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THE

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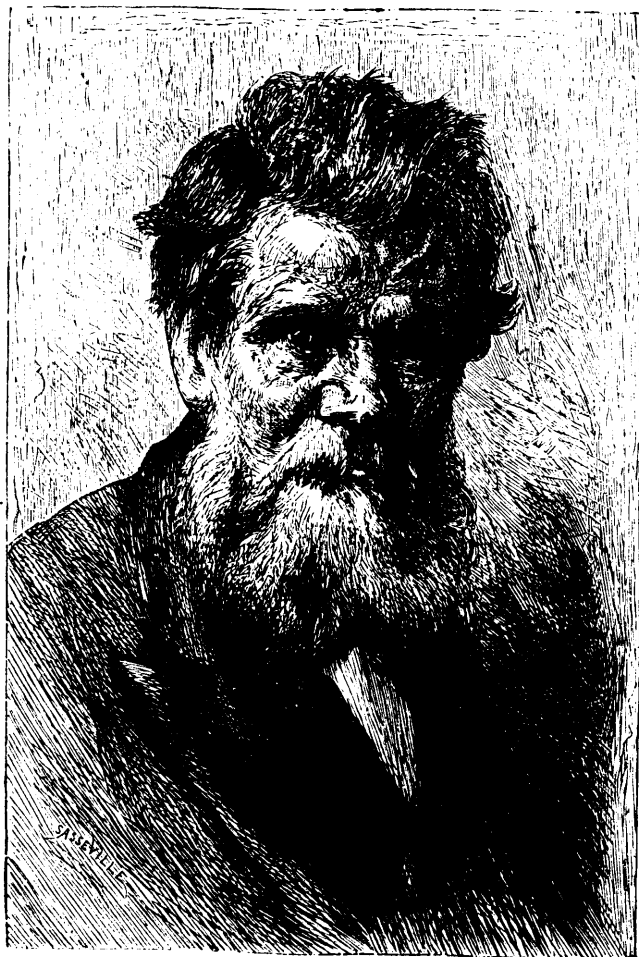
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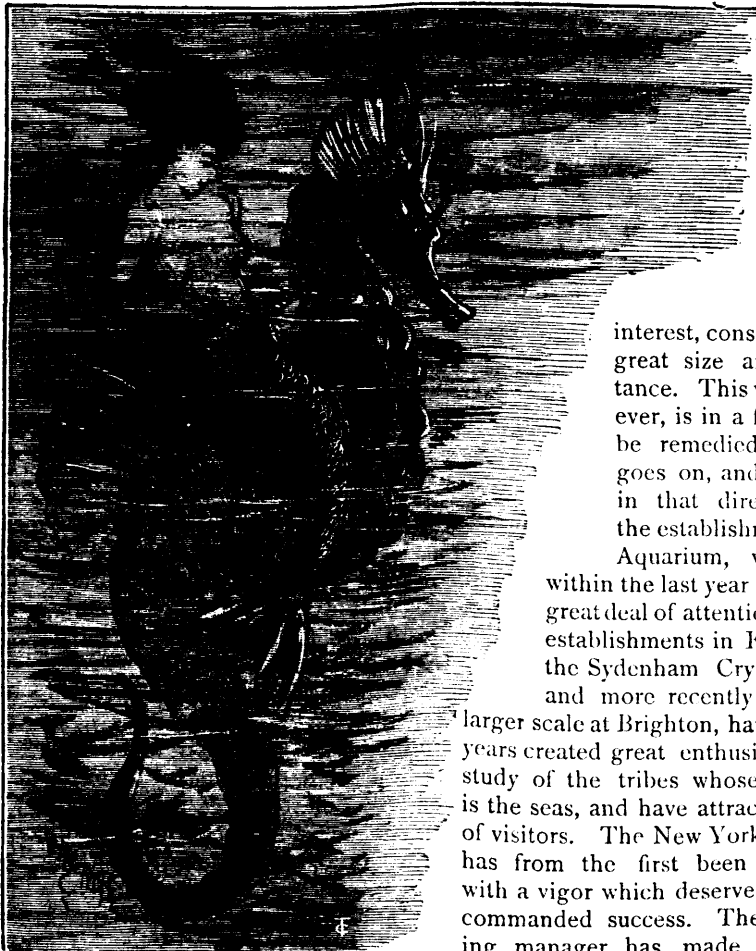


Thomas Colver

New Dominion Monthly.

JULY, 1877.

A DOLPHIN AND HIS NEIGHBORS.



NEW York is a city which is apt to be considered by tourists as rather destitute of objects of interest, considering its great size and importance. This want, however, is in a fair way to be remedied as time goes on, and one step in that direction was the establishment of the Aquarium, which has within the last year attracted a great deal of attention. Similar establishments in England, at the Sydenham Crystal Palace and more recently and on a larger scale at Brighton, have for some years created great enthusiasm in the study of the tribes whose habitation is the seas, and have attracted crowds of visitors. The New York Aquarium has from the first been conducted with a vigor which deserves and has commanded success. The enterprising manager has made a point of

securing as many novelties as possible, new rarities being continually added to the collection, so that the interest of the public is not allowed to flag.

The Aquarium itself is an unpretending structure situated at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-Fifth street.

For several months the main object of interest to unscientific visitors to the Aquarium was what was called "The Whale" which occupied the large central tank. This whale was really a Beluga dolphin or white whale. It was captured in Canadian waters and con-



THE AQUARIUM.

The interior, however, is arranged with great skill, so as to make the most of the space occupied, and convenient rooms are arranged to furnish the fullest accommodation for students and for the meetings of various scientific societies. A fine scientific library and a naturalist's laboratory have been opened for the use of students, and Mr. W. C. Coup, the manager, to whose private enterprise the city is indebted for this attraction, has been careful to make arrangements by which public schools, orphan asylums and other institutions may enjoy the benefit of the education afforded by a visit to this establishment.

veyed to New York at great expense. This prize was obtained by driving a line of piles across the entrance of a deep bay terminating in a narrow river. The wall thus formed extended for two miles, and at high tide it was sufficiently submerged to allow the whales to enter the trap it formed. The agent of the Aquarium spent weary months of waiting, but at length a school of Delphinidae arrived off the shore and entered the bay driven before the fishing fleet; the fall of the tide left them prisoners, and three were secured. They were put in boxes lined with sea-weed and hurried forward by special boats and trains. Only one,



DUMPING THE WHALE.

however, arrived in New York in good condition after being seven days and seven nights out of the water. He was placed in a tank about ninety feet in circumference, where he swam round and round to the delight of the visitors. We question if the managers of the Aquarium would not have done better to advertise this specimen as a dolphin than to call it a whale. The public have large ideas of the size of whales, and some were not a little disappointed to find the boasted whale not quite ten feet long and only three feet between the tips of its fins, and weighing about as much as a horse. As a dolphin, however, the sea monster would have been surrounded with associations of the most pleasing kind, even if this particular slate-colored animal did not fulfil all the conditions required by the abounding allusions to dolphins in poetry. Herodotus tells the story of Arion, the greatest musician of his day, who, having embarked on a ship with great riches, was condemned to a watery grave by the greedy sailors. They, however, granted him permission to play one tune, and he, arrayed in his richest garments, used his lyre to such effect that

when he jumped into the sea an appreciative dolphin offered him a ride to shore, where, in his gorgeous array, he was able to confront the sailors. They, according to Schlegel, who has

Then was there heard a most celestial sound
Of dainty music which did next ensue,
And, on the floating waters, as enthroned,
Arion with his harp unto him drew
The ears and hearts of all that goodly crew,
Even when the dolphin, which him bore



LOOKING AT THE WHALE.

a beautiful ballad on this subject, exclaimed :

“ We wished to murder him,
He has become a god !
Oh let the earth swallow us up ! ”

Through the Egean sea from pirates' view,
Stood still, astonished at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to roar.

