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THE NEWFOUNDLAND MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1900

HISTORY
SCIENCE
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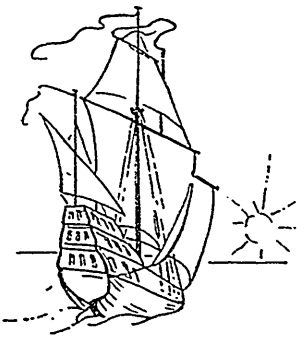
RECREATION
REVIEW
FASHION
MUSIC



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THE NEWFOUNDE ISLANDE.

IN smother of fog and sheeted spray,
In valor of sun and swinging tide,
I've watched the ages slip away
Like cloud-drifts on a mountain-side;

And I have wondered, year by year
What other guests the years will bring.
The million seals float down, the gulls
Swerve home, snow thick, on myriad wing.

The north tribes cross the packs, and war
With mine own quiet people. Clear
The cries of victory and death
Come to my hark'ning year by year.

I smell the council fires, I hear
My people singing at the feast,
A thousand sails are crowding in
Full-bellied, from the breaking East.

. . . . . .

The last red-jasper arrow-head
Is carved — and broken. No song wakes
Across the "barrens.' No red fires
Burn forest incense round the lakes.

The fierce north tribes and mine own folk
Are gone. Loud-mouthed around the feast
The white men curse and laugh; their ships
Are pressing in from West and East.

So for a thousand years! and then
On bay and stream old songs shall ring,
For God will twirl the old world back
And I'll be done with trafficking.

THE

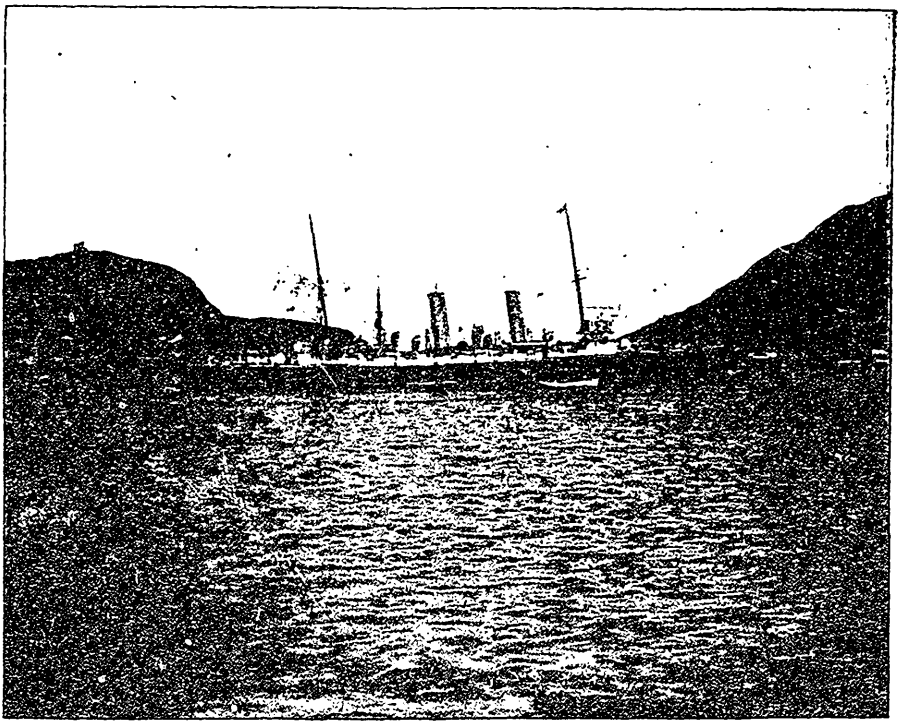
NEWFOUNDLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1900 No. 4

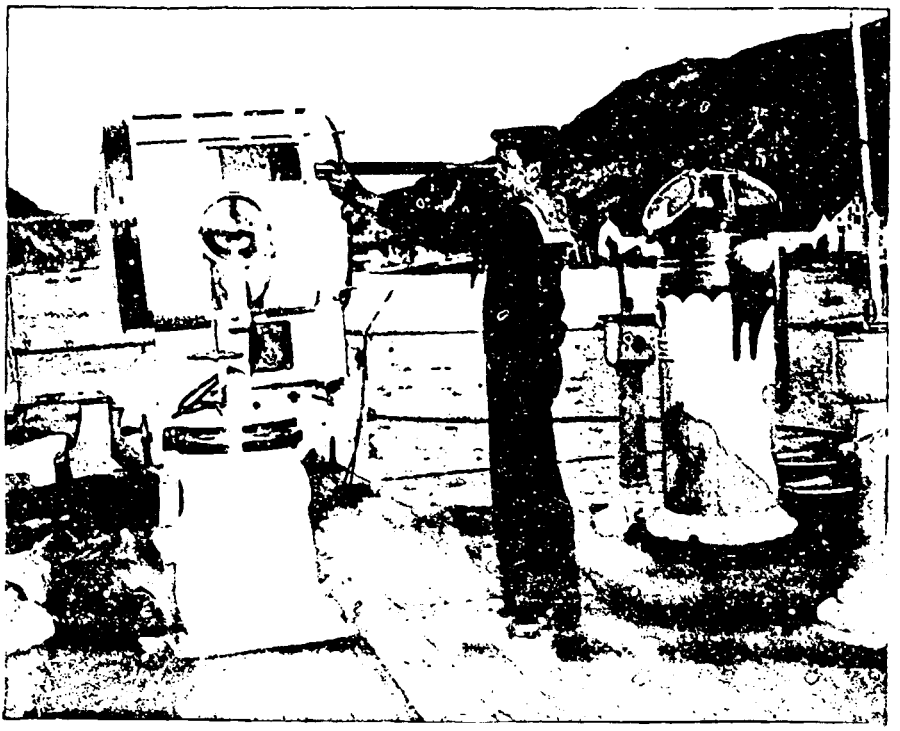
WARSHIPS THAT PROTECT NEWFOUNDLAND'S FISHERIES.

I AM only a recent arrival in Newfoundland, of a somewhat inquiring turn of mind, and I naturally wanted to know something about the principal industry of the island. I met plenty of people ready and willing to explain all about the catching and drying of "fish," the price per quintal, the French shore question, and the bait acts, but when I asked about the vessels sent by the mother country to protect these fisheries I invariably got for answer: "Rather afraid I am unable to tell you much about them." "Ah, I don't know how many guns they carry, or the numbers of their respective crews, but I can tell you their names."

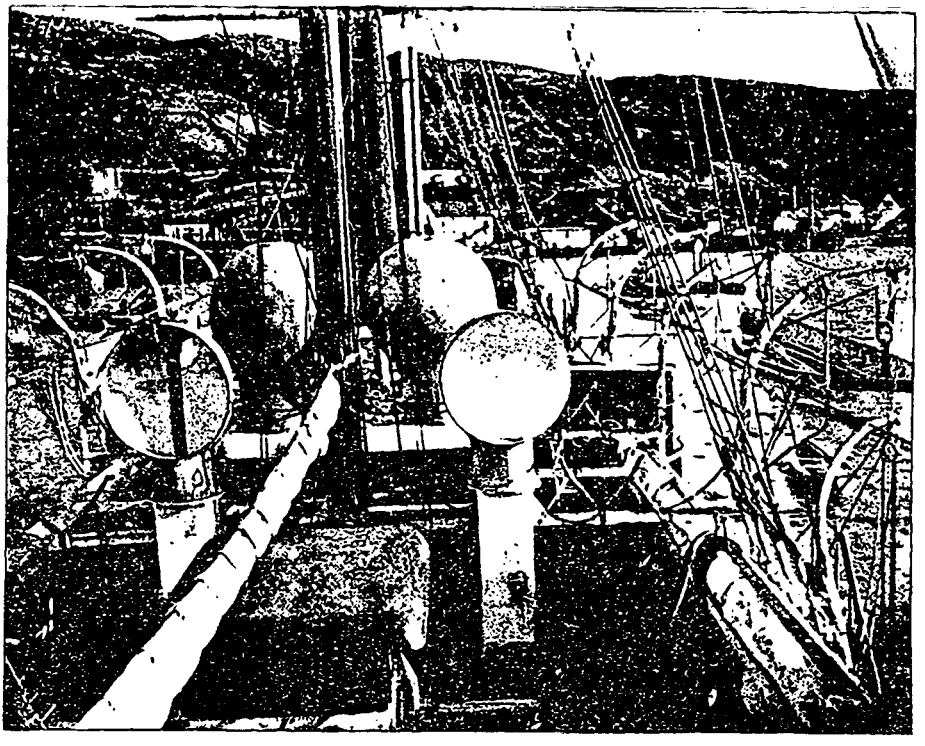
However, I resolved to know all about them, and decided that the best way was



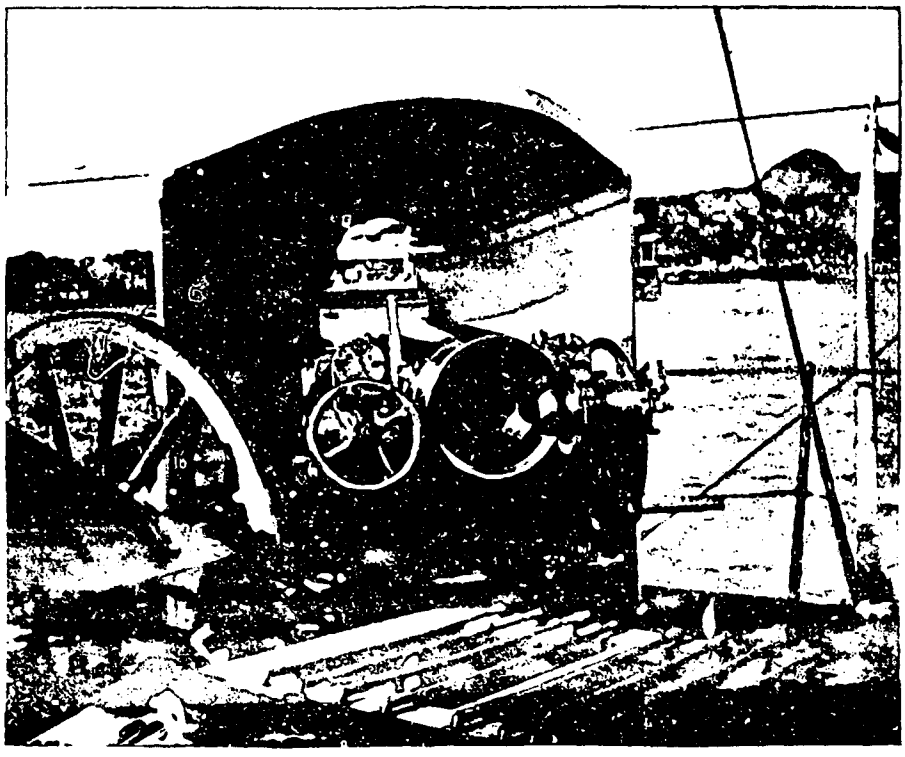
H. M. S. "CHARYBDIS" IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOR.



SEARCHLIGHT, COMPASS, AND SIGNALMAN ON BRIDGE OF H. M. S. "BUZZARD."



FROM THE BRIDGE OF H. M. S. "BUZZARD."



BREECH OF 5-INCH GUN, POOP DECK OF H. M. S. "BUZZARD."

to ascertain from somebody connected with the vessels themselves, and it is to the courtesy of some of the officers and men of the "Charybdis" and "Buzzard" that I owe the following, which may be of interest to those readers of the "Newfoundland Magazine" who, like myself, desire to know something more about the vessels that guard the coast than their mere names:

The first and largest of the protection fleet is H. M. S. "Charybdis," twin-screw cruiser, second class, ten guns; built in 1893, at Sheerness; 4,360 tons; indicated horse-power, 7,000 N.D. (9,000 F.D.); full complement of officers and men, 318.

Captain[1]	G. A. GIFFARD.
Lieutenant	C. J. COLLINS.
Staff Surgeon . . .	G. HEWLETT.
Chief Engineer . . .	A. HILLS.

The ten guns include two six-inch quick-firers, situated, one on forecastle and one on poop; eight 4.7 quick-firers, broadside guns. These can be fired simultaneously by electric current. Apart from these the "Charybdis" carries several machine-guns of the Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss type, and also torpedo tubes.

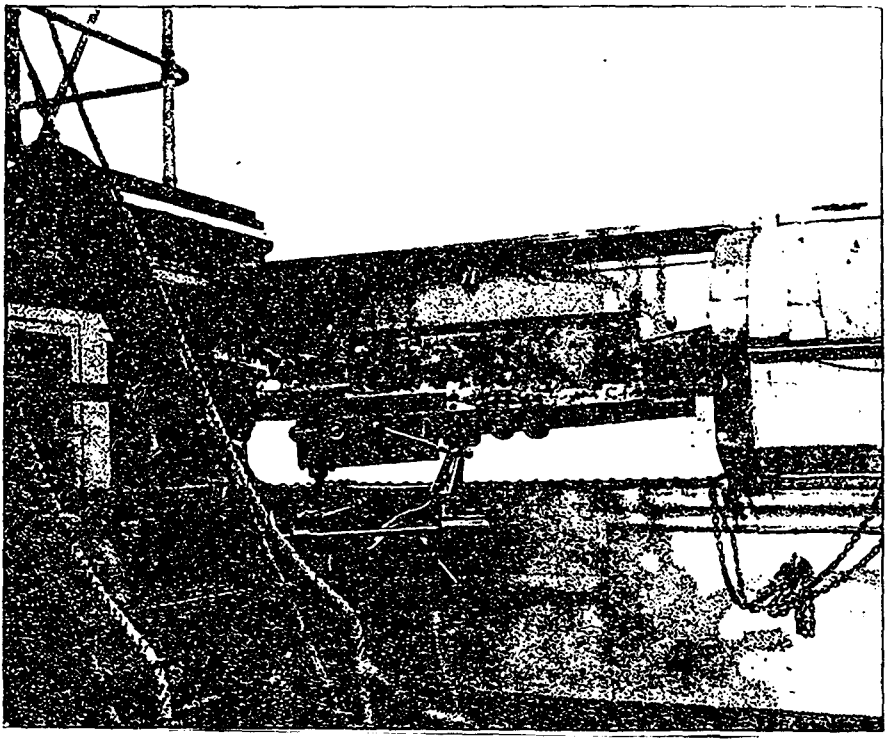
Next to the "Charybdis" comes H. M. S. "Buzzard," twin-screw sloop, eight guns; built in 1887 at Sheerness; 1,140 tons; indicated horse-power, 1,400 N.D. (2,000 F.D.).

Full complement of officers and men, 138.

Commander . . .	L. F. G. TIPPINGE.
Lieutenant . . .	E. HENSLOWE.
Surgeon	E. COOPER.
Engineer[2]	R. BRYAN.

The "Buzzard" was commissioned in 1898 at Sheerness, on November 29. Her eight guns are five-inch quick-firer broadside guns. Independent of these she carries four Nordenfelt machine-guns,

[1] Commodore, second class, during Newfoundland fishery season, from May to October.
[2] In lieu of a chief engineer.



A MACHINE-GUN ON BOARD H. M. S. "BUZZARD."

SOME OF THE "BUZZARD'S" "HANDY MEN."

and four three-pounder quick-firing Hotchkiss guns.

After the "Buzzard" comes H. M. S. "Alert," screw sloop, six guns; built in 1894 at Sheerness; 960 tons; indicated horse-power, 1,100 N.D. (1,400 F.D.). Full complement of officers and men, 101.

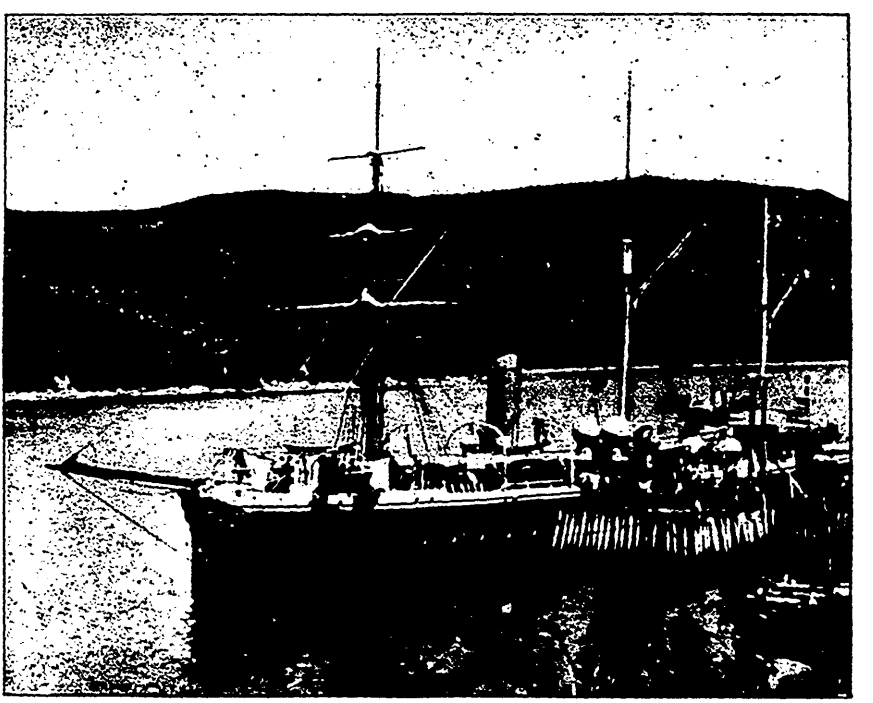
Commander	H. SAVILE.
Lieutenant	C. E. ROOKE.
Surgeon	S. ROACH.
Engineer	H. J. LEADER.

The "Alert" was commissioned at Chatham, Nov. 25, 1897. Her six guns are 4.7 breech-loaders, broadside guns — the same type as used by the "Handy Man" against the Boers in South Africa. She also carries several machine-guns, both Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss.

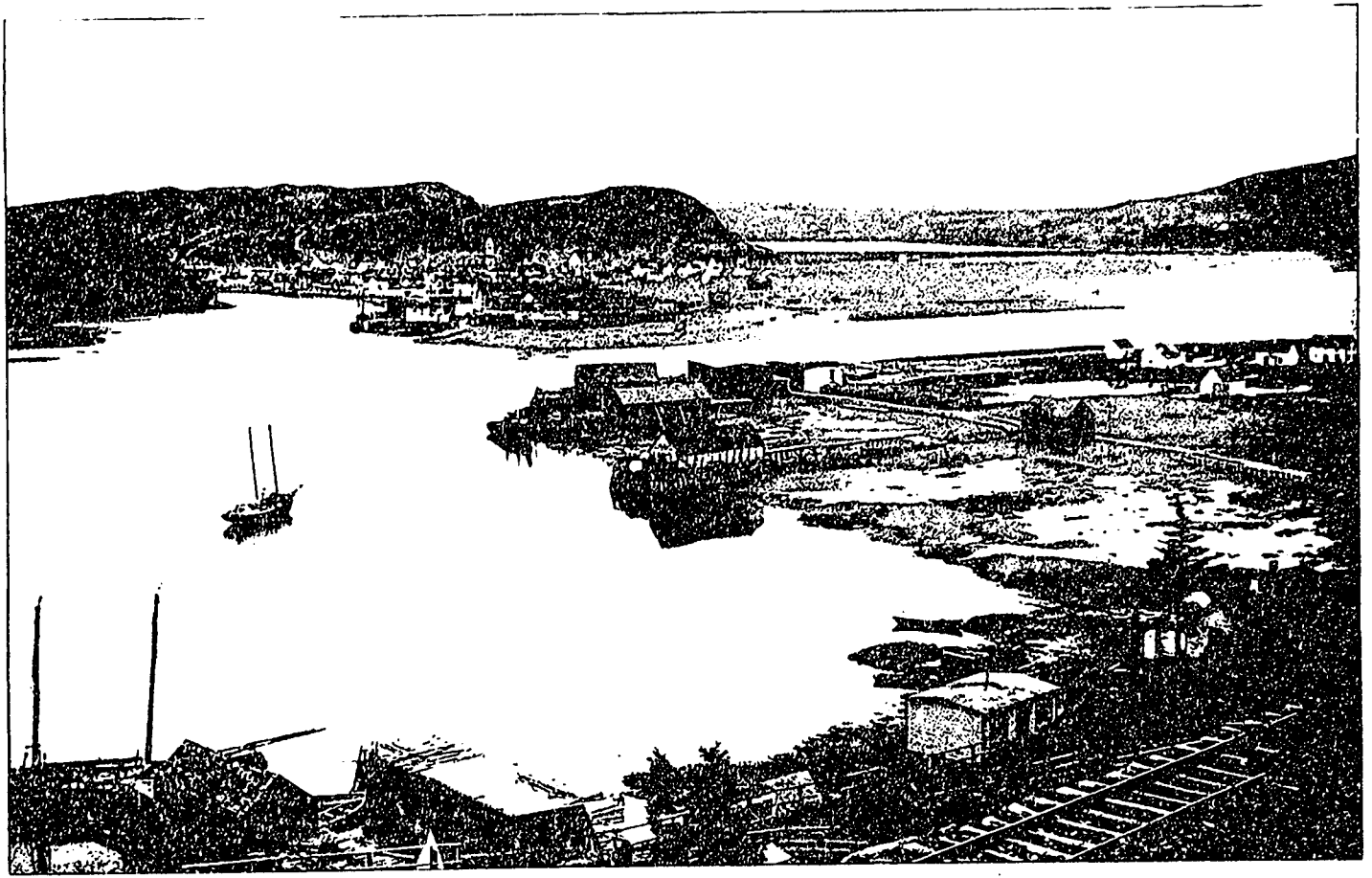
The last and smallest of the fleet is H. M. S. "Columbine" (late "Hiarta"). She was bought into the service by the admiralty and is employed on special service in connection with the Newfoundland fisheries. The "Columbine" is a steel screw steam vessel, tender to H. M. S. "Crescent." Carries no big guns.

Commander . .	LIEUT. A. WILLIAMSON.
Surgeon	E. ARKWRIGHT.

Her indicated horse-power is 200 N.D.; 270 tons; full complement of officers and men, 36. Though she carries no big guns, she has several machine-guns, and without doubt would render a good account of herself if occasion arose.

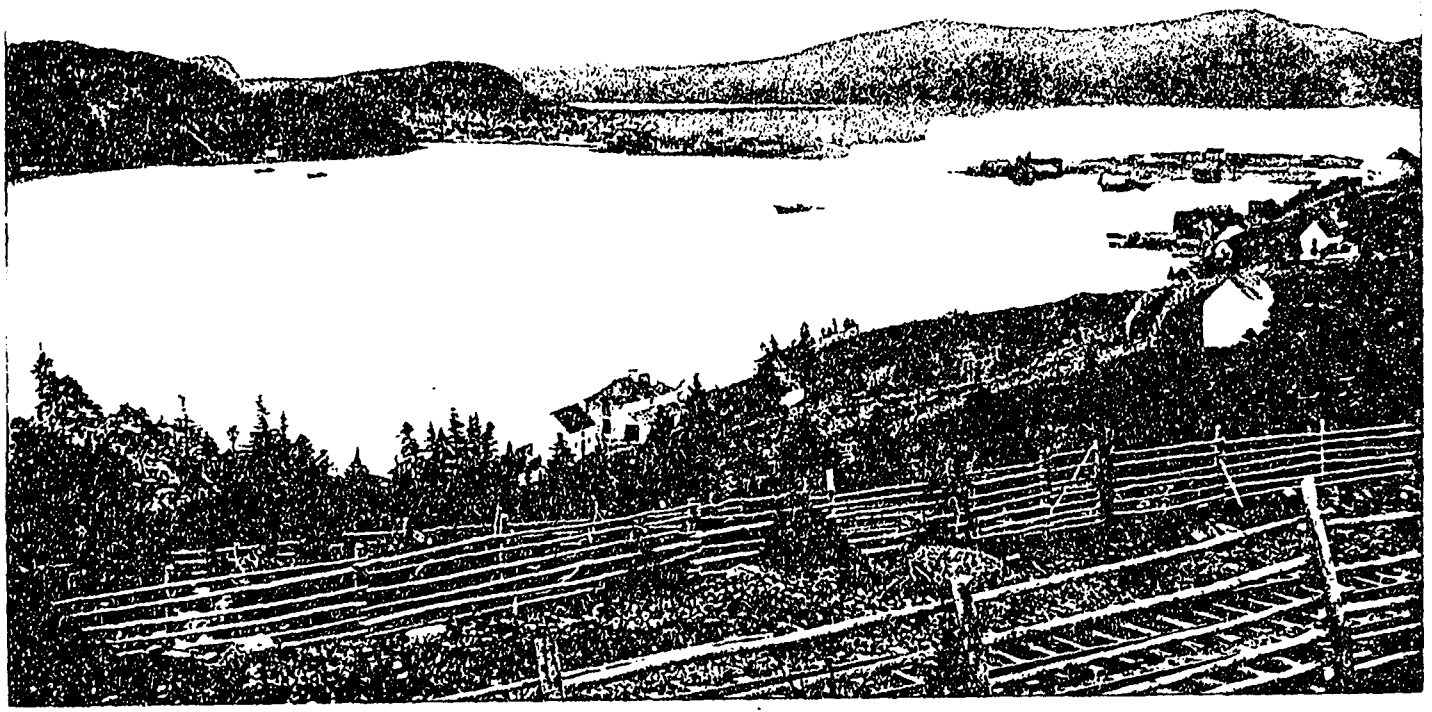


ONE OF THE QUEEN'S BULL-DOGS IN BONNE BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.



