provoked that he kept the place like a tavern for noise, and like a fair for bustle.

September came in after a summer that had pressed hard on the housemother. In the heat of hay harvest her only reliable girl had deliberately, and with malice aforethought, got married, and she could not replace her. Girls at that time of her need seemed to have vanished off the face of the earth. The children at this crisis took the measles, but had the consideration to have them lightly. There were eleven cows to milk, and at the Carleton Place it had never dawned on the masculine mind to help. Indeed, in that neighborhood Scottish ideas held sway; so much so, that not a man about the place but would have been ashamed to be seen doubling up his long legs under a cow like "an everlasting heathen Yankee," unless to steal the milk for some camboose luxury. There were eleven cows to milk; there was churning to be done every day (which was done by dog-power), and butter-making; there was cooking for half a dozen workmen and waiting on the sick children, all to be done by Mrs. Carleton and her little nurse girl, sleepy Marcella. Harvesting was over, except digging potatoes and pulling turnips, and the men were preparing to go to the woods. Additional men were added to the family, and what pleased Mrs. Carleton well, a new girl help, Octavie Belanger, a capable French handmaiden, was secured.

Octavie was making pies at a small table in the wide, sunny kitchen. Patsey O'Brien and Antoine Couvrette were sitting on a settle putting finishing touches on two axe-helves with their jack-knives. They were nigh enough to the baking-table to admire the skilful movements of the deft brown hands, and to cast sweet glances at the "nut-brown mayde," for whose favor they were both candidates. And Octavie's bright black eyes flashed back merry, saucy glances impartially to both. From the woodshed came the sound of grinding axes and the noise of blocking out helves.

Baptiste Plante, the new man from Quebec, was rolling out one of Beranger's lyrics. He had a magnificent voice, and had been trained to sing in church. All hands stopped working to listen; they never heard such singing before. Even Mrs. Carleton, in the milk-house working butter, stood with suspended ladle, while the waves of melody sweep over her soul. "*Toujours, toujours*," the sad, wailing words fit themselves to past regrets. Suddenly Mr. Carleton's voice was heard asking for Madam, as he calls his wife. Laying down the ladle, and covering the butter with a fair white cloth, she came up the hill from the milk-house with an unwonted moisture in her clear grey eye, and an unusual dreaminess subduing her alert step.

"What is it, William?" she said.

There was a flush on Mr. Carleton's face and a sound in his voice as if he knew what he had to say would not be agreeable to his wife.

"We are going to the *Mer-bleu* tomorrow, to hunt."

"As it was, and as it will be," said the lady, with an air of endurance.

Hunting was the favorite amusement of Mr. Carleton and the favorite aversion of his wife. There was, in Mrs. Carleton's opinion, more than enough

hunting going on at the Carleton Place during the season, and sometimes glaringly out of season; but the crowning botheration was the grand annual deer hunt which took place before going to the woods. Mrs. Carleton always dreaded these hunts, for the trouble and fuss they gave to the already overburdened household. The usual order of the hunt was, that Livingstone of the saw-mill, the two McLennans from over the river, and Cameron the store-keeper met at the Carleton Place. Mr. Carleton's great hound, Blowzer, was counted the best on the river "to follow track, or give tongue." The hounds were sent back into the bush by skilled men, who knew where the haunts of the deer were, to start the game. The rest of the hunters were stationed at certain places along the river in canoes to watch for the deer taking the water, when all who heard the signal strained every nerve to be in at the death. The owner of the hound that put in a deer was entitled to the skin and half the carcase. Last year fifteen deers were slaughtered in this manner, the skinning and dividing of which turned the Carleton Place, for the time being, into a shambles.

We must go back to Mr. Carleton, who is making explanations to "Madam."

"You will have no trouble at the house this year," said Mr. Carleton, with a propitiatory smile. "We are going to camp out at the *Mer bleu*. We will take the tent, camp kettles and everything we need, and stay a week perhaps, if the hunting's good. You will have a holiday while we are gone, and we will bring home venison enough to make you proud of being a hunter's wife."

"Scarcely, while I hate hunting so much, and let all my sympathy go with the deer, not with the hunters. How can you, of all men, take pleasure in hunting, William? In a short time, if hunting goes on over all the Dominion, as it does about here, the pretty, harmless creatures will be exterminated and become a legend of the past like the Dodo."

"No fear of that, but while they last we must have our share of venison."

"Why not buy beef instead?—it would be less bother."

"Beef is not venison, my dear Madam."

"Well, I would prefer beef, when along with the venison I must take the worry of keeping those abominable hounds," said Mrs. Carleton, with decision.

"My dear, Blowzer is not abominable; he is a grand dog," retorted Mr. Carleton, with a little heat; "besides, he is almost always on the chain; and there is many a human being who requires a chain more than Blowzer does, or Spanker either."

"I grant that Blowzer is good for a hound, but Spanker is just as tricky as he can be. And there are the Livingstone hounds, they are *not* chained, and they *are* kept hungry that they may be sharp set, and eager for the chase. There is that Scamp of theirs—a well-named beast—think of the tray of butter he destroyed on me last week when Marcella left the milk-house door open for a moment. I hoped such a dose of butter would kill him, but no, it agreed with him. I do believe that the sheep-killing for which the wolves are blamed is really done by the Livingstone hounds."

"I should not wonder if you are right. Livingstone's hounds are kept rather sharp set."

"Well, our own Spanker carried off Octavie's pie-crust yesterday, when she turned her back for a minute."

"Served her right! Why did she allow Spanker in the kitchen?"

"She did not, William; the kitchen door was shut when she went into the pantry for a minute. You know Spanker can open the kitchen door now; he learned that trick from Le Bœuf's

yellow dog—he puts his paw on the latch. I know as well as I want to that Spanker opened that door."

"Nonsense! Did you ever hear of a hound learning tricks?"

"I don't know. But Spanker is not a real hound, he's a mongrel. Whatever he is, he's tricky. You remember him jumping through the window and carrying off a roast of beef, carving-fork and all. He's a dog without a conscience."

"Not quite," said Mr. Carleton laughing, the evil deeds of hounds not affecting him as they did his wife, "he brought back the fork."

"He could not eat it or he would not have brought it back," said Mrs. Carleton, laughing also.

"I am getting demolished fast; we will therefore change the subject, if Madam pleases. We will be off in the morning by four o'clock sharp. I wonder if there is bread enough baked?"

"I expect there is; you will not need so very much," said she.

"Tell Octavie to boil some pork and you will make some sandwiches for me."

"Very well, sir."

"I almost forgot to tell you, you can get that closet made while we are away."

"How is that?"

"I have hired Owen Sanderson to make sleighs for the *chantier*, and I will lend him to you till you get your closet made."

"Have you really hired Owen Sanderson again?" said the lady in a distressed voice.

"Even so, my dear."

"Well, William, of what possible use can that drunken sot be to you?"

"He is a first-rate worker when he's sober."

"That's not very often. I heard he was turned off from Livingstone's some time ago; that he had been drinking steadily this long time."

"Yes, yes, he has been on a 'big drunk,' but he is really trying to reform now, I think."

"A likely story," said the lady sarcastically.

"I will give him one more chance at any rate. At Livingstone's mill he was too near temptation—too near the tavern—the soft cull! Here he cannot get liquor without going down there or across the river. Once in the *chantier* he will be safe, and his family will have the benefit of his wages."

"But if the man's useless and worthless, William? A cull in timber is bad, a cull among the men is worse, I should say."

"My dear, any man's a cull who is a habitual drunkard; he may be a good enough man if kept sober."

"It is so like you, William, to hire that Sanderson! Every useless creature, when cast off by every one else, finds refuge with you."

"You pay me too great a compliment, Isabel," said Mr. Carleton, changing his light tone for one of reverence. "To receive all who are cast off by their fellow men is only true of our Father in Heaven; but I intend to give Owen one more chance, nevertheless."

Mr. Carleton turned away, and Mrs. Carleton, after issuing the necessary orders to Octavie, returned to her butter, and while her hands moved quickly to make up for loss of time, she mused after this fashion:

"William is more truly a Christian than I am. Have the cares of this life choked all desire in my heart to try to 'rescue the perishing'? I am afraid that hoping for a permanent reform in Owen Sanderson is building castles in the air, but he can *try*."

CHAPTER II.

At four o'clock next morning the Carleton Place was all alive,—people and hounds were waking the echoes in the "hurryscurryation" of starting. Antoine was harnessing the black team and putting them to the lumber wagon, into

which Baptiste Plante was packing the tent, blankets and buffalo-robes for bedding, the camp kettles and other necessaries. Le Bœuf was making sure of a plentiful supply of eatables. He had wheedled Octavie into making a large meat pasty, beside the regulation bread and pork. Mrs. Carleton was packing up sandwiches,cold fowl and other delicacies for the "Boss." Mr. Carleton, with the help of Patsey O'Brien, who is fond of gunpowder, was looking after arms and ammunition. Every one was calling to every one else to forget nothing. "Put in some paddles," says one. "They're not needed," countermands another. "Put them in anyway," decides a third. "We may get canoes at the *Mer bleu* and not get enough paddles." "Don't forget the dishes," roars one. "Have we powder enough?" enquires another. "Put in the double-barreled gun," commands one. "The little rifle is forgotten," suggests another.

"What a noisy pack men are when they're in a hurry!" said Mrs. Carleton, smiling.

"*Oui, Madame.* Give tongue like hounds," laughs Octavie.

Finally the wagon rolls off, followed by Mr. Carleton and Mr. Livingstone on horseback, and quietness settles down on the Carleton Place. Mrs. Carleton went up to her own room, and sat down with a sigh of relief. Though an energetic woman, a model house-keeper and home-maker, she was more imaginative than any one supposed,and she expected from life more than she received, so she had an unsatisfied heart. She was a professor of religion, but had large conscientiousness, and her profession did not satisfy her. She wanted "peace that flowed like a river"; she wanted the certainty that she, as a servant, was really doing some work for the Master, and she had neither the one nor the other, so that she felt downhearted and dissatisfied, as the best of women will at times.

"Dear me," she sighed, "how different life is in reality from life in anticipation!" The "*Toujours, toujours,*" of Plante's song was echoing in her heart yet. "I married William to be near him all the time. What castles in the air I built then! I remember him repeating—

'Let's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which in frail but buoyant boat,
With skies now dark and now serene,
Together thou and I must float.'

We are not floating, but drifting,—drifting further apart every day. His business claims all his time; and I never know what leisure means. They say we are getting rich—doubtful—but does it pay? We are both professed Christians—are we growing in grace? Not that I can discern. The bustle of living, the toil to accumulate, eat up all our hours. We are living so that we lose all that is worth living for. No leisure for companionship. No regular family worship—there was none last night, and I love it—it is like walking with the Lord in the garden in the cool of the day. There was too much bustle this morning to remember to wait on the Lord to renew our strength 'for the work and toil of our hands.' Surely the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment."

Mrs. Carleton was recalled to actual life by the cheery voice of Octavie.

"The *charpentier* have come, Ma'am Carleton."

"Very well, Octavie. Give him his breakfast."

"He is take *déjeûner* now, Madam."

"That is well, Octavie. Say I will be down presently."

The much-despised Owen Sanderson was a middle-aged man, mild and polite, but with the unmistakable stamp of drunkenness upon him. A moist, bloodshot eye, a bloated face, a trembling hand, a timid, slouching manner—not a bully this man. He stood respectfully with his hat in his hand, unlike the usual shantyman, who comes in

with his hat jauntily tipped on one side, and keeps it on independently, as if it were a matter of conscience with him, like a Quaker.

Mrs. Carleton took him upstairs, gave him directions about the closet, and set him to work. Then the Carleton infantry and their sleepy nurse-maid had to be aroused that they might get their bath and be dressed for breakfast, so that prayers could be over and the elder detachment sent off to school. When this was done, the milking being over before, and the milk skimmed, the long array of milk pans, scalded and sweet on their shelf, taking the air, and Octavie fastening the unwilling dog into his daily task of churning, Mrs. Carleton went up to see how her closet was progressing. While she explained to him about the row of small drawers she wished to be made in the closet for nursery belongings, and long drawers for bed linen and towels, she noticed that he had something on his mind which he was trying to say. She lingered to give him an opportunity of speaking, but he did not.

"I wonder what he wants to say," thought Mrs. Carleton, as she seated herself beside the heaped stocking-basket, on the contents of which she was spending the spare hours of this first day of her holiday. "He wants to ask me for something and is ashamed to do it,—clothes for the children, I expect; for, of course, they will be ragged and half naked. There are some half-worn suits of Willie's and Tom's that would suit his little boys, and frocks Annie and Delia have grown away from, that would be just right for his Mary and Jessie. They might as well have them as not. I will look them up for them."

Every time Mrs. Carleton went up to where Sanderson worked she noticed the same struggle to speak and the same hesitation. At length on the second day he found voice to say: "I take it as very kind of Mr. Carleton to take me on again, after me leaving in debt last fall. You heard, of course, that Livingstone turned me off—said I was a gone coon, and might string myself up to the nearest tree, or make a hole in the water as soon as I liked. While I was strong—and when I was myself I was both strong and smart—he never objected to my drinking. He thinks I am broken down now. I am not, though I am not the man I was. I will never forget that when Livingstone turned me off, Mr. Carleton believed me when I said, 'I want to do better,' and gave me a chance. He advanced me half a barrel of flour and some pork and tea to leave with the wife while I was away in the woods."

"Very like William," thought Mrs. Carleton. Then aloud, "I do not see why you should be out of work, or obliged to any one for help, Mr. Sanderson. You are a skilled carpenter, and there's plenty of work in the country. You might be independent, and your family as comfortable as the next one, if you supported your own family instead of giving so much to Madam Martineau and Duffy's tavern. Excuse me, Mr. Sanderson, if I speak too plainly."

"It's all too true, Mrs. Carleton," said Sanderson sadly. "I have done that long enough. I mean to turn over a new leaf and be a different man from this time forward."

"I am glad to hear it, if you really mean it," said Mrs. Carleton, heartily.

"I mean it—I will drink no more."

"That will be good news to your wife and family, and for yourself as well. Drink has been no friend to you; it is no friend to any one, being the ruin of body and soul. I feel strongly about this curse, it ruins so many."