The Greeks accredited the dolphin with supernatural wisdom, and adopted it as a sacred emblem, although from the shape of its jaw they sometimes called it by the not over dignified title of the “ sea goose.”

The prismatic tints of this family of Cetacea are a favorite subject with the poets :

Brought forth in purple, cradled in ver-
million,
Baptized in molting gold, and wreathed
in dum,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's
pavilion,
And blending all the colors unto one.

And Barry Cornwall more po-
saisically remarks :—

“ The whale it whistled, the porpoise
rolled
And the dolphins bared *their backs*
of gold. ”



THE SEALS.

An English ballad on the same theme describes the scene before Arion leaped into the water :

it was found that the sea water brought from a great distance for the benefit of his royal highness, soon lost its clearness on

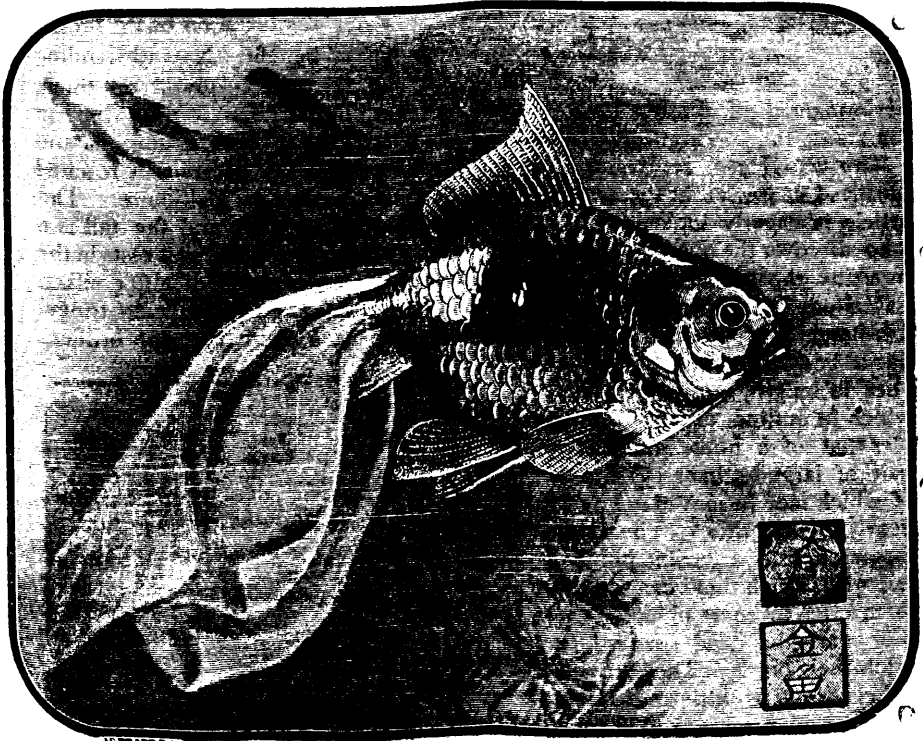
account of the development of myriads of minute vegetable organisms, so that it was difficult to see the whale through the glass sides, and visitors had to mount the "bridge" above the tank to secure a good view.

The Beluga was fed principally on eels, tossed into the tank by the bushel, and people came from far and near to visit the wonder. Unfortunately, in February last it became necessary to clean the whale tank, and the whale was hoisted into the air while the foul water was drained off, and the tank scoured. The new supply of water was nearly twenty degrees lower in temperature than that to which he had been accustomed, and in a few days the animal died of pneumonia, as was proved by a *post mortem* examination, made by the Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the Medical Department of the University of New York.

We are not told whether or not in dying he emulated the sunset colors, as according to Byron,

"Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone, and all is
gray."

Adjoining the whale tank is the seal pond, where dwell a company of clumsy but large-eyed and curiously intelligent seals. At feeding time the crowd makes a rush to this tank. At the sound of the dinner bell the three seals with their round heads and monkey-like expression crowd up on the little stone platform and perform various antics at the bidding of the keeper. The fish on which they feed are thrown alternately on the platform and to the far end of the pool, and as the seals run races for each separate portion of food great enjoyment is furnished to the spectators, which is enhanced by the special



THE KING IYO.



THE SKATE'S WELCOME.*

performances of ringing bells, climbing stairs, and bowing to their master.

The Sea-Horse, represented in an idealized character at the head of this article, is eagerly looked for by visitors who discover the object of their search in a tiny ghost-like creature which inhabits one of the small tanks near the fish-hatching apparatus. This animal has a body from four to six inches in length, topped by a head which in outline exactly resembles that of a horse, and has a pair of large brilliant eyes, each of which may be moved independently of the other. The body tapers off into a flexible pointed tail with which they can attach themselves to some object while they dart the head forward to catch their prey. They are intelligent, lively little creatures, and are said to recognize in time the hand that feeds them. Their food consists of small crusta-

ceous worms and eggs of fishes. From their curious appearance and hardy nature they are great favorites with aquarium keepers.

The Japanese Kingiyo is another of the rarities which have been on exhibition at the Aquarium. This curious gold fish with the triple tail was brought from Japan by a gentleman who started for America with a supply of eighty-eight of them. The captain of the steamer on which he travelled had a tank built on purpose for this precious part of his cargo. It was, however, soon found that the motion of the ship dashed the fish against the sides of the tank, a good number being destroyed in this way. A smaller tank was then built, and suspended in a way to counteract the motion of the ship, and river water was taken on board for the fishes' benefit. Notwithstanding all the care bestowed on them,

however, only fifteen arrived in San Francisco, all in weak condition, and of these eight died before they reached their destination in Baltimore. The body is red in color and the tail is a pearly white, presenting, as it rests in the water, the appearance of a fine silken fabric terminating in a delicate fringe. The Japanese claim that the brilliant



FISH HATCHING TROUGHS.