PLACENTIA, NEWFOUNDLAND, AS SEEN FROM THE JERSEY SIDE.

(See article "Placentia.")



PLACENTIA, NEWFOUNDLAND, AS SEEN FROM RAILWAY STATION.

(*See* article "Placentia.")

"THE HAUNTED TEMPLE."

By PAUL MARKHAM,
Author of "By Jumna's Banks."

IT had been raining for some days, good, soaking downpours, and quite a transformation scene had taken place in the poor little sun-baked, mud-girted, civil station of Belampore. Trees and hedges, freed from their coating of dust, glistened and glittered as though newly painted; birds and beasts alike were putting fresh vigor into song and speech, and everywhere the earth seemed dimpling into tender green. Overhead the clouds were banking themselves into business-like attitudes preparing for fresh labors, and we had every reason to hope our rainy season had commenced.

I had been improving the shining hour with some revolver practice when my husband, Frank Garstone, of the Forest Department, came hurriedly out of his office with a telegram in his hand.

"Well! what is it about?" I inquired.

"What do you say to a couple of days in camp?" he said.

"Camp! In July! My dear Frank, what do you mean?" I asked in astonishment.

"I don't mean in tents, but a few days spent in one of the forest bungalows. There is some bother about some reserve land, and I have to go and see to it; under present circumstances I do not like leaving you alone, and now that it has become nice and cool I do not see why you should not come with me. We will send the horses on ahead, and train it comfortably to C —— in the cool of the evening; there is a jolly little rest-house there, and my rukh[1] is only four or five miles away. The wood, in fact, which you are so anxious to visit on account of its 'Haunted Temple,' is within easy riding-distance."

[1] Government forest land.

"That sounds delightful; of course I shall come, armed with my revolver and camera. When do we start?"

"To-morrow afternoon; and the horses must go at once to be rested and ready for us!" And Frank heaved a sigh of relief as he left me to make arrangements.

Two days later I was riding with Frank through one of the rukhs under his charge; although we were still in the small hours of the morning, the heat was oppressive, and the curious smell of rank vegetation that rose from the moist earth was anything but pleasant.

"We leave the main track here," Frank said, pulling up suddenly. "I will give a lead; let Brownie pick her own way, but keep a firm hold on her mouth."

For nearly a mile our horses picked their careful way through strange weeds, young trees, and fantastic roots, and as we went Frank told me what he could remember of the Haunted Temple.

"Years and years ago — so far back that the date is lost in the mists of time — there lived a saintly fanatic, who practised wonderful austerities, who could disappear in the strangest manner, and, above all, who could see the future. From far and wide people flocked to consult him and his fame became so great that his followers resolved to build him a temple and set him up for worship.

"When the proposal was made to the saint he refused to have anything more than a sort of sentry box in which he caused himself to be walled up — a solid, round affair not more than twenty feet in circumference, without a door and with just a window through which he received his worship, his food, and his air. He is said to have chosen the spot and sat

there while his followers built him in, according to his own directions. He then foretold that he and his shrine would stand forever; sometimes he would sleep for a few years, but he would always return, and so long as his cult lasted everything would prosper with his part of India, but as soon as he was neglected, famine and sickness and untold woes would blight the land.

"For years he was worshipped, and the legend goes that for a hundred years his face was seen at the window; then he fell asleep, but reappeared and was received with unabated devotion.

"Then his sleep became more frequent and of longer duration, and so his face was forgotten and his shrine neglected, but the shrine still stands and his face reappears occasionally, no longer god-like and placid, but fierce and angry, and some misfortune follows each vision."

We had emerged on a small clearing in the woods as Frank finished speaking, and before us was the strangest sight imaginable. One glance was sufficient for the quaint old bottle-shaped temple with its solitary window, but the wall surrounding its weed-grown court-yard was the curiosity that fixed my gaze.

It had been a wall of bricks and mortar at one time, but now had become a barricade of wood. A huge banyan tree that grew some distance behind had thrown out suckers, inside and outside, round about, until they formed a rough, irregular trellis-work, taking shape from the wall. In some parts the roots were so close together as to look like a flattened tree-trunk; in other places the original wall was distinctly visible; in others, again, the roots were so far apart that the bricks had fallen through and left gaps through which we saw the neglected court-yard and mouldy temple. It was the most wonderful thing to see the hoary old banyan tree supporting with root and branch the selfsame wall which centuries before had perhaps afforded shelter to its first tender shoots from too fierce sunrays and scorching winds.

We tied our horses outside the strange walls, and went up for a nearer view of the temple; beyond that one fifteen-inch-square window, there was no other opening. We walked all round it, tapping the solid old walls in search of some hidden doorway, but found none.

"Now for a look at the interior," Frank said, pulling himself up by his hands and peering in; then he proceeded to shake off his sun hat, and poke his head in. After an exhaustive survey he jumped down.

"Well, it is mysterious!" he said; "some chap certainly lives in there. The walls are freshly plastered with mud. There is a bit of matting on the ground, and a little '*Chirag*'[1] in the recess, but it is a curious dwelling-place to choose, considering the gymnastics he must do to get in and out. I wonder if the old original saint has been in recent occupation? We might have seen him if we had come some weeks earlier, and no extra charge. I will inquire if his holiness is awake just now."

"I suppose tradition does not say where he goes to indulge in those long spells of sleep?" I asked.

"No; he merely disappears, and then appears again; but he should hoist a flag or something to let the public know when he is on view. Well, what do you think of it as a picture?"

"Oh, it will make a lovely photograph; we must return early this afternoon to get a good light."

"As early as the sun will allow."

And then Frank mounted me and turned to look to his own girths, while I took a parting glance at the strange ruin.

"Look, look, Frank! A face at the window!"

For a moment I had seen it, with shaven head and fierce eyes, but before the cry had left my lips it had vanished. Frank ran back and peered in once more.

"Nothing, absolutely no living thing in there. You must have imagined it, Maggie."

"I saw it quite distinctly, Frank, I assure you."

"What sort of face was it?"

"I could not exactly say what the face was like, the fierce, angry eyes dominated it so, but I noticed the head was shaved."

"Well, while you are taking your snap-

[1] An open earthen vessel, containing oil with a cotton wick.

shots this afternoon I intend to get in at that window and have a thorough investigation. Now let us get home as fast as we can; the heat will be awful in another hour."

When we got back on the main road and had gone a few paces in the homeward, or rather campward direction, I was surprised to see what, at first sight, looked like an idol.

"How odd that we did not notice that idol this morning'" I said, pointing it out with my whip.

"Idol! It is a human being! A holy mendicant, from his yellow rags and shaven head. By Jove! what a starved-looking creature it is, and I should not think he has much chance of having his bowl filled on this road," said Frank, flinging an eight-anna bit into the wooden dish.

He sat there so motionless, with downcast eyes and expressionless face, neither by voice nor gesture soliciting our charity, but at the ring of Frank's coin in his bowl he raised his eyes and once more I met the fierce, angry glance of the face at the window.

In my surprise I must have given my rein a sudden jerk, for Browne first reared and then plunged forward in a mad gallop. When I got her in hand again Frank came up and asked what had happened.

"Oh, Frank!" I gasped, "his was the face I saw at the window."

"Impossible! he could not have flown through the air and arrived there before us, but I will go back and have another look at him so as to know him in the future."

He turned back and I followed more slowly, but though we hunted up and down the road and round about everywhere, no trace of the mendicant could we discover.

"We cannot both have imagined him," Frank said at last, in a puzzled voice. "This is the spot he occupied, yes, the exact spot," he continued, stooping and picking up a little silver coin. "So the beggar refuses to accept charity from a Feringee. This looks primitive, very. I will not be surprised if we discover the ghost this afternoon; but what he was doing so far from his shrine bothers me."

"I wish he had accepted your coin, Frank. It must be very bitter race hatred to make an ordinary native refuse *money*."

"But he is not ordinary; he goes in for being several hundred years old, and what can a ghost do with money? The chap is acting his part thoroughly."

. . . . . .

"Yes, sahib, the saint has returned. Two or three times the holy man's face has been seen at the window this hot weather, and cholera and small pox have raged in the neighboring villages," Frank's forest ranger was telling him some hours later.

"Surely, Gopee Das, *you* don't believe in any of those superstitions and fables?" Frank asked slyly.

"Certainly not, sahib! it is only the poor ignorant villagers who believe. I have been educated at Government College and know better!" with lofty contempt for his ignorant brethren.

"Ah, I thought so; then you can have no objection to coming with us and showing the short cuts to the temple; the memsahib wishes to make a picture of it."

"Your pleasure, sahib. But we will go early," he agreed with some little reluctance.

"We will start at once; I will tell the memsahib to get ready, and you make them bring the horses round."

So we once more started for the woods, a couple of coolies carrying my camera, a camp-stool, a pickaxe, and a coil of rope.

"What is the pickaxe for?" I asked Frank.

"I intend carrying home some of the cement to examine what the time-defying composition is."

Under Gopee's guidance we soon arrived at the little clearing but this time it was a back view of the shrine we first came upon, where the banyan tree, like a huge bat with outspread wings, seemed to be brooding over the desolation of her nestling. It was bright sunlight and we all — Frank, Gopee, and I — saw the figure of the mendicant standing erect up against the gray trunk, a slim brown figure, looking out westward, and there was something solitary and pathetic about the attitude. Some sound in our direction caused him to turn; then, almost as he saw us, he vanished. There is no

other way of expressing his swift disappearance. No one of us could say that he had gone to the right, or the left, or up, or down — he just melted away.

I heard Gopee's exclamation of terrified surprise, saw Frank fling the reins to the syce[1] who first came up, and run towards the tree, and I followed as quickly as I could, but, though we hunted carefully, examining the ground, the trunk, the branches, not a footprint on the soft mud, not a rustle in the leaves, betrayed any trace of a human presence. We peered about the clusters of suckers, which pillar-like supported the huge green canopy overhead, but no lurking shadow, no flitting figure, met our view.

"Well, it beats me!" Frank acknowledged at last, in a puzzled way. "That chap would make his fortune as a juggler; however, I cannot spend any more time hunting for him here; you had better fix up your camera while Gopee and I explore the shrine."

Then he left me and I heard him expostulating with Gopee, who evidently needed some pressing before he would approach any nearer to the temple. Eventually their voices died away round the corner of the court-yard, the syces, leading the horses, followed to see what the sahib intended to do, and I, left alone, stood silent and motionless for some moments longer, still thinking deeply about the marvellous disappearance of the mendicant, when suddenly my eye was attracted by a slight movement amongst the curious, fantastic-shaped roots, — a gentle stir, then two roots parted noiselessly like lips, and in the open mouth between them I saw the man. His eyes had the look of a hunted beast when they first met mine; they swept swiftly round and then rested once more on me with evident relief at finding me alone. Then in a moment all expression had left and his face was a mask as he vaulted out and stood before me, not without a certain dignity.

"The lady will keep the secret of my hiding-place?" he said, in a grave, dreamy voice.

I nodded.

"From *your* people, yes! but not from the sahib."

"From all!" he insisted. But I shook my head.

"I could drag you down there," he threatened, in the same dreamy voice, "and none would ever know what had become of you."

I showed him my revolver, and felt like smiling as I said:

"This would make some noise, and you would get hurt!"

He seemed such a harmless, boyish boaster, with his passionless face and slim figure, as he looked down first at the weapon and then back at me; and the faintest flicker of an answering smile touched his lips when he spoke:

"I could make you come willingly, lady, if I so wished it; you would not want to use that. But what is it the sahib wants, disturbing the spirits of my fathers and hunting me down like a wild beast?"

"He means you no harm," I assured him. "We only wish to know the true history of that temple, and the secret of entering it. I saw your face at the window."

"This is one door to it," he said, pointing with his foot to the displaced roots, but never removing his eyes from mine. "There are several other doors too, of which the secret belongs to my people. There are other secrets also, strange and curious, unknown even to the all-knowing white man. Some grand and wonderful things I could show you down there."

His soft, dreamy voice seemed to come from a distance, and was making me drowsy, while his great dark eyes were burning into my brain; he continued speaking some moments longer and I was conscious only of his voice, his eyes, and intense heat and stillness around us.

"Will you come and see? Come!" he commanded in a loud, stern tone, and I had to fight madly against the impulse to obey. It was like some horrible nightmare; invisible cords seemed to be dragging me towards him.

"Come!" he repeated, and raised his hand with an authoritative gesture. There was a horrible roaring sound in my ears, the ground appeared to heave in sickening waves, but in the very act of stepping forward a sudden sense of relief came to me, the burning, compelling eyes had left my face and were looking

[1] Groom.

beyond me with gathering fear in them, while the tree behind him was reeling like a drunken elephant and its numberless suckers quivered like living tentacles; then, with an appalling, grating groan the earth gaped open right at my feet. I jumped back and fled shuddering, only realizing, as I ran in search of Frank, that I had experienced an earthquake, — my first, — and even the earthquake had come as a relief after that other experience.

As I came out into the open I saw our horses careering about wildly, saw the syces grovelling on their faces and calling aloud on the holy one of the temple to spare them, and just caught a glimpse of Gopee's garments as he fled from unknown dangers. In spite of his superior enlightenment and education he also had attributed the earthquake to the anger of the holy one of the temple. At last I came upon Frank, picking himself up and feeling for broken bones.

"Glad to see you safe and unhurt, Maggie!"

"And you, Frank, are you hurt? I feared you might be inside there with the whole thing down on top of you."

"No! fortunately I had finished exploring in there and was just on the point of knocking off some cement when the wall seemed to shudder away from my uplifted hand like some living thing, and then gape open with a regular groan, while I was flung backward, my Sola Topee saving my head from a nasty crack. It was one of the severest shocks I have ever experienced."

"If you are not hurt I wish you would come with me and see what has become of the mendicant; he either jumped down on purpose or else he is swallowed alive. Come quickly and make certain."

As we went I told Frank how I had discovered the mendicant's hiding-place and how I had promised to keep the secret from his *disciples*, but I judged it prudent not to mention the attempt to mesmerize me just yet. We found the syces still prostrate and awaiting further developments of the saint's anger, but Frank hustled them off to hunt for the horses and then hurried on. The hoary old banyan tree had taken a tilt to one side and the cunningly contrived door was open, wider open than it was ever intended to be: we could distinctly see the smooth sides of a tunnel for several yards down, but beyond it either took an abrupt turn or was choked up. Frank shouted down it:

"Fakir![1] Fakirgee?[2] Are you there?"

There was no answer. Again he shouted:

"Fakirgee! We do not intend you any harm, we only wish to make sure that you are safe and unhurt. If you do not answer we will be obliged to dig for you, and spoil your little den."

Still no sound, and Frank was just preparing to descend with his pickaxe, when with a shuddering scream I pointed downwards. My eyes, getting accustomed to the dim light in the interior, had seen the head, face, and shoulders of the unfortunate fakir — the rest of him was buried under the débris of the fallen tunnel.

"Poor devil! Mercifully he seems dead, but I must make sure."

"Don't touch me! Yes, I am dead — This is my grave!" His great, solemn eyes opened and looked past Frank straight into mine. "I meant thee — no harm — only to prove my power, lady!"

As Frank again made some movement towards helping him:

"No use, sahib, — my back is broken, — I die the death my fathers only feigned to die. Promise to leave me here — and shut the door of my tomb." There was a gush of blood from mouth and nose and ears, and he was dead indeed.

The temple has recovered more than its former prestige, for though no face, either placid or fierce, has been seen at the window, and it gapes open for all who may please to enter its sacred walls, yet in some curious and inexplicable way the report was spread and believed — the report that the earthquake which had wrecked the greater part of Bengal and Assam had been sent by the angry saint. At the first touch of a sacrilegious hand on his beloved shrine he had caused that now historical convulsion of nature.

But the fame arrived all too late for the strange fakir, who, with his ghostly secrets, lies buried in his unsuspected grave beneath the old banyan tree.

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[1] Mendicant.

[2] The affix "gee" is used in addressing an equal or superior.

N'YORBE'S KRALL.

A STORY OF MATABELELAND.

Then a health (we must drink it in whispers)
To our wholly unauthorized horde—
To the line of our dusty foreloopers,
The Gentlemen Rovers abroad.—R.K.

I HAVE BEEN a globe trotter all my life and naturally in the course of my many travels, I have met with some very remarkable men and women. One of the most prominent of these was a man known all over Matabeleland as Gentleman Jack. What his real name was, where he came from, nobody seemed to know, and few dared to inquire, for he had a quiet way of resenting what he considered impertinent curiosity; and people of an inquiring turn of mind seldom troubled him twice. He was a superb horseman, and was reputed to be the best shot in Matabeleland, with either rifle or revolver. Add to this that he stood six feet in his boots, was broad-shouldered and muscular, had a complexion that was deeply tanned, owing, doubtless, to a long residence in the tropics, fair Saxon hair that grew in thick clusters of curls all over his head, and you will have some idea of the personal appearance of Gentleman Jack. He had served with considerable distinction in the Matabele campaign, and it was some six months after the peace conference between the Honourable Cecil Rhodes and the belligerent chiefs in the Matopa Hills that I arrived in Bulawayo, the rising capital of Matabeleland. I had been there about a week and was sitting on the verandah of a tin shanty, called the Maxim Hotel, discussing the late campaign with an acquaintance. While we were chatting, I was attracted by a considerable clatter, and looking up, saw that it was occasioned by the arrival of a horseman. Men on horseback are common enough in Bulawayo, but there was something about this particular horse and rider that would have attracted attention anywhere. The horse was a coal black stallion, standing about fifteen hands, and the small, well-shaped head, broad chest, straight clean legs and powerful quarters, showed every sign of the purest Arab blood. There were traces of sweat about him that seemed to prove that he had been ridden hard and long, but for all that, he pawed the ground as if impatient to be off again. His rider was dressed in a pair of buckskin breeches, soft topped riding boots and a silk shirt, with a silk handkerchief knotted around the collar. On his head, he wore a dove-coloured broad-rimmed hat. In a belt about his waist he carried a pair of long-barrelled revolvers, and slung across his back was a Lee-Metford sporting rifle. As he dismounted a groom came to take the horse, but he motioned him aside and asked to be shewn the way to the stables. Then, turning to the horse, he said: "Good old Eagle; you'd kick the brains out of any groom that tried to rub you down, wouldn't you? Come on, old fellow; I'll see you stabled and fed myself." Like a great dog, the magnificent creature followed him, pressing its silky muzzle into his hand as though he perfectly understood all that had been said to him.

Involuntarily, I exclaimed: "What a remarkably handsome pair." Turning to my friend, I asked: "Who is he; do you know him?"

"What his real name is, I do not know, but he is called locally Gentleman Jack."

"He seems to be a notable character, and what a splendid horse he rides."

"He is a remarkable chap, and he knows more about this country than the average man. Talks the native lingo as well as he does English and is one of the best hunters around these parts. He spends nearly all his time out on the veldt and sometimes disappears for six and eight weeks at a time. As for his horse, it is acknowledged to be the best in Matabeleland. He has been offered large sums of money for it, but nothing will induce him to part with it. He is said to have carried a dispatch eighty miles in one day on that same horse, during the late campaign, and that through country teeming with the enemy. He must have had a fierce struggle to get through, for when he reached his destination, he was so exhausted that he had to be lifted out of the saddle and it was discovered that he had a deep assegai wound in the thigh, and an ugly jag in the left shoulder from a rifle shot. Even then, after handing over his dispatches to the officer commanding, his first care was for his horse. "Give him the best feed you have got in the camp; he has well earned it. Only for him, the vultures would be picking my bones clean by this time."

And this was all that could be got out of him concerning his brush with the natives on the way.

On another occasion, hearing that a friend of his had been made prisoner by the Matabele, he obtained permission to attempt his rescue. He started early in the morning on the trail of the natives, and although we had a good opinion of his ability to take care of himself, we thought that he was running long chances of being captured, if not killed; particularly as the natives he was trailing belonged to the chief Babyan, the most ferocious of all the Matabele chiefs. Imagine our surprise about sundown, to see him riding into camp with another man behind him on the saddle—the man he had gone out to rescue. The horse had carried double for nearly fifteen miles. Gentleman Jack had struck the trail of the natives soon after he left our camp and followed it until he came almost on to them. Dismounting and tying his horse to a tree, he crept close enough to discover his comrade bound hand and foot, with a big warrior keeping guard over him, armed with a knob-kerrie and stabbing spear. A big feast was evidently in preparation, and the natives were kindling large fires. Knowing that the Matabele invariably gorged themselves to bursting point whenever they got a chance, Gentleman Jack resolved to wait until they had eaten their fill, and then, trusting to the big feed making them sufficiently drowsy to relax their usual vigilance, make the attempt to rescue the prisoner. The natives had evidently been very successful in a hunt, for they had several large buck roasting almost whole on the fires. Before commencing to eat, they raised the prisoner to his feet, and bound him again with raw-hide ropes to a large tree. They did not offer him any personal violence, but the warrior who was told off to guard him, cursed a little and muttered "yenga mlungo" (dog of a white man). Then the feast began, and the warriors commenced to rend and swallow the half-cooked meat in a way that suggested the grentest hunger. From his hiding place, Gentleman Jack noted with satisfaction that the natives had with them several large calabashes filled with "tchula" (native beer.) These were passed from hand to hand and the warriors commenced to wax lively, and tell stories of their own

and their ancestors' prowess in the hunt and on the battlefield. Then, one by one, they commenced to nod, and presently the only men awake were the prisoner and the big warrior who guarded him. This was Gentleman Jack's opportunity. On hands and knees he crept stealthily forward until he reached the tree to which the prisoner was bound. Up and down paced the black guard, occasionally halting and leaning on his broad-bladed spear. Twice he passed the spot where Gentleman Jack lay in hiding, but not quite close enough. The third time he stopped within two yards of him, and commenced to yawn. Suddenly something dark and heavy bounded through the air, and catching him by the throat, plunged a hunting knife into his side.

The native died without a groan and so quietly had it all been done, that not one of the sleeping warriors moved. From where he was bound to the tree, the prisoner had witnessed all this, and in less time than it takes to tell, the cords that bound him were being cut by Gentleman Jack, who whispered to him to step quietly, unless he wished to be retaken and tortured to death by the amiable chief, Babyan.

Stiff and cramped from being tied up so long, the prisoner would have fallen had not his rescuer helped him.

All this was told us by the rescued man, for with characteristic brevity, Gentleman Jack had only said to the captain of our troop: "Managed to rescue my man, all right."

I felt deeply interested in this narrative and just at that moment the subject of our conversation strolled leisurely on to the hotel verandah, doubtless satisfied that his horse was well stabled for the night. He sat down quite close to us and nodded to my acquaintance, my acquaintance, who must have guessed that I wa swishing for an introduction, for he said: "Gentleman Jack, permit me to introduce Mr. Lascelles. Mr. Lascelles, Gentleman Jack." We shook hands and soon drifted into a conversation about hunting, and somewhat to my surprise, I found out that Gentleman Jack knew as much about hunting big game in India as he did in Africa. We dined together that evening and my new friend told me that he intended starting on a week's hunt the following day. I asked if he would object to me going with him and he readily assured me that I was very welcome. He also told me that he had heard from a native that a large herd of buck had been seen about forty miles south of Bulawayo.