"I intend to reform," said Sanderson, slowly, more to himself than to Mrs. Carleton. "Whenever I get this winter's work over, I will have Mr. Carleton paid up and have something coming to me. I will then get some decent clothing for the family and my-

self, and we will attend church. Mr. Watson, the young minister, is a good man, and he will benefit us. It is eight years since I was in church; my wife did not go either,—she had no clothes fit to go in, so we have been living like heathens. It has been down-hill with us for many a day."

"That is very bad indeed, bringing up children in that way in a Christian country. It is high time for you to reform for the sake of your little children," said Mrs. Carleton.

"I know that," Sanderson went on. "It was my little Mary made me think of myself. I have been cruel to the children; they have never got any chance in the world, hardly ever been at school at all. Mary is a smart little girl,—any father might be proud of her. She has a nice voice, and she sings little hymns that she learns from the Sunday-school children. There is a line of a little hymn that she sings always running in my head,

'Jesus, my heart's dear Saviour,
Jesus has died for me.'

That touches my heart. I would like," said he, sheepishly, and with an effort, as if he was saying something to be ashamed of, "to be able to say that line of a hymn for myself. I have made up my mind whenever I come home in the spring to turn round and be a Christian."

At these words Mrs. Carleton seemed to wake out of sleep and to remember that she was a professed Christian, and as such ought to have a word to say for her Master.

"Mr. Sanderson," she said, eagerly, "do not wait till spring. Believe me, delays are dangerous in this matter. God says 'Now,' and He knows best. It is a Saviour you want, and you need not wait till spring, for He is waiting for you now. I am glad to know that you are not content as you are; it is hard service and cruel wages."

Sanderson assented with a murmured "Yes, I know it."

"Do begin to seek now," she went on. "God has sent many a message to you, but you did not take notice. Now, this hymn is another message from God to you, telling you of a Saviour that died for you. Why not believe the good news at once and turn now?"

Owen listened respectfully to Mrs. Carleton's words, but his thoughts had gone back to his own plans and were busy with the details as if he had not heard her at all. When she stopped he went on to speak from the point his thoughts had travelled to in his castle-building.

"Mr. Carleton has promised to let me build a little house on the lower end of his place, or he will give me the house Boisvert lives in, if he leaves to go to Ottawa, and he says he will. I will be out of the way of drink, and my wife will have a garden and a cow after awhile. The children will go to Sunday-school regularly, and, when I come home in spring, we will attend Mr. Watson's preaching. He preaches, they say, plain gospel that an ignorant man like me can understand, and I will turn round and become a Christian."

This was Sanderson's castle in the air, to get out of debt, to clothe the children, his wife and himself decently, to take them all to church in a family capacity and see them become Christians. At this time a call for the housemother came, and she had to go downstairs to other duties.

"Duty must be done," said Mrs. Carleton, as she went about her housekeeping, thinking tenderly of the sinner upstairs who wanted to get out of debt, reform and become a Christian. She wanted to help him, to speak a word in season that would help—that would stimulate. "I am weak when I ought to be strong," she thought. "When we let the cares of this world overwhelm us, our hearts are out of tune with the Gospel, so that we cannot speak wisely for the Master,"

When she had a leisure moment she looked over the children's clothes to see what could be spared for the young Sandersons. "The children must be clothed to go to Sabbath-school regularly; they need not wait till their father has travelled the long way round," she said to herself, smiling. She found more than she expected, and made up a large bundle. Then she took her Bible and sat down hurriedly, for she had little time to spare. A line of the last chapter of Hosea ran in her mind, "Take with you words and turn unto the Lord: say unto him—" so she opened the book to find words to persuade Owen Sanderson of the danger of delay. "If we need God's own words to plead with Him, much more we need them to plead with our fellow-men," said she, turning to the Sermon on the Mount. She found what she sought. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

She closed the book and went upstairs, taking it with her.

"Mr. Sanderson," she said, "you have told me your plan of reform; listen to this verse (reading it to him) —this is God's plan. I think His plan must be best. You purpose to begin at the wrong end. Take God's plan, Mr. Sanderson, and all these things that you want shall be added unto you. If God has given Christ will He not freely give us all things?"

Sanderson listened respectfully as a duty to Mrs. Carleton. It was kind of her, he thought, to take the trouble to speak to him; but she made no impression,—she saw that. It was the night of the prayer-meeting at the school-house where young Mr. Watson preached. Mrs. Carleton purposed going, and she determined to try to take Sanderson with her; for, she said, who knows but the message of peace and good-will may reach his heart to-night?

Mrs. Carleton was accustomed to direct ways of doing things. She had never seen the necessity of indirect or managing ways of going about anything which she intended to do. Therefore, she said to Owen Sanderson when prayer-meeting time drew near: "Will you be kind enough to harness the brown horse into the little buggy for me? Antoine is away with the hunters, and Xavier has gone for the cows. I am going to the prayer-meeting at the school-house, and I want you to come with me; perhaps you will hear something that will do you good."

He laid down his tools immediately, —a shy, obliging man was he, and went away and harnessed the brown horse into the buggy, and brought him to the door ready for Mrs. Carleton as she came out on the step bonneted and shawled for her drive to prayer-meeting.

"You are coming with me, Mr. Sanderson," said the lady, as she stepped into the buggy. He was holding the horse's head, keeping him in such a position that she might not be incommoded by the wheels in getting into the buggy. He then carefully gave her the reins before answering slowly:

"Not now—not in these clothes, Mrs. Carleton. Every one would be looking at me if I went among decent people. No, ma'am, no offence to you. I must wait till I can pay up, and put decent clothes on me, and then, perhaps, I can stand having their eyes on me. But I surely intend to reform and be a Christian,—no doubt about that, ma'am."

"You are too much afraid of peo ple's eyes, Mr. Sanderson. God's eyes are upon you all the time, why not fear Him most?"

"That's true, Mrs. Carleton. God knows everything, but He's more merciful than man. Only last week I was drunk, and they all know it. When I have kept sober for a while and have rigged up a little they'll know, if they see me in meeting, that I am reformed."

"Must I give him up this time?" thought Mrs. Carleton, sitting with the reins in her hand. Then aloud, "Owen, I read in a magazine, a little while ago, a good man's advice to one like you. He said: 'Now promise me that you will seek for Christ, and mind, seeking will not save you; but if you seek, you'll find, and finding will save you.' If you would only seek."

"Yes, I will seek,—I promise you that, Mrs. Carleton. I will begin whenever I get out of debt."

It was the old story,—a more convenient season. As Mrs. Carleton drove along the quiet road, elms and maples nodding to her from either side, a sense of failure saddening her, she thought, "How powerless I am! Had I asked Sanderson to do something for *me*, he would have done it out of gratitude to William; I only ask him to listen to good news for himself and I cannot persuade him to do it. It does take wisdom to win a soul, and I am letting worldliness come in like a flood between me and the power of His might which enables us to do great things for Him."

The little log meeting-house coming in sight brought to her remembrance the words of Landels: "Weary, famished, weaponless, we come to the sanctuary." These words expressed her condition; therefore, with a desire to draw on the fulness of Our Father for her wants, she took her seat among the few who had gathered for prayer.

The young minister did not come,—he was detained by illness, and the brother who led the devotions meant well, but was rather dreary. In these circumstances Mrs Carleton's thoughts reverted to Sanderson. Her mind was harassed with the thought that she might have been more in earnest, and she could not drive it away. Her only relief was in prayer that she might be faithful in the future, and in resolving to plead with Sanderson earnestly, "for," she said, "how can I tell how long God's 'now' will last with either him or me?"

When she returned home Xavier was on hand to take the horse, and Mrs. Carleton entered the house with a depression on her mind she could not account for. She found Octavie's father, the old Pierre Belanger, in the kitchen.

"Where is Mr. Sanderson?" she asked of Octavie.

"Jim Centre came for him just after you left, Madame."

"Did he go away with Jim Centre, Octavie?"

"Oh, Jim coax pretty hard long time first,—then he go. He say 'Bill Smith home from Minnesota,—see your brother—got plenty news for you—I come for you. Come.' Then he go."

"I saw ole Sanderson when I come away," said Pierre Belanger. "He's at Madame Martineau."

"At Madame Martineau's? He must have left soon after me."

"So he did, Madame. Jim Centre come in the canoe,—come up to the house as Madame go away. Then he coax—then Sanderson go with him to hear news of his brother, he say, and he gone."

Mrs. Carleton left the kitchen. "So evaporates poor Sanderson's castle in the air," thought she. "How can I pray for him believing that I will get an answer of peace!"

Before retiring for the night she enquired if Sanderson had returned, and was assured he had not. She was troubled especially on account of hearing where he had been seen. This disreputable Madame Martineau sold whiskey without license at Livingstone's mill and entrapped simple ones. She had got the most of Owen Sanderson's earnings for many a weary day. Mrs. Carleton thought before prayer-meeting that she had been as earnest as she could with Owen; now the burden of a lost opportunity weighed on her like

remorse. Next morning early, Pierre Chartrain came to the Carleton Place on a question of supplies.

"Did you see Owen Sanderson at the mills last night?" she asked.

"Oh yes, surely, Ma'am Carleton, I see him."

"Where?"

"At Madame Martineau's; he there sure enough."

"Did he seem like coming home?"

"Oh, no danger of that, Ma'am Carleton. Ole Sanderson ver dronk *certainement oui* Madame. There was a jam when I come pass. Sanderson an' two tree more all fight. Ole Sanderson face cut. Man, he curse well!"

Mrs. Carleton turned away; she had heard enough to know that poor Sanderson's determination to reform had vanished away, like Ephraim's goodness. Before long she was startled by the noise of the returning wagon. Octavie called up to her mistress: "Antoine come home with the wagon, Ma'am Carleton."

"Where are the rest?" said Mrs. Carleton, returning to the kitchen

"They put out the hounds as we came in; they found tracks, and they are gone to watch the river about Livingstone's mill; they think the dogs will come in there," said Antoine.

"Did you have no success at the *Mer-bleu?*" asked Mrs. Carleton with a smile.

"They rise one deer, a fine big buck; he come right up where Cameron was watching—give him splendid chance for a shot. He get nervous—shake, fire somewhere—hit nothing, *Le gros visage*. Good for make grimace, that's all."

"You had bad luck then, it seems, Antoine," said Mrs. Carleton.

"All bad luck this time," returned Antoine. "They loss Spanker too; he follow track out to the St. Lawrence."

"There was more lost at Culloden," said Mrs. Carleton. "If Spanker is really lost it will be a relief to Octavie and me."

"We near loss young Mr. Livingstone too," said Antoine.

"How was that?" enquired Mrs. Carleton.

"He was foolish enough to pull his gun to him when he saw Cameron losing his chance, and it went off. The ball make a hole in his coat. It might have been troo his heart, for it pass close to his side."

"That was a narrow escape indeed," said Mrs. Carleton. "And you have really come home from the big hunt empty-handed, lost your dog, and nearly killed Livingstone. William's big hunt is as much a castle in the air as Sanderson's reform," she added mentally.

CHAPTER III.

"Antoine," said Mrs. Carleton, a little while afterwards, "harness the brown horse into the buggy for me, please. I want you to drive me down to Livingstone's mill."

Troubled in her mind in an unusual manner about Sanderson, she determined to go down to his house, taking with her the bundle of clothing which she had picked out for the children. She thought perhaps she would meet with Mr. Carleton at the mill; if so, she would send him after Sanderson; if not, she would try what she could do in the matter herself. She would not have liked to mention her errand to any of the household,—she was ashamed of it; ashamed to own that because this poor workman, counted a cull among men, had expressed the wish to be a Christian, he had become precious in her sight. We are ashamed to openly follow the impulses of our better nature. The horse was in the buggy at the door, Mrs. Carleton was dressing in her own room, when Octavie rushed in, pale, in tears, and trembling.

"What is the matter, Octavie?" said Mrs. Carleton, in great alarm. "Has anything happened to Mr. Carleton or the hunters?"

"No, Ma'am Carleton, but Sanderson *le charpentier* is drowned dead, an' Jim Centre taken up."

The news stunned Mrs. Carleton; she sat down.

"It is not possible!" she exclaimed.

"Chartrain's boy came with M'sieu Carleton's horse; he bring the news. He want you, madame; want something for M'sieu Carleton."

She went down to the kitchen, where all the family were gathered, eager to hear the details from young Chartrain, who was full of the news. He was sent by Mr. Carleton for the grappling-irons. They were searching for the body, and Mr. Carleton and all who were away hunting had joined in the search.

"How did it happen?" asked Mrs. Carleton.

"I dunno," said the boy. "They drink at Ma'am Martineau. Bill Smith there—home from Minnesota. Brought news from ole Sanderson's brother. They drink—bymby they fight. Ole Sanderson very good man when he's sober; when he drunk *le diable en vérité*. Sanderson's face cut bad. Then Jim Centre 'n' him make friends—start across the river in a canoe—little tot-tlish—no good at all. They go for Duffy's tavern. Quarrel in the canoe—upset—and ole Sanderson he drown."

"Why is Jim Centre taken up?" said Mrs. Carleton. "Is there any suspicion of foul play?"

"I dunno," said the boy; "some say he welt him over the head with the paddle—I dunno."

While Antoine got the grappling-irons, Mrs. Carleton added to the bundle of clothing some sheets and other necessaries for the poor bereaved family. She sent them down by Antoine in the buggy; she could not go yet; she must be alone with God first to mourn for the kindness she could never do, the faithful words she could never speak,—prevented by this awful *too late*.

When Antoine returned he brought word that the body was found and taken to his own home. "When I was at the hill above the creek," said Antoine, "I saw the crowd coming up from the river. I saw them carry something dripping wet. I knew then he was found."

Octavie asked if it was true that Jim Centre was taken up.

"Not a bit true," said Antoine. "Some one says he ought to be, that's all."

When Mr. Carleton came home he proposed to his wife to ride down with him to call on the bereaved family. With a sad heart Mrs. Carleton got into the buggy, not empty-handed, but wishing to supply the need inevitable at such a time.

"I hope you have provided necessary things for this occasion," said Mr. Carleton,—"you know their poverty. We must save poor Mrs. Sanderson from troubling herself about anything we can prevent. She has sorrow enough, poor thing."

"Surely, William, I want to do all I can."

"I believe that."

"Is there to be an inquest?"

"There is no need; the cause of his death is well known."

"I heard Jim Centre was taken up for it."

"There seems to be nothing against him. The whole accident was seen from the shore. They were only started, not far out at all, and it was all Sanderson's own fault, they say. Poor fellow! he was always so unmanageable in drink!"