THE SEA RAVEN AND THE TOAD FISH.

colors displayed in this fish and the wonderful development of its triple tail is the result of many years' careful breeding. A kindred fish to the Kingiyo is the Japanese tele-cope fish, which is also a species of carp, two fine specimens of which were recently added to the Aquarium. They derive their name from the shape of their eyes, which, instead of



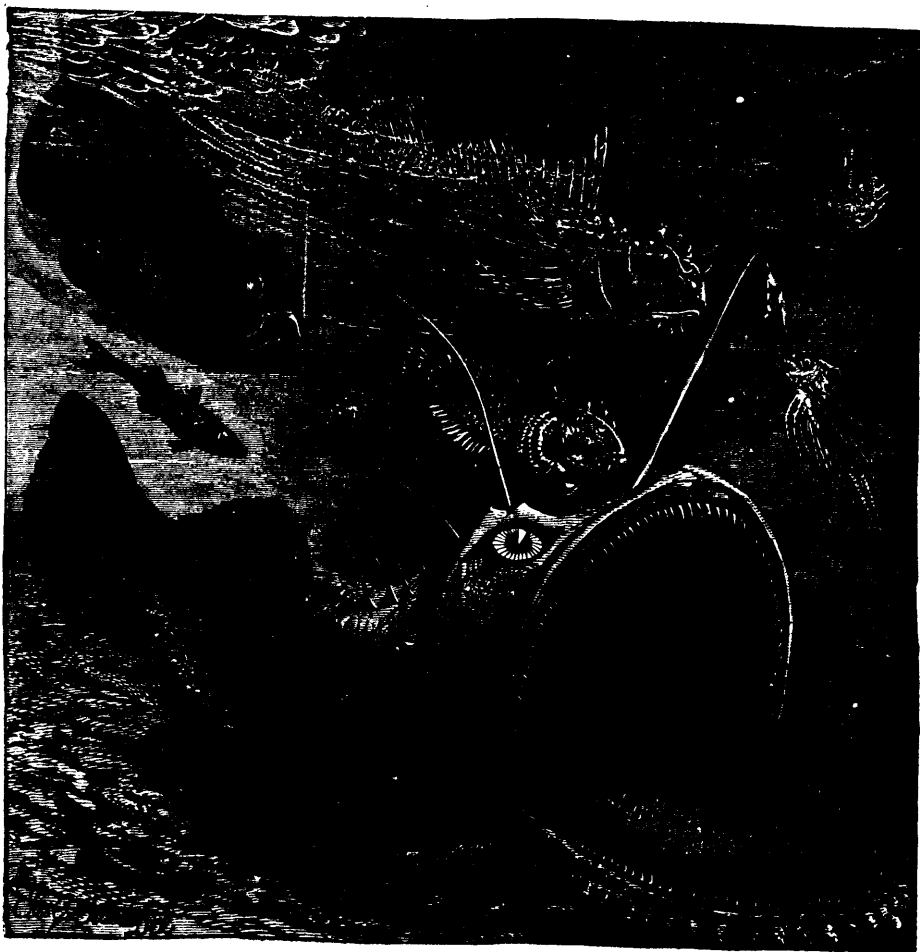
THE ALLIGATOR FAMILY.

occupying a cavity, are placed at the extremity of two abnormal protuberances. In addition to this peculiarity these fish have also three tails similar in general form to those of the Kingiyo, though less marked.

That curious fish the Skate is not without its representatives in the Aquarium, and the skate's eggs, in appearance like odd-looking brown pods, have become objects of special care and interest. One of these was hatched a few weeks since, and it was remarked that, instead of being fat and floundering, it was slim and active, presenting the appearance

of a small white snake. The adult skate amuses visitors by the curious grin with which it gazes at them through the glass of the tank which it inhabits.

The Sea Raven is a creature which is the cause of much speculation and enquiry among visitors to the Aquarium, who fancy that, in the course of its sluggish existence, it has become covered with a growth of aquatic plants and verdure. The tufts and bobs of disjointed flesh which seem to cover it are, however, all real. This fish is subject to great variation of color, and specimens vary from rich russet brown



THE ANGLER AND HIS PREY.



CARRYING THE SHARK.

to a bright carmine, yellow, and red.

It is known as the *Sculpin* by the Massachusetts fishermen, whose lines it sometimes makes sad work with. It feeds entirely on small fish, and is closely connected by family ties with the sea swallow. It presents a curious contrast to the other occupants of the same tank, the ugly toad fish.

The alligators, old and young, would receive more attention if their movements were more lively; but even as it is the boxes which they inhabit are well worthy of a visit.

Crossing the mammoth cave of Kentucky is a deep and silent river, and naturalists have been specially interested in observing that the fish which inhabit this river are both white and blind. Several of these have been recently added to the Aquarium, and of course attract much notice.

The Angler, so vividly represented in our picture, is a creature of whose cunning,

wonderful and almost incredible stories are told. It is said that with a mouth stretching from ear to ear, and with his great jaws fringed with mosslike membrane, he conceals himself along the shores of some rock-lined and algæ-covered shore, so that it is difficult to distinguish between him and his rocky bed. Protruding from his head are spine-like tentacles, mounted in socket joints and tipped with a bit of fleshy membrane similar to that which lines its jaws. Dangling this morsel in front of its concealed mouth it tempts the little fish to draw near and nibble. Should the kind offer be accepted by an unwary fish, the bait is suddenly withdrawn and the victim quickly finds himself engulfed within the throat of the wily angler. When sitting quietly he looks like an old flat, mud-covered stone. The crafty deceiver comes, however, to a bad end at length, and what is done with his carcase may be

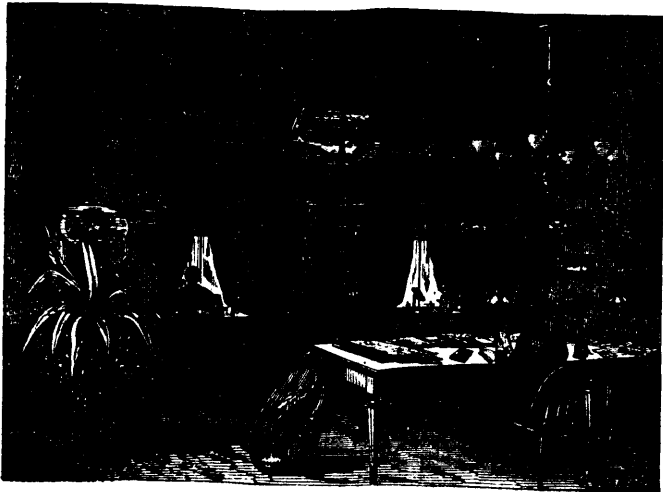
judged from the next picture, which seems to destine him to a plaster of Paris immortality.