The next day saw us putting a few provisions into our saddlebags and with a blanket and mackintosh strapped fast to our saddles, away we started on the trail of the buck. The horse I was riding, although it would not compare with the black stallion of my comrade, was a tolerably decent one. We cantered easily through the town and soon struck the open veldt. About mid-day we halted and off-saddled and turning the horses loose to graze, lighted a fire and soon had some boiling coffee made. This, with some ship's biscuit and dried meat constituted our meal, which was followed by the inevitable pipe. After resting for about two hours, we again saddled up and rode on till sundown. All this time we had kept to the road, but now Gentleman Jack struck into the bush, explaining to me that he knew a good place to camp for the night, close to the banks of a river, and where there was good grazing for the horses. Carefully picking our way through the dense undergrowth, we presently came to an open glade, one of the most beautiful places I had seen in Africa. A tiny stream rippled through it, and wild flowers of every shade and tint grew in abundance. Pointing to the remains of a camp fire, Gentleman

Jack said: "That s where I camped three weeks ago. Except myself, you are the only white man that has ever been here." Then to his horse, "Well, Eagle, old boy; I suppose you have not forgotten the place where the grass is so sweet?"

We off-saddled and turned both horses loose, knowing they would not stray far. As for Eagle, his master had only to whistle to bring him trotting to his side. Next, we lighted a fire and brewed some coffee and grilled what was left of our dried meat. By this time it was quite dark, the twilight in these tropical regions being only of very short duration. We were just finishing our supper, when Gentleman Jack rose suddenly to his feet, and warning me to remain quiet, he drew a revolver and commenced to crawl towards a clump of thick bush, some little distance from us. His quick ear had caught some sound that I had not noticed. He had been gone about two minutes, when I heard a shrill bry and a little later he returned dragging with him a small Matabele boy, who was evidently frightened almost out of his wirs. He seemed a little reassured when Gentleman Jack addressed him in his own tongue, and more so when he was given the remains of our supper. He ate this in silence, glancing alternately from me to my companion, surprise and astonishment expressed on every feature of his face. After he had eaten a meal sufficient for two men, Jack remarked: "What do you think of a nigger's appetite?" then addressing the boy, "what were you doing in the bush and whose kraal are you from?"

The boy pointed southward, and said the kraal of his people lay behind a big mountain. He had been sent to gather brushwood before sundown, but had wandered too far and darkness overtaking him he had lost himself. Seeing the light of our camp fire he had crept up to investigate. Accidentally he had trodden heavily on a piece of rotten wood and this was the noise that made Gentleman Jack start up so suddenly.

Jack then asked him the name of his chief, to which the boy replied: "My chief is called N'Yorbe; he is a mighty chief who rules five hundred warriors."

All this was of course perfectly unintelligible to me, but Gentleman Jack explained and added that he had never heard of the chief N'Yorbe, but if I was willing, he would ask the boy to guide us to the native village in the morning. Being desirous of seeing the natives in their own homes, I readily agreed. Jack then gave the boy his mackintosh and told him to sleep by the camp fire for the night.

"In the morning I want you to show us the way to your village."

The boy, who seemed to have quite got over his fright, said he could easily find the way in daylight and would willingly take us. Then he rolled himself up in the mackintosh and was soon fast asleep, and after another pipe we followed suit.

At break of day, the boy awakened us and after a hasty meal, we struck out in the direction of the native village, the boy going first, we following him on our horses. After travelling four or five miles through the bush, we struck a well-worn native foot-path, which evidently ran right up to the mountain that we were approaching. Just beyond the mountain, the boy told us, we would find the native village. We rode forward at a walk, and presently our ears were greeted with the barking of dogs, the beating of sheep and goats, the lowing of cattle, the cries of children, and all the variety of sounds that prove the vicinity of a Matabele kraal. Through a pass in the mountains the boy led us, and right at our feet lay the native village. It was a collection of over a hundred huts,

shaped something like bee-hives. One hut was particularly noticeable on account of its enormous size, and we observed that a large number of men were gathered round it, each armed with a raw-hide shield, assegai and knobkerry.

"That must be the chief's hut," remarked Jack.

Just then, half a dozen warriors stalked gravely toward us. Not giving them time to speak first, Gentleman Jack said :—"Sakabona nye na bonke ; ngi foona kaluma lo inkose arko (greeting one and all ; I would have speech of your chief.) Evidently taking him for a great man, they saluted in the Matabele fashion, viz., raising the spear in the right hand, and with the words, "Ku lungili, Inkose mshlorpi," (It is well, oh white chief), they walked back towards the large hut. Meantime, we waited some little distance away. I must confess that I felt no small amount of trepidation amongst these ferocious looking warriors, but one glance at Gentleman Jack was sufficient to restore my confidence. He sat his horse like a statue, and did not seem the least bit discomposed by his surroundings ; in fact, he remarked to me : "confounded lot of ceremony and fuss these niggers seem to make about seeing their chief, but here he comes now." Out from the large hut came N'Yorbe, followed at a respectful distance by a dozen of his warriors. He was as fine a specimen of physical manhood as I have ever set eyes on. He must have been fully six feet three inches in height, but he looked much taller, owing to a lofty ostrich feather head-dress that he wore. His skin, where it showed, was the colour of bronze. Around his waist he wore a kind of kilt, made of wild-cat tails, and over his shoulders and clasped round his neck by pieces of raw-hide, was the skin of a male lion. As he walked, two little boys held it, much in the same fashion as a bride's train is carried. Around his wrists were bracelets made of copper and brass, while some of them appeared to be gold, and strings of coloured beads were arranged in fantastic order about his neck, waist and ankles. In one hand he carried a large battle-axe, while the other held a shield and half a dozen throwing spears. He looked in very truth all he was—a barbaric chieftain. His features, although they possessed all the characteristics of the South African native, were not unpleasant, and when he opened his mouth to speak, I noticed that his teeth were beautifully white and even. He walked gravely towards us, and addressing himself to Gentleman Jack said : "Sakabona, abelungu ; wana foona kaluma lo inkose N'Yorbe ! Kaluma nye ; ngi ezwa wana." (Greeting white men ; you desire speech of the chief, N'Yorbe ; say on ; I will hear you.) Then Gentleman Jack made answer : "Greeting to thee, O chief. We have come hither to see and talk with N'Yorbe, the chief who rules five hundred warriors. A child told us of you and your village last night and led us hither this morning."

"It is well, O white man. I am N'Yorbe ; if you come in peace you are welcome."

"Thanks for your welcome, O chief ; we indeed come in peace."

"If you come in peace, why carry the lightning tubes that destroy so quickly?" and N'Yorbe surveyed our rifles and revolvers critically.

"We carry the lightning tubes because we are on a hunt for the buck that roam the forest, and to protect ourselves against attack from wild animals ; even as thou, O chief carriest a battle-axe and assegais."

This answer seemed to please N'Yorbe for he said :

"Well answered, and your face speaks truth : come, follow me ;" and he led the way to his hut. Outside we dismounted and N'Yorbe

called a native and bade him give food to the horses of his white guests. We entered the hut and the chief invited us to be seated. Then he called for meat and drink to be brought to us. There were five other lesser chiefs in the hut, and although they took no part in the conversation, they listened intently to all that passed between Gentleman Jack and N'Yorbe. He asked whence we came and Jack told him from Bulawayo.

"How is it you speak the tongue of the Matabele so well; does the silent one (pointing to me) understand it also?"

Jack explained that I was a stranger but recently arrived in the country; as for himself, he had resided a long time amongst the Matabele, and naturally, had learned somewhat of their tongue. Then the conversation changed to the fever that was so prevalent and the face of N'Yorbe looked saddened as he told us that his only daughter, a child of but fifty moons old, was sick unto death. The witch doctors of the tribe had given her "muti" (medicine) but it seemed of no avail. Gentleman Jack drew from his pocket a small packet of quinine and showing it to the chief, said: "This is some of the white man's medicine for fever, let me see your daughter and I will give her some of it; perhaps it may not be too late to save her life."

N'Yorbe was overjoyed at the idea and replied: "I have heard that the "muti" of the white man is good; if you can save my child's life, ask for whatever you will in my kraal and it is yours."

"Let me see the child and I will do what I can."

N'Yorbe arose and led us to a smaller hut. We entered, and stretched on a pile of skins was a little black child who kept moaning feebly: "Marnzi! Marnzi!! (water! water!! Gentleman Jack took a clinical thermometer from his pocket, and taking her temperature found it registered 103° Then he mixed a stiff dose of quinine with some native beer and gave it to her, the mother of the child and N'Yorbe watching him intently all the time. He next gave orders that she should be kept rolled well up in blankets. We then returned to the larger hut and Gentleman Jack ingratiated himself still further with the chief by making him a present of a plug of hard tobacco. We smoked and talked for a long time, and then N'Yorbe told one of the lesser chiefs to lead us to a hut which we were to consider our own as long as we stayed with him. As soon we were alone, I said, "If that youngster gets over the fever, N'Yorbe will hardly be able to do enough for you. What a fine looking fellow he is, but all the same I should not care to incur his enmity, for that big battle-axe of his looks particularly aggressive. I should much like to have it to send home. Wonder whether he would sell it."

"Niggers very seldom sell their weapons, but if you like I will ask him for you."

The next morning we went to see how the sick child was progressing. All the fever had left her, but she was naturally very weak. Jack gave her another dose of quinine and repeated his former instructions. In a few days she was practically well. My pen fails me when I attempt to describe the joy of N'Yorbe.

We stayed another week in the village, spending our time hunting and fishing. Naturally, the natives knew best where to find the game, and there were always plenty volunteers to beat the bush for us. I had plenty of opportunity for seeing whether Gentleman Jack was the splendid shot he was reputed to be, and although I saw him do some grand shooting, I think he surpassed himself even, the day he brought down a large buck that was running

at five hundred yards distance. The natives held him in the greatest awe and veneration, and when we returned to our hut tired out after the day's chase, they gathered outside the door to get a glimpse of the wonderful white man who could shoot so straight and who had rescued the chief's daughter from the very jaws of death.

At the end of our second week we agreed to return to Bulawayo and Gentleman Jack acquainted N'Yorbe with our intentions. He implored us to stay a little longer, but Jack explained that he wanted to go to the city of the "glittering stones," viz., Kimberley.

"It is well, my white brother; if you must go, go in peace; but before you depart, is there nothing in my kraal you would like to take with you?" If there is, name it, and it is yours."

Gentleman Jack looked thoughtful for a moment and replied: "For myself, O chief, I ask nothing, but my white brother would like to possess a battle-axe like unto the one you carry."

For answer, N'Yorbe handed the battle-axe to me and said: "Take it and welcome for your brother's sake. There is no other like unto it in all Matabeleland; it was my father's before me, and it made him famous n the days of Mosilikatsi, the greatest of Matabele warriors."

A native now appeared with our horses and once more bidding us "Hamba gashly" (go in peace), N'Yorbe left us, and we struck out for Bulawayo. Late that same night we reached the Maxim Hotel.

Gentleman Jack again saw to the stabling of Eagle, and after rubbing him down, as though he were talking to a human being, he said: "Eat well and rest, Eagle; in a few days we start for Kimberley."

Then he pressed his lips to the horse's silky muzzle and patting him on the neck, left him. I had witnessed all this, having followed him to the stables, and I thought his eyes looked dim with unshed tears as he patted the horse's arched neck, and I could not help remarking: "There seems to be a perfect understanding between you and Eagle."

"Yes," he replied, "I have had him ever since ne was a foal. One who was very dear to me used to caress and pet him—" then he broke off and we walked to the dining room of the hotel in silence. About ten days later, Gentleman Jack started for the diamond fields of Kimberley, and I had the honour of accompanying him, but that is another story.

The battle-axe N'Yorbe gave to me, I sent to my old home in England, and long after, when I returned there myself, I found it hanging over the chimney piece of my own particular den.

Frederick MacDonald.

THE BAPTISM OF BATTLE SHOALS.

BY PERCIE W. HART.

WHEN I was a boy the spot possessed a great fascination for me, and even after the lapse of years my imagination often revels in its memories. Many a time I made my way thither, when, as others plainly intimated, I should have been employed in better business.

I was never satisfied. I wanted to see it under all possible conditions of light and darkness, calm and storm, summer and winter. I have fought off sleep until midnight in order to lower myself from the attic window and tramp the by no means trifling distance to the tall cliffs. There, prone upon the scraggly edge, I would lie for hours, gazing off at the stretch of swirling waters so mysteriously illuminated by the pale full moon. Neither did the great gales of summer or winter daunt me in my visitations. Attired in borrowed overalls or pea-jacket much too large for my proportions, I would struggle thither, even if only to have one brief glance at the boisterous scene. But best of all were the holiday afternoons in midsummer, when, with favorite book open in my hands to be read or looked dreamily away from, as fancy suited, I could recline in the shelter of the monument, and enjoy the harsh cries of the circling sea-birds, the sight of passing sails, and the weird company of the unknown heroes whose bones lay scatterd beneath the restless tides below me.

This last, was after all, the bright jewel of the place. The rugged old cliffs, dotted here and there with clusters of huckleberry bushes standing out in dark relief against the lighter greens of the grass which the sheep kept so closely cropped, was a commonplace item in the lengthy shoreline of my native land. The waters of the great bay stretching in front to the horizon line were no different from what could readily be seen at a hundred other points of vantage. Even the three old cannon, upreared near the cliff's edge and surmounted by a rust-eaten round shot, was only a mute monument, with no inscription to tell its reason for being. A stranger, if one should chance to find himself in such an out of the way spot, realizing only what he could see with his eyes, would soon grow wearied and hasten away. But to me, with a knowledge of what had happened here, a knowledge gained from the remembrances of an actual spectator, those lonely old cannon throbbed with life and each lap of the waves against the rocky base whispered of what lay hidden beneath the friendly covering. I will tell you the story, not in my own words, for such would seem like a sacrilege, but translating it as nearly as I can from the soft Acadian patois, in which I listened to it more times than I could well count up.

Quite near the monument was a tall cairn or tower built solidly from rudely quarried stones. At convenient intervals upon one side the ends of some of the flatter rocks were allowed to project a few inches, thus forming a sort of rough stairway by which the ascent to the top could readily be made.

This tower was used as a look-out place from which to observe the approach of "schools" of fish. These "schools," when undisturbed, race along very near the surface of the water, many of the livelier fish

jumping clean out in their playfulness and making a great splutter and splashing in so doing. Keen-eyed fishermen can thus detect their quarry at several miles distance and know where to go with their seines. Daddy Dellcor (probaby a corruption from the ancient French name of De La Cour), was the oracle of our village and the principle watcher upon the stone tower at Monument Point. Daddy Dellcor was an old man, how old nobody knew exactly, for he had outlived his generation and arrived upon the scene before vital statistics were considered necessary. But old as he was he could see further and better than most young men of the coast. Sometimes, after he had carefully swept the whole horizon from beneath his white-lashed eyebrows, I could prevail upon him to join me at the foot of the monument, and, steadily puffing upon his black tobacco, the smoke from which tasted so sweetly in the clear salt air, he would once again relate what he knew and saw of the tragedy commemorated by the silent guns at our backs.

"A long, long time ago—" he would begin. "I was only then a boy—like you, but smaller yet. My work was light in these days, altho I fretted and fumed. I longed for the time when I could join the men in the seine boats. Huh! but boys are ever foolish. Since then old Daddy Dellcor enough hard work for ten has done. Ever the longest haul on the tail-ropes! No one dare say I e'er took the inshore end by choice! But a season or two more now, and I am finished. It is my grandson's joke. Ha-ha! A pretty one, too. After that I am to sit at ease by the fireside and do nothing but eat and smoke the day away. It is a good joke. As if I shall not come to be drowned at last by the great sea, even though I cheat it so long? My father, my seven brothers, my five sons, my—Eh? Oh yes. What happened that evening in the long ago, upon those Battle Shoals? I can tell you for I saw it all—and heard it, too. You smile? Well listen. It was wartimes then. Even we poor fisher folk were caught in the mesh of it. My mother's son by her first husband was taken away from us in broad daylight. He must help in the fighting, the gold braided man said. Ralph may not have been killed in the fighting, but it seemed to us strange that he did not come back with the peace. Never saw or heard we from him afterwards. Not since the day he marched along the shore so bravely, with the boat's crew from the big ship in the offing, all about him. He was a strong fine lad was Ralph, as I well remember. Poor Jeanette, she was the pretty daughter of our next door neighbour. Her heart was broken. She—But that was long ago. Worse than the press-gang was the enemy. When they came they burned our houses and took our boats and all. We could only hide away in the back country for safety. Some families starved to death before they could get food. I remember when the people of our village live one whole long winter upon the meat from a stranded whale. Although hard to chew upon it tasted good, but I do not believe we could stomach it now. We were not so dainty in those days, but—Oh, yes. I can tell you. One day, it must have been summer, for the seines were drying—came a sound as of thunder out at sea. The sun was shining and the sky was blue, but still came the noise again and again, down to us upon the breeze. We well knew what it could only be. We had heard the same thing so many times before. There was fierce fighting going on out there; maybe a great sea-battle between two rival fleets. How father and the rest of the men commenced running this way and that, hiding nets and fish and all as well as they could. Piling things in the niches

of the rocks and covering over with sand and seaweed. And the goats and the pigs? What a bustle they made? Such a running about, and squealing, and bleating, as the women and children herded them off inland. For never could we tell what might happen in those war-time days.

I was big enough to be let stay with the men. Father took hold of my hand and we came out here to the point, so that nothing might approach from seaward without our knowledge. Far out where sky and water join we saw little clouds of smoke. That was all, at first. Not even the tall masts showed their tips above the water line. It blew hard and directly on shore. The sound of cannon firing, borne by the wind, came plainly enough. I remember my father looking up at the sky and shaking his head as if he forboded evil. But most of the men with us were in great good humour. Happen the fight as it would, they looked for rich wreckage. With such a wind it must needs come ashore hereabouts.

After a while, we saw two black specks, almost enveloped in smoke. They were great frigates, driving towards land, and fighting steadily while they drove. Father said as mostlike they were both leaking badly and coming to beach. Much beach they would find under the long cliffs!

We must have gone back home for a bite to eat and to rest, for next I remember being here, it was hours later. The gale was blowing harder than ever. The black clouds were scurrying overhead. In the westward was the great sun seeming to be licking up the edges of the water in its sinking. It shone with fierce redness upon that late afternoon—so red that the sight frightened me. I clung to my father's hand. The sound of the cannonading to seaward had ceased. Except for the two oncoming ships, no other craft were in sight. The pair had come much nearer by this time. We knew that no human power could save them both from the shoal's sharp teeth. The two ships were now as one, side by side, bound together with their own fallen masts and wreckage; little better than hulks they wallowed sluggishly towards their doom. Nevertheless, the fighting had not ceased. We could distinguish clusters of men attacking one another about the decks and the gale brought down to us the clash of their weapons and their wild shoutings.

The sun descended but darkness came not so quickly—the big ships had burst in flames. In such a wind the fire licked upward like rockets. They were within a few cable lengths of us and we could feel the heat on our faces. The glare of the burning made everything red. Even the water roundabout the ships looked like tossing blood. The light showed the ghastly piles of dead and dying upon the decks. Still the fighting kept on. A bareheaded young officer, with face all blackened from powder, was about to lead a group of wildly excited followers to the deck of the other ship, when there came a loud report, followed by another and another. The cannon of the two ships were firing a shotted salvo. Left loaded, they could not withstand the heat about them. In almost regular succession they continued discharging. The youdg officer paused. So likewise did his own men and their opponents. The light from the burning must have at last shown them the cruel cliffs near at hand and the hissing white foam of the breakers. Then came the ending. Waving one hand gracefully in farewell the young officer brought his blood dripping sword to the salute. The rest, both enemies and friends, did the same with their weapons. The two great burning ships were very close now and upreared upon the

crest of the oncoming wave. Beneath their feet showed the ledges jagged maw. Then—the Heavens seemed to burst open—and I knew nothing for many minutes. One of the big powder magazines had exploded and the terrific air shock had rendered me unconscious. I was but a child. When I was able to look again, all was black boisterous night. No sign of fire or of fighting ships. No sound of bellowing cannon or roaring flames. Only the harsh shriek of the gale."

IN A BURMESE TEMPLE.

BY EVELYN ORMOND.

IN OFFERING the following mysterious account of some extraordinary adventures that befell me in Lower Burma about two years ago, I expect them to be received with a certain amount of scepticism and incredulity; but I have two reasons for offering them to the public. First, to give to the world some slight idea of the habits and customs of the priests of Buddah, as they really are, not as they are usually misrepresented. Second, it is within the bounds of probability that there may be someone who, having read this, may possibly be able to offer a solution to a mystery that has for so long puzzled me, to say the least of it. At time I write of, I was on a visit to a little Burmese village called Martaban, a place that had somewhere in the "fifties" been bombarded by the British forces, and had only capitulated after a prolonged and desperate resistance. The village of Martaban is built on the banks of the Salween River, and it was from the opposite side that the British had shelled it. Even now there remain traces of the damage done by the British guns, in the shape of ruined temples and pagodas. When I crossed the river to visit Martaban, I had not the faintest intention of staying there more than a few hours, particularly as the entire population consisted of natives, none of whom spoke English. I simply intended to have a look through a new temple that had recently been completed. It was a magnificent building, built something like the style of pagoda one often sees on a willow-pattern plate. The entrance to it was guarded by two hideous figures that looked like winged lions, with grotesque caricatures of human faces—*nats*, I afterwards found out they were called—and it was with a certain amount of trepidation that I passed these grim monstrocities. Laughing at myself for my ridiculous fears, I continued my way through a palm-shaded avenue, until I came to some steps leading into the temple itself. Three yellow-robed figures—whom I rightly judged to be priests, were sitting on the steps, and seeing a stranger approaching, they rose to their feet and gravely advanced to meet me. I saluted them, and in a mixture of broken English and vile Hindustani, endeavoured to explain the object of my visit. They paid every attention to me while I was speaking, and then, one of them with something like a twinkle in his eye, said to me in excellent English, "You are very welcome, and it will give me much pleasure to show you our new building. Come this way, please!" The priest who had

spoken was evidently someone in authority, and I followed him up up the steps, at the top of which was a carved teak-wood door, which opened into an apartment about fifty feet square. It was filled entirely with figures of Buddha, made of every description of material -stone, plaster, wood, bronze, marble and alabaster. By the dim light that came in through a narrow window, I made out two recumbent figures of Buddha, running the whole length of the apartment, one on the right the other on the left hand side. At the top of the room was another figure of Buddha in a sitting posture, with the hands resting on the knees. It was made of alabaster, elaborately painted and gilt. It could not have been less than forty feet in height. Ranged in front of these colossal figures, were upwards of a hundred smaller ones, all representing Buddha in various attitudes. What struck me as being most peculiar, was the fact that every figure presented the same calm inscrutable face, despite the fact that no two of them were executed by the same artist. After I had spent an hour in this apartment, my guide led me through a small doorway into the largest room in the temple. Here were the same numberless figures of Buddha, some of them placed in little shrines, before which candles were burning. The air was heavy with the perfume of joss-sticks and pastilles, and mingling with this somewhat sickly odour, there came the glorious scent of roses through an open window. Burma is justly celebrated for its fine roses! Round the walls of the larger room were what I at first thought an endless number of paintings, but on going closer to examine them, I saw they were *bas reliefs*, in carved wood, exquisitely modelled and coloured. Many of them were allegorical, others depicted hunting scenes,, war scenes, Eastern peasants tilling fields, groups of girls picturesquely attired, listening to the songs of a minstrel, silk weavers and goldsmiths at work and many others too numerous to mention. My guide explained that these beautiful works of art were stories from the life of Buddha in his many incarnations. Having seen the principal objects of the interior I next followed my guide into a large rose garden, and there, the full beauty of the whole building struck me. The outside walls were inlaid with pieces of coloured glass from the ground to the topmost pinnacle of the roof, and the sun striking full on these, almost blinded my eyes as I looked. "Like a fairy palace that one reads of in the Arabian Nights," was my mental reflection. The priest now asked me if I would be pleased to partake of the hospitality of the temple, an offer I gratefully accepted. Into a small bare room I now followed him —the room where the priests took their simple meals—and a substantial repast consisting of mangoes, bannanas, bread, biscuits, curried rice and vegetables was quickly placed before me. To my surprise the priest did not offer to join me, explaining that he only partook of food once a day—early in the morning. While I was eating, I began to study the intellectual face of my companion, and I found myself wondering where he had learned to speak such perfect English. I did not like to ask him, but as though he could read my very thoughts, he said quietly, "I have studied the English tongue for several years. My teacher was an English priest who became a convert toBuddhism about ten years ago. He left Mandalay to go to a monastery in Thibet some three years since, and after his departure, he sent me a copy of two of the greatest English poets—Shakespeare and Byron, and through the medium of these I have contrived to keep up my pocket knowledge of English." I expe

nced considerable surprise on hear-
ng a Buddhist priest talk of Shake-
peare and Byron, but I made no
mment. After a pause, the priest
ntinued, "I suppose if you were
tell some of your English friends
hat I have just told you, they
ould be inclined to disbelieve it?
et how readily they believe un-
uths, concerning the Buddhist
rotherhood. Only the other day,
saw a picture in an illustrated
ondon paper, depicting Buddhist
riests praying to idols, and the
ross stupidity, or rather, absurd
norance of the man that wrote the
ticle accompanying the picture,
forded me considerable amuse-
ent."