"Chartrain's boy said Jim Centre struck him on the head with a paddle when he was in the water."

"That was said by some one at first. Now you cannot get any one to own that it ever was said."

"Do they want to screen Jim Centre?"

"May be, but I don't think it; there is always loose talking at such a time.

They pity Mrs. Sanderson and the children, but no one will blame Jim Centre, who tempted him away. That rollicking, dare-devil author of most of the mischief done about the mills, and a mean, unprincipled scamp, because of his smooth manner and soft tongue when he is sober, is quite popular."

"Yes," said Mrs. Carleton, "if I did not know better, I would think him a nice fellow, but rather shy. To be a tempter is surely the lowest depths to which a man can fall."

They drove over the little wooden bridge that spanned Wolf creek, and turned off below the mills to the cottages of the work-people, passing groups here and there discussing the matter and giving their opinion. Away from the other cottages, across a swampy spot where the road was mended with loose edgings, the horse picked his way to the furthest and the poorest of the cottages, which was Sanderson's home—a poor slab cottage, with a few sickly, ragged scarlet runners trying in vain to cover its nakedness. A rough board partition divided it into two apartments, and a rung ladder in one corner led to the loft overhead. In the inner room all that was mortal of poor Sanderson lay on the meagre bed, made decent for the time being by the white sheets which Mrs. Carleton's thoughtfulness had supplied.

Mrs. Sanderson, who would have been a thrifty, managing woman, if her husband had given her anything to manage on, but who was prematurely withered and broken down by having to bear the burden of life alone, sat hiding her face in her apron in one corner. It was strange, this woman to whom he had been the greatest enemy in the world for many a weary year, who had borne for him poverty, neglect, cold, nakedness, short rations, many a bitter word and drunken blow, sorrowed for him sincerely. Every thought, not swallowed up in her bereavement (for so she looked upon it, poor soul), was set on shielding his memory, on apologizing for his faults, and making the best of his good qualities when he was, as she phrased it, at himself.

The children, clothed decently in the garments Mrs. Carleton had sent down, were huddled scared in a corner. Little Mary, the eldest, the father's pet, a thoughtful little girl made older than her years by hard experiences, sat weeping quietly like her mother. A number of neighboring sympathizers sat with the widow to give her the usual words of sympathy. Foremost and loudest among them was our friend, Mrs. Mollie O'Brien.

"Look up, Mrs. Sanderson, here's Mrs. Carleton, the born lady that she is, come to show her feelin' for your throuble."

Mrs. Sanderson looked up and gave her hand to Mrs. Carleton with a burst of tears.

"You'll want to look at the corp," said the officious Mrs. O'Brien, stepping to the bed and turning down the face-cloth. Mrs. Carleton followed her and looked on him with the sad remembrance of their last conversation bringing the tears to her eyes.

There he lay—plans of reform, of a happy, humble home, of a Christian family walking to the house of God in company, of comforting his wife for her long years of suffering, of bringing joy to his children, making a bright future possible for them, especially the loved one, little Mary—all vanished away for ever. All the marks of his wasted life were swept away, rubbed out by the hand of Death. He looked younger—as he might have looked before he became dissipated, when his wife had a right to be proud of him.

"Doesn't he make the fine-looking corp?" said Mrs. O'Brien. "His young look has come back to him. He looks as peaceful as a lamb or a christened chile. He died aisy, pace be to his sowl, Amin!"

Mrs. Carleton gladly escaped from Mrs. O'Brien's eloquence and sat down by Mrs. Sanderson, trying to think of some word of comfort to say to her in her sorrow. She, poor woman, crowded her grief and desolation aside to keep the children quiet and well-behaved in their corner; to stand on guard by the dead body of her husband; to see that his failings were screened from Mrs. Carleton as much as might be; that the story of his death might be told in such a manner that no blame should rest on the dead that could by any possibility be put on the living.

"He was done with the drink if he had been let alone, Mrs. Carleton," she said. "And a better man when he was at himself never broke the world's bread."

"As good a neighbor and as kindly a crathur, barring the drop of drink, as iver stood in black leather," interposed Mrs. O'Brien.

"It was to be," said Mrs. Sanderson, sadly, "and I had just began to hope for better days."

"He told me of his purposes to do better," said Mrs. Carleton. "I am so sorry that this is the end of it all."

"He would not have been to Madame Martineau's at all," said she, excusing him, "if Jim Centre had not gone after him, and coaxed him down with word that Bill Smith was home from the States and had brought news from his brother. He was resolved to quit going to them places. Indeed he was, Mrs. Carleton. When he went to Martineau's last night he was determined not to drink a drop, and he told them so."

"It was such a pity he went at all," said Mrs. Carleton.

"He only went to hear the news from his brother, Mrs. Carleton, and he refused drink over and over again; he would drink with none of them. Jim Centre tried hard to get him to drink, because he heard that he wanted to stop, I suppose."

"He's full of mischief, that Jim Centre," said an old man (presumably present at Martineau's the night before), "Mr. Sanderson had a cold, and he brought him a glass of ginger cordial and said it was a temperance drink. They persuaded him to take it as a medicine. They might have put something into it—Jim's bad enough to do it. When he got the taste he broke through and got drinking again. The rest was easy enough. They got drinking, then they got fighting, and Jim put his mark on him. Then they made up friends, and he coaxed him to go over the river to Duffy's tavern and make a night of it, saying, 'We may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.'"

"Coaxed him away to his death," said Mrs. Sanderson, with a fresh burst of tears.

"Bill White tried to stop them, but they would not be hindered," piped up the old man, resuming his story for Mrs. Carleton's edification.

"The canoe was lop-sided—that was the raison of the accident," put in Mrs. O'Brien.

"If it was the best canoe on the river neither one of them was fit to manage it," went on the old man.

Mr. Carleton, who had been outside all this time, now entered in time to hear the last remark. "I hope, Sam," he said to the speaker, "that you will take to drinking water, and you will be better able to manage a canoe than I have seen you sometimes."

"It's little I drink, Mr. Carleton," said Sam, in self-defence; "and it was not the drink, but being a little hasty and quarrelsome, that was the cause of the misfortune."

"It was a great deal Jim Centre's fault, by all accounts," said a woman who had not yet spoken. "It was a wrong thing to coax any man to drink, especially a man subject to a glass of liquor."

"Now, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs.

O'Brien, "don't talk that way. It was just as luck would have it. It would be a sin an' a shame to wrong the innocent, an' innocent the boy is o' any unkindness to him that's gone. Jim wouldn't hurt a fly, an' no one can say a word agin the boy, barrin the drop o' drink."

"Is that such a small thing, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mr. Carleton, "when it brings such consequences as these?"

He went over to Mrs. Sanderson to speak a few whispered words of comfort. She, poor woman, had moved away from the rest, and sat in a corner by the foot of the bed, taking refuge behind her apron from the exasperating attempts at comfort of her well-meaning neighbors, feeling apart from all the world in her sorrow and desolation. He put some money into her hands, a united offering from the gentlemen hunters, told her that Mr. Livingstone and himself would take the management of affairs connected with the funeral, and he added whispered words from the Father who pities His children. He left, leaving in her heart an unspoken blessing. William Carleton was often called a "son of consolation," a "brother born for adversity." Through years of unwearying kindness Mrs. Sanderson has learned to know that he had a right to these names.

Owen Sanderson was laid in his grave, and in a short time passed from the thoughts of all but his own family. They mourned for him, bad husband and father though he was. If ever he was referred to at the mill, it was when some one remarked lightly, "That was the paddle Jim Centre gave old Owen the welt with," and another replied, "He would not have hit him if he had been sober, and swearing against Jim would not bring old Sanderson back to life."

Mrs. William Carleton mourns in secret before God because she had dealt with a slack hand, as she thought, with his convictions. Thanks to the kindness of the Carletons and others whom they have interested in the case, the plans that were but castles in the air to poor Sanderson have become accomplished facts to his family. There is a little cottage built on the Carleton Place for the widow, who has a cow and a garden. Mary goes to school and comforts and helps her mother after school hours. She is striving after knowledge that she may become a teacher. The two eldest boys work at Livingstone's mill. These boys know by sad experience that strong drink is raging, and they will not be deceived thereby.

The day of the bee for putting up widow Sanderson's house, Octavie, baking in the kitchen, heard the sound of fumbling at the latch, and suddenly the door fell open and in walked Spanker, lank and foot-sore after his travels. He lay down at the stove, and fell to licking his tired paws, glad to be at home once more. "If he could only tell his adventures," said Mrs. Carleton, but he did not; he contented himself with being as tricky as ever.

In my last letter from Mrs. Carleton, she says: "A great change has come over our neighborhood lately, through God's blessing on the labors of Mr. Watson. A feeling of deep seriousness and enquiry has prevailed over everything else. Some of the hardest characters about the mills are among the anxious. I cannot tell you how I felt when my old troublesome friend, Mrs. Mollie O'Brien, stood up to ask for the prayers of the people who feared God. Among those who profess to have found the Saviour are the wife and two eldest children of that Owen Sanderson who was drowned at Livingstone's mill three years ago. His little Mary, whom he loved so well, is now rejoicing in the Lord. All he failed to do for his family, God has accomplished for them. Truly He is the Father of the fatherless; He causes the widow's heart to sing for joy!"

ART OF CARVING.

In no case do people look more thoroughly helpless and awkward than when, on being requested to carve a joint, they are either forced to say, "I cannot," or else, in sheer desperation, they attempt to do what they are evidently incapable of doing properly.

"My dear," said a gentleman to his wife on his return from a supper-party, "never say again that I cannot carve. Why, last evening a turkey was placed before me, and I hit the joints so exactly that I never so much as touched a bone."

She laughed—what else could she do?—"Why, Harry, the turkey was *boned!*" And how many more of us can carve boned turkeys, steak, chops, or mashed potatoes and consider ourselves adepts in the art, whilst even a simple leg of mutton stands a good chance of being torn asunder? Bear with me, therefore, whilst I endeavor to make the "art of carving" easy to those who are still ignorant of its mysteries.

A leg of mutton should be so placed on the dish that the rounded part of the meat lies uppermost, and the first cut should be taken about the centre of the leg. Take a good, firm hold with your fork, let the first cut be quite straight, and well down to the bone, then the others on either side can slope towards it. You may thus cut several slices before turning your knife inwards and cutting all along on the bone, and dislodging the slices already cut. The fat part is to be found on the under side, and around the tail, and ought to be equally distributed to those around the table, unless it is known that there is an objection to it.

A shoulder of mutton seems at first to be rather difficult to carve, but in reality it is not so—only remove the shoulder first, and the rest is simple enough, the bones themselves being a guide. The shoulder must of course be cut in slices.

Ham should be cut the same as a leg of mutton, only as thin as possible. Sometimes a small piece is cut out at the centre of the fleshy part, and thin slices are then cut in a circular direction from this opening, thus enlarging it by degrees. This mode of cutting is to preserve the gravy and keep it moist, but it requires an experienced carver to do it properly.

Tongue should also be cut thin, beginning in the middle, if cut the short way, or across, but laying it on one side and cutting from the top towards you, if you wish the slices to go lengthways. Great difficulty is often experienced in carving tongue, from the hardness of the outer skin. This can easily be avoided by the cook. All she has to do is to roll it in a clean napkin after she has removed the coarse outside skin. And, by the way, this skin comes off much more easily if the tongue, when cooked, is taken from the pot and plunged directly into cold water for a minute or two. This cools it sufficiently to allow of it being held in the hand, and so soon as the skin is removed it should be rolled up or covered till quite cold. A piece of white paper prettily fringed and wrapped around the root is a great improvement to a dinner-table. The same should also be done round the shank bone of ham.

To carve poultry is far more difficult, but even there a steady hand, a sharp knife, and attention to a few rules will ensure comparative success. Be sure to place your carving-fork firmly into the breast of the bird you intend carving, and remember that a

good carver will never remove it till the operation is completed. With turkey or goose the first thing (after placing the fork) is to cut slices on each side of the breast, say four or five on either side. Then remove the wing and leg on one side—turn the bird over and remove the other leg and wing. Now take off the shoulder bones, which can easily be done by placing the knife inwards from the neck and turning it suddenly so as to break away the joint, and slice off the other half of the bone. You will now have nothing left but the carcase of the bird, which you will proceed to cut in two lengthwise, across the ribs on each side. The fork must be removed now, so as to carve the back, which is done by cutting off the two side bones (beginning at the rump) and breaking the remaining bone across.

I have said turkey or goose, but in reality all poultry is carved the same way, the only difference being in the number of slices to remove from the breast before taking off the legs and wings.

Fish is easily carved; only be sure to let the fish slice reach the bone before attempting to remove the cut part of the fish, and you can scarcely do otherwise than serve it nicely. The thickest part of the fish is usually considered the best, and a good carver will always endeavor to so regulate the supply that all at table will have a share. Small fish, such as mackerel, are usually split all along the back with the knife, and one whole side taken off before separating it into smaller pieces. The roe of fish is considered a great delicacy, and a small portion of it should be placed on each plate, unless you know that the party you are serving does not wish for it.

Perhaps a few words on the choosing of meats may be acceptable to some young housekeepers. The flesh of young ox-beef should have a fine, smooth, open grain, be of a good clear red, and feel tender to the touch. The fat should not be very yellow, but rather white; the meat then is always better. Cow-beef has a closer grain and whiter fat, but the lean is not so red. Bull-beef has a still closer grain, the fat hard, the lean a deep red, and a stronger scent than either of the other two. Ox-beef is the best, and commands a higher price, though many prefer heifer-beef, which is delicious if well fed.

Veal is usually chosen for its white color, but that is hardly a good plan. Whiteness may be merely the effect of frequent bleeding, or may be produced by giving the calf whiting to lick. Rather choose veal by the appearance of the kidney and by the size of the meat. If the kidney is well covered with fat, the calf must have been a healthy animal, and if of a good size it cannot have been killed too young. Mutton should have a fine grain, a good color, and firm white fat. The hind quarter is more economical than the fore, and always commands a higher price.

A good way of testing pork is to pinch the lean—if young it will break. If the rind is tough the meat is sure to be old. The thinner the rind of pork the better the quality of the meat. Look closely to the fat of pork, and, if you discover small kernels in it, do not buy, for it is measly.