So far we have only briefly touched upon a few of the dolphin's neighbors in the Aquarium. The wonderful crabs of all kinds and the beautiful anemones which form half the interest of the place, we cannot at present touch upon,—nor can we describe the elaborate and successful apparatus for fish culture, but we will conclude this paper with a description of the Hell-benders, though what there is in this innocent-looking creature to merit the bestowal of such a name, or to justify the artist in representing him as the cause of a distressing nightmare, we are unable to tell. The Hell-bender is found in the Alleghany river and the other tributaries of the Ohio. It is called sometimes the Salamander of the Alleghanies. A curious fact about this animal is that it sheds a transparent membrane which is the exterior layer of the skin; this it afterwards swallows. This membrane is first seen to loosen and separate from the entire surface of the body, appearing at this stage like an envelope or



MAKING A CAST OF THE ANGLER.

A glove in which the animal is contained. By a number of wide gapings, during which the mouth is opened to the fullest extent the skin is parted about the lips and then commences to fold backward from the head. Convulsive and undulating movements with the body and forelegs are employed to extract these



INTERIOR OF READING-ROOM.

from the loose skin. The skin then readily falls backward as the animal crawls forward and out of it until the hind-legs are reached, when it turns round upon itself and taking the skin in its mouth pulls it over the legs and tail. The Hell-bender (*Menopoma Alleghaniensis*) deposits its eggs in a connected string along the muddy banks of the river.



NANCY CARTER'S THEFT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY E. H. N.

CHAPTER I.

One dark rainy evening in the latter part of October 182—, a young man carefully picked his way along a narrow street in Montreal which led him from the fur store of his employers, Messrs. Rickford & Hyde, to his boarding-house on the outskirts of the city. There was a firmness in his steps and an elasticity in his movements which betokened inward satisfaction, and few who knew its cause could have foreborne to congratulate him on it; for his had been a life of battle with the world, and on the success of this battle depended not only his own future career, but the welfare and happiness of his mother and sister, and he had that day been promoted to the head clerkship of the wealthy establishment he had just left, at a salary which would place them above want.

Harry Clifford's parents were English, and had left their native land in the hope of bettering their prospects, which were poor enough at home. They came out to Canada just at the close of the war of 1812-15, and Mr. Clifford soon obtained a situation in the Preventive service. His station was on the Canadian frontier, near the northern shore of Lake Champlain, and his services were attended with risk and danger. While out on a trip to watch some insignificant-looking boats which were daily passing up and down, without, as it seemed to him, a sufficient show of business, he was taken suddenly ill, and before he reached home had become too weak to converse for more than a few moments at a time. At times he seemed anxious to communicate some-

thing which appeared to him of great consequence, but immediately his thoughts would wander away to his home in England and scenes antecedent to his departure to Canada, and he died leaving the cause of his death a mystery.

By Mr. Clifford's death his family was left so destitute that they were forced to remove from their comfortable residence in the village of B—— to a more humble home in a back settlement, quite poor enough, Mrs. Clifford thought, to be within her means. Her neighbors were kind-hearted and friendly, and when she opened her school in a pretty little cottage gave her all the assistance and encouragement in their power. The district, however, was but thinly settled, and the earnings barely sufficed to support herself and her little daughter Susie, who, with Harry, for whom a friend had obtained a situation in the city, was all that was left to her in her new home. Under her many griefs her health rapidly drooped, and before six years had passed away she was quite an invalid, and was waited on by Susie, who, though young, was both her companion and comfort. Amongst her other friends was her landlord, Mr. Greely—Squire Greely he was called; and he was not only Mrs. Clifford's friend, but the friend of all who were in need.

The years had been long ones to Harry, while he had been unable materially to assist his mother and little sister; but now that his prospects had brightened and his hopes were realized, he could forget his trial and sorrow, and on the evening the reader makes his acquaintance, he was full of joy and joyous plans for the future. When, in his

imagination, his mother was made comfortable and little Susie enjoyed the advantages of a good school, there rose before his eyes, as he looked into the misty darkness, the image of a pretty bright-eyed young English girl who had assisted his mother in the days of her school-teaching. Very pretty soul-lit hazel eyes were those of Alice Barford, and it seemed as if the witchery of their spell was on Harry this evening. Alice was an orphan and almost alone in the wide world. Harry knew she returned the affection he lavished upon her, and no wonder he scarcely felt the ground under his feet, or noticed the obstacles in his path.

When he arrived at his boarding-house the door was opened by the landlady, Mrs. Leland, herself. She was much more attentive than usual, and her manner convinced Harry that the news of his good fortune had gone before him.

On entering the supper room he perceived that Eli Gordon, one of his fellow clerks,—and one who had aspired to the situation which had been awarded himself—had arrived before him, and was sitting at one side of the wide fire-place with a heavy cloud on his brow, and, there was little doubt, with wrathful feelings in his heart.

"I give you my congratulations, Mr. Clifford, very heartily," said Mrs. Leland. "But we are all surprised; we thought Mr. Gordon would have been the fortunate one."

While she spoke Gordon rose from his seat, muttered an oath, and commenced walking up and down the room with nervous steps.

Mrs. Leland kept a second-class boarding and lodging-house for young men who were too poor to afford better accommodations than could be found there. She also had a few rooms which were plainly fitted up for the entertainment of chance guests, two of whom were present when Harry Clifford entered.

With one of these persons he exchanged a formal bow and a cold "good evening," while the other he grasped warmly by the hand, exclaiming. "Back so soon, Teddy Walters! What cheer?"

"I've sped well, Master Harry," was the answer, in a rich Irish brogue, returned by the pedlar youth—for such he was, "and it's news I have for yourself when we two are alone."

Supper was now ready, and the person with whom Harry had exchanged the formal bow, rose from his seat, tossed the remainder of a stick, which he had been whittling to a point, into the fire, and joined the party at the table.

He was a tall, lanky man with small eyes and a hooked nose. On the whole his countenance had a disagreeable cast, and strangers who saw him for the first time usually turned to get a second sight to make sure what feature or features gave the expression to his face. He was an American, about the same age as Harry—or it might be a year or two older. His occupation was suspected, if not known to a certainty, by all who frequented Mrs. Leland's "boarding and lodging house for young gentlemen." He dealt in contraband goods, and was usually called "the lucky smuggler;" and a good profit he made, too, on one thing or another—take the months together—this Mr. Job Robinson. When supper was over and the other occupants had retired to their rooms, Harry drew his chair near to that of his young friend, Teddy Walters, and asked for his news.

"Well," began Teddy, "it's myself that made well with my pack this trip. There is many a one of the farmer folk that spent their money with me instead of going to the stores. But I was to tell my news.

"When I was come to Squire Greely's—Mrs. Greely always buys a trifle, if only to encourage an honest

lad—I asked for Master Harry's mother and sister, and it was then they dropped a word about Miss Alice that I was quick to gather up for you; but that'll come by-and-by."

Harry made an impatient movement, though he did not speak, and Teddy went on:—

"It's myself that asked were they all well, and Mrs. Greely said the mistress was but poorly and the little one not over-strong, and that Miss Alice was doing teacher's work near hand, and was a comfort to them both."