I am by profession a journalist
yself, and naturally, I felt inclined
resent the way he spoke of the
ross stupidity of the man who
rote the article he mentioned. I
plained that there might have been
me slight mistake, and also gave
m some details concerning the
ay a great London paper is man-
ed; then by some curious means
other, I found myself trying to
plain Marconi's Wireless Tele-
aphy to him. He listened patient-
until I had finished, then calmly
marked that the people of the
st had for ages had a far superior
ans of sending messages through
ace. I suppose he must have seen
at I was sceptical, for he said
esently, "I do not as a rule go
t of my way to prove my words,
t if you like, I will give you a
actical demonstration of what I
ve told you, that is if you are ac-
ainted with the names of any of
e priests who live in the monas-
y on the other side of the river."
As it happened, only the previous
y, I had been introduced to one of
em, and I mentioned him by
me. "Very well," answered my
mpanion," I will send a mess-
e asking him to come across here
once. On the way, he has to
ss your hotel, and he may as well
bring your portmanteau with him, as
you will probably stay here for a
week and will be sure to need it."
I was still sceptical, and had really
no idea of staying for a week in
Martaban; however, it was with a
certain amount of curiosity that I
watched the movements of the
priest. No one was in the room but
ourselves, and after bidding me
be silent for a few minutes, he ar-
ranged some cushions on the floor,
and sitting on them, seemed to go
off into some kind of trance. It did
not last more than a sew seconds,
and then with a smile, he arose and
handed me a cheroot, saying at the
same time, "Wait a while and your
skepticism will vanish." Sure en-
ough, in less than an hour's time,
in walked my acquaintance of the
day before, followed by a small
native boy carrying my portmanteau.
To say that I was surprised would
be to put it very mildly indeed, and
I tried to reason out that it was
only some subtle trickery after all.
The priest evidently guessed the
purport of my thoughts, for he re-
marked, "Even now, you do not like
to admit that there is anything more
than some cheap jugglery in what
you have seen." Then taking me
by the hand, he crossed to an open
window and pointing down the
palm shaded avenue that led to the
temple steps said, "Now I will
show, or rather tell you something
that will probably astonish and per-
plex you still more. Along that
avenue sometime this afternoon.
will come a friend of yours—a
brother journalist. He comes from
India, and will seek you here in this
very temple."

In spite of what I had already
seen, I felt very much inclined to
laugh at this, for the only journalist
I knew well enough in India to call
friend, was James ———, of the
"Pioneer," and I felt perfectly cer-
tain that if he intended coming to
Burma, he would be sure to let me
know of his intention either by let-

ter or telegram, several days ahead. It was now over two months since I had heard from him, and the more I thought of it, the more I laughed at the idea. I decided, however, to stay the afternoon, if only to prove the priest was quite unable to predict the arrival of my old friend. I passed the best part of the afternoon away in listening to stories of the marvellous adventures of Buddha. I leave it to the reader to imagine what my thoughts were, when about five o'clock, I heard the short crisp tones of James ——— inquiring if Evelyn Ormond *Sahib* were within. In another minute, we were shaking hands, and he was telling me he had come across to Martaban for a weeks shooting. While we were talking the priest, apologising for his intrusion, offered us both the use of room during the week we intended staying, and as he walked away added with the barest suspicion of smile, "I knew you would need you portmanteau; that is why I sent for it."

It never struck me until he was gone that neither of us had spoken loud enough for him to hear us decide to stay for a week's shooting. How he knew of it—how he sent the mysterious message that resulted in another priest turning up with my portmanteau, and how he knew that my old college chum was going to arrive that day, are mysteries I have never been able to solve.

A SINGER.

HE sent his songs, pitched in the key of Life,
Into the vast dome, dark and echoing,
Of Cosmic Nature, boldly did he sing
His songs of boy and maid, of man and wife,
Of youth and age—but all the void seemed rife
With jangled tones; and all its heart did ring
With unmatched sounds; and back on him did fling
His sweetest rhymes in vexed discordant strife;
So he was silent: And one said to him,
"Wilt thou be mute to all eternity?"
He gravely smiled and answered him "Not so,
The time to come my present shall redeem;
I wait, and I am hopeful still, but lo!
I sing no more till death shall change the key."

—*R. G. McDonald.*

A SWABIAN IDYL.

"AUF WIEDERSEHN."

BY GRACE HOLME.

"AUF WIEDERSEHN!"

That last good-bye—till we meet again—struck strange fitful chords in Johann's breast for many a long day. The melody of Maria's low "*Auf* Wiedersehn" seemed broken by the groans of the moving train and the laughter of a crowd of tourists.

The pines soon eclipsed the little wayside station. Johann fell back into his seat and began to unwind the covering from the simple present *zum Anderken*—his betrothed had just pressed into his hands. The train rumbled slowly on. His thoughts went back to Freisdenfeld. He pictured Maria's homeward drive. He imagined his friends and relations discussing the announcement of his betrothal, so long expected and desired. He calculated how much money he could save during his two years' contract to superintend railway work in far-off squalid Kastamuni. Station after station flew by in the twilight. His thoughts gradually wandered away to his childhood, the shadow of the Hohentwiel passed over his soul, and Johann dreamed of the days, when like brother and sister, he and his beloved had wandered hand in hand through the wood, making the valley echo with *Der Wacht am Rhein* and of those spring mornings, when they had climbed the Steinberg together. How the wind had whistled through their hair and fluttered the opened pages of Ekkehardt. How close to one another they had crept as they repeated the love story of the haughty princess and the scholarly monk. What an unfailing source of delight this simple tale of man and maid had been to them. How they had lived those early days of Ekkehardt's life at the castle over and over again. He remembered how often he had loosened his hold on Maria when she tried in childish wilfulness to break away and pretend to follow her dear lady over the Boden See to St. Gallen. To Johann's honest, practical mind the obstacle in the way of those sweet lovers had seemed unreal.

The train drew into Constance, the spell was broken. Weeks after when Maria's letters grew colder and scarcer Johann's heart wandered back to Swabia and he too was willing to cross the lake and follow the young deacon to his cell on the Thurgau.

* * * * * * *

Maria slowly left the station and mounted the coach for Freudenfeld. She scarcely noticed the English tourists who had arrived by the train—the same train which bore away her lover. These travellers had no interest for her, her heart was far away down the Danauthal.

"How do you do, Fraulein Maria."

"Thanks, quite well, Herr Philip."

"Why, Fraulein, it must be four years since I saw you last, how you have changed."

"Yes, Herr Philip, it was the

year Johann returned from the States to study engineering."

The coach was ready to start, the conversation ceased and Philip took his place beside the rest of his party, prepared to point out the beauties of Freudenfeld. The well-kept road wound round trim plantations and meandered through stretches of cultivated land. The home of the Hohenzollerns stood out against the sky line; far away to the South the setting sun lit up the snow-capped Alps.

The travellers were received at the *Gasthaus* with the friendly welcome accorded to all strangers in this hospitable land. Philip chatted with old friends, enquired about former acquaintances and listened to the latest village news with apparent interest. The evening meal in the small cozy *speisesaal* over, they sauntered listlessly along the little village street in the cool of the evening. The men tested the latest favorite brand of cigars. They all tested the beer of the country. Some yawned without shame and others slipped quietly away to seek the repose granted in good measure to those who have journeyed across the Gallie plains through a mid-summer night. The coach took Maria on to the parsonage. Aurora was tinging the sky ere she forsook her lonely watch towards the orient and lay down to dream of her betrothed.

For some days the new arrivals were kept busy under Philip's guidance. He showed them the Pfarrhaus where he had come many years ago to learn German; he introduced them to his tutor, the pastor of Frendenfeld. He recalled his attempt to teach the villagers cricket and showed his friends where he had rescued Maria, then a fat toddling child, from a flock of geese. They visited the ruined castles and ascended to the best points of view; they wandered along the forest roads secure under Philip's guidance. He showed the men where to fish and the girls where the wild flowers grew. Some painted and others tried to read Scheffela's entrancing story. They had black bread and new wine at a fine old gabled farmhouse and gossiped with a village Dominie, proud of his little regiment of scholars at drill. They all attended the quarterly fair at Neuhausen and purchased all manner of curios—umbrellas modeled in the days of the great Fritz for the profane, beads for the sentimental and clocks for the matter-of-fact. They visited a walled town, still spared from the hand of the builder, with sleepy, ill-paved streets and moss-decked gardens. They escaped the summer heat in the wood, where ever-flowing breezes, laden with the sweet incense of pines, played around their hammocks. In the evenings, while Philip smoked a cigar with the pastor, the others sat in the garden drinking beer and coffee or played games and sang songs in the Great Hall. Life seemed worth living, friendship ripened rapidly; love was Queen.

One morning at breakfast, Philip told them of a wedding soon to take place in a neighboring village, and proposed that they should ride over in a *leiterwagen* and join in the festivities. The pastor assured them of a hearty welcome and Maria was to be the chief bridesmaid. When the day came they jolted merrily to the fine old house, buried beneath mighty spreading beaches, to find themselves honored guests. The life-long devotion of Fritz, the despairing glances of Wilhelm, the sullen scowls of Ernst were ignored—the local swains were neglected and the the Professor danced with the bride and Philip lead Maria under the garlands. Rich cakes loaded the tables, rare old Neckar wines and sweet-scented *kirschwassar* were poured out in lordly profusion. Philip drank and gazed at the sweet young damsel at his side. She

blushed and sought to avoid his fervent glances. Neither spoke.

The ceremonies progressed with due deliberation. The bride's father made a speech and referred in glowing terms to the presence of the strangers. All eyes then rested on Philip. The Herr Englaender was known to most of them, he had attended many a merry making. He rose to speak. Words came smoothly and rapidly. He praised the sturdy independence of Swabia, the vigour and honour of her sons, the fair beauty of her daughters. He sat down amid cries of "Lebe Wohl" from all sides. When the rest of the party rose to go, Philip preferred to stay a little longer with his old friends and return with the pastor. He danced so often with Maria, that her timid little heart fluttered with excitement and her deep brown eyes oft sought his face. Philip sat beside her on the way home, but the stars carried her thoughts far away to the lonely worker in the East and she was weary and sad when he helped her down from the wagon, warmly pressed her hand and wished her sweet repose.

Philip, naturally unsociable, grew fitful and moody. He had letters to write or pleaded a headache and so it generally happened now that the tiny streams were fished and the wild flowers gathered and the long walks trudged without him. As soon as the others had disappeared, he would start off briskly in an opposite direction. Very soon his pace slackened, he sought one of the wayside seats and lit a pipe. Then he slowly wandered home through the woods. He avoided Maria and his visits to the parsonage became less frequent.

Maria's taste for the simple duties of her simple life was growing daily less and less, the preserving was neglected, and the care of her widowed father no longer engrossed her thoughts as it had done in the past. She would rouse herself to study her face and survey her dresses. Would Herr Philip like her better if she were dressed like the English fraulein. Why did he not talk to her and smile as he did at the wedding. He disliked her now. Once arrayed in her best she had met him in the garden on his way to her father and had given him a flower. She found it afterwards lying on the floor by his chair.

Maria had received a long letter from Johann, full of love and accounts of his daily life. How he wished for an hour by her side on the Steinberg that they might read Ekkehardt together and write poetry. Such verses would sound sweeter to him now than all the music of the East. Maria read the letter with none of the old zest but she knew her duty—she was Johann's betrothed and must obey his wishes. The summer sun had reached its climax, even on the Steinberg the heat was overpowering. Maria was glad to descend to the Waldhut. The simple verses were soon composed and lay in her lap. Her eyes were closed and thought had fled. She was aroused by Philip's step.

"Who are you writing to Fraulein; Johann?"

"Yes Herr Philip."

He was moving onwards when he caught a wistful pleading look in her eye. He paused, began to talk and finally took the place by her side. Maria made no attempt to speak but the childlike simplicity of this country maiden began to throw its spell a second time over Philip. The jibes of his brother barristers were forgotten, he cared little what his clubmates thought. This young life looked up to him for sympathy. The hours passed quickly by. Suddenly he rose and left her abruptly without a word or smile. The next day and the day after and for many a day Maria, dressed with the utmost care, sought the Waldhut. Philip would appear for a day or

two and then stay away for days together.

One day he surprised Maria in tears. A third time he took her hand and sought to comfort her. She did not understand the fitful woing of this stern-faced man. Johann was ever at her side and always looked kindly at her. She knew all his little ways and fancies. The life of the Englaender seemed full of mystery. Johann used to tease her with his rustic jokes and then hold her in his arms and kiss her till she smiled again. The foreigner seldom took her outstretched hand and never admired her sweet eyes as Johann had done.

Maria looked up enquiringly at Philip. He continued to hold her hand and drew closer to her. She began to tremble.

"Maria would you like to go to England with me and have me always at your side to comfort you?" he said at length.

She had never realized her position—the question took her completely by surprise. She was Johann's betrothed. She did not know her love for him was dead. She had never thought of marrying Herr Philip, whom she had known from childhood and looked upon as far above her. She had never thought of leaving her father and her beloved hills.

"I am betrothed," she said, simply.

"Johann does not understand you," he replied, "he will forget you and marry some one far away."

Philip took her in his arms and began to reason with her. The simple mind was overwhelmed by his sophistry and when again he said "Will you be my wife?" she answered "Yes, Herr Philip, if my father will allow me." They returned together to Freudenfeld.

Philip's friends were at breakfast two days after his proposal. The party was breaking up in fact and in spirit. The professor had grown tired of women's society and was climbing with some friends in the Tyrol. The schoolmaster was on his way to work again. The days were growing colder, friendships were waning faster than they had waxed, and Care was King. Rumours of Philip's attention to the pastor's daughter had reached their ears but his expression was too defiant for them to court discussion. He joined the party and in a few covert words announced his engagement, his intention to stay on till Term opened and his scarcely concealed desire for them to depart without delay. Round the large *spisesaal* the Englaenders were greeted with looks of hatred and scorn. At every table the unforgivable sin of Maria and the perfidy of Philip were the sole topics of conversation. Deep was the sympathy expressed for the broken-hearted father and the absent Johann.

A few days of strained relations and Philip was left alone. The other guests began to leave the hotel and soon Freudenfeld had assumed its autumn appearance. Philip and Maria wandered unnoticed together. He told her of his life in London, his chambers, his clubs. She wondered if he would be the same to hor when he was among his own people and busy with his own work. She talked innocently to him about the linen she had inherited from her mother, and asked him how she should manage to prepare the preserves and the kirschwasser and the gurkins in the crowded smoky city Philip had described to her. Now they were free to wander much together his love for her seemed to grow less each day; he tired of her simple stories of housekeeping and dressmaking. She missed the quiet trustful manner of Johann. As the day for Philip's return to London drew near, he became more reticent and irritable. Maria felt a terrible sense of weak-

ness, of impending calamity, of indescribable anguish.

It was a sad party which journeyed to the station to see Philip off. The little present failed, the timid *Auf Wiedersehn* of Maria found no response. The train moved rapidly off and the country damsel was bereft of lovers, and heart and peace of mind.

* * * * * * *

When the days of working and waiting were over, Johann again turned his face to the Fatherland with a stronger sense of duty, a loving heart and sympathy with all who mourn. He wrote to Philip and forgave, though he could not forget, the wrong done to him. He dared to be happy, even in this stricken, burdened world, because it is God's world. It is only a little while, it is only a few years and then comes the perfect knowledge. The peace that came to Ekkehardt was his now.

The sun once more lighted up the Thurgau. Autumn tints covered the landscape. The hotel was again empty. In the pastor's garden, sheltered from the wind and propped up with pillows lay a frail form. Slowly came the words of suplication: *Wenn wir in hoechster Noeten sein.* Steps approach from the gate. The sufferer raises herself.

"Is that you Herr Philip, I am ready."

"Sister!"

"Brother Johann."

The *Auf Wiedersehn* was for ever past, the waiting was over. That day the broken melody was resumed, there was music and dancing in Freudenfeld.

G. R. F. P.

THE YEAR'S WISDOM.

YOUNG APRIL took me by the hand
And led me down the dripping land.
The rivers wakened one by one—
Cried I "I understand!
"A smile may serve where ravings fail
"And fury is of no avail."

Soft-footed June came down my way
And took me for a holiday.
She kissed the woods to deeper bloom
And laughed at my dismay.
"Love is but magic in disguise!"
I saw the magic of her eyes.

October lit his fire, and red
The gladness of it flamed and spread.
The trees along the hill were stained
As if the sun had bled.
October whispered in my ear
"Brave robes become the dying year."

Old Winter staggered, white and blind,
His fierce cloak blustering behind:
He warmed the little trees with snow
For even he was kind.
The woodland Fathers, straight and grand,
Remembered this, and kissed his hand.

This much of wisdom I have learned
By watching as the seasons turned—
Better the glad award of love
Than fame in battles earned!
Should love forget us, not so clear
The wisdom of the changing year.

Theodore Roberts.

ENGLAND IN JULY, 1900.

NATURALLY all our interests of late have been centred in China and the horrible suspense and uncertainty have even overshadowed the details of the dying campaign in South Africa. The shock of the first announcement of hostilities in the far East is still upon us, and the uncertain fate of the Europeans in Pekin is hanging over us like a dreadful dream. Regiment after regiment is being hurried to the front, and those of us who congratulated ourselves that our soldier friends were safe from South Africa are now dreading to hear of their departure to other active service. The allies so far seem to have acted together more or less in unity, but the necessity of some authorized common leader will surely make itself felt ere long. In our own Commander we have the fullest confidence. Vice Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, who has already extracated himself from a very perilous position, is undoubtedly the right man in the right place. A man of great energy and resource, he has been actively engaged in matters Chinese since the year 1857, when as a youngster he was present at the capture of Canton and Peiho Forts. The Indian authorities made a very popular selection when they appointed Brigadier General Sir Alfred Gaselee as Chief in Command with Col. Barrow as second. Sir Alfred Gaselee is an officer of admitted ability, who has served in almost every frontier campaign of any importance since 1863, and who clinched his reputation during the the operations in the North West frontier during 1897 and 1895. Both Lord Roberts and the late Sir William Lockhart thought most highly of him; and his late appointment as Quartermaster General of Smila has only served to increase his popularity. Colonel Barrow has already shown himself possessed of considerable administrative experience; it was he who raised the Hong Kong Regiment in 1891, and his knowledge of the Chinese and their language makes him especiafly valuable at the present crisis.

As for South Africa—fickle public interest wanes apace as this weary campaign drags its slow length along. If only the fall of Pretoria could have been followed by the proclamation of peace, what a finale it would have been. But these weeks of seeming inactivity and these incessant irritating reverses and disasters are most trying to the nation's temper, and if it were not for our implicit trust and confidence in our Bobs, our patience would have given way long ago. The hospital scandals and Mr. Burdett Coutts' harrowing tales of mismanagement and inefficiency came as a thunderclap to many of us who held in high esteem the working of the Army Medical Department. But till the special inquiry, requested by Lord Roberts, has sifted every detail of complaint, I prefer to stick to my own opinions on the subject. From many private sources one hears of doctors, both army and civilian, nursing sisters and orderlies, who have worked like heroes to meet the exigencies of their task; and if in any way they have failed, surely it was because it was impossible to estimate beforehand the enormous difficulties of transport, and the ravages of deadly enteric which have so augmented the horrors of war. One has only to compare this war with what one knows of the suffering of the sick and wounded in the Crimea to realize how improved all our nursing arrangements are at

the present. Doubtless many comforts, common enough in established hospitals, are missing at the front, but for the most part Tommy does not greatly miss them unless well-meaning busy bodies work upon his spirit of discontent.

But after all, though men may come and men may go, the London season, that toil and moil of society goes on its way rejoicing more or less. The hearts of many have been heavy with mourning, but though balls and dances have been but poorly patronized, philanthropic entertainments have flooded all branches of society. The spirit of bazaars has been rampant in the land and surely by now we must all be a bit tired of playing at shop, as the children say. Alas one has to confess that the Royal Naval and Military Bazaar for that worthy object "The Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors' Home" was in no way the monetary success it deserved to be. In spite of the lavish display on the stalls, in spite of the uniformed and gorgeous troopers, in spite of the smartest and prettiest ladies of London and in spite of the young hero, Captain Lambton, very little money changed hands and the results of the bazaar did little beyond covering expenses. The huge National Bazaar a few weeks back had been such an enormous success that it was only natural that the second should fall a trifle flat.

A much more popular form of charitable entertainment was that held at Sheen House Club in aid of Lady Lansdowne's fund for officers' families. Princess Christian and Princess Victoria were there and the *fete* partook more of the nature of a huge and well arranged garden party where there were plenty of amusing entertainments, as well as beautiful surroundings and fresh air. All the smartest of the smart found their way there and everybody enjoyed themselves. Another entertainment of the same sort and for a like charitable purpose was given last week in Sir Whittaker Ellis's lovely grounds at Richmond. The Duke and Duchess of York were present.

July is half way over and Henley is a thing of the past. As usual, there are diverse opinions about this popular river meeting. Houseboats were few and far between, but those that were there made a brave show and the best of setting to their fair occupants. If the stands and enclosures were not as full as usual, there was a brilliant display and more comfort and real enjoyment than we have known in other years. The rowing was as good as could be wished, tho' nowadays the racing is the last thing in the world which concerns most of the habitues of Henley. For after all is it not an excuse for a three days' picnic—a three days' grace from the heat and rush of London, and a three days opportunity of wearing the daintiest and becoming creations in our wardrobe among the most delightful surroundings. And hard on Henley's footsteps follow all the lesser river regattas and these help to pass the time away till thoughts are turned towards Scotland or Norway or the health-giving waters of Tschl, Carkbad, Marienbad and various other resorts.

Theatrical interest is dying hard and many of the playhouses are already announcing their last nights. It has been a bad season and devoid of interest, tho' one or two things call for mention. First and foremost let me pay tribute to the Hay-Market revival of the "School for Scandal" which compares most favourable with any we remember. Cecil Maude's "Sir Peter" is a work of fine art and Miss Emery's rendering of "Lady Leayle" is as charming and delightful as that spightly lady knows. The Shaftesbury has found a worthy successor to the "Belle of New York" in the "Casino Girl." True, Miss Edna May is not in the caste, but

Miss Mabelle Gilman has already sung herself into high favour and Miss Ella Snyder is piquant and fascinating as ever. Also we have that delightful lunatic Mr. James Sullivan back again, and altogether there is little doubt but that the new girl has come to stay. All other countries seem unanimous in denoucing us as an unmusical nation, but a list of the stars who have appeared lately argue well for the chances we have had. We have listened to Paderewski, Rosenthal, Johannes Wolff and many another, and we are still wondering open mouthed at the assounding knowledge and faultless technique of the new and youthful Bohemian violinist, Kubelik. Practically unknown a year ago, this young son of a working gardener of Prague, has now found himself exalted to the foremost pinnacle of musical favour, and in a position to refuse a mere ordinary hundred guinea fee. His detractors complain of a lot of warmth and colour, but there are no two opinions as to his marvellous execution and perfection of touch; and I hear that over 1000 engagements have already been booked by him and that he intends visiting America in the near future.