A young turkey will have a smooth leg, full bright eye, and supple fat; the same will hold good with nearly all poultry. Black-legged ones are considered the most juicy. Freshness of fish can best be determined by the redness of the gills and brightness of the eye. To choose a good lobster is very easy. Press in the sides with the thumb and fingers; if firm the lobster is fresh, but if soft it is not so. Another mode is to judge by the weight for its size; if heavy, it is good, if light, not good. But that mode is not as reliable as the other. The inner part of the lobster often turns to water, and of course this

will weigh as heavy as firm flesh, but by pressing the sides you will feel the water give way, whilst the flesh resists your touch. Medium sized oysters are best, but it is almost impossible to have your choice of them. One has in this case to trust to the honesty of the dealer.

The foregoing hints are not very elaborate, but will, I hope, be of assistance to some young and inexperienced housekeepers. It is well worth while trying to carve well; your joint will go much further when nicely cut, and will really be far more enjoyable than if hacked or torn in pieces by a bad carver. One great thing is to have a sharp knife; this is easy to procure. Next, a firm strong arm—and here you can obtain the desired strength by use of the weak member.

M.

Literary Notices.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN, or How to have them Healthy, Handsome and Happy. By James C. Jackson, M.D., Physician in Chief of Our Home on the Hillside, Dansville, Livingstone Co., N. Y. Austin, Jackson & Co., Publishers, Dansville.

This volume contains a series of lectures delivered by the founder and proprietor of the largest Hygienic Infirmary in the world. He is a man of vast experience and of singular acuteness of judgment, and his utterances on this important subject are worthy of careful attention. Our readers will be interested in the following extracts:

FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

I am, from observation and experiment, a firm believer in the notion that children up to five years of age should be fed on what may be termed semi-fluid in contra-distinction from solid foods. Thus gruels, porridges and soup foods are better for such children than foods, which adults prefer, which are compact, very solid, and require a good deal of mastication to fit them for digestion, and which frequently are dry and hard to eat. No table at which children and grown persons sit should be so spread as not to have a demarcating line, broad and distinct, in the foods put upon it. On one side of the line there should be food for grown folks, on the other for growing folks, particularly for children who are under five years of age. The impression that children get what they are entitled to, when they eat the same food that their parents do, should be removed from the mind. Children should be told, and made, if possible, to understand, that they are not fitted in body to partake of such food. There are foods which grown persons use which children may eat; but it is because these foods are particularly fit for children, and grown persons choose to eat them, and not because they are particularly fit for grown persons and children have a right to eat them. During the teething period, and up to five years of age, or thereabouts, children should not be allowed to eat spices at all, nor sugar, nor common salt; for during these years there is a constant organic developing pressure upon them, and nothing should be introduced into their blood, the effect of which is to establish extremely quick circulation or an undue degree of animal heat, or such a quality of bone formation as makes it rapidly change from a cartilaginous or gristly to a compact or osseous state. Every child's bones under five years should be more or less elastic; so fruits, vegetables and grain foods of a semi-fluid nature are better for him or her, than other kinds of food can be.

During this period, too, the child, whether a boy or girl, should not only be permitted, but required to live largely in the open air, to have his periods of eating not more than twice or at most three times in twenty-four hours, to be fed plentifully, so that it may be said that real sensuous indulgence is granted at meal times. Even if the child, after its meal, becomes a little dull, does not care immediately to begin exercise, prefers to be quiet a while, even goes to sleep upon his meal, it is of no disadvantage; for the reason that in such way of feeding, organic nervous power is developed, and enlarged nutritive force is organized. The brain keeping quiet, the stomach and bowels are kept active, and the child's general habit being, to play in the open air, thus aerating his blood well, and living largely from the animal sphere, there need be no danger of his developing unduly the animal propensities as against the growth of his better faculties, provided the kinds of food are right. To let a child eat, though it were twice or three times a day only, all that he wants of meats, rich gravies, white wheat bread, sweet cakes, highly spiced and seasoned mince pies, rich sauces and preserves and other things to match, would be not only to make him a glutton, but to give pruriency of expression to every appetite and propensity organized in his nature. When, however, his food is such as I have described, he may eat plentifully, and there will be no danger; the result being an increase of the bulk of his body in the region of his stomach and bowels. It is very desirable as regards the power to live long, as well as the power to endure long-continued and taxing labors without injury to the bodily strength or the intellectual ability of a person, that he should have a very vigorous organic nervous system. If he does have this, he can eat a great deal of food, digest it, secrete it, and excrete it well. If he does not have this, under labors that are confining and taxing to his brain or his muscles, his organic nervous system breaks down, and he becomes a nervous dyspeptic with complications involving all his faculties and forces. Feed children at infrequent intervals with simple food such as I have described as fit, so that expansion to the full of their stomachs takes place, and their digestive powers are challenged largely to its decomposition and assimilation, and under rigid discipline not to eat anything between these two meals, though they are large-headed, small-boned, narrow-chested, puny-legged, little-armed, taper-figured, hatchet-faced boys and girls, they will undergo processes of change that will show organic alteration greatly for the better, insomuch that they will grow up to be quite robust, well developed, hardy men and women.

THE BONE-FORMING PERIOD.

One may always judge with a good deal of exactness the probable height and weight which a human being will attain at adult age—circumstances remaining favorable to healthy growth—by noticing the size of his bones between five and fifteen years of age. Large bones indicate large size; small bones smaller size. The question then arises, can a child, whether boy or girl, who has small bones at five years of age be so trained as to come to have between that period and fifteen years of age relatively much larger bones? I insist it can be done; and the way to do it, is to feed the child bone food. To know what this food is, one wants to understand the chemistry of the question somewhat. Certainly it does not belong to Nature, in her most mysterious processes, to set aside the operation of those laws by understanding which she comes to be relieved of much that to us would otherwise remain mysterious. Vital laws and chemical laws, so far as the life of a human being is concerned, are intended, however apparently antagonistic they may be, to co-operate with, rather than to neutralize each other.

In the child's growth, the vital laws are very sensibly operative, and it stands to reason that to the degree the operation of chemical laws has to be counted in, it may readily be assumed that they are consonant in their operation with vital laws. If, then, the child is to grow by the evolution of vital force brought to bear upon its body, it must be furnished with the means whereby to grow. Chemistry has settled the question that phosphate of lime cannot be organized into the bones of a living human being out of starch or out of fibrine. To feed a child, therefore, white wheat bread which is almost entirely starch, and lean meat of any animal, which is almost entirely fibrine, will not make bones for the child: and as these portions of its structure are what Nature designs should be particularly developed in size and symmetry of formation and in strength, during the period of its life between five and fifteen years, it follows logically to my mind, as a conclusion, that children must have food which will serve the purposes of bone-making. Of the millions of children in this country who are now passing between these two periods of time, whether they have poor parents or rich, I suppose I may say with entire safety that the staple articles of food with which in some form of preparation or other they are habitually furnished, are white wheat bread, some sort of animal flesh and potatoes. Out of these three articles, how one can imagine good, sturdy, strong, fine-grained, compact bones to be formed, I do not understand. It is to be presumed, however, that no one does suppose such a result can transpire; people simply decide without reference to this question, not having any information on the matter.

Children are in the habit of eating such foods, because parents allow their children to eat as others do; so the whole affair becomes a routine practice, to have follow whatever consequences may. Parents, if they would try it, would find that for children between five and fifteen years of age, the best foods for bone-making processes are the grains and cow's milk. Of vegetables, there may be included pease, beans, beets, onions, pumpkins and squashes. Of fruits, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, apples, peaches and pears—of all of these none is better than the pear. Flesh meats are contra-indicated for use by children during the bone-making period. Of the grains, white winter wheat ground up into Graham flour is of great service, particularly so when eaten with good cow's milk.

CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES.

Capability, or the abstract power of living, and capacity, or the actual power of living, are two very different things. The capacity is capability wrought up into actual force: capability is the quantity of force, which may or may not be wrought up. Whether it will or will not be, is a matter to be decided as the circumstances and surroundings of the individual affect him in his development as his years go on. In the matter of the development of this life-force, or abstract power to live on the earth, it is well to know in what way Nature designs its unfolding. I have called attention to what I deem to be periods or epochs of its development, or of constitutional change. Thus, when a child is born, it pushes on for the first five years, when a constitutional change takes place. The child's physical system undergoes essential modifications at or about that time, then the ordinary processes of development go on for a decade of years, when another constitutional change takes place, the body putting on a new order of growth. From that time ordidary processes go on for another decade, bringing the boy or girl to twenty-five, when another constitutional change is had; and at or about the transpiration of each ten years the individual passes through what may be called a constitutional period, clear up to the close of life. Watching the matter as I have done over a very large field of observation, I have come to the conclusion that more than three-fourths of all the persons who die in the United States annually, in a given number of years, lose their lives by changes taking place in their relations to the exhibition of vital power, at, or about or during their constitutional periods. Thus between birth and the end of the first year a much less number of children die than at or about the expiration of the year. Between the close of the first year and five years a much less proportion dies than at or about five years of age; between five and fifteen a much less proportion dies annually than at or about fifteen. Between fifteen and twenty-five the proportion is much less annually than at or about twenty-five years of age. So it is all the way through life with that portion of our population which comes to untimely decease and makes its exit from the world at periods of time which indicate most clearly that they were passing through constitutional changes. Instead of making these—as we all should at least up to the middle of life—for the better, they make them for the worse; and so lose power, become the victims of acute or lingering diseases, and die. I have visited nearly five hundred grave-yards in the United States, have spent days in them gathering statistics, and I find that the records thereof bear out most unmistakably the conclusions to which my own personal observations have led me. Grave-yard records seem to have, on the whole, decades of years indicating periods of decease; five, fifteen, twenty-five, thirty-five, forty-five, fifty-five, sixty-five, seventy-five, eighty-five years, or thereabouts. These are approximately the periods which are given when those who lie buried there ceased to live on the earth.

Parents should, I think, notice these facts, and so see to it that, when their children approach what may be called periods of constitutional change, added care and watchfulness are given them. By doing so, they will increase the probabilities, not only of their children continuing to live, but of their being healthy. No very great and special care is needed; but more should be given at these periods of time than between hem.

SLEEPING HABITS.

I hold it to be a grave and serious part of the proper training and education of our children, that they should be taught early how to bear their bodies about; and this is not a difficult thing if parents are conscious of its importance.

When children sit down on chairs, teach them to sit as they ought, to look well. When they walk, make them walk so as to give grace to the motions they put forth. Many boys grow up to be men without ever having been taught where to put or what to do with their hands. Sometimes I have thought that so awkward are intelligent men in their manner of disposing of their hands and feet when they are in the presence of others, that it really would be a comfort to them if they could dislocate these organs and put them away while in company, as a visitor does his hat and cane.

In regard to different postures let me say a word. Nature undoubtedly contemplates but two habitual postures of the human body. One, the recumbent, the other, the erect. All other postures are the result of convenience. The evidence that the sitting posture is so, is found in the fact that a human being cannot sit down with comfort to himself unless he creates an artificial standpoint of rest. To sit upon the floor or upon the ground like a Turk or Arab, one has to flex his legs, putting them into an uncomfortable position. One cannot sit upon the ground with the legs stretched out at right angles with the body, and remain so for any length of time, without great discomfort. So human ingenuity has constructed and contrived the chair, which, elevating the body toward the erect posture, enables one to occupy without fatigue a position half way between the supine and the erect. Much would be gained to the preservation and long continuance of the elasticity of the muscles of the human body were the practice of lying down for purposes of rest more common with us. The peoples of the East lie down when not walking about, much more than we of the Western world do; and they get their advantage from it. When, by walking or standing erect for a length of time, one becomes wearied in the legs or in the muscles of the hips or shoulders, to lie down for a little while, takes the pressure so completely off and relieves the parts previously taxed so completely from strain as to induce readily a sense of very great relief, thus reinvigorating the tired and taxed portions of the body and fitting them to the sustainment of new pressure.

In the matter of lying down, parents should take pains to train their children rightly. Children are much more apt to get into a habit of assuming unhealthy and ungraceful attitudes when lying down if they are compelled to sleep together, than when each sleeps alone. This is true of adult persons also. If there be a necessity that children should sleep two or more together, it is to be submitted to; but if each child can have a cot, couch or bed by him or herself it is far preferable. It will pay well for parents to visit the bedsides of their children when they are asleep, and if they find them in constrained, painful or awkward positions, to turn them and straiten out their limbs. Boys often acquire a habit of lying and sleeping in bed so as greatly to disturb the freedom and fullness of the circulation of the blood, causing unpleasant dreams, difficulty of breathing, inactivity of the liver, and unnatural nervous excitement of the reproductive structures, who would be entirely free from these and other like abnormities if they were trained when asleep by their parents. If one doubts this, he has but to test it by trial. Let him go to the bedside of a boy or girl, who in a deep sleep lies curled all up, as a puppy would upon the floor; turn the body and straighten the limbs, putting the hands down by the side of the body, and carefully cover up and leave the child. More likely than not, such one will lie half a night without substantial alteration of position. If this is followed up by impressing children when awake with the importance of avoiding, while conscious, cramped lying positions of body, it will not be a great while before they will, on going to bed, straighten out the limbs, lie with the head almost on a level with the rest of the body, and go to sleep without delay to lie for hours without manifesting any desire to change the posture, because when a person so lies that pressure is distributed in a right ratio, there is a sense of ease which rather induces remaining in that attitude. The better the blood circulates from the head to the feet, when one is in bed and asleep, the better is the recuperation of the body, as against previously induced fatigue. This of itself becomes a great prophylactic, and would serve, if habitually operative, to keep one free from a great many diseases which now afflict our people.

GRACEFUL WALKING.

Until one gives it his attention he hardly knows how vast is the number of persons who walk ungracefully. In the year 1840, while residing in the city of New York, having my office in Nassau street and my boarding place almost up to what is now Union Square, I used to walk down from the house to my office in the morning, and so always made one of a great crowd of persons pushing themselves down Broadway to their various places of business. I became greatly interested in studying the various peculiarities in the use of their legs of the persons who, like myself, might be going down Broadway. After a while I learned that I could tell the nationality of a person by his walk. Germans walked after one manner, Irish after another, and Americans after another, and so on. Few, however, of either, walked gracefully; some had a shamble; some a shuffle; some a wiggle; others a waddle; others still, a combination of all these. Here and there I could see one who got along, it was obvious, but how, or by what means, mechanical or otherwise, it seemed difficult to discern. The motion was nondescript. Some walked with their heels striking together every two steps; others with their toes turned in; others with their knees rapping together; some with little or no motion of the legs except at the point of junction with the body, the hip motion seeming to be the only motion possible. Some seemed

to assist very materially in propelling themselves by swinging their arms; some by flexing the arm at the elbow, making it like the wing of a bird and then swinging it backward and forward at the shoulder, and some by wiggling their bodies, to have the legs follow the wiggle.