"Well, when I was through there,—I sold a pocket-knife to the nephew, young Jack, and a razor to the Squire,—'twas myself started for the cottage. You know it's on a rise of ground it stands, and before I was near to the foot of it, Miss Susie herself came bounding down the hill—her soft blue eyes as bright as jewels, and her gold-colored curls flying about her neck, and she called out, 'Teddy, O Teddy, tell me all about Harry.'

"I told her you was well, and then she brought me to the mistress, and Miss Alice was there, looking so well and pretty. The mistress is pale, but she flushed up a bit when I told her 'twas likely you'd have luck."

"Surely Teddy," interpreted Harry, "surely you did not say I was certain of success!"

"Oh no," answered Teddy, complacently, "it's myself that said 'twas likely Mr. Hyde could see who was most useful in the store and among the papers, and that some one was sure to go up, and that 'twas more like to be yourself than another; and now you see what I said is come true."

"And what about Miss Alice?" questioned Harry, with as much indifference as he could assume.

"You're not to be troubled now, Master Harry," he said. "It's only that Seth Wheeler is trying to make up to her,—'trying his best,' that's the way they said it; but she does not take to

him, though he has a farm of his own, forbye what he gets for minding his uncle's, the doctor's, place. Miss Alice'll never heed him, they all said."

Teddy's "news" by no means raised Harry Clifford's spirits, and notwithstanding his recent good fortune he went to his room with a disturbed mind.

CHAPTER II.

Harry Clifford was tall and well-formed, though rather slight. His hair was of a dark chesnut brown, luxuriant and soft; his features regular and handsome. There was a firmness about his mouth and an expression on his countenance very grave for one so young, that doubtless was attributed to his close attention to business from an early age. His eye would have been a merry one and his laugh ringing and boisterous had his young life not been spent in constant toil without the relaxation necessary to youth.

Not many weeks after his promotion he was commissioned by his employers to visit New York State on important business, and was given permission to spend a day, while on the way, at his mother's cottage, which was not far from the direct road. It would be impossible to describe his feelings as he neared the little block cottage; the meeting with his little sister Susie, who would insist on going part of the way to be the first to welcome him, and who ran on ahead to carry the news to his mother and Alice; Alice's joyous congratulations, which banished at once the feelings aroused by Teddy's news concerning Seth Wheeler, and the thankful welcome of his mother, who lay on her couch in her neatly furnished room. Her cup of pleasure was brimming, even though her son could spend but one day with her. She could now look forward to his visits being more frequent,

and in the not far distant future she saw a comfortable, though perhaps a lowly, home for them all. As Harry sat beside her couch, holding her thin hand in his own, she felt very thankful and happy. Harry's full clear blue eyes rested lovingly on her white face, and as he stooped to kiss her again and again his heart rose in gratitude to God who had at length given him his desire.

There was much to be said and done in that one day—that day afterwards regarded as the happiest he had ever spent.

It passed all too quickly. There were calls to be made upon the neighbors who were so tenderly kind to his mother and sister, and arrangements to be made for their comfort through the coming inclement season. Mrs. Clifford and Susie were both enthusiastic in their praises of the Squire and Mrs. Greely. They considered the Squire almost without faults, while his wife had only one, which at times was a little troublesome to her neighbors. She seldom lost an opportunity of hearing or retailing gossip, though by no means a malicious slanderer. It was to her Teddy had been indebted for his bit of "news" that had so annoyed Harry.

Notwithstanding this one failing, Mrs. Greely was a very kind, motherly sort of woman, and lavished much affection on Susie and Jack Hunter, a nephew of the Squire's whom they had adopted. She had no living children; but two little mounds half overgrown with rose bushes, that might have been seen near the foot of Squire Greely's orchard, and over which she sometimes dropped a tear, told that her maternal feelings had been drawn out years before Jack and Susie had taken the place they now occupied in her warm heart.

Harry enjoyed his chat with the Squire and Mrs. Greely, but found it a more difficult matter to call at Doctor Wheeler's, where he knew he would be pretty sure to meet Seth. They had never been friends, and had been less

friendly of late than in their boyhood.

Seth was large and strongly made, with coarse, ugly features, light brown hair, and gray eyes. His manners were rough and bearish, his voice deep and heavy. He was what might be termed a silent man for the most part, though he heard the news, even to the minutest item, as greedily as Mrs. Greely herself. But he repeated only such as it suited his purposes to keep in circulation. He managed his uncle's farm, and had been an inmate of the Doctor's house for some years, having lost his parents when quite young.

Formerly when Harry Clifford had chanced to meet him, Seth's overbearing manner had been very galling to the high-spirited, penniless English boy; and now, to say the least, Harry felt extremely annoyed that he should try to supplant him in Alice Barford's affections. Harry thought he made a discovery during his short stay at Doctor Wheeler's, which he took pains to communicate to Alice directly on his return to the cottage. It was that the Doctor's only daughter, a gentle, simple-hearted girl of about seventeen, was deeply in love with her great awkward, bearish cousin, and we scarcely need say the thought gave him much pleasure.

Harry's business would take him to Plattsburg on the western shore of Lake Champlain, and from thence a short distance in a south-westerly direction. It had been intrusted to him by Mr. Hyde, the only active partner in the firm, who had the utmost confidence in his business integrity and ability. He was driven to the Province line in Mr. Greely's wagon, the Squire's man-of-all-work, Ephraim Hall, being his driver. He left with the joyful expectation of seeing his friends on his return, and bade them good-bye without a passing thought of the troubles which lay before him. His driver, who was commonly known as Neef, or old Neef, was a great favorite with the young folks, and the time passed pleasantly to Harry

while listening to his quaint accounts of his early life in the Bay State; so much so, indeed, that he was very sorry to part company with Neef and take a public conveyance.

On arriving at Plattsburg he took up his quarters at the best hotel, and prepared to look over his instructions for the last time before proceeding to business. When Harry Clifford entered the supper-room that evening, to his astonishment he saw among those pressing forward to the table, his old boarding-house acquaintance, Mr. Job Robinson. He was far better dressed than Harry had ever seen him, and saluted our hero with quite the air of an old friend. He made many attempts to draw him into conversation,—what he had never done before—and seemed anxious to establish the fact in the minds of the persons present that he was on very intimate terms with Harry Clifford.

But Harry did not unbend from his usual manner to the smuggler, or communicate the nature of his own business in Plattsburg and vicinity, to which Robinson led up adroitly more than once.

Any one following Robinson to his room that night might have seen his eye fire and his fist clenched, and have heard him mutter almost under his breath.

"What's *he* here for just now?" Curse him for his pride too, I say! I'll bring it down yet, and be revenged for all poor father's wrongs, or my name is not Job Robinson. I don't forget how his father ruined mine with his *preventive* laws, and almost made beggars of mother and the young ones! No, I don't forget. Nobody knows of that dig he got in his side that finished him up, but I could tell—that I could. Poor father! he never held up his head after the last loss. One good thing, 'twas managed so the Cliffords got little enough out of it. I hate the very name, and I'll be revenged on a Clifford when and where I can. I've

had my eye on this fellow long enough, little as he thinks it, and can wait my time too, if its years and years."