Opera goers have had to lament the illness of Calve and also of Jean de Reszki, and Mella has not been heard as often as one could have wished. There are great accounts of Puccini's new opera "La Losca," which is found on Sardou's drama of the same name. Puccini's "La Boheme" has always been popular, but he has gone miles ahead with his new work, and in "Fraulein Ternina," "Signors De Lucia" and "Scotti" he found worthy exponents of his art.

London has of course been busy entertaining distinguished guests, and among them first mention must of course be made of the Khedive. His unfortunate illness on his arrival upset many plans, and all his previously arranged engagements had to be cancelled. For some days Sir Felix Simon was really anxious about him, and though his malady at length resolved itself into a diptheric throat, at one time he was supposed to be suffering from blood poisoning. He was not able to attend the first state concert nor did he appear at Lady Jersey's garden party at Osterley, which had attracted everybody from town, and many other would-be hosts, after making costly arranglments, had to reconcile themselves to doing without him. His visit to Windsor was said to be a great success and there were many regrets when he had to leave our shores behind him. Indian princes we have more or less always with us; and the Maharajah of Kooch Behar, and the Gaik war of Baroda have been much *en evidence*. The Shah is expected at the end of the month and doubtless will be entertained in a right royal fashion, although there are conflicting rumours as to where he will be lodged.

Society has been exercised a good deal of late over the engagement of Lady Randolph Churchill to Mr. West. She has been seen everywhere lately, looking very handsome and pleased at the congratulations she has received. It is said that the prospective bridegroom is only the same age as her brilliant son, Winston Spencer Churchill, and gossip affirms Mrs. Cornwallis to have said: "My dear, but you and I will be old hags while he is still in his prime." However, the parties concerned having taken a good many months in making up their minds and are not to be deterred now. The wedding has been finally fixed for July 28th, and will take place very quietly at 11 o'clock in the morning.

Another interesting engagement is that of Miss Sheela Cornwallis West to the Duke of Westminster. The attachment is said to have

been one of long standing but the late Duke refused to sanction it. Possibly the young Duke's hurried visit home from South Africa after his grandfather's death "on urgent private affairs" may have had something to do with the young and beautiful Miss West.

The famous Wallace collection at Hertford House has now been opened and has become the property of the Nation. The ceremony was an impressive one and the reception which followed was graced by royalty and a collection of notabilities, in comparison with which the pictures and exhibits paled into insignificance. But to those interested in art will find within those nine galleries and entrance hall, the most extraordinarily complete education in each and every branch that has ever been arranged in any one private collection. Pictures of all schools and periods, ivorys, sculptures, wax reliefs, china and furniture, are arranged with a care and thoroughness deserving of highest praise. Objects of most extraordinary artistic and historical interst meet one at every turn; and this Wallace collection may indeed be appreciated as one of the best we have.

Space prevents my doing more than mentioning the Queen's garden party which took place at Buckingham Palace a few days since. Over 5000 invitations were issued, but with the anxiety of the fate of Pekin at its height, there was the possibility of its being postponed. Her Majesty came up from Windsor for the occasion, and the struggle to be present was enormous, though a long list of people "unavoidably prevented from attending" filled the newspapers' society columns next day.

I wish I could tell you something of the naval manœuvres which began a few days since. Up to the present we have heard no particulars, and can only suppose the different fleets are so busy hiding their whereabouts that not even the ubiqutous reporter has been successful in discovering them.

I cannot finish this letter without a few words on those well-known members of society who have passed away from us this month. Lord Loch's death was not unexpected as he had already passed the ordinary three score years and ten and had never been a strong man. His life had been a varied one, and from being a midshipman, he eventually entered the Indian Cavalry. He accompanied Lord Elgin's special embassy to China and was one of those who were made prisoners by the Chinese and who suffered tortures at their hands. For some time he was Governor of the Isle of Man, and was Governor of Victoria before he undertook the same high office at the Cape. His wife was one of the daughters of the late Edward Villiers, and his only son, of the Grenadier Guards, is at the Cape.

Lord Kensington's death is especially sad, coming as it did when everybody supposed he was on the high road to recovery. He only held the title for four years and will be succeeded by his brother, Mr. Hugh Edwards, of the 15th Hussars.

The Earl of Cavain's death took place on the 15th. He was born in 1839 and entered the navy in time to be present at the siege of Sebastopol in 1854, and he was also present at the bombardment of Canton in 1756. He represented South Somerset in the House of Commons from 1885-1891, only succeeding to the Earldom at his father's death in 1887. His heir is Frederick Rudolph, Viscount Kilcoursie, of the Grenadier Guards, who in 1891 was A.D.C. to the Governor General of Canada, Lord Stanley, of Preston.

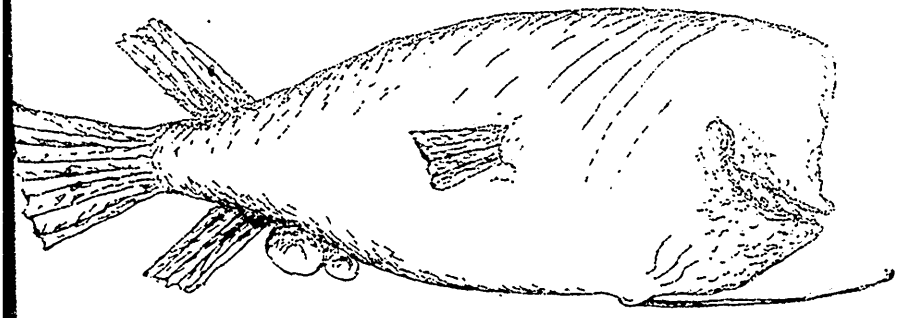
Blackheath.

London, July 16th, 1900.

SEA DEVILS IN NEWFOUNDLAND WATERS.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

A SHORT time ago the Rev. George Bishop, of Hermitage, Fortune Bay, sent me a drawing and description of a singular fish which was found on the surface of the water, not quite dead, near his residence. Unfortunately the fish itself perished in his hands, as he had no means of preserving it, and the flesh was exceedingly soft and watery. It was frozen when brought in, and on thawing melted away and became offensive. He was able, however, to secure an accurate drawing of it (life size) and with this he sent an excellent description. He had often sent me objects of natural history previously, and he requested me to identify this specimen and let him know the result. All my efforts at identification, however, were in vain, although I made a careful search in all the ichthyological books in my library or to which I had access. It was evidently a rare specimen and probably one of the deep sea fishes. I finally decided on sending the drawing and description to my friend the Hon. Charles D. Walcott, Director of the United States Geological Survey, Washington, with the request that he would forward it to the Smithsonian Institution for identification. This he kindly did and with very interesting results. I subjoin Mr. Bishop's description and drawing:



"In appearance the fish was smooth and entirely black all over, resembling the colour and texture of an india-rubber boot. Its teeth were sharp and not larger than the sight of an inch. On the head is a line which extends about two inches in front of its mouth. There is no trace of an eye, and I presume the line or rod helps its owner to find its way to its food and probably attracts it.

"The rays of the tail are two-and-a-quarter inches long; those of the dorsal fins one-and-an-eighth inches. The pectoral fins, which spring out from a kind of flipper, seem to be very delicate. Each ray of the other fins is very distinct and strong, and all are webbed with a clear film which soon disappeared after the fish was taken from the water.

"There were two round grape-like protuberances in front of the dorsal fin. The one nearest to the fin—the fisherman who found it told me

—was large and collapsed considerably as soon as the fish was dead.

"The flesh of this strange creature was very delicate and watery. I kept it for several days frozen, but mild weather came and I could not preserve it. So, in an unlucky moment I threw it out. After thawing several times it began to give out a very bad odour and seemed dissolving away."

"We have another fish which is sometimes found in Bay East, fifteen miles away. I can find nothing of it in any books I have. Some years ago a friend lent me "The Voyage of the Challenger," and I noticed it illustrated them; but the size given was very small compared with some I have seen. It was called by Professor Wilson "corypheudides senatus" and was in length about eighteen inches. I have seen specimens twice as large."

The following is Mr. Walcott's reply to my letter:

"Dear Dr. Harvey,—

Your letter and the accompanying sketch of a fish was referred to Mr. B. W. Evermann, ichthyologist of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, by Dr. F. W. True, Executive Curator of the National Museum, to whom I first referred it for identification.

Mr. Evermann reports as follows: "The fish seems to be "cryptopsarus couesii Gill," one of the sea devils, or members of the family "ceratiidae." It is a deep sea fish, apparently known only from the type (taken by the *Albatross* in the Gulf Stream off New England) and another specimen 58 mm long, whose locality Goode and Benn do not exactly record. A fish called "ceratias carimculatus by Gunther, taken south of Yezo, Japan, in 354 fathoms, is probably the same species. See Oceanic Ichthyology, page 491, plate 119, figure 402; and Fishes of North and Middle America, page 2731, plate 390, figure 956; also Challenger Report, volume 23rd page 55, plate 1, figure d.

It is very unfortunate that this specimen was not preserved, as it is not only a very rare species but this specimen was much larger than any hitherto recorded. Mr. Bishop does not say what he has done with the specimen. Perhaps it can be obtained. It would be extremely valuable for osteological purposes."

Both Mr. True and Professor Evermann would be very glad to secure any part of the fish which may still be in existence.

Yours very sincerely,

Charles D. Walcott.

It will be seen from Mr. Bishop's communication, as cited above, that the specimen has not been preserved, and in the interests of science this is much to be regretted. In such a place as Hermitage, a small fishing village, the means of preserving such a fish are not obtainable. Besides, the preservation of deep sea fishes is found by scientists to be exceedingly difficult. No one regrets more than my old friend Mr. Bishop that he should have disposed of the bones of his fish in such a summary manner. He thereby missed obtaining a sort of earthly immortality by having his name transmitted to posterity as the discoverer of a rare species of fish, although some might consider it a questionable honour to be thus associated with a "Sea Devil," especially in the case of a clergyman. There are scientists, however, who would almost give the first joint of their little finger for such a distinction. Mr. Bishop has rendered good service to science by figuring and minutely describing this fish, and I have no doubt the Washington authorities will see that he does not lose his reward. Besides he has told us of another fish, possibly congeners of the one he describes, which have been found in Bay East, and we may hope he will be able to secure

e specimens of these which, I sume, belong to the deep sea es. Let those who never make mistakes cast the first stone at Bishop. As he says himself e will know better next time."

is certainly very remarkable t a deep sea fish, whose *habitat* undreds of fathoms below the face, should be found floating on surface of the water in Hermi- e Bay and not quite dead when en. How did it get there? It st have been accustomed to live enormous depths in "the dark athomed caves of ocean," for it no trace of eyes, or if any, were rudimentary. It is only he profoundest depths that blind es occur. The rays of the sun not penetrate beyond a depth of fathoms. The absence of sun- t modifies the eyes of fishes be- the 200 fathom line, and also plifies their colours, so that they either dark, as was the case h this specimen, or silvery. But want of light is to some extent pensated in the profounder ths by the phosphorescent light duced by the fishes themselves, hat they have still a dim vision ch in many species is aided by tacular organs of touch, while ers have no such appendages, but guided solely by phosphorescen- In the specimen figured above will be seen that it has one of se tentacular appendages extend- from the head to two inches in t of the mouth. This was un- btedly an organ of touch and ed it in its predatory movements. l I am inclined to think it must e had some small power of on from the fact mentioned by Bishop that it "had two round pe-like protuberances in front of dorsal fin. The one nearest the —the fisherman who found it me—was large and collapsed ediately as soon as the fish was d." These are regarded by uralists as phosphorescent or luminous organs; so that this strange creature carried its own lamp and generated its own phosphoric light in these awful abyssal depths, and had some small lens, like that of an eye, which gave it some sort of vision, and with the aid of the tentacle, enabled it to secure its food.

It is well known that the eyes of fishes living above the 200 fathom line, where the rays of the sun penetrate, increase in size in proportion to the depth in which they live in order to collect the rays of light that become fewer aa greater depths are reached. Fishes living near the surface have smaller eyes than those whose habitat is deeper.

At 200 fathoms the sun's rays cease to penetrate, and those living below to the depth of 2,400 fathoms, are, as stated above, dependent on phosphorescence, or tentacular organs. The greatest depth reached by the dredge of the *Challenger* in which fish undoubtedly lived, was 2,750 fathoms. It makes one the more regret the loss of the Hermitage Bay specimen, as its structure, on examination, might have determined approximately the depth from which it came, as well as many interesting facts regarding its osseous system. That it was eyeless, however, shows that its home must have been at an enormous depth.

But how did it come to wander so far and how did it reach the surface? Thereby hangs a curious tale—one of "the fairy tales of science."

We denizens of earth are moving about over its surface at the bottom of an air ocean in which we are immersed. This atmosphere imposes on us, at the level of the sea, a burden of fifteen pounds to each square inch of the surface of our bodies. We are unconscious of this atmospheric pressure, so wonderfully are our bodies adapted to their environments, and so accurately do the internal gases balance the

weight of air pressing on all sides. But when this pressure of the air is diminished by ascending to a great height in a baloon, or in climbing a lofty mountain, the free gases within our bodies expand and produce distress in breathing and a flow of blood from nostrils and ears as well as affections of the brain.

Fishes in the sea live under a far greater pressure than land animals, amounting to a ton weight per square inch for every 1,000 fathoms; therefore, the pressure must be inconceivably great. But they are adapted to their surroundings by their peculiar osseous and muscular systems, so that they experience no more inconvenience from the aqueous pressure, so long as they are in their customary depth, than land animals at the level of the sea.

But suppose a deep sea fish suddenly changes its abode and ascends 500 or 1000 fathoms, what occurs? The pressure of the water is greatly lessened, and the free gases in its intestinal tract and in its blood, expand; and, should the change be sudden and great, its tissus will be distended and even ruptured, and the parts which the pressure of water held together will be separated, so that should it reach the surface it will be disabled or dying. Deep sea fishes, therefore, cannot live in the upper strata of the sea.

The Hermitage Bay specimen was found by the fisherman in this disorganized condition and almost dead. Like many a foolish prodigal, it had wandered from home, dissatisfied with the condition in which it had been placed, and the results were disastrous. For this wanderer there was no possibility of return—no room for repentance.

Still, there is another way in which its presence in Newfoundland waters may be explained. It belonged, according to Professor Evermann, to a disreputable family of fishes—the "Ceratiidae, or Sea Devils"—perhaps poor relations of the now world-famous "Devil Fsh" which I had the good fortune to discover in 1873 and is now known in natural history as "Archeteuthis Harveyi." These Sea Devils it appears are extremely fierce and voracious, and perhaps this one had been rashly poaching in preserves other than his own, and seized a fish 500 or 600 fathoms above his own sphere. His prey proved to be almost as strong and vigorous as the deep sea assailant and in struggling to escape bore the latter upward. Soon disastrous results followed. The gases of the deep sea devil began to expand, loosening his joints, stretching his tissue, pulling his vertebrae asunder, and both reached the surface in a delapidated condition. Fortunately, a fisherman caught this rare visitor from the gloomy depths of ocean, and Mr. Bishop had the satisfaction of sketching him.

This is not a mere visionary or impossible tale. Specimens of these deep sea fishes have been frequently picked up in the condition described, and as only a few could fall into the hands of naturalists, their occurrence must be by no means rare.

Besides, as naturalists tell us, some of these voracious deep sea dwellers have stomachs capable of wonderful expansion so that they are actually able to swallow and digest fishes twice or three times their own size. Their method of swallowing is something like that of a lady in drawing on a tight-fitting glove—pulling it over her hand. So these sea-rovers draw themselves over the bodies of their prey, like the boa constrictor, their elastic stomachs expanding to receive them, and their jaws working alternately to push the victim downward. In accomplishing this feat the assailant sometimes brings about his own death, like some over-greedy capitalist or gluttonous alderman—his appetite being larger than his swallowing or digestive

power. Specimens have been taken occasionally on the surface in this condition, both the victim and its captor being dead, the former only partially swallowed.

One other point is of importance in Mr. Bishop's description. He states that the pectoral fins are very delicate. Each ray of the other fins is very distinct and strong, and *all are webbed with a clear film which soon disappeared after the fish was taken from the water.*" These delicate filaments developed in connection with the fins constitute another mark of fishes dwelling at the greatest depths of the ocean. These oceanic profundities are perfectly still, neither currents nor surface distutbances reaching their awful solitudes. In these quiet waters, therefore, these delicate web-like filaments accord with the surroundings of the inhabitants and indicate fishes adapted to the deepest and quietest waters. Taken in connection with the absence of eyes, these delicate formations place it beyond a doubt that this Hermitage Bay specimen is one of the rare species which dwell in abyssal depths, and to which very great interest is attached by naturalists.

It is only since the voyage of the *Challenger* that deep sea fishes were known to any considerable extent. Her dredges brought up specimens from the deepest waters "which showed many new and wonderful adaptations of certain organs, but contrary to expectation, no new types of families were discovered." "The fish fauna of the deep sea is chiefly composed of forms or modifications of forms which we find represented at the surface in the cold and temperate zones or which belong to the class of nocturnal pelagic fishes." Before the *Challenger's* memorable scientific voyage only some thirty deep sea fishes were known, now at least six times as many new species and genera have been discovered through her investigations.

Past experience has shown that the waters around Newfoundland abound in rare and curious forms of fish life—witness the Giant Cephalapod or Devil Fish above referred to, and this deep sea fish from Hermitage Bay. It is greatly to be desired that discoverers would preserve such specimens as well as any curious forms found on land, and forward them to the Museum, St. John's, or to some one interested in the study of the natural history of the Colony.

THE CHOPPER.

FROM YUKON trail to Southern pine
The echoes ring;
Through all the lumber-woods of Maine
The white chips sing;
New Brunswick knows his silent tread
And muscled swing.

Where shadows stand like sentinels,
And drifts lean white,
We know that shanties front the sun
And axes bite.
We hear the twitching-chains *clank, clank*
Across the night.

Where maples count the forest-years
With ring on ring,
The Chopper, with his merry jest
Outranks the King;
He brings the giant-sinewed spruce
Low tottering.

Where rocks and forests bar the path
That trains would run
He gaily takes the "right-of-way"
From sun to sun,
Tho' the people do not turn to *him*
And cry, "Well done!"

He plans our cities years before
A stone is laid;
We see the markets—all he saw
Were light and shade.
He whet his axe, and smote the tree
All unafraid!

From Yukon trail to Southern pine
The Chopper goes,
And many are the kings he beards
And overthrows:
Yet all his fame is on the sands
And in the snows.

Theodore Roberts.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S PAST TRADE WITH SPAIN.

BY H. W. LE MESSURIER.

SINCE the discovery of Newfoundland by Cabot the Spaniards have been more or less intimately connected with this Colony, first in the fisheries and afterwards in its commerce. It has been said that Basque fishermen, from the Biscayan ports of Spain, were acquainted with North America before Columbus made his voyage of discovery in search of a new world. Some historians doubt this, their views being based on evidence which is not at all contrary to the statement made by Father Las Casas who had possession of the papers of Columbus. Be that as it may, it is very evident that at one time the Biscayan fishermen were to be found in all known seas where cod abounded and in the middle of the fourteenth century they fished on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland having received permission from King Edward III to fish there for twenty years. The Biscayans were a hardy industrious people, almost living on the sea, and were at one time largely engaged in the whale fishery as well as in the cod fishery. Their whaling vessels went far abroad from Spain to seek the Balaena and as the seas to the northwest and west of Spain abounded at that time with this fish it is not at all unlikely that they came as far as Labrador or Newfoundland. The codfishery on the Banks of Newfoundland and around its shores was first begun by Europeans in 1502. Some historians say the Portuguese were the first of the fishermen from Europe and that they were followed by the Basque, French and English. From what I can gather from old records and authorities to be had here, the Spaniards fished here first in 1511 but did not regularly engage in the business until 1541. In the fall of 1577 a Spanish fishing and whaling fleet was frozen up in some port of this Colony and it is recorded that five hundred and forty men died. According to Whitborne and Guy's instructions the Biscayans remained in Newfoundland until very late in December. In 1578 there were fifty Portuguese, fifty English, eighty-seven French and sixty-three Spanish vessels fishing in Newfoundland. The Spaniards continued their fishery until the year 1587, the year before the Armada, and the great struggle which left the English nation practically the mistress of the seas virtually destroyed the Spanish fishery on our coast. A few vessels seem to have continued their fishing on our coasts after this date as eight Spanish vessels were reported in 1593, and the number varied from that year until 1690 when the French refused the Spaniards permission to fish anymore in Newfoundland waters. During the eighteenth century the Spanish vessels which prosecuted the fishery on the Banks of Newfoundland were very few and about the year 1840 not a vessel flying the Spanish flag was to be found engaged in this industry.

Our trade with Spain may be said to have commenced about the middle of the eighteenth century when the falling off of the supply of codfish furnished by the Spanish fishing fleet, opened up a market for our fish. At first the principal carying trade from this country to Spain was done by English vessels, but after the war of 1812 some Spanish vessels entered into the trade. At its initiation there were not many

engaged in it but from 1834 to 1872 quite a number annually visited our shores, about one hundred and fifty Spanish vessels having entered and cleared in 1857. When Queen Isabella ascended the throne in 1842, an attempt was made to regain the maritime power which Spain had once held, and one of the means whereby it was hoped to do this, was to lessen the duty on codfish brought into Spain in Spanish vessels, a difference of five pesetas or about one dollar being made in favour of the Spaniards. This difference in duty continued for the space of ten or twelve years when it was reduced to an equivalent of fifty cents, which, in 1872, was finally abolished and with this the Spanish carrying trade with this country was almost exterminated. A few vessels came here for cargoes up to 1880, after which this trade ceased.

Before dealing with statistics, which are dry reading, but nevertheless necessary for such an article as this, I must speak of the nature of this Spanish trade. The Spanish vessels which first engaged in this trade came mostly from the Northern Provinces of Spain and were manned by the hardy Biscayans, who at one time controlled and maintained the Spanish fisheries, but whose industry was destroyed by excessive taxation and severe restrictions. Some of these Spanish vessels sailed from Spain to the coasts of Africa and engaged in the slave trade, carrying slaves to South and Central America, Mexico and the Spanish West Indies and some of them sailed to the Spanish West Indies with Syanish goods for those markets; and from these southern ports they came to Newfoundland bringing largely specie, molasses, sugar, rum, cigars and fruit. Some vessels came direct from Spain with salt and some in ballast. Those that came from southern ports in America generally refitted in Newfoundland and it was no common occurrence to see a Spanish vessel with her topmasts struck and her standing rigging lifted, whilst her crew were busily engaged in scraping topsides, painting and otherwise renovating the ship. Thus a considerable amount of money was circulated here in the purchase of ships's stores for this work, and our ships-carpenters, sailmakers, blacksmiths and blockmakers did a fair business with these Spanish customers. In the dry goods trade our merchants catered to their needs by importing certain lines of goods looked for by them. All these vessels loaded fish, mostly for Spanish ports, whilst a few took cargoes for Leghorn. In nearly every instance cash was paid for the cargoes of fish purchased by the Spaniards, and in the early days of this trade the coin used was mostly Spanish or Mexican silver dollars, which were brought ashore in boxes and deposited with the merchant to which the vessel was consigned. In those days the orange and red-barred flag of Spain was to be seen floating from many vessels in this port. From eighty to one hundred and fifty vessels annually visited our shores between the years 1842 and 1873. It was therefore not an unusual thing to hear Spanish spoken in our streets. Many of our people engaged in trade had a smattering of the language. Spanish was taught in our schools as an essential and several mercantile houses employed Spanish interpreters, notably the establishment of C. F. Bennet & Co., who did a large trade with Spain. Those who can remember when the Spanish vessels traded here, can call to mind the picturesquely-attired Spaniards strolling our streets in the evening smoking their cigarettes or cigars, playing their guitars or mandolins, or singing a Spanish song with instrumental accompaniment. Although they came of a fiery race, and some of the crews which put in here had evi-

dently been engaged in the slave trade, it was seldom that any friction occurred between them and our people. They were looked upon with no little fear, as it was known that they always carried either a knife or stiletto.

Among the Spanish vessels which arrived here from the south, some bore unmistakable evidence that they had brought out slaves from Africa. I can remember one vessel in particular which came consigned to C. F. Bennett & Co. that had numerous ring bolts in her hold to which the slaves were fastened, and the Spaniards did not deny or conceal the fact that they had carried such a cargo to the Spanish West Indies. This vessel had in her hold a long gun which no doubt was mounted on deck when the ship left Spain. Not a few of the ships but carried some kind of arms and ordinance needed by them in securing their African cargoes, and to prevent an uprising amongst the slaves that they might take on board.