The matter became one of a good deal of interest to me, and I used to go out some days and take a promenade on Broadway purposely to study attitudes and motions. On the whole this experience was beneficial. It had the effect to improve me in my walk to that degree, at least, that while formerly I used to be very ungraceful, now, if not positively the opposite, I am capable of walking decently. Graceful walking is a great accomplishment, and has essential use. He who is a good walker, and knows just how to relate his body so as to get the largest benefit from the locomotive impulse, will take pleasure in walking, and will derive great benefit from it. Badly trained as our children are in the direction of attitude and posture, boys are greatly superior to girls.

It awakens great indignation in me to see how thoroughly heedless and careless mothers are—and for that matter fathers too, only as a general thing fathers do not know very much about what their girls are doing—in this matter of teaching their girls right bodily positions when in the act of locomotion. This defect of girls when in the act of walking, is in a measure attributable to their very feeble development of the large and small bones of the leg between the knee and ankle joint, and the almost entire absence of bellied muscles over these bones. The legs of girls are like drumsticks. This is to be accounted for, as I have previously said, by reason of defective food, as one thing, and also of their wearing garters around the leg just below the knee for the purpose of keeping up and making smooth in appearance their long stockings. This ligature, when tight enough to serve this purpose, does really produce a very bad effect on the muscular development of the leg, and its use should be foregone by every mother in the arrangement of her child's clothing. It is said that it is a practice amongst the noblewomen of England to teach their daughters how to stand. Through their younger years they are made daily to assume a certain bodily position and remain motionless for a time, then start off and walk, keeping as nearly as may be the same position of the trunk of the body as when they stood still. This adds greatly to the gracefulness of their walk.

Let me specify a few more glaring defects as habitual to our girls in the direction of posture when standing motionless, and when under motion. First, is to be seen a thrusting forward of the head by a slight flexure of the neck that takes it out of a line of perpendicularity with the body. This is partly induced by, and partly followed by a bringing forward of the shoulder bones which make the arms hang outside of the line of perpendicularity. The true way to stand erect is to have, as the arms fall down or become motionless, the hands rest directly over the point of the hip bone. If forward or backward of this, the position is unnatural and induces either contraction of the lungs by pressing the ribs in upon them, or strains the intercostal muscles by the unnatural throwing back of the shoulders.

Girls are defective in the way of stooping. Thus they contract narrowness of the chest, learn to breathe only half a breath, do not fill the lower lobes of their lungs, or, once filled, do not empty them, bring unnatural pressure of the ribs to bear on the liver and press in the breast bone upon the stomach, lessen the power of contraction and expansion of the diaphragm, making useless more or less the abdominal muscles, whose office it is to assist in part in the act of respiration, get therefore in a habit of breathing so that only the upper part of the lungs is used, while the lower portion is nearly or quite unused, creating shrinking of the stomach because of the pressure upon it and inducing weakness of the muscles which keep the bowels in place. So from lungs to hips they have a group of ailments originating in, and inflicted on them by the unphysiological positions of body to which they have been permitted to habituate themselves, aided also by bad conditions of living.

Another great defect to be observed of girls, is the little use to which they put their legs below the knees in the act of walking. Where a boy when he walks will be noticed as lifting his feet clear from the ground at each step he takes, like a gallantly stepping horse on the road, and striking his foot down on the ground at the toe before his heel touches, girls will be found to move their legs very little below the knee, but make a flexure which results in motion of the muscles at the hips and uniformly put the heel to the ground before the toes. Because of this defective mode of motion is it that women find it easier to walk with high-heeled than with low-heeled shoes. The wearing of high-heeled shoes, however, becomes a powerful promoter of disease of the pelvic organs. A great many girls and married women induce uterine weakness or displacement by changing the centre of gravity through wearing high-heeled shoes. Men, walking as they do, do not need high-heeled boots. When they wear them, they are forced to walk more or less as women usually do; and as men walk ten times as much daily as women do, at least on uneven surfaces, they gradually learn what kind of foot cover, while protecting their feet from injury and keeping them warm and dry, enables them to lift their legs and get over the ground in the best manner.

I advise all parents to train their girls in this thing; making them walk by bending their knees, and not walk with their toes turned in; making them wear low-heeled shoes, and by using the lower muscles of the calf of the leg, add to the instep power. It is noticeable that where one has well-developed muscles on the calf of the leg, the instep is usually well developed.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE LAST SYMPOSIUM in the *Nineteenth Century* is upon the subject, "Is the popular judgment in politics more just than that of the higher orders?" Mr. Gladstone thinks it is; Mr. Greg and the Honorable Robert Lowe think it is not. Many others take part in the discussion, but they all hit wildly. They strike all round each other, and carefully avoid coming to a square issue. This method of discussion has many faults, but chiefly that of allowing the combatants to dodge a question in a manner they could not adopt in a *viva voce* dispute. The very name is not indicative of clear-headedness. In familiar English it may be exactly translated as an intellectual "drunk."

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH has an unhappy knack of making himself unpleasant. Hating Lord Beaconsfield and his politics, and remembering the Jewish extraction of that nobleman, he fell foul of the whole Jewish race in the enquiry, Can a Jew be patriotic?—a question which he answered in the negative. Rabbi Adler has taken up his parable for the chosen race. The Professor is driven so far afield for weapons of attack that he has raked up Joshua's extirpation of the Canaanites and flung it into the Rabbi's face. The worthy Rabbi explains the matter as far as he is able, but in truth he should have retorted with Hengist and Horsa, and the extirpation of the ancient Britons. Ought not, by parity of reasoning, Gladstone's Government to be held responsible for that?

MR. JENKINS' new book, "Haverholme," is selling very well in England. Under thinly-disguised names Mr. Gladstone, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Beaconsfield, Canon Liddon, Dr. Pusey, Mr. Tooth and other notables, figure in its pages. The Jingo party and the Ritualists are the chief objects of Mr. Jenkins' satire.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD still agitate the question of spelling reform. They find that the street arabs have much difficulty in learning to spell correctly, and the silent letters, such as the aspirates, are persistently ignored. So the question arises, Why should such letters be?—and in fact, in the light of the rapidly advancing intelligence of the day, the majority ought to rule. It rules in politics; why not in spelling? The matter will probably result in the conversion of the School Board. It is trifling with the liberty of the subject to compel attention to letters which are never heard in sound. The Board should adopt Bishop Colenso's position, and give up holding obsolete notions. When the cultivated Bishop saw that the religion of the Zulus was the more reasonable, he had too mathematical a mind not to accept the result. Let the Board be consistent.

IS IT right to tax the public in order to promote novel-reading? This is the question now being asked in Lancashire. In Southport, at the free library, the issues during a year were: Theology and Philosophy, 921; History, Biography and Travels, 7,802; Politics, Commerce and Education, 631; Science and Art, 1,964; Poetry and Essays, 2,891; Fiction, 61,427 volumes. What an intolerable deal of sack!

MR. NASSAU W. SENIOR was an unmitigated impertinent. He had no right to interview distinguished persons—keep a record of their conversations, and allow them to be published. Here we have a second series of "Conversations with Thiers, Guizot and other distinguished persons during the Second Empire." The American interviewer is not considered a very reputable person, and any person, no matter what his position is, who notes down familiar conversation is an enemy to good manners and a destroyer of the delightful *abandon* of social intercourse. Society should send such men to Coventry.

WHILE FATHER CURCI has been expelled from the Jesuit Order for writing a book to show how the Church of Rome will be benefited by a frank recognition of the Kingdom of Italy as it is, Senor Pisani has written a very able volume to demonstrate that if Italy does not strangle the Papacy, the Papacy will strangle Italy. He would place the King above the Pope—the State above the Church—as Henry VIII. did at the English Reformation.

ON ONE DAY last February, 10,000 volumes

were taken out of the Boston library and its branches. That is, on that day one in every thirty-five souls in Boston took out a book.

IT IS REPORTED in England that Lord Dufferin is writing a book on Canada, to be published after his return. Probably the forthcoming account of his administration and collection of his speeches is the book referred to. Still it is not improbable that Lord Dufferin will publish a work on Canada. He has kept his eyes open, and is the first Governor-General, in recent times, who ever knew and studied the Canadian people.

M. TAINE has published another volume of "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine." The first was upon the "Ancient Regime"—this is solely of the Revolution. He has written so far what is virtually an impeachment of the Revolution—a most unpopular view now. He exposes the bombast which passed for oratory, the lunacy which passed for inspiration, and the murder which passed for energy in those days. A tornado is not, *per se*, a lovable thing. It destroys much valuable property, but it must have some valuable function in the moral if not in the physical world.

M. LITTRÉ introduces, with a preface, Mr. Charles Wall's new French Grammar to the English public. On such a subject a few words of commendation from Littré is praise indeed. The special excellence of this grammar is that it employs the historical method in teaching French. It deals with the facts of the language, and not with theories about them. These facts are traced back to their origin in the mediæval Latin as modified by the Germanic tongues, and the apparent anomalies of idiom in this manner admit of ready classification and explanation. Such a grammar is an acquisition to English literature.

THE "WILL OF PETER THE GREAT," of Russia, must now be consigned to the limbo of exploded frauds. After a long discussion in the leading periodicals of Europe and America, it has been proved a forgery. The evidence goes to show that it was concocted in 1812 at the instance of Napoleon, who, if the greatest general of modern times, was also the greatest liar.

A VERY valuable contribution to American History is Mr. Charles Dean's account of the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. At last United States *litterati* are compelled to admit that the Acts of Congress were *not* "marked with good policy or good faith." The American Antiquarian Society has done well to publish this valuable monograph, and thus demonstrate that the nation is at last great enough to regret the fulsome falsehood of Bancroft's historical novel.

THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN has conferred upon Mr. Lecky the well-merited degree of LL. D. A gift of an academic degree to such a man is an honor to the University.

WE HAD HOPED that when Dr. Merle d'Aubigné died his History of the Reformation would have stopped. An eighth volume has, however, been published, somewhat fragmentary in style, but as unfair as the rest.

ONE RESULT of the enquiries occasioned by the English Copyright Commision is that readers begin to recognize the absurdity of the English system of publishing all novels in three volumes and at a cost of 31/6. In France novels are first issued at 3/6, and the author and publisher are well paid. It often happens that a French novel, at the latter price, is translated into English and issued at many times the price of the original. The consequence is that English publishers sell novels to circulating libraries only, and no private person ever thinks of purchasing for his own reading a work of fiction when it is new; and the English want to extend this system to America.

A BOOK COLLECTOR, recently deceased, Mr. Geo. Mitchell, has bequeathed his library to the Princess of Wales. It is a large and valuable collection. It is to be hoped Her Royal Highness may find time to enjoy it.

UNDER THE general supervision of Mr. John Morley a series styled "English Men of Letters" has been commenced. The first volume is "Johnson," by Leslie Stephen. It is critical as well as biographical.

Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the "New Dominion Monthly," Box 37, P. O., Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. W. PALMER, North Danville.—We will endeavor to comply with your wish.

MIRON.—Yours received. Many thanks for your welcome column. Received regularly.

J. W. SHAW.—This department would not be complete without our warm acknowledgments for your communications.

TOURNEY.—Play will commence Aug. 20.

A. S.—Shall be happy to receive your latest composition.

Solutions received from B. M. and ART.—Problem 25 correct.

GAME No. 42.

Skirmish played lately at the rooms of the Montreal Chess Club.

Ruy Lopez.

BLACK. *Ascher.*	WHITE. *Henderson.*
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 4.
2. K. Kt. B. 3.	2. Q. Kt. B. 3.
3. K. B. Q. Kt. 5.	3. P. Q. R. 3.
4. B. Q. R. 4.	4. K. Kt. B. 3.
5. P. Q. 4.	5. P. × P.
6. P. K. 5.	6. K. Kt. K. 5.
7. Castles.	7. K. Kt. Q. B. 4. (*a*).
8. P. Q. B. 3.	8. Kt. × B.
9. Q. × T.	9. P. Q. Kt. 4.
10. Q. Q. sq.	10. P. Q. 6.
11. Q. × P.	11. B. Q. B. 4.
12. P. Q. Kt. 4.	12. B. Q. Kt. 3.
13. B. K. Kt. 5. (*b*).	13. Kt. K. 2.
14. K. Kt. R. 4. (*c*).	14. P. K. R. 3. (*d*).
15. B. × Kt.	15. Q. × B.
16. Kt. B. 4.	16. Q. B. 4. (*e*).
17. P. R. 4. (*f*).	17. Q. K. Kt. 3.
18. R. K. sq.	18. B. Kt. 2. (*g*).
19. P. K. Kt. 3. (*h*).	19. Q. K. Kt. 4. (*i*).
20. Q. Kt. Q. 2.	20. Q. K. R. 6.
21. Q. Kt. K. 4.	21. Castles. (*j*).
22. Q. B. 3.	22. P. Q. 4.
23. P. × P. (en pas).	23. Q. B. B. sq.
24. K. Kt. K. 7. (ch).	24. K. R. sq.
25. Kt. Kt. 6. (ch).	25. K. Kt. sq.
26. Kt. takes R.	26. B. Kt. 5. (*k*).
27. Q. Kt. B. 6. (ch).	27. P. takes Kt.
28. Q. takes R.	28. Q. takes Kt. P. (ch.)
29. Q. K. B. 2.	29. Q. takes R. P.
30. R. K. 8.	30. Resigns.

NOTES TO GAME No. 42.

(*a*). P. K. 3. better.

(*b*). Inauguration of White's discomfiture.

(*c*). A very presuming chevalier.

(*d*). The only move.

(*e*). Q. B. sq. infinitely ensures more salvation.

(*f*). Nothing venture nothing have.

(*g*). Smart counter attack.

(*h*). Nothing else was possible.

(*i*). White should have played Q. R. 2. and then castled.

(*j*). If Q. × Kt. then Kt. Q. 6 (ch) wins Whites.

(*k*). An error, but the game was already "past praying for."

GAME 43.

One of the two consultation games played lately at the opening of the new chess club in Quebec.