And nursing such feelings, which he had received from his father—a sort of patrimony of wrath—Robinson extinguished his candle and retired to his bed. He had many secret misgivings that Harry Clifford's appearance in Plattsburg was in some way connected with a very rich lot of goods which he was about to transport to Montreal with all dispatch, and from which he expected to realize a handsome profit if safely delivered to the contracting parties.

Harry was busy enough during his stay in the place, so that he had little leisure to regard the movements of his smuggler acquaintance, even if he had had the inclination. Robinson also came and went, and they seldom exchanged half a dozen words when they chanced to meet.

Harry's work was completed in two or three days, and he was to leave Plattsburg on the following morning. There had been several visitors at the hotel during his short stay, most of them going westward with the tide of emigration which was then setting that way so strongly. On the day previous to Harry's intended departure, there arrived from northern New Hampshire a stout, dark-complexioned man of middle age, calling himself Watson, who talked a great deal of the "West," a great deal of his relatives and friends there, but more than all of himself and his intended purchase of land in the eastern part of Indiana.

Robinson and the stranger seemed to understand each other's characters, and were quite friendly at once. Harry Clifford took little interest in the conversation, and would scarcely have noticed Watson at all, except for his unusually loud and boisterous manner, and a peculiar hitch in his gait as if from a stiff knee.

The snow had been softening for

some days, and now had quite melted away under the effects of a drizzling rain which had been falling for several hours steadily. Towards evening, however, the wind changed, the rain ceased, and the miry roads were suddenly stiffened. The evening was dark and had closed in early. Robinson and Watson had been out from about four o'clock in the afternoon until half-past seven, when they came in, took their suppers, and sat long afterwards over their pipes and glasses. Their talk, for the most part, was on indifferent subjects, but occasionally they lowered their tones as if not wishing to be overheard.

CHAPTER III.

We must not forget, while speaking of Harry Clifford's joyful reunion, that another character waits an introduction to our readers: one who acts an important part in these homely pages. Consequently we here present Mrs. Nancy Carter, a woman of medium height, slight and well-formed, with piercing black eyes and raven hair, but with a face pale with want and saddened by care. Her husband was a thriftless drunkard; her home a miserable hut which stood about a mile and a quarter from the village. The hut was an isolated building now, though it had once been attached to some lumbering shanties which had been nearly consumed by fire several years previous to the time of which we are writing, and the blackened remains were scattered about the vicinity—at least, such of them as Mrs. Carter in her want and wretchedness had not consumed for fuel. A dilapidated fire-place, built of rough stones and clay, served in this poor place the double purpose of throwing out light and heat for the family of Augustus Carter, who usually found for himself a

warmer corner in a low public-house, or "groggery,"—for it deserved no better name—that was kept by a red-faced woman named Mrs. Johnson, in the northern part of the village of Plattsburg hard by.

Mrs. Carter was the mother of three little girls, the eldest of whom was now ten years of age, and was just awakening to her father's degradation. Young as she was, her quick eye could detect the slightest roll in his gait as he neared their wretched dwelling, and she early learned to follow her mother's example, and kept aloof and silent when he had been drinking—for, though Augustus Carter was the mildest and most good-natured of men when sober, a very little intoxicating drink transformed him into a fiend.

On this evening that was to be the turning-point in Harry Clifford's life, Mrs. Nancy Carter was more than usually depressed. Her husband, who was a carpenter by trade, and a man of unbroken health—except so far as intemperance had disordered him—could have provided well for his family; but now he seemed to have no thought save for his own indulgence. The only willingness he manifested to earn any money, was when he could join two or three of his low companions on a trip to the woods on a hunting or trapping excursion. Just at this time there was some scheme on foot, but Mrs. Carter was ignorant of its exact nature. She knew that Johnson and a trapper called Ben Parkins could lead him almost anywhere, and she dreaded the wintry weather without even the slight protection that her husband's occasional presence at home gave her.

Mrs. Carter had been tenderly brought up in her old home at the foot of the White Mountains, and she shrank from what she was exposed to now, as only one of her sensitive nature could. She had been out for the day toiling at hard work, to earn bread for her hungry children, and had but just

returned when the darkness came on. She had brought food and soon prepared supper for her little ones, and added wood to the fire which the eldest girl, little Jane, had been unable to keep up properly through the day.

Sometimes Carter would be sober for several weeks at once, and poor Nancy would take courage from his kindness, and begin to hope for the future; but for the past six months he had been more besotted than ever, and her heart was sore, and well-nigh ready to break.

Carter did not return this evening as early as usual, and when the children were in bed, and as comfortable as their mother could make them with their poor covering, Mrs. Carter sat down on a low chair beside the fireplace, commenced swaying herself back and forth, and moaning as if in great mental agony.

At length her grief found words, and she wailed out,

"Oh, what shall I do? My strength is failing, my husband is worse than dead to me, and my children must starve! Oh, what would my proud-spirited sisters say if they saw me now? They who always said Carter would not provide for me! But I loved him so dearly, and could love him again if the dreadful drink would only be given up. If we could only get back to our old home, perhaps Augustus would do better—if we were among our old friends again! I wouldn't mind working and being poor *now*, if only I could see him a sober man once more. Johnson is destroying him, and he cannot break away from that man's toils. Oh that we had means to leave here now!" and so the poor tired woman talked on to herself for more than an hour, waiting for Carter's return; but he did not come, and Nancy began to fear he had fallen by the way, or had been taken ill at Johnson's.

When she thought it must be long past ten, she threw her old cloak about her, made the fire safe, fastened the

door upon her sleeping children, and again went out into the night. She trembled with cold and excitement, expecting every moment to come upon the prostrate body of her husband. Nothing was to be seen in the path, however, and she was nearing the "groggery," where she could see a faint light burning in the bar, when her foot suddenly struck a small parcel which lay directly in her road. Her mind was almost too benumbed for thought, but mechanically she stooped and raised it. It was too dark to examine it, though Mrs. Carter could feel that it was not more than five or six inches in length or breadth and firmly tied with a strong tape. She slipped the little parcel into her pocket, and was soon rapping at Johnson's door; for to her surprise she heard no sounds of drunken mirth as she approached, such as she had so often been greeted with when bound on a similar errand.

Mrs. Johnson's loud "Coming" was heard, and Nancy soon found herself seated by the fire, which was burning low, and trying to frame enquiries for her husband, who was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is Augustus?—Mr. Carter, I mean. I thought he was here."

"He's *not* here, then, Mrs. Carter," returned the woman tartly, "and hasn't been for some hours. They're all away on a look-out at the traps, and won't be in till the day after to-morrow."