Sometimes the Spaniards took their soiled clothes to one of the brooks and had a field day at playing washerwomen. King's Bridge was a favourite resort for them when washing day came round. They would come on shore prepared for a day's campaign—well victualled and supplied with the necessary meats and drinks. After the washing and spreading of the clothes, and whilst they were drying, the Spaniard lolled on the grass smoking his cigarette or playing upon his guitar, an admiring crowd of youngsters standing at a respectful distance.

I said that in the early days of this trade the majority of the vessels came from the Biscayan Provinces, but with changes in taxation and in the internal Government of Spain, the carrying trade fell more into the hands of vessels hailing from the southern parts of the Kingdom. The statistics, which would show the entries and clearances of Spanish vessels for each year, were destroyed in the fire of 1892, but I have been enabled to obtain the entries and clearances at St. John's for 1851 from which I will quote to give some idea of where these Spanish vessels came from and to what ports they sailed. During that year the following Spanish vessels entered in St. John's—sixteen vessels from Cadiz with salt; two from Ubiza with salt; eight from Bilboa in ballast; two from Barcelona in ballast; five from Malaga in ballast and with fruit: and in ballast only, one from Santander, two from San Sebastian, two from Alicante, one from Carthagina, one from Denia, one from Murcia, one from Corcubion, one from Seville, one from Valencia, and one from Rivadeo. Forty-three vessels entered from Cuba and thirteen from Porto Rico, all bringing cargo; one vessel came in ballast from Vera Cruz in Mexico, one in ballast from La Guayra in Venezuela, one from New York in ballast, one from Swansea with coal, and one from Halifax in ballast. In all one hundred and six Spanish vessels were entered and the same cleared with cargoes of fish and oil as follows:—Six for Cadiz, twenty-one for Barcelona, ten for Malaga, three for Seville, one for Corunna, three for San Sebastian, ten for Alicante, ten for Santander, six for Tarragona, ten for Bilboa, one for Valencia, twenty-one for Leghorn, one for Trieste in the Adriatic, one for Havana, one for Marsielles and one in ballast for Shediac, N. B. Twenty-three of these vessels took cargoes of our fish to the Biscayan ports of Spain besides what was shipped to the same places in English bottoms. From sixty to seventy thousand quintals of Newfoundland fish were one time consumed in the Northern Provinces of Spain. To-day, and for some years past, not a quintal of our fish has been sold in these

ports. The loss of this valuable market is attributable to the monopoly of it by the Norwegians and French who being within easy distance when compared to us, can place their fish much earlier and cheaper than we can, particularly so is this true of the Norwegians whose fishery ends in May.

The quantity of fish shipped from Newfoundland to Spain during the eight years from 1834 to 1841 inclusive, averages 98,045 quintals per annum, of which 43,236 quintals were carried in Spanish bottoms. From 1842 to 1873 the period during which Spanish vessels were favoured by the Spanish tariff, 5,177,976 quintals of codfish were exported to Spain from Newfoundland, of which 3,134,037 quintals were carried in Spanish bottoms. The greatest volume of trade seems to have been done between 1857 and 1873, when the quantity of fish carried by Spanish vessels was on an average 112,-174 quintals per year, whilst from 1842 to 1857 the average per annum was 86,299 and from 1834 to 1842 the average only reached 43,236 quintals.

The trade done with the Spaniards, who came here and purchased cargoes of fish, was a most profitable one for our merchants, as once the fish was placed on board of the vessels the money was paid for it, and there were no vexatious reclamations or refusal of cargoes on account of a falling market, or the many excuses that Spanish buyers now a-days deal in, when our merchants have to ship to Spain trusting to luck.

The quantity of Newfoundland codfish sold to Spain since 1894 has averaged but 66,115 quintals yearly, the most of which has been shipped from Labrador. I cannot in this article deal fully with the various alleged reasons for this falling off in our export of fish to Spain. One of the chief causes is the poverty of the labouring class of that country who are unable to purchase our codfish at a figure which would enable us to place it in their market. Another reason is the bounty-fed competition of the French who can afford to sell their fish at fifty per centum less than we can, and we are told by many that the cure of our fish has deteriorated and therefore unsalable when in competition with that of Norway and France. In the good old days of the Spanish trade all codfish was salted in bulk and not pickled. It was properly split and cleaned and none but first class merchantable fish was shipped. Now a-days it is the fashion to pickle fish in order to save salt, and our curers think that those who buy the article cannot tell whether it is pickled or salt-bulk-cure; they are, however, very much mistaken, for by look as well as by taste a Spaniard or any other purchaser can tell a pickled fish, and frequent complaints come from the markets respecting this mode of cure which will eventually ruin the sale of our fish if the practice is persisted in.

In this article I have been able to give but a short sketch of our former Spanish trade, and I think that I have shown that it was considerable and a profitable one. It is much to be regretted that the commercial intercourse which existed between this Colony and Spain has declined, and that even our sale of fish to that country is limited to about one-fourth of the quantity shipped there during the Fifties. Let us hope that ere long there may be a revival of the old Spanish trade; a little more enterprise on the part of our shippers, a great deal more care in the cure of our fish and the abandonment by France of bounties on French caught fish may place us once more first in the markets of Spain.

The following statistics show, first the entries and clearances of Spanish vessels from St. John's during the year 1851, and secondly

the quantity of fish exported from Newfoundland to Spain from 1834 to 1900 giving the quantities shipped each year in Spanish vessels. The fish shipped from Labrador to Spain duting 1889 and 1890 is I think omitted from the returns. I have no means at hand of correcting the returns of these years.

For the information of the uninitiated I note that a quintal is one hundred and twelve pounds of hard cured codfish.

Spanish Vessels entered and cleared at the Port of St. John's, N. F., during the year ending 5th January, 1851.

Vessel's Name.	From Whence	Cargo Inwards	Whith'r Bound	Cargo Outwards.
San Jose	Cadiz	Salt	Barcelona	1,990 qtls Cod-fish
Felix	Porto Rico..	Molasses &c.	Leghorn	1,806 do
Jose Luis.....	do	Ballast	Santander	1,800 do
Fernandez Luis	Bilboa	Ballast	Bilboa	1,342 do
				40 tuns Cod-Oil
Esperanza	Matanzas ..	Molasses &c.	Barcelona	3,300 qtls Cod-fish
Maria	Cuba	Molasses	Taragona	2,520 do
Amaltea	Porto Rico..	Molasses &c.	Santander	1,930 do
Calestina.....	Cadiz	Salt &c	Barcelona	1,522 do
Paulita	Havana	Molasses &c.	Malaga	3,200 do
Livermore	Porto Rico..	Molasses &c.	Barcelona	2,064 do
Julio	New York ..	Ballast	Leghorn	2,400 do
Flor	Havana	Ballast	Malaga	2,400 do
Juanito	Porto Rico..	Molasses &c	Malaga	450 do
Pubill	Cuba	Sugar	Santander	2,600 do
Enriquey Frederico.....	Havana	Molasses	Santander	3,200 do
Concha	Matanzas ..	Molasses	Leghorn	2,550 do
Ysabel.....	Havana	Ballast	Santander	1,750 do
				20 tuns Cod Oil
Pancho	Matanzas ..	Molasses &c	Santander	3,150 qtls Cod-fish
Tres Amigos..	Cuba	Sugar	Leghorn	3,100 do
Ronda	Barcelona ..	Ballast	Barcelona	2,300 do
Constancia	Malaga	Ballast	Malaga	1,900 do
Segunda	Porto Rico..	Molasses	Seville	1,750 do
Dos Amigos ..	Cuba	Molasses &c	Trieste	2,482 do
Pepita Esperanza.....	do	Molasses	Leghorn	2,350 do
Estremosa Dolores	Havana	Ballast	Cadiz	2,700 do
Arrogante Emilio	Cuba	Molasses &c	Barcelona	3,000 do
Santelmo	Seville.....	Salt	Cadiz	1,500 do
Galga	Havana	Cigars &c	Bilboa	2,650 do
Fernando Septimo.....	do	Ballast	Corunna	2,150 do
Descubierta ..	do	Molasses	Leghorn	3,200 do
Casualidad	do	Ballast	San Sebast'n	2,418 do
Juanita	Porto Rico..	Ballast	Malaga	1,800 do

Spanish Vessels entered and cleared at the Port of St. John's, N. F., during the year ending 5th January, 1851.

Vessel's Name.	From Whence	Cargo Inwards	Whith'r Bound	Cargo Outwards.
Alfonso	Matanzas...	Molasses &c	Barcelona	4,000 qtls Cod-fish
Manuel Barzo	do	Molasses &c	Leghorn	2,021 do
Papay Virgin de Carmen ..	Cadiz	Salt &c	Barcelona	2,032 do
San Jose	Bilboa.....	Ballast	Bilboa	1,400 do
Ricardo	Matanzas ..	Sugar	Barcelona	1,760 do
Ulysses	Porto Rico..	Molasses &c	Barcelona	1,450 do
Azar.....	Havana	Ballast	Leghorn	2,600 do
San Jose	Cadiz	Salt &c	Barcelona	1,847 do
Triton	Ubiza	Salt	Malaga	2,062 do
Telesfora	Bilboa.....	Ballast	Alicante	2,350 do
Primeira Conde do Reus	Porto Rico..	Molasses &c	Barcelona	2,750 do
Maxenia	Valencia....	Ballast	Marseilles	1,956 do
A. Leopolda ..	Malaga	Ballast	Tarragona	2,430 do
Louis	Cadiz	Salt	Bilboa	320 do
				40 tuns Cod Oil
Lola.....	Cuba	Molasses	Leghorn	3,700 qtls Cod-fish
Euscalduna ..	Porto Rico..	Ballast	Bilboa	2,300 do
Carlota	Bilboa.....	Ballast	Bilboa	820 do
				40 tuns Cod Oil
Evalinay Sabina	Malaga	Ballast	Tarragona	1,750 qtls Cod-fish
Tomas	Cuba	Molasses	Barcelona	2,462 do
Tweed	do.....	Molasses	Tarragona	2,690 do
Carmen y Juanito.....	Murcia	Ballast	Malaga	1,900 do
San Jose	Havana	Molasses	Leghorn	2,250 do
Tres de Mayo..	Havana	Molasses &c	Barcelona	4,800 do
				19 brls Salmon
Minerva	Cuba	Ballast	Santander	1,140 qtls Cod-fish
				45 tuns Cod Oil
Lebaniega	San Sebast'n	Salt	San Sebast'n	1,870 qtls Cod-fish
Joven Inez	Bilboa.....	Ballast	Tarragona	2,450 do
Joven Maria ..	Cadiz	Salt	San Sebast'n	2,002 do
Bella Wisula ..	Havana	Ballast	Leghorn	3,010 do
San Pedro	Havana	Molasses	Bilboa	1,480 do
				56 tuns Cod Oil
				10 brls Salmon
Marcela	Bilboa.....	Ballast	Bilboa	1,790 qtls Cod-fish
				32 tuns Cod Oil
Frederica	Vera Cruz ..	do	Cadiz	2,900 qtls Cod-fish
Empresa	Cuba	do	Santander	1,800 do
				45 tuns Cod Oil
Nuestra Senora de la Junquera	Corcubion ..	do	Tarragona	1,800 qtls Cod-fish

Spanish Vessel's entered and cleared at the Port of St. John's, N. F., during the year ending 5th January, 1851.

Vessel's Name.	From Whence	Cargo Inwards	Whith'r Bound	Cargo Outwards.
Churruca.....	Cienfuegos	Ballast	Santander	600 qtls Cod-fish 60 tuns Cod Oil
		do	Alicante	2,000 qtls Cod-fish
Virgin de Begona.....	Barcelona ..	Flour	Havana	1,745 do
Bonaventura ..	Alicante....	Ballast	Alicante	2,700 do
Rufina.....	Cadiz	Salt	Seville	2,000 do
Joannes	Cadiz	do	Shediac	Ballast
Corza	Cadiz	do	Cadiz	2,200 qtls Cod-fish
Ronda.....	Matanzas ..	Molasses &c	Barcelona	2,390 do
Victoria	Matanzas ..	Ballast	Santander	2,500 do
Felix	Porto Rico..	Molasses &c	Leghorn	1,765 do
Livermore	Porto Rico..	do	Barcelona	2,030 do
Flor	LaGuaira ..	Ballast	Malaga	2,300 do
Resolucion	Mayaquez ..	Molasses &c	Leghorn	1,970 do
San Jose	Ubiza	Salt	Leghorn	1,428 do
Paulita	Havana	Molasses	Malaga	3,100 do
Bebel	Matanzas	do	Cadiz	1,470 do
Joven Enreque	do	Molasses &c	Barcelona	3,050 do
Pepita Esperanza.....	do	Molasses &c	Leghorn	2,380 do
Juanita	Swansea....	Coal		
Maria	Cuba	Molasses	Barcelona	2,500 do
Constancia	Cadiz	Salt	Barcelona	2,000 do
Ysabel	do.....	do	Cadiz	1,870 do
Manuel Barzo	Cuba	Molasses &c	Leghorn	2,068 do
Concha	Havana	Ballast	Alicante	2,550 do
Ynes	Porto Rico	Salt	Seville	3,500 do
Julio.....	Cadiz	do	Leghorn	2,276 do
Filomena	Bilboa	do	Alicante	2,364 do
Piedad.....	Rivadeo	Ballast	Leghorn	2,528 do
San Jose	Santander	do	Alicante	2,400 do
Felix	Alicante....	do	Alicante	1,936 do
Consuelo	Carthagena	do	Leghorn	2,536 do
Joven Emilio..	Malaga	do	Leghorn	1,816 do
Tomas.....	Halifax	do	Barcelona	2,630 do
Hebe	San Sebast'n	do	Bilboa	1,600 do
Adela	Bilboa	do	Alicante	2,040 do
Buenaventura	Cadiz	Salt	Valencia	2,700 do
Margarita	do.....	do	Barcelona	3,652 do
Basilia.....	Malaga	Ballast	Malaga	2,610 do
Relampago....	Denia	do	Leghorn	2,630 do
Pepita y Virgin del Carmen..	Cadiz	Salt	Alicante	1,950 do
Galga	Havana	Ballast	Bilboa	2,660 do
Themis	Cadiz	Salt	Alicante	2,344 do

Quantity of Fish Exported to Spain from 1834 to 1900.

Year.	In English Vessels. Quintals.	In Spanish Vessels. Quintals.	Total Exported. Quintals.
1834	56,238	25,881	82,119
1835	49,432	31,103	80,535
1836	52,439	35,904	88,343
1837	67,324	51,062	118,386
1838	59,268	42,705	101,973
1839	72,431	61,395	133,826
1840	56,789	42,697	99,486
1841	24,651	55,141	79,792
1842	54,133	67,306	121,439
1843	41,859	96,994	138,853
1844	64,956	106,358	171,314
1845	20,734	180,682	201,416
1846	34,027	55,969	89,996
1847	28,342	96,673	125,015
1848	21,311	61,311	82,622
1849	22,258	97,984	120,242
1850	24,806	98,234	123,040
1851	13,902	56,211	70,113
1852	30,977	68,120	99,097
1853	36,138	82,112	118,250
1854	14,288	61,298	75,586
1855	11,061	67,124	78,185
1856	24,902	98,119	123,021
1857	67,435	199,340	266,775
1858	30,751	89,376	120,127
1859	59,015	180,527	239,552
1860	104,417	154,989	259,406
1861	127,787	134,305	262,092
1862	101,748	172,989	274,737
1863	132,563	177,177	309,740
1864	113,871	128,897	242,768
1865	43,615	130,099	173,714
1866	70,512	112,428	182,940
1867	72,714	98,829	171,543
1868	86,472	63,656	150,128
1869	127,548	43,080	170,628
1870	171,250	39,972	211,222
1871	149,747	69,117	218,864
1872	140,800	44,751	185,551
1873	208,722	19,494	228,216
1874	192,388	33,338	225,726
1875	84,820	27,105	111,925
1876	105,631	28,176	133,807
1877	69,008	20,490	89,498
1878	44,916	16,500	61,416
1879	118,272	19,835	138,107
1880	109,856	.....	179,856

Quantity of Fish Exported to Spain from 1834 to 1900.

YEAR.	In English Vessels. Quintals.	In Spanish Vessels. Quintals.	Total Exported. Quintals.
1881	139,882	.....	139,882
1882	166,489	.....	166,489
1883	158,828	.....	158,828
1884	133,872	.....	133,872
1885	92,336	.....	92,336
1886	115,630	.....	115,630
1887	139,536	.....	139,536
1888	123,672	.....	123,672
1889	87,736	.....	87,736
1890	65,574	.....	65,574
1891	204,716	.....	204,716
1892	148,396	.....	148,396
1893	123,832	.....	123,832
1894	79,296	.....	79,296
1895	79,112	.....	79,112
1896	93,016	.....	93,016
1897	64,916	.....	64,916
1898	55,558	.....	55,558
1899	24,793	.....	24,793

LONDON BEAUTIES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

PART IV.

IT SEEMED characteristic in the last century that talent without beauty, where woman was concerned, held little appreciation in the opinion of the public. Especially on the stage, for it was evident that however clever a woman was in her special art, she was heavily handicapped unless she possessed a fair presence.

Mrs. Hartley, however, was one of nature's favoured ones and combined both gifts, Boaden having asserted that the painters, to whom she sat, "did not do her justice." This was, possibly, owing to her exceptional grace of movement, her exquisite colouring and varied expression. Her hair was a rich auburn and her features were delicately moulded. In 1773 a picture of her was sent to the Royal Academy called "a nymph with a young Bacchus" painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds taken when Mrs. Hartley was twenty years of age. It was pronounced by Walpole—that able critic of his time—to be "charming." By many, upon whose authority we can rely, she was supposed to be the model upon which Conway founded his "Venus victrix." She had a successful career on the stage, generally taking the principal characters at Covent Garden Theatre.

Geuest stated that "she was a very beautiful woman, that her forte was tenderness, not rage, her personal appearance making her peculiarly qualified for such parts as "Elfrida" and "Rosamond." She had a remarkably handsome sister about whom little is told, her own individuality evidently being lost in that of her extraordinary husband, the famous editorial parson and boxer, Sir Henry Bate Dudley.

Mrs. Hartley retired from the stage in 1780 and died forty-five years later, leaving a handsome estate.

Three years before Mrs. Hartley's death Harriet Mellon, afterwards Duchess of St. Alban's, was born in London. Her mother was a peasant who had worked in the fields and afterwards served in a shop. She then became wardrobe-keeper, dresser and money-taker in a theatrical company.

Harriett's father, who married under the name of Matthew Mellon, was supposed to have been a gentleman. He, however, very soon deserted his wife and she shortly after consoled herself with another husband—the leader of the orchestra in the company to which she belonged. When very young Harriet played juvenile parts on the stage and by the time she was eighteen years of age had taken the characters of "Celia," "Lydia," "Languish" and "Letitia Hardy."

She made a decided success at Drury Lane Theatre, and later was able to take the parts of "Ophelia" and "Miranda." In all, her theatrical career covered thirty years, and then, upon the death of Mrs. Coutts, Thomas Coutts, the Banker, immediately married her. Mr. Coutts was extremely rich and on that account was a marked man, it being a time when money was not so quickly made and when millionaires were not as plentiful as they are now. The public commented derisively upon "the indecent haste of the marriage," but they had forgotten to take into account that he had not as much time at his disposal as the

majority of bridegrooms—being then eighty years of age.

When fifty years old Harriet was again married to Wm. Aubrey de Fere, Duke of St. Alban's, ninth descendant of the first Duke, who was the son of Nell Gwynn. The Duchess lived ten years longer to enjoy her title and riches, her husband surviving her.

Most of Mr. Coutts' money has come to the Baroness Burdett Coutts, the octogenarian and philantropist. She has a London house in Picadilly where a China parrot in one window indicates to her friends if she be at home or no, and another house at Highgate. When sixty-eight she married a clerk in her bank, forty years her junior.

Mrs. Mills was considered a great beauty of her day, and was the recipient of much admiration. Not much is to be learned about the history of her life except that she was the wife of Captain Mills and one of the few women who survived the never-to-be-forgotten horrors of the black hole of Calcutta

There is a fine picture of her in the possession of Sir E. Sullivan, painted by Englehart, and Mr. Smith's popular mezzotint has always been held most favourably in the eyes of collectors.

Little, too, is told of the life history of the Countess of Mexborough. But a portrait of her by Hoppner shows that the position she held and maintained as a beauty of her time was well deserved. She is represented with somewhat of a sad countenance, and dressed in a large feathered hat, under which ner hair curls luxuriantly. She is much befrilled about the throat and altogether had donned for the occasion "much fussiness of attire."

The Countess of Bathurst, daughter of Lord George Lennox, was considered to be a very lovely woman. She married the statesman Henry, third Earl Bathurst, so well known in connection with the burning question of his day, viz., the slave trade.

Lady Bathurst was looked upon as a social light and a moving spirit in distinguished circles. She was a friend of Pitt, Moore and Greville. Indeed, she was well known to all the leaders of that prolific age of beautiful women, noted politicians and men of letters and of art.

Sir Thomas Lawrence painted a charming portrait of her when stiil in the zenith of her beauty. She died when comparatively young in 1841.

It is a rare occurrence when beauty in the same degree, lasts from childhood to womanhood. Invariably, the winsome little graces in the former are lost in the consciousness of girlhood, which spoils the expression, even if the features remain as comely.

Lady Georgina Fitzpatrick, however, was one of the exceptions to the rule. When a child, she was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the character of "Collina," which is considered to be one of his most famous pictures. She was the child of a beautiful mother—a friend of Walpole's who found much to say about the beauty of the little maid's blue eyes.

Lady Gertrude was the daughter of John, Earl of Upper Ossary, upon whose death in 1818 the title became extinct. Ampthill Park, his estate, was bequeathed to Lord Holland, and after his decease to the Duke of Bedford. Thus, the title of Ampthill came into the Russel family, Lord Odo being created Baron Ampthill.

And now we come to a more recent celebrity, in the well-known name of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who was a very beautiful and gifted woman. There are few children who have not been taught the stirring lines she wrote in "The Arab's farewell to his steed. And it must have been a very sluggish little

heart that did not beat wildly at the final words:

"Who said that I had given thee up,
Who said that thou wert sold;
T'is false! T'is false! my Arab steed,
I fling them back their gold.
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back
And scour the distant plains.
Away! Who overtakes us now
Shall claim thee for his pains."

What child could be impassive to the victory over greed! Who could not imagine the sound of those trim hoofs, lightly scimming the turf and love to believe that the horse knew all about it all the time, and that he, too, entered into the spirit of the repented act of barter, while joyously responding to the master's bidding of "away!" with fleetest foot.

She wrote many poems, but possibly none of the others have been so well appreciated.

Mrs. Janet Ross in her interesting book "Early days recalled," gives an anecdote in connection with her, which is best in her own words. "While staying with Mrs. Norton, in Chesterfield street, she took me with her one day to buy some plaster castes for a niece of hers to draw from, and the man, after showing us many arms, hands, ears &c., held up a very finely shaped nose." "There ma'am, I can safely recommend *that*; its the Hon. Mrs. Norton's nose and h'artists do buy a lot on em, it's very popler." "Sitting in the brougham afterwards, by the side of Mrs. Norton, with full opportunity for admiring her wonderfully beautiful profile, I did not wonder that the caste of her delicate and perfect nose should be in request. She was always boundlessly kind to me and I found her conversation more agreeable and more brilliant when she was alone with us, or quite *en petit comite* than where there were many people, when she sometimes posed and seemed to try and startle her hearers. No one could tell a story better, and then it gained so much by being told in that rich, low-toned voice. I often hear Mrs. Norton's hair described as blue-black—quite a mistake. One of her great charms was the harmony between her very dark brown hair, velvet brown eyes and rich brunette complexion."

Sydney Smith, Dickens, Thackeray, Macauley, Austen, Tom Taylor, Richard Doyle, Lord Lansdowne and other noted people were friends of hers.