King's Bishop's opening.

WHITE. *Messrs. LeDroit, Sanderson, White, et al.*	BLACK. *Messrs. Fletcher, Andrews, Blakiston, et al.*
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 4.
2. B. Q. B. 4.	2. B. Q. B. 4.
3. Kt. K. B. 3.	3. P. Q. 3.
4. P. Q. 4.	4. P. × P.
5. Kt. × P.	5. Kt. K. B. 3.
6. Castles.	6. P. K. R. 3.
7. Kt. Q. B. 3.	7. P. Q. R. 3.
8. B. K. 3.	8. Castles.
9. B. Q. 3.	9. Kt. K. Kt. 5.
10. P. K. R. 3.	10. Kt. K. 4.
11. P. K. B. 4.	11. Kt. × B.
12. P. × Kt. (*a*)	12. Kt. Q. B. 3.
13. Kt. Q. B. 2.	13. B. × B. (ch).
14. Kt. × B.	14. Kt. Q. 5.
15. Q. K. R. 5.	15. P. Q. B. 3.

16. K. R. sq.	16. Q. K. sq.
17. P. K. B. 5.	17. P. K. B. 3.
18. Q. K. R. 4.	18. P. Q. 4.
19. R. K. B. 4.	19. Kt. Q. Kt. 4.
20. Kt. × Kt.	20. R. P. × Kt.
21. R. K. Kt. 4.	21. P. Q. 5.
22. Kt. Q. B. 2.	22. K. R. 2.
23. Kt. × P.	23. R. R. sq.
24. R. K. Kt. 6.	24. Q. K. B. 2.
25. Q. K. Kt. 3.	25. K. Kt. sq.
26. Q. R. K. B. sq.	26. K. R. R. 2.
27. R. K. B. 4.	27. B. Q. 2.
28. Kt. K. 6. (*b*).	28. B. × Kt.
29. P. × B.	29. Q. × P.
30. R. (Kt. 6.) × B. P.	30. Q. × Q. R. P.
31. Q. K. Kt. 6.	31. P. K. R. 4.
32. R. K. 6. (*c*).	32. Q. × R.
33. Q. × Q. (ch). and wins.	

NOTES TO GAME NO 43.

(*a*). We prefer now White's game, being more developed and in far better shape than Black's.

(*b*). Excellently put.

(*c*). Leaving Black not a shadow of resource.

GAME No. 44.

TOURNEY GAME.

Played between Mr. J. W. Shaw of Montreal, and Mr. Joshua Clawson, of St. John, N. B.

King's Bishop's Gambit.

WHITE. *Mr. Shaw.*	BLACK. *Mr. Clawson.*
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 4.
2. P. K. B. 4.	2. P. takes P.
3. B. B. 4.	3. Q. R. 5. (ch.)
4. K. B. sq.	4. Kt. Q. B. 3.
5. Kt. K. B. 3.	5. Q. R. 4.
6. Kt. Q. B. 3.	6. P. K. Kt. 4.
7. P. Q. 4.	7. B. Kt. 2.
8. Kt. Q. 5.	8. K. Q. sq.
9. B. K. 2.	9. Q. Kt. 3.
10. Kt. takes Kt. P. (*a*).	10. Q. takes Kt.
11. B. takes P.	11. Q. Kt. 3.
12. B. takes P. (ch).	12. K. K. sq.
13. B. Kt. 3.	13. B. takes P.
14. Kt. B. 7. (ch).	14. K. Q. sq.
15. Kt. takes R.	15. Q. takes P.
16. B. B. 3.	16. Q. K. 3.
17. Kt. B. 7.	17. Q. B. 5. (ch.) (*b*.)
18. Q. K. 2.	18. Q. takes Q. (ch.)
19. K. takes Q.	19. B. takes P.
20. Q. R. Q. Kt. sq.	20. B. K. 4.
21. B. takes B.	21. Kt. takes B.
22. Kt. Kt. 5.	22. P. Q. R. 3.
23. Kt. Q. 6.	23. P. Kt. 4.
24. K. R. K. sq. (*c*).	24. K. Kt. K. 2.
25. K. B. 2.	25. K. Kt. Kt. 3.
26. R. Kt. 4.	26. K. B. 2.
27. R. Q. 4.	27. Kt. Q. B.
28. B. takes Kt.	28. P. takes B.
29. Kt. takes B.	29. R. takes Kt.
30. K. R. Q. sq.	30. R. K. B. sq.
31. R. Q. 7. (ch).	31. K. Kt. 3.
32. R. Q. 8.	32. R. takes R.
33. R. takes R.	33. K. B. 4.
34. R. Q. 7.	34. Kt. K. 4.
35. R. K. 7.	35. Resigns. (*d*.)

NOTES TO GAME 44.

(*a*). Well played. This was undoubtedly a sound sacrifice.

(*b*). Q. to K. B. 4 would have been better.

(*c*). Black pursues his advantage vigorously.

(*d*). Although Black resigned, we are inclined to consider the game should have resulted in a draw.

SOLUTION TO CURIOSUM PROBLEM No. 22.

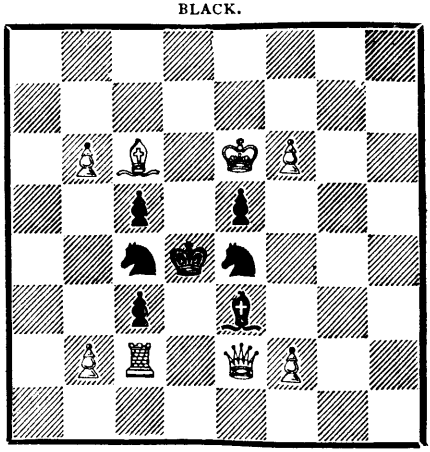
1. B. B. 1.	15. K. R. 1.
2. R. Kt. 2.	16. B. R. 2.
3. K. Kt. 3.	17. R. Kt. 1.
4. B. R. 2.	18. B. B. 1.
5. R. Kt. 1.	19. R. Kt. 2.
6. B. Kt. 2.	20. B. Kt. 3.
7. R. B. 1.	21. K. R. 2.
8. R. Kt. 1.	22. R. R. 1.
9. B. R. 1.	23. K. Kt. 1.
10. R. Kt. 2.	24. R. R. 2.
11. B. Kt. 1.	25. B. Kt. 2.
12. K. R. 2.	26. K. B. 1.
13. R. Kt. 3.	27. K. takes Kt. !
14. B. Kt. 2.	

We copy the subjoined set of Problems from Mr. Bird's new Book on the "Chess Openings," just issued from the Press :

"Dedicated to H. E. Bird, Esq., in remembrance of many friendly contests over the Chessboard, by A. P. Barnes, New York."

(H).

BLACK.

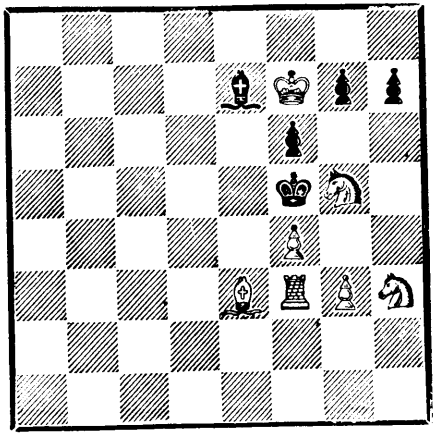


WHITE.

White to mate in two moves.

(E).

BLACK.

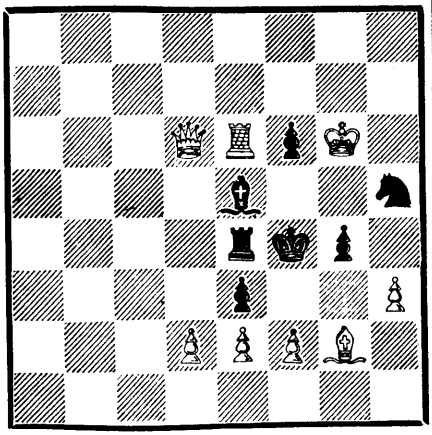


WHITE.

White to mate in three moves.

(B).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to mate in two moves.

GAME 45.

Played in the late International Congress at Paris.

French opening.

WHITE. *Blackbourne.*	BLACK. *Mason.*
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 3.
2. P. Q. 4.	2. P. Q. 4.
3. Kt. Q. B. 3.	3. Kt. K. B. 3.
4. P. takes P.	4. P. takes P.
5. B. Q. 3.	5. B. Q. 3.
6. Kt. K. B. 3.	6. Kt. Q. B. 3.
7. Castles.	7. B. K. Kt. 5.
8. R. K. (ch).	8. B. K. 2.
9. B. K. 3.	9. Castles.
10. Kt. K. 2.	10. Kt. Q. Kt. 5.
11. Kt. Kt. 3.	11. Kt. takes B.
12. Q. × Kt.	12. B. takes Kt.
13. P. × B.	13. Kt. K.
14. K. R.	14. P. K. Kt. 3.
15. B. R. 6.	15. Kt. Kt. 2.
16. R. K. Kt.	16. P. Q. B. 3.
17. Q. R. K.	17. B. B. 3.
18. Q. Q. 2.	18. Q. Q. 3.
19. R. K. 3.	19. K. R. K.
20. P. Q. B. 3.	20. Q. Q. 2.
21. B. × Kt.	21. B. takes B.
22. K. R. K.	22. R. takes R.
23. Q. R.	23. K. B.
24. Q. B. 4.	24. P. K. B. 4.
25. Kt. B.	25. B. B. 3.
26. Kt. Q. 2.	26. P. K. Kt. 4.
27. Q. Kt. 3.	27. P. B. 5.
28. Q. Kt. 4.	28. Q. takes Q.
29. P. takes Q.	29. R. K.
30. Kt. B. 3.	30. R. takes R. (ch).
31. Kt. takes R.	31. K. K. 2.
32. K. Kt. 2.	32. K. Q. 3.
33. K. B. 3.	33. P. B. 4.
34. Kt. B. 2.	34. P. takes P.
35. P. takes P.	35. K. K. 3.
36. K. K. 2.	36. B. K. 2.
37. K. Q. 3.	37. P. K. R. 3.
38. K. B. 3.	38. B. B. 3.
39. Kt. Kt. 4.	39. K. Q. 3.
40. Kt. Q. 3.	40. P. Kt. 3.
41. P. Kt. 4.	41. K. K. 3.
42. P. Kt. 5.	42. K. Q. 3.
43. Kt. Kt. 4.	43. B. Kt. 2.
44. P. Q. R. 4.	44. B. B. 3.
45. Kt. B. 2.	45. K. K. 3.
46. Kt. K.	46. K. Q. 3.
47. Kt. B. 3.	47. K. K. 3.
48. K. Kt. 3.	48. K. Q. 3.
49. K. Kt. 4.	49. K. K. 3.
50. P. R. 5.	50. K. Q. 3.
51. P. R. 6.	51. K. K. 3.
52. K. B. 3.	52. B. Kt. 2.
53. Kt. K.	53. B. B.
54. Kt. Q. 3.	54. B. Q. 3.
55. K. Q. 2.	55. K. B. 3.
56. Kt. B.	56. K. K. 3.
57. K. Q. 3.	57. B. R. 6.
58. Kt. Kt. 3.	58. B. Q. 3.
59. P. K. R. 3.	59. K. K. 2.
60. K. B. 3.	60. K. K. 3.
61. Kt. Q. 2.	61. K. B. 3.
62. K. Kt. 3.	62. K. K. 3.
63. K. R. 4.	63. K. K. 2.
64. Kt. Kt. 3.	64. K. Q. 2.
65. P. B. 3.	65. K. B.
66. Kt. B.	66. K. Q. 2.
67. Kt. Q. 3.	67. K. K. 3.
68. K. Kt. 3.	68. K. Q. 2.
69. K. B. 2.	69. K. B. 2.
70. Kt. Kt. 2.	70. K. Q. 2.
71. Kt. R. 4.	71. B. B. 2.
72. K. Q. 2.	72. K. K. 3.
73. K. Q. 3.	73. K. Q. 3.

74. K. B. 3.	74. K. Q. 2.
75. K. Kt. 4.	75. B. Q. 3. (ch).
76. K. Kt. 3.	76. B. B. 2.
77. Kt. B. 3.	77. K. K. 3.
78. K. B. 2.	78. K. Q. 3.
79. Kt. R. 2.	79. B. Q.
80. Kt. Kt. 4.	80. K. Q. 2.
81. Kt. B. 6.	81. B. K. 2.
82. Kt. takes P.	82. K. B. 2.
83. Kt. B. 6.	83. B. Q. 3.
84. Kt. K. 5.	84. K. B.

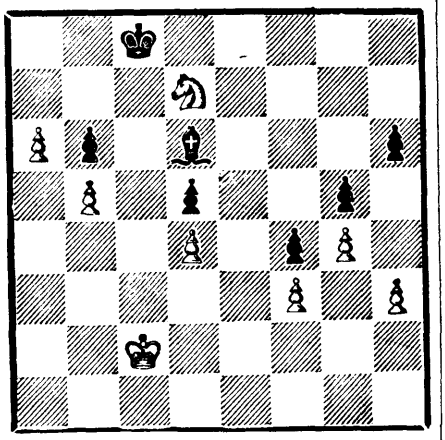
85. Kt. Q. 7., and wins.

Time of game—7 hours 40 minutes.

Diagram of the position :—

BLACK, *Mr. Mason;* WHITE, *Mr. Blackbourne.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 23.

1. Kt. Kt. 4 (dis. ch.) 1. K. B. 6.
2. Q. Q. B. 2. 2. P. moves.
3. Q. Q. 3. Mate.

If 1. K. R. 6,
2. Kt. R. 2. 2. P. takes Kt. / or P. Kt. 7. / or K. moves. (*a*)
3. Q. R. 8. mate.

(*a*) 2. P. B. 6.
3. R. R. 8.
Artistic.

If 1. K. B. 8. / or to Kt. 8.
2. R. Q. R. 8. 2. Anything.
3. R. mates.

and if 1. K. R. 8.
2. Q. K. R. 2. (*ch*). 2. P. takes Q.
3. Kt. B. 2. mate ! ! !