Nancy groaned aloud, but Mrs. Johnson continued,

"Yes, they're all away, and Parkins expects great good luck this time, and he's known to be the best trapper in a hundred miles around. Anyhow, you needn't take on that way,—you'll get a share of what's made."

"What's *made*!" Nancy repeated after her in a broken voice. "What has *ever* been made with all my husband has been dragged to the woods that I have had a share of? It has all been spent here, Mrs. Johnson, and you know it very well."

With these words she staggered to her feet, and was once more on the way to her wretched home, where she found her children still asleep.

Mrs. Carter's first care was to stir the fire until a bright blaze was obtained, when she proceeded to examine the little parcel she had picked up on the frozen street.

She carefully untied the red tape and took off the outer wrapper which was a part of a number of the—*Gazette*. She then unfolded the inner paper and a roll of banknotes lay before her; she clasped them convulsively and half turned around as if fearing she was discovered. By the flickering light of the fire she counted the money. One, two, three hundred dollars! yes, more than that; she counted on,—a thousand dollars was in her hand!

Poor Mrs. Nancy Carter! The "powers of darkness" were busy with her then. She was not a praying woman, or surely the cry would have escaped her for strength to resist the tempter in that truly evil hour.

There was a sheet of curiously marked paper, marked with characters such as she had never seen before, and on some few of the notes there were evidently tracings in the same cypher. Not for one moment did Nancy think of finding the owner and restoring the money; she clasped it tighter and muttered,

"It is *mine*,—I found it."

The marked notes and paper she laid by themselves, until she had secured the other money, amounting to something over nine hundred dollars, in an old leather pocketbook and hidden it away in the corner of her trunk, which she carefully fastened. She was quite

calm now; only once she trembled a little when she thought she heard her dead father's voice close to her ear. It seemed to say "Theft," and it *was* very like old Deacon Bliss's voice, but perhaps it was only conscience.

When this part of her task was done, Nancy set to work to make up a new parcel exactly resembling the one she had taken. These were the marked notes and the sheet of cypher which she managed to press into a shape similar to the other. She then folded them in the *Gazette*, and tied all firmly with the red tape.

She worked in a nervous manner, with her lips compressed, her nostrils dilated, and her breath came quick and short. She no longer seemed the tired, worn woman she had been an hour before. There was a bright spot on either cheek, and almost a wild beauty about her features as she moved swiftly around her poor room.

Those who had known pretty Nancy Bliss in her old home would have recognized her now, and have said she was not so very much changed in the dozen years she had been the wife of Augustus Carter.

Again the old cloak was donned, and soon she was on her way to the neighboring village. This time there was no languor, no trembling, but a free, firm step, and Mrs. Nancy Carter placed the re-made parcel on the exact spot from whence she had taken the other. So like the first it was that no person would have detected the change unless acquainted with the contents of both. Then she hurried home and threw herself beside her still sleeping children and soon was lost in deep, but troubled slumber.

(To be continued).

TROUT FISHING UPON THE MONTMORENCI.

During the summer of 186—, I had been spending, or rather wasting my holidays quietly at home in Toronto, and as they had nearly expired, I was just contemplating getting to work again, when I received an invitation from a friend in Quebec, asking me if I would join him in a fishing party in that vicinity.

Having just sufficient time left, and having never visited the ancient capital of Canada, I was not long in making up my mind. Early upon a beautiful morning, accordingly, towards the end of August, I was one of the few passengers who congregated upon the upper deck of the magnificent steamer "Quebec," to catch the first glimpse of the city, as we sped swiftly upon the ebbing tide. From Cap Rouge until we reached Quebec, we passed between shores lined with forests of masts belonging to ships scattered along both sides of the river, loading timber.

The appearance presented by the city to a stranger, the bold promontory jutting out into the stream, the spacious harbor, covered with ships, steamers and boats innumerable, the beautiful and varied scenery, have all been described so often and so ably that I forbear comment. As we made fast to the pontoon, I perceived my friend C. looking out for me, and five minutes afterwards, we were on our way to his residence.

On the following afternoon the party, consisting of my friend C., another young man named B. and myself, together with a man engaged to assist in working the boat, set out on a trip up the Montmorenci river. Driving across the draw-bridge over the St. Charles river, we continued along the Beauport road—one of the several splendid macadamized highways leading out of the

city as far as the Beauport church, some four miles north-east of the city. We then turned off into a country road, leading us almost due north, and shortly after crossing two valleys, entered the mountains by a gap in the chain of hills, through which the river finds a passage.

The night previous it had rained very heavily, and the roads from this were very soft and bad. In some places there were mud holes, almost bottomless, in which the waggons sunk nearly to the axles.

After passing the last inhabited house, we began a long, steep ascent over the spur of a large mountain. When we reached the highest point and began our descent on the other side, C. pointed out to me, far below on our right, and indistinctly visible through the trees, a white line of broken water, which he said was the Montmorenci river.

We passed a great many houses about this place, all deserted. I was informed that the occupants had been fairly driven away by the nature of the land, not being able to obtain subsistence for themselves from off it. Certainly none of our Ontario farmers would remain an hour upon any land such as I saw in this vicinity, for most of the "land" I saw was bare rock, in places covered by a thin soil, upon which crops of stones appeared to flourish best.

After travelling about twenty-five miles, we reached the spot at which we were to pass the night, a deserted house standing within a hundred yards of the river; but an immense tree having blown down across the road a short distance from the house, we were compelled to leave the waggons at this point, and jump the horses over the obstruction to stable them.

While the others attended to the horses and started a fire, B. and I put together our rods and essayed a cast from the rocky shore. It was just dusk, and the fish took well, for in a few minutes five nice trout lay gasping on the grass, and another ten minutes saw them hissing and curling in the frying-pan, unmistakably "fresh."

The mosquitoes here were very lively, and "took to strangers," as C. said, when he saw how vigorously they attacked me; but they had to be made the best of, together with all other inconveniences attending a fishing party in the backwoods. While at supper we were joined by a farmer, whose services we had bespoken on passing his house, to remain with our horses while we were absent.

Early the next morning we set off on foot, making a portage to where the boat was kept, a spot some distance above the clearance. We found her in good order, and the goods having been all stowed in the bottom, C. took the steerman's seat, while the rest of us rowed or paddled. The river here was smooth and calm, though very much swollen and discolored by the recent rains. We had not gone above a mile before we encountered a long, broken rapid, up which we poled our way, or, in places where it was practicable, jumped out and made quicker progress by towing the boat along. Each of us wore a rough wading suit, and we were provided with stout shoes to save our feet when walking over the stony bottom. Many were the duckings each got in ascending these rapids, by suddenly slipping off some large smooth boulder or steep bank, over head and ears into the icy cold water; and the shiverings and gaspings following each exit from the watery element, were the source of great amusement to all but the unfortunate victim.