At that time, Mrs. Ross also tells us "that the famous Italian beauty Countess Castiglione, who was so much admired by Napoleon III came to London and there was a sort of tournament of Beauty held at Holland House, patriotic Englishmen declaring that there were many women handsomer than Madame Castiglione in London society. At Lady Holland's "tea," strife ran high as to the relative merits of the beautiful Italian, of Lady Waterford, Lady Mary Craven, Miss Brandling, Lady Somers, Mrs. Norton, Lady Duff Gordon (Mrs. Ross's mother) and others. But all joined in saying that her little boy was quite the most lovely creature that had ever been seen, which was tantamount to confessing that the test of beauty among the women was one too difficult to decide.

Mrs. Norton's sister, Lady Dufferin, afterwards Lady Gifford, was also very pretty, and evidently, from Mrs. Ross's account, equally humourous. She was delightful company and full of *esprit*. One day she was asked by Lady Duff Gordon, "Well, Helen, when are you going to Highgate?" Modestly casting down her eyes, she said: "As soon, my dear, as Price has cleared the garden of all the cock-robins (Her husband was rather jealous). No one else would have said, on hearing many shoes being cleaned outside her cabin door on a rough passage across the Irish Channel and in the intervals of sea sickness, "Oh, my

dear Carry, there must be centipedes on board."

The Hon. Louisa Stuart, afterwards Marchioness of Waterford, already mentioned as one taking part in the tournament of beauty at Holland House, possessed loveliness of a rare type. Her eyes were large and blue. The features regular and finely cut. The brow was low and the chin not obtrusive. In a a picture of her painted by Watts, the hair is so simply arranged that the outline of the head is clearly defined. The gown, too, was of the simplest, showing all the throat and being without ornament. She was the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothsay, she and her sister, Lady Canning, representing the "Two Noble Lives," about whom Mr. Hare writes in his most interesting book.

Lord Waterford was killed in the hunting field when staying at his seat in Ireland, after which sad event, Lady Waterford lived almost entirely at Ford Castle, London only seeming to attract her when any special exhibition of paintings was to be seen. Painting was her constant resource and favourite occupation. A collection of her sketches was exhibited not long ago at Carlton House and were much praised by experts. She could express herself with her brush as easily as others by word and did her work so rapidly that she would begin a subject after dinner and finish it by bed time. In an extract from her note book there are over 500 different subjects given, all of which she dealt with in the most original manner. Her best work, she considered, were the frescoes in Ford Schools, representing bike stories, the villagers being her models.

A sketch taken by the Hon. Mrs. Boyle in 1890, before her death, depicts her as being still beautiful, with, if anything, a sweeter expression on the gentle face.

Her sister, the Hon. Charlotte Stuart, afterwards Lady Canning, was lovely from babyhood. At the age of eighteen she married Charles Canning, son of the great politician, who was afterwards appointed to the Governor Generalship of India. He still held the post during the time of the mutiny, Lady Canning remaining with him; and it is from her letters, written to her people and published in the story of "Two Noble Lives," that we get a detailed account of that horrible time, which history, in the ordinary way, cannot supply.

Previous to her Indian life she had been Lady in waiting to the Queen, and she gives in her letters many interesting incidents of that period.

There is a fine picture of her with her sister, taken before the marriage of the latter, from a line-engraving after Thorburn's miniature. Lady Canning's face is faultless in feature, full of refinement and intelligence, illustrating what we realise in Sydney Smith's description of a "porcelain understanding," and bringing to remembrance Wordsworth's word-painting of an ideal woman:

> "Nobly planned
> To warn, to counsel, to command,"

She was not so fair in colouring as her sister, her eyes being deep blue, with long lashes. No wonder that "when the sisters entered a room in London all eyes were turned upon them" and that "it was a matter of surprise that the two lovely girls could have been the daughters of the intensely plain Stuart de Rothsay and his homely-looking wife."

A portrait of Lady Canning by Swinton, taken later in life, represents her as still charming. She died in India in 1861 and was buried at Barrackpore.

Sylvan.

In the Open.

NOTE.—English, American and Canadian Sportsmen desiring information concerning the Game Laws of Newfoundland, and where to obtain reliable Guides, should write to the Newfoundland Magazine. Postage from the United States of America, 5cts; from Great Britain and Canada, 2cts.—Ed.

GROUSE SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE NOBLEST game bird in this country or in any other country is the grouse, the joy of the sportsman, the delight of the epicure. Before I begin about the shooting, let me say one word about its natural history which is somewhat misunderstood.

Locally, our fine game bird is known far and wide as the "partridge." The first English settlers in the Colony had never seen the splendid moor fowl so they named our Newfoundland specimen after their own little brown bird of Devonshire. Two varieties of the great family of the "Tetraonide" are indigenous in Newfoundland; the largest, most widely distributed, and best known being the willow grouse—"Tetrao lagopus salicensis." The other locally known as the "Rock Partridge—a true Ptarmigan (Tetrao Rupestris) is found only on bare high barrens on the South West coast. With the exception of our local birds turning white in winter, no distinction can be discovered between the Scotch grouse and ptarmigan and our native varieties. Their voice, their eggs, their build and their anatomical details are precisely alike.

Grouse shooting in the old country is the pastime of princes and potentates, and though only a small brown bird *Tetrao Lagopus* is a political power in the land. Parliament rises in his honor, and he rises for the pleasure of sporting M.P's. Anyone who has witnessed the stirring scenes on the Scotch lines about the 10th and 11th of August, will never forget the teams of splendid pointers and setters, the endless gun cases, and the eager sportsman, all bound north for the land of the bonnie heather. *Punch* has a comical picture of an irate Station Master at a small Scotch station, addressing an over-driven porter, who is vainly striving to hold half-a-dozen eager setters: "Now, then, look alive with they dougs! where are you?" Porter—"Hoots, they've a' eatin' their tuckets, an' dinna ken a the're a gaen tae." Far different from the Scotch grouse shooting, with the gaitered and well got-up sportsmen, the garb of old Gael, the gillies, and a' that, is the Newfoundland sport. Here there are no limits or restrictions to the shooting, no beats, no fences; the whole unbounded barrens are your own; the fisherman, who is your guide, gillie and gamekeeper, may not look so picturesque in his old canvas clothes as his Highland compeer, but for fine physical health, for endurance, for quickness of eye and skill in

marking, I will back my countryman, on his native heath, against the bravest Saundie that ever scratched himself in the early dawn, or drank raw whisky. In the manner of drinks, my stalwart fisherman, too, could fairly hold his own with the MacTavishes; but his choice is quite distinct; his taste in liquor is tropical; it is caused by commerce. He sends the nigger fish, and his colored brother returns the southern rum, mellow Jamaica, or fiery St. Jago. With the younger generation temperance has made great progress; but the older fishermen commonly regard the teetotaler as a harmless lunatic. They like a stiff horn "on times," and they have a firm belief in its power to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to."

The best grouse shooting that I know of in Newfoundland, is found along the southern coast, the more distant and inaccessible the locality, the better are the prospects of sport. Generally speaking, the barrens or moors are not far distant from the fisherman's house, where you will have to put up. He will probably tell you that the "pattridges," as he calls them, are numerous; Mike, his boy, "saw a power of them the other day when he was after the cows." You will perhaps ask him, "are the barrens far off?" "Oh, not far at all; you have only to go through a few scattered trees, and you are on the grounds at once." Now, you must take this statement with a large grain of salt. You will find that the word "scattered" has a very peculiar meaning in this colony. When you are fishing, for instance, my friend, Pat McGrath, will casually observe that "there are a few scattered flies about." In that event, prepare yourself to be eaten alive with mosquitoes. And when he tells about scattered trees, expect a stiff climb of a mile or so through thick bush and fallen timber. Generally speaking, however, there is a path from the little settlement to the barrens, perhaps a road. As a rule, the Newfoundland fishermen are the most hospitable people in the world to strangers. They live very isolated lives and they are always pleased to see new faces. All who visit this country are struck with their old-fashioned politeness and civility. Their very isolation, which produces their primitiveness and simplicity, also develops their remarkable ingenuity. They build their own houses and their schooners and boats. Of course the stranger sportsman, in return for hospitality and civility, will make himself generally agreeable, tell his best stories, exhibit any ingenious instrument he may have about him, sing without much much pressing, and, if he can, play the flute or the fiddle, I will promise him not only that the whole population turn out *en masse* in the morning to assist him in his sport, but that all possible political power and prestige will be at his feet. He may fiddle himself into the local Parliament and become problematically a Premier, possibly the Postmaster General.

After all this roundabout talk, perhaps, my gentle reader, you are getting just a trifle impatient; you want to get on the barrens and have a shot at the birds. But bide a wee bit; before I let you go a step further. I must ask you a few questions. Can you shoot fairly on the wing? Can you walk well? I mean, can you, as Paddy says, "hould out?" Are you the happy owner of a good setter or pointer, and will he "hould out?" Answer me all these queries satisfactorily and honestly, and I will promise you, not a big bag, probably only ten to twelve brace of grouse for a long day's tramp and very straight shooting powder, but in that long day you will have had as genuine a wild sport as you ever had in your life, and now my friend, let us climb the hill together, keeping the dogs

well to the heel. The ascent is what English sportsmen call a "pumper." We stay a moment to draw breath at the top. The view is worth looking at. Below us lies the bay with its fleet of fishing boats and the purple islands, and through the clear, pure air, twenty miles away, we catch the gleam of white houses, and on the opposite shore, the dark fir-clad hills and the wild barrens and marshes, clothed in their summer verdure. Before us is a vast, gently-undulating plain, rising here and there into low, rounded hills, sometimes spreading out into long, level, dry marshes, which, in the distance, look as bright and green as a newly-mown meadow. Clothe this moorland here and there with arctic mosses, and with clumps of low, stunted spruce, intersperse it everywhere with wild flowers and low berry-bearing shrubs, with purling streams and pools, and endless lakes, and you will have a good general idea of a Newfoundland barrens, stern, wild and bare, but not without beauty.

And now—

"Together, let us beat this ample field:
Try what the open, what the covert yield;"

Hie out good dogs! Away they go with a rushing gallop, right and left across the wind. Suddenly Bang's lashing tail becomes stiff, and with head outstretched and rigid body, he slowly creeps up wind until at last he stands, as motionless as if carved in stone. Grouse is hidden behind a low hill; instantly, as he mounts the ridge and catches sight of Bang, you see him transformed into another statesque canine, backing his companion. And now keep cool. Don't mind Mike's ejaculation, "Come on, Judge begor! Bang have 'em." Walk; saunter up slowly, if you have any regard for the steadiness of your dogs; if they see you excited they will assuredly copy your example. When you get to Bang, he begins slowly and cautiously to move ahead; while you have been walking up the birds have moved away from him, not far, but still further off than he thinks the correct thing, so he cautiously crawls a few yards forward. Keep close to him. Suddenly he stands again, with his body stiff and rigid, while, if you look at his eyes you will notice them almost out of his head with excitement. Just as you are wondering where on earth the birds can be hid in the bare ground before you, there is a whirr of wings, and a dozen brown birds are in the air about you. Down goes the old cock with your right; shot right through the back he lies with wings outstretched, while two yards further to the left lies another noble bird. "A great shot, Judge," says Mike; "I never see the like; you're as quick as lightenin.'" "Well. Mike, it was not a bad shot; but did you mark down the covey?" "Mark em! They're gone seventeen miles down into the green woods beyond there." "Well, never mind, pick up the birds." So, slowly, Bang goes forward and points the old cock whose head Mike carefully smooths out, and puts into the loops of the game-bag, while the dog is at a dead point on the other rooster. You fondle the good dogs a bit, and let them smell the birds; then on you go, as proud and happy a man as there is in the universe. Probably, notwithstanding honest Mike's flattery, the shots were as easy ones as ever were fired; but the shooter dearly loves to be praised, and for this particular kind of encomiums commend me to a Munster man. To hear Tramore when I had made a villainous miss at a bird rising within ten yards of me on the open, or Ned Molloy telling Bat Malone as we made some wonderful chance shots in their presence at very wild birds, killing two with the right barrel as they crossed, and my companion and I

bringing down two more at awfully long distances; all three quite random shots. With cool and deliberate mendacity Ned says:—"That's the way they're doin' it all day, Bat." "Begob, then Ned, its time we went home;" and off they go with half a dozen grouse slung on their long gun barrels, each with a raw and bloody head, showing that Bat had killed them all on the ground.

Well, to pursue our day's sport. On the next rounded, dry hill, Grouse sets, and it is Bang's turn to back. You get your two barrels well in, and Mike marks down the remaining ten birds, in what he calls a "big tuck." This is a low clump of stunted spruces not more than two or three feet high. You keep the obedient dogs into heel and make straight for it. The birds in this dense cover rise by twos and threes, and if your shooting is straight you will probably bag half a dozen birds, and Mike's keen eye will mark down the remaining stragglers that escape your deadly breech-loader. After meeting a few more birds it will probably be time for lunch. Of course you have the camp kettle to make the tea, of which all Newfoundland fishermen are immoderately fond. Mike will probably tell you about "some 'Mulligan-Tawney' the Doctor had here 'onst with him, the most illigant soup he ever tasted." You will find your trusty follower a good trencher man; but you must help him and press him to eat. It will always be, "After you, Judge, sure I have lashin's;" whilst all the time he would eat the whole concern, and then begin again. In manners he's one of nature's gentlemen; but with a far more robust appetite than falls to the lot of most so-called gentlemen in this dyspeptic age.

Now follow my advice and take two good hours' rest. The birds are not on the move, and both you and your dogs will be better for the spell. Except in the hours of the very early morning, and, between 5 and 6 in the evening is the best killing time of the day. By that time you will find all coveys you started in the morning, or what is left of them, back to their old haunts; and you will be sure to get some good chances. Probably you will feel tired and make a clean miss or two, but Mike will duly swear on such occasions either that he "seed a whole fistful of feathers come out of the bird," or else "you shot his tail away entirely." By sundown you will be back to your comfortable quarters with a good bag of birds, and, by and by, in easy costume and slippers, when "you have judiciously drunk, and greatly daring, dined," you will, with your after-dinner-pipe, agree with me, that there is no finer wild sport in America or Europe or anywhere else in the world than your day's shooting in Newfoundland. As that prince of sportsmen and good fellows, Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy, K.C.B., R.N., declares in his most interesting book, "Hurrah for the life of a sailor, or Fifty years in the Royal Navy"—"Newfoundland, in my opinion, is the finest sporting country I ever had the good fortune to visit."

D. W. Prowse.

Aug. 23d, 1900.

THE HISTORY OF A DIAMOND.

I.

The Diamond Thief's Story.

FROM my earliest youth I remember having a strong predilection for the acquisition of property rightfully belonging to other people. My parents were well off and respectable, but having soon run through my younger son's portion left me by my father in my thirtieth year and having no very apparent means of earning an honest livelihood, I commenced to earn a dishonest one. This was a comparatively easy matter up to the time of my first term of imprisonment; since then things have not gone so easily. One of my first efforts was fairly successful and quite undiscovered. As the circumstances connected with it have probably been long forgotten by the majority of persons concerned with it I do not mind giving an account thereof. I was dining with some people I had been acquainted with for some time and happened to be seated next to a lady I knew well. She wore a ring which I had not seen before, it was of curious antique workmanship and set with a remarkably handsome diamond surrounded by a considerable number of stones of less value. On noticing this I took a piece of the bread from the table and unobserved worked it up into a fine paste, such as we used when children for taking impressions of seals, and in a fortnight had a first class model of it.

A chance to effect the desirable substitution occurred sooner than I had expected at a river picnic about a month later. I was seated in the small bow-seat of a skiff which, as everyone knows, is obscured from the view of all in the boat by the rowers who do not as a rule have eyes in their backs and are not born thieves and are unlikely to turn round. The lady of the diamond was pulling bow, and finding her rings hurt her, she removed them and gave them into my charge. With the valuable assistance of a couple of jewellers' instruments which I stole and am wont to carry with me I removed the stone of which I had the model and replaced it with the piece of glass which for the past four weeks had been awaiting its opportunity to appear as a diamond. It looked perfect, and as the paste was fine enough to stand considerable wear probably none of the persons concerned in my narrative except myself are any wiser than they were at the time of which I write.

II.

Our Uncle's Story.

Yes we have hints of sad stories sometimes. One morning only a short time ago a very expensively dressed lady entered my shop to sell a ring handsomely set with what at sight I should certainly take to be diamonds, more especially as it was of antique workmanship, probably made before the age of frauds, and had every appearance of being genuine. However, after taking it from her to make an examination thereof I found to my great astonishment on passing the file lightly across the back of the largest stone that the ring was a delusion—pos-

sibly a snare. The lady's surprise was evidently as genuine as was her chagrin on learning the amount of the largest sum that I could offer her for it, but being assured of the correctness of my estimation of her ring accepted my offer.

III.

THE POOR ACTOR'S STORY.

Though I have always held myself in contempt towards those persons who spend their substance in procuring things with which to adorn their persons, yet, as among the lower orders of mankind to whom it is my ill fortune to be compelled to travel and to play. The appearance on one's person of a few diamonds greatly increases one's prestige and is moreover taken as a guarantee of much histrionic ability, it happened that one day last month I entered tde shop of Bouderstein to purchase something as showy as my slender resources would permit. The dealer mentioned was well known as a purveyor of those large surface stones of little thickness so much sought after by the profession. After showing me some rings which for one reason or another did not suit me, he produced as a last resource an expensive specimen of very fine paste which I bought for a very reasonable sum. However, shortly after I had made my purchase I had the misfortune to lose the large central stone, so on my arriving at New York I took the ring to a jeweller and ordered him to replace it, saying that I would call for the ring at a certain date. On my calling again I was shown the ring with the new stone which certainly looked splendid, but great was my astonishment on being presented with the bill which amounted to a sum considerably greater than I had expected. On asking an explanation of this I was told by the jeweller that the diamond weighed twelve carats; $800 for twelve carats of glass, I said! for a remarkably fine diamond, sir. I then asked him how he could have the impudence to impose on me by setting paste jewellery with a diamond, when to my surprise he informed me that the other stones were genuine.

I need to say little more I paid the man for the trouble of setting, procuring and unsetting the large stone which I returned to him and sold the rest of the ring for a sum of money which has laid the foundation stone of a moderately successful career which if not satisfying the highest ambition of an actor, at least maintains me in a state of respectability and comfort.

A TREASON OF NATURE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE full moon of October, deep orange in a clear, deep sky, hung large and somewhat distorted just over the wooded hills that rimmed the lake. Through the ancient forest, a mixed growth of cedar, water-ash, black poplar, and maple, with here and there a group of hemlocks on a knoll, the light drained down confusedly, a bewildering chaos of bright patches, lines, and reticulations amid breadths of blackness. On the half-overshadowed cove, which here jutted in from the lake, the mingling of light and darkness wrought an even more elusive mystery than in the wood. For the calm levels just breathed, as it were, with a fading remembrance of the wind which had blown till sundown over the open lake. The pulse of this breathing whimsically shifted the reflections, and caused the pallid water-lily leaves to uplift and appeal like the glimmering hands of ghosts. The stillness was perfect, save for a ceaseless, faintly rhythmic h-r-r-r-r-r-ing, so light that only the most finely attentive air, concentrated to the effort, might distinguish it. This was the eternal breathing of the ancient wood. In such a silence there was nothing to hint of the thronging, furtive life on every side, playing under the moonlit glamour its uneven game with death. If a twig snapped in the distance, if a sudden rustle somewhere stirred the moss—it might mean love, it might mean the inevitable tragedy.

Under a tall water-ash some rods back from the shore of the cove there was a sharp, clacking sound, and a movement which caused a huge blur of lights and shadows to differentiate itself all at once into the form of a gigantic bull moose. The animal had been resting quite motionless, till the tickling of some insect at the back of his ear disturbed him. Lowering his head, he lifted a hind leg and scratched the place with sharp strokes of his sprawling, deeply cloven hoof; and the two loose sections of the hoof clacked together between each stroke like castanets. Then he moved a step forward, till his head and fore-shoulders came out into the full illumination of a little lane of moonlight pouring in between the tree-tops.

He was a prince of his kind, as he stood there with long, hooked semi-prehensile muzzle thrust forward, his nostrils dilating to savor the light airs which drifted almost imperceptibly through the forest. His head, in this attitude—an attitude of considering watchfulness—was a little lower than the thin-maned ridge of his shoulders, over which lay back the vast palmated adornment of his antlers. These were like two curiously outlined, hollowed leaves, serrated with some forty prongs; and their tips, at the point of widest expansion, were little less than six feet apart. His eyes, though small for the rough-hewn bulk of his head, were keen, and ardent with passion and high courage. His ears, large and coarse for one of the deer tribe to possess, were set very low on his skull—to such a degree, indeed, as to give somehow a daunting touch of the monstrous to his massive dignity. His neck was short and immensely powerful, to support the gigantic head and antlers. From his throat hung a strange, ragged, long-haired tuft, called by woodsmen the "bell."

His chest was of great depth, telling of exhaustless lung power; and his long forelegs upbore his mighty fore-shoulders so that their gaunt ridge was nearly seven feet from the ground. From this height his short back fell away on a slope to hind quarters disproportionately scant, so that had his appearance been altogether less imposing and formidable, he might have looked grotesque from some points of view. In the moonlight, of course, his color was just a cold gray; but in the daytime it would have shown a rusty brown, paling and yellowing slightly on the under parts and inside the legs.

Having sniffed the air for several minutes without discerning anything to interest him, the great bull bethought him of his evening meal. With a sudden blowing out of his breath, he heaved his hulk about and made for the waterside, crashing down the bushes and making, in sheer wantonness, a noise that seemed out of keeping with the time and place. Several times he paused, to thresh amid the undergrowth with his antlers. Reaching the water, he plunged in, thigh-deep, with great splashings, and sent the startled waves chasing each other in bright curves to the farther shore. There he stood and began pulling recklessly at the leaves and shoots of water lilies. He was hungry, indeed, yet his mind was little engrossed with his feeding.

As a rule, the moose, for all his bulk and seeming clumsiness, moves through the forest as soundlessly as a weasel. He plants his wide hoofs like thistle down, insinuates his spread of antlers through the tangle like a snake, and befools his enemies with the nicest craft of the wilderness.

But this was the rutting season. The great bull was looking for his mate. He had a wild suspicion that the rest of the world was conspiring to keep him from her, and therefore he felt a fierce indignation against the rest of the world. He was ready to imagine a rival behind every bush. He wanted to find these rivals and fight them to the death. His blood was in an insurrection of madness, and suspense, and sweetness, and desire. He cared no more for craft, for concealment. He wanted all the forest to know just where he was—that his mate might come to be loved, that his rivals might come to be ground beneath his antlers and his hoofs. Therefore, he went wildly, making all the noise he could; while the rest of the forest folk, unseen and withdrawn, looked on with disapproval and with expectation of the worst.

As he stood in the cool water, pulling and munching the lilies, there came a sound that stiffened him to instant motionlessness. Up went his head, the streams trickling from it silverly; and he listened with every nerve of his body. It was a deeply sonorous, booming call, with a harsh catch in it, but softened to music by the distance. It came from some miles down the opposite shore of the lake. To the great bull's ears, it was the sweetest music he could dream of—the only music, in fact, that interested him. It was the voice of his mate, calling him to the trysting-place.

He gave answer at once to the summons, contracting his flanks violently as he propelled the sound from his deep lungs. To one listening far down the lake the call would have sounded beautiful in its way, though lugubrious—a wild, vast, incomprehensible voice, appropriate to the solitude. But to a nearby listener it must have sounded both monstrous and absurd—like nothing else so much as the effort of a young farm-yard bull to mimic the braying of an ass. Nevertheless, to one who could hear aright, it was a noble and splendid call, vital with all sincerity of response and love and elemental passion.

Having sent forth his reply, he

waited for no more. He was consumed with fierce anxiety lest some rival should also hear and answer the invitation. Dashing forward into deep water, he swam at great speed, straight across the cove, leaving a wide wake behind him. The summons came again, but he could not reply while he was swimming. As soon as he reached land he answered, and started in mad haste down the shore, taking advantage of the open beach where there was any, but for the most part hidden in trees, where his progress was loudly marked by the crashing and trampling of his impatience.