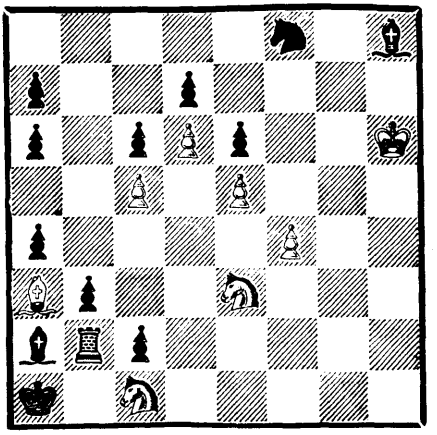
THE AMERICAN 121 POUND GUN.

Chess, in sympathy with other arts and sciences in the present day, has materially progressed. It seems to be illimitable. Formerly a Philador surprised the world with two games *sans voir*, but now a Blackbourne or Zukertort think lightly of engaging with sixteen players blindfold—conducting sixteen games simultaneously without assistance of either board or chessmen ! The human intellect is undoubtedly undergoing a process of perfecting as wonderful as it is incomprehensible, for we now present our readers with a problem (and its solution) in one hundred and twenty-one moves—truly a marvellous production ! This same composer has even exceeded the present gigantic effort in a still later production of a checkmate in one hundred and sixty-six moves ! Whither are we drifting ?

PROBLEM No. 511.

BY G. REICHHELM.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in one hundred and twenty-one (121) moves.

SOLUTION.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B. to Kt. 4.	1. K. to Kt. 8 !
2. B. to Q. 2.	2. K. to R. 8.
3. K. to Kt. 5. (*a*).	3. B. to Kt. 2 ! (*b*).
4. K. to R. 5.	4. B. to R. sq. (*c*).
5. K. to R. 6.	5. R. to Kt. 8 ! (*d*).
6. B. to B. 3. (ch).	6. R. interposes.
7. Kt. to B. 4.	7. K. to Kt. 8.
8. B. to Q. 2. (*e*).	8. K. to R. 8.
9. Kt. to R. 3.	9. R. to Kt. 8.
10. B. to B. 3. (ch).	10. R. interposes.
11. B. to Q. 4.	11. B. to Kt. 8.
12. Kt. to B. 4.	12. B. to R. 7.
13. Kt. to Q. 2.	13. B. to Kt. 8.
14. Kt. to K. 4.	14. B. to R. 7.
15. K. to Kt. 5.	15. B. to Kt. 2.
16. K. to R. 5.	16. B. to R. sq.
17. K. to R. 6.	17. K. to Kt. 8.
18. Kt. to B. 3. (ch).	18. K. to R. 8.
19. Kt. takes P.	19. K. to Kt. 8.

20. Kt. to B. 3. (ch). (*f*)	20. K. to R. 8.
21. Kt. to K. 2.	21. K. to Kt. 8.
22. B. to B. 3.	22. K. to R. 8.
23. Kt. to Q. 4.	23. K. to Kt. 8.
24. B. to Q. 2.	24. K. to R. 8.
25. K. to Kt. 5.	25. B. to Kt. 2.
26. K. to R. 5.	26. B. to R. sq.
27. K. to R. 6.	27. R. to Kt. 8. (*g*).
28. B. checks.	28. R. interposes.
29. Kt. to B. 3.	29. K. to Kt. 8.
30. B. to Q. 2.	30. K. to R. 8.
31. Kt. to K. sq.	31. R. to Kt. 8.
32. B. checks.	32. R. interposes.
33. Kt. to Kt. 2.	33. K. to Kt. 8.
34. B. to Q. 2.	34. K. to R. 8.
35. Kt. to K. 3.	35. R. to Kt. 8.
36. B. checks.	36. R. interposes.
37. Kt. to B. 4.	37. K. to Kt. 8.
38. B. to Q. 2.	38. K. to R. 8.
39. Kt. to R. 3.	39. R. to Kt. 8.
40. B. checks.	40. R. interposes.
41. B. to Q. 4.	41. B. to Kt. 8.
42. Kt. to B. 4.	42. B. to R. 7.
43. Kt. to Q. 2.	43. P. to R. 4. (*h*).
44. B. to B. 3.	44. P. to R. 5.
45. B. to Q. 4.	45. B. to Kt. 8.
46. Kt. to K. 4.	46. B. to R. 7.
47. K. to Kt. 5.	47. B. to Kt. 2.
48. K. to R. 5.	48. B. to R. sq.
49. K. to R. 6.	49. P. to R. 3. (*i*).
50. K. to Kt. 5.	50. B. to Kt. 2.
51. K. to R. 5.	51. B. to R. sq.
52. K. to R. 6.	52. K. to Kt. 8.
53. Kt. to B. 3. (ch).	53. K. to R. 8.
54. Kt. takes R. P.	54. K. to Kt. 8.
55. Kt. to B. 3. (ch).	55. K. to R. 8.
56. Kt. to K. 2.	56. K. to Kt. 8.
57. B. to B. 3.	57. K. to R. 8.
58. Kt. to Q. 4.	58. K. to Kt. 8.
59. B. to Q. 2.	59. K. to R. 8.
60. K. to Kt. 5.	60. B. to Kt. 2.
61. K. to R. 5.	61. B. to R. sq.
62. K. to R 6.	62. R. to Kt. 8.
63. B. checks.	63. R. interposes.
64. Kt. to B. 3.	64. K. to Kt. 8.
65. B. to Q. 2.	65. K. to R. 8.
66. Kt. to K. sq.	66. R. to Kt. 8.
67. B. checks.	67. R. interposes.
68. Kt. to Kt. 2. (*j*).	68. K. to Kt. 8.
69. B. to Q. 2.	69. K. to R. 8.
70. Kt. to K. 3.	70. R. to Kt. 8.
71. B. checks.	71. R. interposes.
72. Kt. to B. 4.	72. K. to Kt. 8.
73. B. to Q. 2.	73. K. to R. 8.
74. Kt. to R. 3.	74. R. to Kt. 8.
75. B. checks.	75. R. interposes.
76. B. to Q. 4.	76. B. to Kt. 8.
77. Kt. to B. 4.	77. B. to R. 7.
78. Kt. to Q. 2.	78. P. to R. 4.
79. B. to B. 3.	79. P. to R. 5.
80. B. to Q. 4.	80. B. to Kt. 8.
81. Kt. to K. 4.	81. B. to R. 7.
82. K. to Kt. 5.	82. B. to Kt. 2.
83. K. to R. 5.	83. B. to R. sq.
84. K. to R. 6.	84. K. to Kt. 8.
85. Kt. to B. 3. (ch).	85. K. to R. 8.
86. Kt. takes R. P.	86. K. to Kt. 8.
87. Kt. to B. 3. (ch).	87. K. to R. 8.
88. Kt. to K. 2.	88. K. to Kt. 8.
89. B. to B. 3.	89. K. to R. 8.
90. Kt. to Q. 4.	90. K. to Kt. 8.
91. B. to Q. 2.	91. K. to R. 8.
92. K. to Kt. 5.	92. B. to Kt. 2.
93. K. to R. 5.	93. B. to R. sq.
94. K. to R. 6.	94. R. to Kt. 8. (*j*).
95. B. checks.	95. R. interposes.
96. Kt. to B. 3.	96. K. to Kt. 8.
97. B. to Q. 2.	97. K. to R. 8.
98. Kt. to K. sq.	98. R. to Kt. 8.
99. B. checks.	99. R. interposes.
100. Kt. to Kt. 2.	100. K. to Kt. 8.
101. B. to Q. 2.	101. K. to R. 8.
102. Kt. to K. 3.	102. R. to Kt. 8.
103. B. checks.	103. R. interposes.
104. Kt. to B. 4.	104. K. to Kt. 8.
105. B. to Q. 2. (*k*).	105. K. to R. 8.
106. Kt. to R. 3.	106. R. to Kt. 8.
107. B. checks.	107. R. interposes.
108. K. to Kt. 5. (*l*).	108. B. to Kt. 2.
109. K. to R. 5.	109. B. to R. sq.
110. K. to R. 6.	110. B. to Kt. 8.
111. Kt. to B. 4.	111. B. to R. 7.
112. Kt. to Q. 2.	112. B. to B. 3 !
113. P. takes B.	113. P. to K. 4.
114. P. takes P !	114. Kt. to K. 3.
115. P. to B. 7.	115. Kt. to B. sq !
116. K. to Kt. 7.	116. Kt. to K. 3. (ch).
117. K. to Kt. 8.	117. Kt. takes P.
118. P. Queens.	118. Kt. to Q. 6 !
119. Q. to B. sq.	119. Kt. takes Kt.
120. Q. takes Kt. (ch).	120. B. interposes.
121. Q. takes R. mate.	

NOTES.

(*a*). White must gain a move. He can only do so by the triangular K. move.

(*b*). Kt. to R. 2. is inferior, because when on K. to Kt. 6., or Kt. to B. sq., White may play either K. to R. 6. or B. 7.

(*c*). On Kt. to R. 2,
K. to Kt. 6. wins a piece.

(*d*). The most prolonging moves are given.

(*e*). White can never take Rook without orfeiting the win. If now

8. B. takes R.	8. P. to R. 6.
9. B. takes P.	9. P. to Kt. 7., etc.

(*f*). If 20. B. takes R. then Black advances his R. pawn, and sacrifices his Bishop.

(*g*). The inefficiency of B. to B. 3. sacrifice is best illustrated on the last tour, move 94.

(*h*). It will be seen that the pawns do not move till they are forced to, the sole exception being P. to R. 3. in move 49.

(*i*). Best, giving occasion to another three king moves.

(*j*). The Kt. will touch this square for the last time on the 100th move.

(*k*).	If 94. B. to B. 3.
95 P. takes B.	95. P. to K. 4.
96 P. takes P.	96. Kt. to K. 3.

97. B. to B. 3 !	97. Kt. takes Kt !
98. B. takes Kt.	98. K. to Kt. 8.
99. P. to B. 7.	99. K. takes Kt.
100. P. Queens.	100. K. to Q. 7 !
101. Q. to B. 4. (ch).	101. K. to Q. 6.
102. B. takes R., etc.	

(*l*). If B. takes R. then B. takes P ! P. takes B., Kt. to Kt. 3., etc.

(*m*). Better than B. to Q. 4., as in that case B. would be *enprise* on the 115th move.

CHESS WAIFS.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS AT Paris is concluded, with the following result: Zukertort, of Berlin and London, first; Winawer, of Russia, second; Blackbourne, of London, third; Mackenzie, of New York, fourth; Bird, of London, fifth; Anderssen, of Germany, sixth.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.—The following is a list of the games concluded up to date (August 14th, 1878): 1, Henderson *vs.* Boivin, won by Henderson; 2, Shaw *vs.* Clawson, by Shaw; 3, Narraway *vs.* Clawson, by Narraway; 4, Braithwaite *vs.* Gibson, by Braithwaite; 5, Black *vs.* Wylde (drawn); 6, Clawson *vs.* Black, by Clawson; 7, Gibson *vs.* Henderson, by Henderson; 8, Ryall *vs.* Saunders (drawn); 9, Ryall *vs.* Shaw, by Shaw; 10, Boivin *vs.* Hicks, by Hicks; 11. Ryall *vs.* Boivin, by Ryall; 12, Murphy *vs.* Narraway, by Murphy; 13, Narraway *vs.* Wylde, by Narraway; 14, Gibson *vs.* Ryall, by Gibson; 15, Narraway *vs.* Foster (drawn).

A WORK ON PROBLEM COMPOSING.—Finding that among the thousand and one chess publications there is not a single book upon this popular branch of the game, Mr. Loyd is preparing to issue a work upon Chess Problems, illustrated by five hundred of his best compositions. The price will be $2.50. As it will be issued by subscription, those who desire the same may address S. Loyd, Elizabeth, New Jersey, U.S.

CANADIAN CHESS TOURNAMENT.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING AT THE MONTREAL CHESS CLUB, AUG. 20.

As we go to press, we are enabled to give the following result of the games up to date:

Ascher,	played	5,	won	4,	lost	0,	draw 1.
Atkinson,	"	3,	"	1,	"	1,	" 1.
Bond,	"	9,	"	1,	"	7,	" 1.
Henderson,	"	6,	"	3,	"	2,	" 1.
Hicks,	"	5,	"	3,	"	1,	" 1.
Howe,	"	2,	"	1,	"	1,	" 0.
Isett,	"	5,	"	1,	"	4,	" 0.
Loverin,	"	6,	"	0,	"	6,	" 0.
Saunders,	"	4,	"	2,	"	2,	" 0.
Shaw,	"	4,	"	3,	"	1,	" 0.
Von Bokum,	"	8,	"	6,	"	2,	" 0.
White,	"	8,	"	4,	"	4,	" 0.
Holt,	"	8.	"	6,	"	1,	" 1.

The tourney is about half finished. It is almost impossible to predict the winner of the first prize, though it looks as if Mr. Holt, of Quebec, would be the fortunate one.

Draughts.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Andrew Whyte, Draughts Editor of the "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," *Bolton Forest, Que.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. G. TRELEAVEN, Lucknow.—Problems received, with thanks. Your solutions are correct.

W. R. BROWN, Picton, Ont.—Your solution is quite correct.

W. J. W., Port Huron, Mich.—A letter addressed to you on the 9th April, at Port Huron, Mich., has been returned to us through the Dead Letter Office. Is Port Huron your correct address? We believe your remark in your last letter on Game 17 is correct. If you can send us a continuation showing a win for Black we will find room for it.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 13.

29.25	30.25	14. 9	10.26	1. 6
22.29	29.22	5.14	23.30	

White wins.

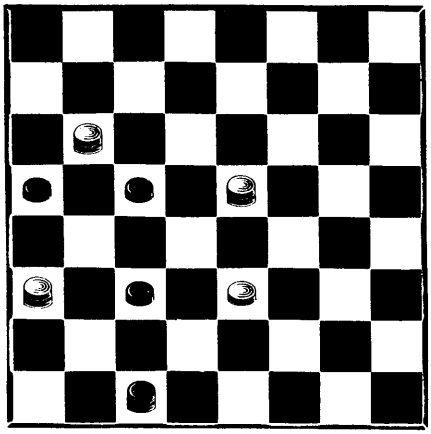
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 14.

30.25	16.11	25.29	26.22	30.25
22.26	30.25	7.10	25.29	22.26
25.30	11. 7	30.25	23.19	25.30
24.19	25.30	10.15	30.25	23.19
29.25	7. 3	25.30	19.16	30.23
19.16	29.25	15.18	25.30	19.26
25.29	3. 7	29.25	18.23	

White wins.