All the furtive kindred, great as well as small, bold as well as timorous, gave him wide berth. A huge black bear, pleasantly engaged in ripping open an ant stump, right in his path, stepped aside into the gloom with a supercilious deferring. Farther down the lake a panther lay out along a maple limb, and watched the ecstatic moose rush by beneath. He dug his claws deeper into the bark, and bared his fangs thirstily; but he had no wish to attempt the perilous enterprise of stopping the moose on his love errand. From time to time from that same enchanted spot down the lake, came the summons, growing reassuringly nearer; and from time to time, the journeying bull would pause in his stride to give answer. Little flecks of foam blew from his nostrils, and his flanks were heaving, but his heart was joyous, and his eyes bright with anticipation.

Meanwhile, what was it that awaited him, in that enchanted spot by the waterside under the full moon, on which the eyes of his eager imagination were fixed so passionately as he crashed his wild way through the night? There was the little open of firm gravelly beach, such as all his tribe affected as their favored place of trysting. But no brown young cow cast her shadow on the white gravel, standing with forefeet wide apart and neck outstretched to utter her desirous call. The beach lay bright and empty. Just back of it stood a spreading maple, its trunk veiled in a thicket of viburnum and whitewood. Back of this again a breadth of lighted open, carrying no growth, but low kalmia scrub. It was a highly satisfactory spot for the hunter who follows his sport in the calling season.

There was no brown young cow anywhere within hearing; but in the covert of the viburnum, under the densest shadow of the maple, crouched two hunters, their eyes peering through the leafage with the keen glitter of those of a beast of prey in ambush. One of these hunters was a mere boy, clad in blue gray homespuns, lank and sprawling of limb, the whitish down just beginning to acquire texture and definiteness on his ruddy, but hawk-like face. He was on his first moose-hunt, eager for a trophy, and ambitious to learn moose-calling. The other was a raw-boned and grizzled woodsman, still-eyed, swarthy-faced, and affecting the Indian fashion of a buckskin jacket. He was a hunter whose fame went wide in the settlement. He could master and slay the cunning kindred of the wilds by a craft finer than their own. He knew all their weaknesses, and played upon them to their destruction as he would. In one hairy hand he held a long, trumpet-like roll of birch-bark. This he would set to his lips at intervals, and utter thro' it his deadly perfect mimicry of the call of the cow-moose in rutting season. Each time he did so, there came straightway in response the ever-nearing bellow of the great bull hurrying exultantly to the tryst. Each time he did so, too, the boy crouching beside him turned upon him a look of marveling awe, the look of the rapt neophyte. This tribute, the old woodsman took as

his bare due, and paid it no attention whatever.

While yet the approaching bull was apparently so far off that even eyes so keen as his, had no chance of discovering the ambush, the younger hunter, unused to so long a stillness, got up to stretch his cramped legs. As he stood forth into the moonlight, a loon far out in the silver sheen of the lake descried him, and at once broke into a peal of his startling and demoniacal laughter.

"Git down!" ordered the old woodsman, curtly. "That bird tells all it sees!" And immediately setting the birchen trumpet to his lips, he sounded the most seductive call he knew. It was answered promptly, and this time from so near at hand that the nerves of both hunters were strung to instant tension. They both effaced themselves to a stillness and invisibility not excelled by that of the most secret of the furtive folk. In this stillness the boy, who was himself, by nature and affinity, of the woodland, caught for the first time that subtle, rhythmic hr-r-r-r-ing of the forest pulse; but he took it merely for the rushing of the blood in his too attentive ears.

Presently this sound was forgotten. He heard a great portentous crashing in the underbrush. Nearer, nearer it came; and both men drew themselves together, as if to meet a shock. Their eyes met for one instant: and the look spoke astonished realization of the giant approaching bulk. Then the old hunter called once more. The answer, resonant and vast, but almost shrill with the ecstacy of passion, blared forth from a dense fir thicket immediately beyond the moonlit open. The mighty crashing came up, as it seemed, to the very edge of the glade, and there stopped abruptly. No towering front of antlers emerged into the light.

The boy's rifle—for it was his shot—was at his shoulder; but he lowered it, and anxiously his eyes sought the face of his companion. The latter, with lips that made no sound, shaped the words, "He suspects something." Then, once more lifting the treacherous tube of birch bark to his mouth, he murmered through it a rough, but strangely tender note. It was not uttterly unlike that with which a cow sometimes speaks to her calf just after giving birth to it, but more nasal and vibrant; and it was full of caressing expectancy, and desire, and question, and half reproach. All the yearning of all the mating ardor that has triumphed over insatiable death and kept the wilderness peopled from the first, was in that deceitful voice.

The eager moose could not resist the appeal. His vague suspicions fled. He burst forth into the open, his eyes full and bright, his giant head proudly uplifted.

The boy's large calabre rifle spoke at that instant, with a bitter, clapping report, and shoot of red flame through the viburnum screen. The tall moose neither saw nor heard it. The leaden death had crashed through his brain even before his quick sense had time to note the menace. Swerving a little at the shock, the huge body sank forward upon the knees and muzzle, then rolled over upon its side. There he lay unstirring, betrayed by nature in the hour of his anticipation.

With a sudden outburst of voices the two hunters sprang up, broke from their ambush, and ran to view the prize. They were no longer of the secretive kindred of the wilderness, but pleased children. The old woodsman eyed shrewdly the inimitable spread of the prostrate antlers. The boy stared at his victim, breathless, his eyes a-glitter with the fierce elemental pride of the hunter triumphant.

A BOOK ON SOUTH AFRICA.

MESSRS. Hopkins' and Halstead's somewhat voluminous account of the present war in South Africa, and the events that led up to it, while being without question, a mine of valuable information to all who are interested in South Africa, past and present, contains many statements that are positively untrue and absurd—statements that are liable to give the reader many false impressions. I have not sufficient space to enumerate all these, but will just quote one or two of the most glaring. The following is perhaps one of the worst:—"The excellent marksmanship of the Dutch of South Africa, enables them to hit a man at the distance of a mile or more with their accurate aim." Much has been said about the splendid shooting of the Dutch, and while this applies to some of the older men, it does not by any means apply to the present generation. In days that have long since gone by, when the Dutchman had to depend largely on his rifle to keep up a supply of fresh meat, he became as a matter of course, to say nothing of necessity, a good shot. Equally good shots were the Cape Colonists of English descent—men with nothing but British blood in their veins.

As railways began to penetrate the country, and civilization advanced, the enormous quantities of game trekked to the far north; consequently, the Dutchman's accuracy with the rifle became a thing of the past, and the many stories told of their almost incredible shooting are, for the most part, twenty-five to thirty years old. As for hitting a man at a mile or more, any Dutchman would tell you that it was absolute waste of ammunition to risk such a long shot. Even the best of Dutch hunters consider six hundred yards quite a long range for koodoo, a kind of deer that weighs from 300 to 700 pounds. Another most absurd statement runs as follows:—"Cures for infectious sheep disease, or for rinderpest among the cattle, are opposed as contravening the intentions of Providence." This is obviously untrue, considering the large quantity of sheep and cattle medicines that are sold in every store from the Zambesi River to the Cape. Apart from this, the Dutchman is everlastingly boiling down some evil-smelling decoction of herbs that Oom Piet or Tanta Kate has told him will cure foot and mouth disease, etc. The Dutchman would no more let his cattle and sheep die for want of medicine and attention, than he would his children if they were taken ill. Again, "The Dutchman will obtrude his views of religion on any and every opportunity," at least, so this veracious book says. A lengthy residence amongst the Boers proved conclusively to me that their favourite topic is anything but religion. The famous long shot made by Louis Hendricks at the time of the Great Trek, the number of bags of sugar young Retief brought from Charlestown to Johannesburg on his new wagon, the fabulous price of flour and mealies—these are the things that are obtruded on all comers, rather than religion. Finally, there are two pictures, one representing a Matabele and the other a Kaffir chief.

No chief ever sat for either of those pictures. Of that I am positively certain. They are the common type of native that can be seen any day in the compounds of the De Beers Diamond Mine or any of the Rand Gold Mines.

Anyone possessing the slightest

knowledge of the South African native, knows perfectly well, that at no time, will a chief be seen without his head-ring. The head-ring is made of a composition of gum, wax, etc., and it is the distinctive mark of a chief, not necessarily a head chief.

Neither of the so-called chiefs, whose portraits appear in "South Africa and the Boer-British War," are wearing the much-prized and coveted adornment of the *Kershla* (ringed-man).

As I have said before, the book is really a mine of information, in many respects, but the accounts of the customs and habits of the Boers are woefully inaccurate.

To hark back to the crack shooting of the Boers. The following brief accounts of their method of shooting game will perhaps be interesting:

I was staying in Pietersburg, North Transvaal, with a Dutch family named Van de Merwe. One day, the head of the house told me he was going out buck shooting and would be pleased if I would accompany him.

We did not start until it was dark, and then my host led the way to some mimosa thorn bush that was growing about one hundred yards from a little lake.

Bidding me remain perfectly still, and putting a plug of tobacco in his mouth, he settled himself to wait for the moon to rise. After what seemed an endless eternity, up came the full moon, flooding the veldt with a soft, luminous light, that rendered even distant objects quite distinct.

"Look for the buck coming down to the lake to drink," said Van de Merwe.

Five minutes passed, and then walking majestically down a small kopje, came three rietbuck. When they were within five-hundred yards, I raised my rifle and was just about to press the trigger, when Van de Merwe gripped me by the arm and said hoarsely "Allemachter! you Englishmen will never make good shots; it is waste of ammunition at such a range."

I lowered my rifle and the buck came steadily nearer. Their muzzles were already in the water before my companion said, "now!" Simultaneously, our rifles exploded and down dropped two of the rietbuck. The other one managed to escape, although we both fired several shot at it.

On another occasion, I wast staying with the Van Ryn's, in Mangwe, Matabeleland—a family of Dutch hunters well known to Selous, Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Earl Grey and many other Rhodesian notabilities.

I was out hunting with three of them one day when we came upon the spoor of buck. We at once turned our horses in the direction the spoor was running and after about a mile of bush veldt, we came to an open stretch of country and not two hundred yards away, a herd of blesbok were browsing. Fortunately, the wind was from us to them or they would have asily scented our presence. I naturally expected to halt and fire, but to my surprise, the Van Ryn's put spurs to their horses and actually succeeded in riding right past the herd. Then they reined up, and turning round, brought down three of the bewildered blesbok, who stood quite still, not seeming to know which way to run, and it was not until three more had fallen to those deadly rifles, that they took to flight.

Then the elder Van Ryn, remark to me: "Six buck for six cartridges; there is a lesson for you; never shoot your game until it is on the muzzle of your rifle."

Not one of the shots had been fired at a longer range than fifty yards.

F. J. M.

PLACENTIA.

THE FIRST CAPITAL OF NEWFOUNDLAND. ITS HISTORY.

OF ALL the pretty places in our Island home, and they are legion, Placentia has been unanimously voted the first. This distinction has been merited also from a historical standpoint. The name "Plaisance," meaning pleasant place, was first given to it by the French when they formally occupied it as their Capital in 1662.

Placentia, situated in Placentia Bay, is built on a great level beech, bounded by lofty hills, which protect it against all storms. In several rivers—north-east and south-east—the salt water practically surrounds the little town. The rivers run through the land for a distance of seven or more miles. The harbor is spacious and safe, and provides ample room for hundreds of vessels to lie anchored at the one time. For scenery, simple and extravagant, this little town is remarkable. Numerous are the weird and interesting stories extant, connected with "Ye Ancient Capital," as Placentia is now termed.

From a piscatorial standpoint whether with reference to cod or trout it has no superior. Salmon and trout of large growth actually swarm its waters. Travelling tourists or others to Newfoundland invariably and almost unconsciously find themselves drawn to this delightful resort.

The ride by rail to Placentia from St. John's occupies only a few hours, and for the weariness of which, if there be any, the traveller is bounteously remunerated by the diversification and beauty of scenery.

There still remain at Placentia several old cannon which were the property of the English, and which did effective work in their day. In August last Commodore Henrigue the Admiral in charge of the French ship *Isly*, which is engaged in fish protection work on our coasts, called at Placentia, with the intention of taking away whatever old cannon were there belonging to the French. He could find none however, and after visiting the several places of historical note, namely, Castle Hill, Fort Louis, South East Arm, and the old English Church, he weighed anchor and left for St. John's.

His Lordship Bishop Howley and Rt. Rev. Monsignor La Gasse, Prefect Apostolio of St. Pierre, also paid a flying visit to the ancient capital about the same time. They managed to translate the inscriptions on the Basque headstones which are fast falling to pieces. Some lover of curios ought see to the more careful preservation of these historical stones, else they will be altogether lost.

The French, having captured Placentia and several other settlements in Newfoundland in 1662, began at once to fortify them. Particular attention in this line was given to Placentia, as it presented admirable qualities to recommend it for their colonial capital. Historians think that Charls II of England, ceded the Placentia to the French. After 1662 Frenchmen began to live throughout the winter in our climate, a thing unheard of before. While the French occupied Placentia many British subjects still resided there. Excellent judgment was exhibited by the French in their selection of the place for their capital. Possibly, as some persons say, they selected it because of its delightful scenery; but this supposition is completely obiterated when we remember what an excellent defence Placentia is capable of affording. Its great advantages as a trading and fishing port also re-

commended it strongly. That they were justified in their selection is verified in the fact that Placentia was never once captured by the British. In 1662 the first fort was erected at the entrance of the Gut, and another one was shortly afterwards erected on the Jersey side.

Placentia was once known as the Gibraltar of North America. The English made a serious mistake in not having secured this place earlier, its harbor affording many advantages over any other of the eastern bays. The French exhausted every effort in luring our people there to reside. King Louis, about the year 1667, proclaimed "that masters of ships would be awarded with five livres for every man, and three for every woman they carried to Placentia." One year's free subsistence was offered Newfoundlanders, and the award was afterwards increased to three. The French Governor of Placentia had command of all the French fishing admirals. They were obliged to report to him, and were to follow his instructions. English buccaneers raided Placentia five times before 1685, and barbarously took away everything belonging to the inhabitants. Soon, however, the French Government began to think that the keeping of a garrison and fortifications at Placentia was a useless expense. But time showed that this was a very serious mistake.

About this time Holland was recognised as the greatest naval power in Europe and both England and France were at war with her. The Dutch made two successful attacks on the English in Newfoundland, but failed to take Placentia from the French in 1676. Fortifications and agriculture were almost totally neglected by the French until the arrival of the Marquis De Frontenac. He was Viceroy twice, and was acknowledged as the ablest ruler New France had ever had. Placentia is said to have been the only permanent settlement of the French. It appears that the other places were only occupied by French fishermen during the fishing season. In the commencement of the reign of James II of England, Louis XIV obtained permission from him to permanently hold Placentia and the other parts of Newfoundland occupied by the French. The Marquis De Fontance made active and necessary repairs to the fortifications, especially to those at Placentia. It was then that Fort Louis (now called Castle Hill) was built. A new and younger man replaced the trading Governor at Placentia, and things in general underwent a thorough change. The Marquis was acknowledged to be a wonderful organizer. It came to this, however, that France had either to destroy the English colonies or soon New England would dispossess her of Canada. In 1690 the garrison of Chedabucton, in Acadie, was transferred to Placentia in command of De Montorguiel. The formal establishment of the Franciscan Friars there by Bishop St. Vallier, of Quebec, took place in 1689. Admiral De Brouillon, who afterwards proved himself a formidable warrior invaded the English settlements successfully, and was appointed Governor of Placentia in 1692. Because of the continual attacks of the French privateers on English settlers, England determined to send a powerful fleet of three 60-gun ships, and two smaller vessels, under Commodore Williams, to destroy Placentia.

Brown's history of Cape Breton mentions the following:—

"The only defences of the place were Fort Louis, with a garrison of 50 men situated on a rock one hundred feet high on the eastern end of entrance of harbour, and a battery hastily constructed by the Governor, M. De Brouillon, and manned by sailors from the Privateers, and merchants' ships in the harbour. The Commodore, in 1692, after six hours bombardment ignominiously retired, having only partially destroyed a portion of the works." (Prowse's History.)

While De Brouillon was defending

his besieged town his powerful French squadron lay safely harboured in Sydney. On September 12th, 1696, the French warships *Profond* and *L'Envieux* arrived in command of M. De Bonaventure. D'Iberville, a Canadian, and denominated the "Nelson of the New World," proposed to attack the unguarded English seettlements in the conntry by land. He was well acquainted with the stealthy Indian warfare, and hence was well qualified to carry on guerilla fighting. Governor deBrouillon was in favour of attacking by water, rather than by land, as D'Iberville proposed, and hence a contention between them followed. Canadians and Indians would only follow the latter, while De Brouillon's Molavians made an attempted onslaught by sea. The latter's expedition was a complete failure owing to head winds. He had to return to Placentia, but not before capturing 31 vessels and destroying some fishing establishments. In 1703 Admiral Graydon was ordered to attack the French colonial capital. He had a powerful fleet, and a considerable land force. With Rear-Admiral Whetstone, and thirteen other captains of the Royal Navy, Colonel Rivers, Commander-in-chief of the land forces, and an Engineer, he held a council of war while his fleet lay off Placentia. The decision of this council, after due deliberation, was, "that it is impracticable to attack Placentia at the present time; furthermore a non-success would mean the dishonour of Her Majesty's Arms." Graydon was immediately dismissed from the service for this exhibition of cowardice.

This failure of the English to attack Placentia doubtless gave the French great encouragement for renewed attacks on the English Colony.

Perhaps a still more ludicrous failure was the expedition of Admiral Hovenden Walker, who endeavoured to capture Quebec and Placentia in 1711. History tells us that he was laughed to scorn, and when we will have read further we will understand why.

"Considering that he had 15 ships, 900 guns and 4,000 land force, and knew well that Costabelle, the French Governor of Placentia, had declared that his little garrison was much in need of supplies of all kinds, that his promised reinforcements had not arrived, and that *La Valeur* the only French ship on the station, had been lost, it does not require one to study the topography of Placentia very closely to discover that it could have been captured easily by a flank movement similar to the one adopted against Louisburg. The English forces could have easily landed by night at Little Placentia and then seize the heights commanding Castle Hill. All the defences were seaward; it was open to any vigorous attack on the land side, especially to such overwhelming forces as Graydon and Hovenden Walker commanded." (Prowse's History.)

The French gave their entire attention to the unprotected settlements in Conception and Trinity Bays between 1697 and 1705. By boats from Placentia detachments of Canadians and Indians were being continually sent to these places. De Brouillon having successfully attacked St. John's in 1708, was appointed Governor over it. Costabelle, Governor of Placentia, ordered De Brouillon to destroy the fortifications in St. John's and return to Placentia, which he reluctantly did, leaving St. John's March 31st.

This was one of the last episodes of the warfare carried on by the French from Placentia against English settlements. The Colony had almost complete rest for fifty years from 1708. Placentia was ceded to England by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, and Governor Costabelle lost no time in transferring the French Garrison to Cape Breton. French colonization in Newfoundland ended here, and after fifty years the whole permanent French population of the Island did not exceed 200 souls. This is accounted for by the fact that the French settlement here was almost essentially military. Some French writers in speaking of the Treaty of Utrecht say it was a

grand thing for France, while others deeply regret it.

Abbe Reynal bitterly lamented the loss of Newfoundland and Acadie, as did also Garneau, while Charlevoix thought France was amply compensated for the loss of Newfoundland by the acquisition of Cape Breton.

By an unwise arrangement, after the Treaty of Utrecht, Placentia was placed under the Government of Nova Scotia, while the rest of the island was ruled by an Admiral or Commodore. When Queen Anne ascended the throne she permitted the French protestants to remain in Placentia, and they were given equal liberty with her own subjects. Many legal questions arose out of this one-sided piece of business. Many of the natives of France who availed of this privilege were successful in creating much disturbance through secretly inviting French Basques and Biscayans to fish there. Whereat the English declared that the latter had no fishing rights in Newfoundland, and the Spanish would not be tolerated at all. The English Governor of Placentia ordered off some Biscayan vessels which arrived to fish in 1715. Notwithstanding this strict order of the English Governor many of these ships continued to fish out of Placentia. Their owners merely nominally transferred the vessels to English owners and sailed them under the British flag.

All the best places on the extensive beach were owned by the Governor and officers. In fact a regular part of the business of the soldiers who comprised the garrison was to catch fish for the above gentlemen.

It was a long time before Placentia fell into the ways and customs of the English, and merited to be designated a thorough English settlement. All disputes which arose were settled by the French rules. The English officers being poorly, if at all paid, resorted to many of the customs of their French predecessors to gain a living.

In 1787 H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, visited Placentia, ordered the erection of an English church, and presented it with a beautiful Communion service, which is still in the possession of the Bradshaw family there. This church still stands; though being entirely wooden, it has long since assumed shaky and dangerous proportions. If it had received necessary repairs all along it would be good for another hundred years. Yet new seats were placed in it only a short while since, and service is still held there occasionally. Some decayed tombstones which marked the resting places of the French dead, were removed into this church for preservation some years ago and are still there.

A great event occurred at Placentia on the 20th July, 1786, when the Duke of Clarence presided as Surrogate in the Court House.

The railway to Placentia was built in 1885. It branches off from Whitbourne, and the run therefrom to Placentia is 27 miles. A fine substantial government wharf was built a few years ago, and now, the track being laid right out the gut to the wharf, the train connects with the Bay steamer *Argyle*.

The s.s. *Argyle* is beautifully fitted up and has splendid accommodation. The distance to Placentia from St. John's by rail is only 84 miles, and but for the many intermediate stations our trains could run it in less than half the scheduled time. No tourist who comes to Newfoundland should leave the island without seeing Placentia.

Caleb Wolfe.

NOTE.—(1) Mr. Bailey, operator in the Anglo-American office at Placentia, holds the key of the old English Church, and I am sure will only be too glad to oblige any visitors wishing to inspect the place, or see the curious old tombstones.

(2). Since 1713, Placentia has practically experienced peace under the benign rule of Britain.

GAME LAWS

OF

NEWFOUNDLAND.

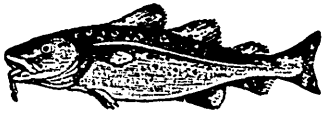
FROM THE ACT "RESPECTING THE PRESERVATION OF DEER."

4.—No person shall hunt, kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any caribou, from the first day of February to the fifteenth day of July in any year both days inclusive, or from the first day of October to the twentieth day of October in any year, both days inclusive.

7.—No person not actually domiciled in this colony shall hunt, kill or pursue with intent to kill in any season, any caribou, without having first procured a license for the season.

8.—A license to hunt and kill caribou may be issued by a Stipendiary Magistrate, a Justice of the Peace, a Warden appointed under this Act, or the Minister or Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

10.—Licenses shall be of three kinds: a license entitling the holder thereof to kill and take two stag and one doe caribou shall be issued upon the payment of a fee of Forty Dollars; a license to kill three stag and one doe caribou shall be issued upon the payment of a fee of Fifty Dollars, and a license to kill five stag and two doe caribou shall be issued upon the payment of a fee of Eighty Dollars. A license of the first class shall hold good for four weeks from the date thereof; a license of the second class for six weeks from the date thereof, and a license of the third class for two months from the date thereof.



FROM "RULES AND REGULATIONS RESPECTING TROUT AND SALMON."

75.—No person shall catch, kill or take salmon or trout in any river, brook, stream, pond or lake in Newfoundland, between the tenth day of September and the fifteenth day of January next following in any year.

"No net or other such contrivance for the purpose of catching salmon "or trout, or likely to bar any passage for such fish, shall be set in "Harry's Brook, in the District of Bay St. George, or within fifty "fathoms of its mouth."

HARVEY & CO.,

AGENTS.

Newfoundland Railway

...REACHES ALL POINTS IN...

NEWFOUNDLAND

In connection with it, the "Bruce," "Argyle," "Glencoe," "Clyde," and other steamers, run to Cape Breton, to Labrador, and along the great bays.

Sportsmen will find white and indian guides for the interior at various points along the line. The trout and salmon fishing on the Newfoundland rivers have delighted the heart of every sportsman who has been in the Colony.

The Caribou are abundant and of exceptional size. A stag of thirty-four points is a common "bag."

For the man with the twelve-bore, Willow-Grouse, Plover, and Black Duck abound.

Explorers and Tourists interested in the undeveloped resources of new lands will find fields for research in the great mining and timber tracts of the Colony.

The Newfoundland Railway furnishes first-class dining and sleeping accommodations, and at its eastern terminus (St. John's) a modern hotel.

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R. G. REID, Prop.,

St. John's, N'f'ld.