PROBLEM No. 15.

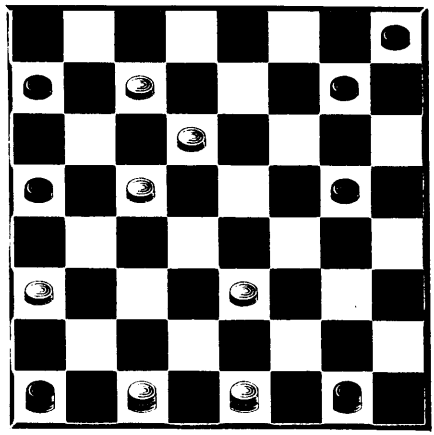
BY W. J. W., PORT HURON, MICH.



Black to move and win.

PROBLEM No. 16.

BY J. G. TRELEAVEN, LUCKNOW, ONT.



White to play and win.

GAME No. 36.—OLD FOURTEENTH.

Played in Brockville, Ont., between Mr. J. G. Ganes and friend.

Friend's Move.

11.15	26.23	15.24	25.22	3. 8
23.19	14.18	22. 6	5. 9	21.17
8.11	23.14	1.10	31.26	14.21
22.17	6. 9	28.19	9.14	23.18
4. 8	29.25	11.15	26.23	
25.22	9.18	27.24	2. 6	White
9.14	24.20	8.11	17.13	wins.

GAME 37.—SINGLE CORNER.

The following two games were played between two Quebec amateurs.

11.15	22.17	10.17	28.24	26.22
22.18	9.13	21.14	4. 8	19.15
15.22	18. 9	2. 6	24.19	3. 7
25.18	13.22	*31.27	8.12	15. 8
12.16	26.17	6.10	30.25	22.15
29.25	5.14	14. 9	23.26	8. 3
10.14	23.18	20.24	25.22	7.10
24.19	14.23	27.20	26.31	3. 7
16.20	27.18	10.15	22.18	10.14
25.22	8.11	19.10	31.26	Black
6.10	17.14	7.23	9. 5	wins.

*25.22	21.14	18.14	28.19	11.16
4. 8	20.24	20.24	18.23	7. 3
19.16	28.19	32.28	19.15	8.12
6.10	11.20	3. 8	7.11	
25.21	14. 9	19.15	15.10	Drawn.
10.17	8.11	11.18	10. 7	

GAME No. 38.—SWITCHER.

11.15	7.10	9.13	6.10	5. 9
21.17	24.15	27.23	15. 6	22.17
15.19	10.19	13.22	1.10	9.13
24.15	32.27	25.18	16.11	17.14
10.19	3. 7	8.12	10.15	16.20
23.16	22.18	23.16	29.25	14. 9
12.19	7.10	10.19	12.16	White
27.24	18.15	18.15	25.22	wins.

GAME No. 39.—IRREGULAR.

Played in the Dykes-Labadie match.

Dykes' Move.

9.13	23.18	10.17	26.23	23.16
22.18	12.16	21.14	25.22	14.21
10.15	28.24	4. 8	18.15	16.19
25.22	16.20	19.16	22.26	15.10
6.10	24.19	11.15	16.11	20.24
18.14	1. 6	18. 2	26.19	10. 6
10.17	26.23	9.25	11. 4	5. 9
21.14	6. 9	23.18	19.24	21.17
15.19	30.25	25.29	27.23	19.23
24.15	2. 6	2. 6	24.27	6. 2
11.25	31.26	29.25	23.19	24.28
29.22	6.10	6.10	27.23	2. 6
8.11	25.21	21.17	10.14	9.13
				Drawn.

GAME No. 40.—CROSS.

Twenty-third game in the late Dykes-Labadie match for the championship of Canada.

Dykes' Move.

11.15	6.10	11.15	14.18	2. 6
23.18	30.26	29.25	19.16	17.22
8.11	11.15	15.24	12.19	6. 9
27.23	26.23	22.18	24. 6	22.29
4. 8	15.24	1. 5	2. 9	28.24
23.19	28.19	18. 9	7.10	18.22
10.14	8.11	5.14	16.11	
19.10	22.18	32.28	10.14	
14.23	9.13	24.27	11. 7	Dykes
26.19	18. 9	31.24	13.17	
7.14	5.14	3. 7	6. 2	wins.
24.20	25.22	23.19	9.13	

THE "SINGLE CORNER" WITH VARIATIONS.

THIS WILL CONCLUDE THE "SINGLE CORNER" GAME.

GAME.

11.15	26.22	§ 15.19	30.26	8.11
22.18	† 9.14	23.16	11.15	16. 7
15.22	18. 9	12.19	22.17	3.17
25.18	5.14	24.15	14.18	13. 9
8.11	22.17	10.19	17.13	17.21
29.25	7.10	17.10	9.14	27.23
4. 8	28.24	7.14	20.16	18.27
24.20	2. 7	25.22	14.17	Drawn.
*10.15	‡ 32.28	6. 9	21.14	Anderson.

* Variation 47. ‡ Variation 42.
† " 41. § " 43.

(41).

*15.19	5.14	6.10	12.19	1. 5
23.16	27.23	27.23	27.23	18. 9
12.19	8.12	3. 8	11.16	5.14
30.26	23.16	23.16	20.11	25.22
9.14	12.19	8.12	7.16	10.15
18. 9	32.27	31.27	22.18	Drawn.

* Variation 44.

(42).

32.19	32.23	19.10	31.27	19.15
14.18	10.14	6.15	1. 6	18.23
27.23	17.10	23.19	30.26	Black
18.27	7. 14	15.18	6. 9	wins.

(43).

15.18	6.15	12.16	7.10	8.12
24.19	17.10	30.26	22.17	31.26
10.15	7.14	3. 7	1. 6	White
19.10	28.24	26.22	17.13	wins.
				Anderson.

(44)

6.10	† 2. 7	5.14	14.17	25.30
*27.24	32.28	25.22	21.14	19.15
10.14	9.13	11.15	10.17	13.17
24.19	18. 9	30.25	18.14	15. 8
15.24	5.14	15.24	17.21	30.25
28.19	22.18	28.19	25.22	
7.10	1. 5	8.11	21.25	Drawn.
31.26	18. 9	22.18	22.18	

* Variation 45. † Variation 46.

(45).

A-31.26	9.18	21.14	15.18	20. 4
12.16	23.14	1. 6	22.15	6. 9
18.14	10.17	27.23	11.27	
			Black	wins.

(A).

28.24	31.26	23.19	Black
10.14	12.16	16.23	wins.

(46).

3. 7	23.16	1. 5	3. 7	9.14
32.27	8.12	12. 8	6. 9	18. 9
9.13	27.23	11.16	7.11	5.14
18. 9	12.19	20.11	16.19	
5.14	23.16	7.16	11.18	Black
19.16	10.15	8. 3	14.23	wins.
12.19	16.12	2. 6	22.18	

(47).

12.16	32.28	5.14	25.22	16.32
26.22	6. 9	22.18	* 13.17	14. 9
8.12	24.19	1. 5	22.13	
28.24	9.14	18. 9	14.18	Drawn.
9.13	18. 9	5.14	23.14	

* Variation 48.

(48).

14.17	7.10	14.17	17.22	26.31
21.14	27.24	19.15	18.14	18.15
10.26	10.14	3. 8	22.26	White
31.22	22.18	15.10	23.18	wins.
			Drummond.	

DRAUGHT ITEMS.

MCCULLOCH'S edition of Anderson is expected to be in the hands of the public next week. The demand for this work has been so great that the copies already subscribed for nearly exhaust the number struck off for the first edition.

MR. R. E. BOWEN, of Millbury, Mass., intends publishing all "book" play under the title of "Bowen's Authors," taking one game or

opening for each volume, from Payne (1756) down to the present time. He commences with the "cross," and this game, consisting of one thousand variations, of which some two hundred and fifty are original, will be ready about September next. The succeeding volume will be devoted to "switches," also embracing fully a thousand variations and corrections, or fine play, as that game has at present a special interest to the author. These Mr. Bowen prefers to have published in any of the leading draught columns rather than sent to him direct, so that if any mistakes are found in them and they are corrected, the book will be benefited thereby. Every player who contributes to the play or makes a correction will obtain credit for the same.

MR. WILLIAM HAY, the celebrated author and player at draughts, says the *Turf*, is a hale, hearty old gentleman, and resides at present at Halifax, England. His fund of anecdote must be replete of all the old players of Scotland and England for the past half-century.

ABE LINCOLN'S DRAUGHT-BOARD.—The checker-board which Abraham Lincoln once played on in his earlier days is now owned by a man in Petersburg, in Illinois.—*Turf.*

HEFTER *v.* REED.—At the end of the forty-third game Mr. Hefter felt so elated at having two games the lead that he solemnly pledged his friends that, if Mr. Reed defeated him in this match, he would burn his checker-board and never play another game. It is to be hoped, however, that he will change his mind in this matter, as he is a young player of too much promise to retire from the checker-field altogether. —*Chicago Tribune.*

FOND OF THE "DOCTOR."—The Lowell players tell a good story of one of their number who after the cares of the day retired to the privacy of his room ostensibly to rest, but really to coach up the "Doctor game." Several hours afterwards he was found sitting bolt upright in bed, the checker-board in his lap, a half-played "Doctor game" on the board, his hand extended, holding a checker-man as if in the act of crowning one that had reached the opposite king row, and with the expression of "studious cunning" still visible on his face, but *sound asleep.* The gas jet was wasting its brilliancy on the tableau as the distant chanticleer proclaimed the approach of morn.—*Boston Globe.*

"IT'S YOUR MOVE, LAIRD."—Many years ago there lived in the "Glessart," a parish in Lanarkshire, an old minister called M'Boodle, famed both for the length and "dreichness" of his sermons, and his love for the game of draughts, a love which was only equalled by the "Squire," M'Boodle's greatest crony. One Saturday night the two having sat down to their favorite game, played so evenly that each lost and won a game alternately, and to know which was the winner they always played "jist anither game." Thus they went on till far on in the Sabbath morning, when the "leddy," probably feeling the bed cold, came down to see what had come over her lord. Seeing the minister and her "guidman" still pegging away at the "brod," and horrified that such a thing should be done in her house on the Sabbath, she broke out—"Losh keep me, Maister M'Boodle, dae ye no think shame o' yersel' sittin' there playin' like a puir heathen savage, an' you a minister tae. D'ye ken what day this is?" "Wheest, woman, wheest," interrupted M'Boodle, "I've no tae ken that just yet; it's your move, Laird."—*Scottish-American Journal.*

THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP.—Mr. J. M. Dykes of Wardsville, Ont., and Mr. J. Labadie, of Chatham, have played another match for the championship of the Dominion, which has terminated in favor of Mr. Dykes, with the score of: Dykes, 3; Labadie, 1; and 45 drawn games

NOT QUITE THE SAME.

Small Child (*whose favorite Aunt is "Engaged."*) "GRANDMA, WHERE IS AUNTY MAY?"

Grandmamma. "SHE IS SITTING IN THE LIBRARY WITH CAPTAIN HERBERT, MY DEAR."

Small Child (*after a moment's pause*). "GRANDMA, COULDN'T *YOU* GO AND SIT IN THE LIBRARY WITH CAPTAIN HERBERT, AND *AUNTY MAY* COME AND PLAY WITH ME?"

—*Punch.*

September 2, 1878.

LIST

OF

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159 & 161 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

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ANSWER to his Critics by Canon Farrar, and Criticisms on Eternal Hope, by A. J. B. Beresford Hope, M.D., and Rev. Prof. Mayor. Also, Is the Hope of Personal Immortality a selfish hope, by Rev. W. R. G. Mellen. 25c.

BEAL. Texts from the Dhammapada. Texts from the Buddhist Canon, commonly known as Dhammapada, with accompanying Narratives. Translated from the Chinese, by Samuel Beal, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. $2.50.

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BURNAND, F. C. Strapmore; a Romance by Weeder, author of "Folly and Farina," "Under Two Rags," "Arryadn'ty," "Chuck," "Two Little Wooden Jews," "Nicotine," "A Horse with Glanders," "In Somerstown," "Shamdross," &c., &c. 30c.

CLARKE. Visions; A Study of False Sight (Pseudopia). By Edward H. Clarke, M.D. With an Introduction and Memorial Sketch, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D. $1.50.

DALE. Impressions of America. By R. W. Dale (Appleton's New Handy Volume Series). Paper, 25c.

DESANCTIS. Confession: A Doctrinal and Historical Essay. By L. Desanctis. Translated from the Eighteenth Italian Edition, by M. G. Buckly, Vicar of Edlingham. $1.00.

DESPARD. Kilrogan Cottage; A Novel. By Matilda Despard. 60c.

ELIOT. The Works of George Eliot. Scenes of Clerical Life. Vol. 2 English Cabinet Edition. $1.50.

(ENGLISH Men of Letters.) Edited by John Morley. Edward Gibbon, by James C. Morison, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford. 75c.

FARRAR. Saintly Workers. Five Lenten Lectures, delivered in St. Andrew's. Holburn, March and April, 1878. By Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Canon of Westminster, Chaplain in Ordinaryto the Queen, Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, &c. $1.25.

FAWCETT. Free Trade and Protection; an enquiry into the causes which have retarded the general adoption of Free Trade into England. By Henry Fawcett, M.P. $1.75.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH. Kingsdene: A Novel, by Hon. Mrs. Featherstonhaugh (Franklin Square Library). Paper, 10c.

FROUDE. Science and Theology, Ancient and Modern. By James Anthony Froude, an English historian, and an Agnostic's Apology, by Leslie Stephen. 25c.

GROHMAN. (Leisure Hour Series.) Gaddings with a Primitive People; being a Series of Sketches of Tyrolese Life and Customs. By W. A. Baillie Grohman. $1.00.

HABBERTON. The Crew of the Sam Weller. By John Habberton, author of "The Barton Experiment," "The Jericho Road," "Scripture Club of Valley Rest," &c. Paper, 40c.

HALF Hour Series. Back to the Old Home. By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Old Myddleton's Money," "Nora's Love Test," "A Shadow on the Threshold," &c. Paper, 20c.

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STATUTES of the Province of Quebec, passed in the forty-first year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and in the Third Session of the Third Parliament; begun and holden at Quebec on the nineteenth day of December, 1877, and closed by prorogation on the ninth day of March, 1878. $1.00.

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