Late in the afternoon we passed through another still reach, called the "Pêche Ste. Anne," and approached a

very fierce rapid divided into two channels by an island. Choosing the left channel, we worked our way up inch by inch until we were above the island, when we saw that by crossing we would have smoother water. Heading the boat, therefore, out into the swift current, we made for a point from which a large spruce tree, blown down by the wind, projected out into the water, being almost submerged. But the current was very strong, and we found it would be as much as we could do if we succeeded in reaching the point. Just as we were making a last spurt above the tree, and anticipating a breathing space in an eddy which we perceived a short distance ahead, the pole in the hands of our bowsman, Bill, snapped, and in an instant the boat swung round broadside to the tree, capsized and was swept under. Bill, being nearest the shore, saved himself by leaping upon the tree trunk, while C., shying his paddle ashore to save it, sprang nimbly over into deep water. But B. and myself were drawn down by the boat, poor B. going completely under and emerging on the other side half-drowned, while I, more fortunate, got hold of a friendly branch and scrambled over safely. Leaving B. and Bill to look after the boat, I followed C., who was swimming down in pursuit of our goods and chattels, which strewed the rapid. With a good deal of trouble we managed to secure all our provisions, but lost three coats, both our oars and some spare paddles. We held on to the bushes at the bank with what we had saved, until the others having emptied the boat of water, came down for us, and they informed us that our rods, the tent, and our only axe having been secured to the boat had escaped the wreck; but we sustained a serious loss in the shape of our little stove, which contained most of our *batterie de cuisine*.

On reaching the point again, the provisions claimed first attention, and

we were agreeably surprised on discovering that the tin can which contained our bread and some of the groceries, had proved water-tight; but the second package, containing the balance of the groceries and a quantity of biscuit, had not escaped so well. All our sugar now sweetened the Montmorenci, the bag only remaining to remind us of it; the biscuits smelt and tasted as though both pepper and coffee had entered largely into their composition, and had to be thrown away.

However, we were glad to have saved what we did, and proceeded to pitch the tent, first securely fastening the boat and setting up a stake to serve for a watermark. Our only frying pan had taken its flight with the stove, but another was speedily improvised out of a tin plate, and we soon had the kettle singing upon a large open fire in front of the tent, before which we hung up our wet garments to dry; for our change of clothes, into which we had expected to step comfortably at night, was of course as wet as that we had worn all day. They soon dried, however, and the night being very cool we were not sorry to don them, and after making up a roaring fire, we raised the side of the tent so as to admit the heat, and lulled by the music of the rapids speedily fell asleep.

Next morning our water-mark shewed that the river had gone down six inches during the night. After a hasty breakfast on fresh trout, washed by copious draughts of sugarless coffee, we set off again, and this day we toiled up continuous rapids, there being now no more calm reaches. B.— was the only one who rejoiced at the loss of the stove, saying that he now enjoyed a comfortable seat in the boat for the first time, as the whole of the previous day, it had been sticking its sharp edge into his back.

About two in the afternoon, we arrived at Snow River, the largest tributary of the Montmorenci, and camped

at one of its several mouths. We spent the remainder of the day fishing in the vicinity, with fair success, obtaining some eight dozen fish, of an aggregate weight of fifty pounds.

Early next morning C. and I took the boat, and leaving B. and the man, Bill, to fish Snow River and about the camp, started off to try the "Pools," some miles further up the main river. We found we could not take the boat very far, however, so hauling her up ashore we went on on foot. We had a long and tiresome walk, or rather wade,—before arriving at the Pools, which are three small basins at the foot of a rocky gorge or ravine, with precipitous sides about a hundred feet in height, through which the river rushes in a succession of leaps.

Here we had poor success, getting a large basket full of small fish, but no large ones, and we returned about nightfall to find that the other two had made a very good day's fishing up at Snow River Pools.

During the ensuing night, the rain fell heavily in the mountains near us, and though we fortunately escaped, still the river began to rise again. We started on our return trip, down the river, early in the day, intending to stop and fish at any likely-looking places on our way. After trying a few casts in various spots with small success, the water being so muddy, we again sighted the scene of our capture, and beaching the boat quietly upon the island, waded out to try our luck at the lower end of the rapid. We got several very nice two pounders out of this hole, and C. finally hooked a splendid one, judging by the game way in which he played. B. was not a very "keen" angler, hooking the fish whenever they chose to bite, but going to very little trouble to tempt them if they were not so inclined. He was greatly amused at the queer figure C. cut, standing, or rather trying to stand almost up to his neck in water, his whole good-natured face

working with unusual excitement as the fish made desperate attempts to get out into the swiftest part of the rapid, and yelling like a maniac for some one "for goodness sake to bring along that landing net, or I'll lose him, sure!"

However, thanks to his own skill, he did not "lose him," but succeeded in landing a little further down, a splendid five-pound trout, the largest fish we obtained. He was in great glee at his success, and tried again for another; but though we caught some very good-sized fish, we killed none approaching C.'s "big un," and we at length "put up" our rods and got aboard again for a run down to the house. On our way down a rapid we perceived two of our paddles caught in the bushes on the bank, but could not stop for them; we also shortly afterwards passed the battered and shapeless remains of our stove upon a sand bank, emptied of all its contents.

Passing the place where we had first embarked in the boat, we continued on our way down the Crooked Hole Rapids, the worst, or, according to

fancy, the best, we had yet run. There was a spice of danger in running this rapid which added to the pleasure. Had it not been for the experience of our steersman we should certainly have had a capsizing here; as it was, with all care we had several narrow escapes. Once an immense wave hurled us forward and we struck, with a shock which nearly shot Bill over the bow, upon a large boulder. We all expected to be "swimming for it" the next instant; but fortunately the boat did not broach to, and the next rush of water lifted her like a cork and fairly threw her clear, half filling her with water as it did so. We flew down the remainder of the rapid without accident, and beached the boat by the house early in the afternoon, having descended in a few hours rapids which we had taken days to surmount.

We arrived in Quebec the same night, and I took leave of my friend, inwardly determining that the pleasant time I had just spent, should not be my last upon the waters of the beautiful Montmorenci.

Z.



MY YOUNG MASTER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CASTING THE LOT."

CHAPTER X.

With thee my bark I swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine,
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to
So not again to mine.

BYRON.

It had rained all day and was raining yet,—not heavily, but a small, steady, drizzling, chilly rain, Every thing was damp, and the night was of course, dark; not a moonbeam or star twinkle lit up our departure. I harnessed the juvenile successor of Black Bess to the jaunting car, and put Mr. Edward's and Rolston's luggage in the well. It was a great grief to me when Mr. Edward came to take his seat beside me on the car to find he had been drinking. He tried to hide it on me, but it was too plain to be seen; however, we started, Rolston driving The Hazels' jaunting car for the last time. That was a dreary night journey. On even an ordinary occasion the dark, wet night, the gloomy sky, the splash of the horse's hoofs through the wet mud as we drove between long lines of dripping hedges, the drizzling rain that soon penetrated through our clothes, was enough to make us feel melancholy, even if our thoughts had been more free from care and regret. Mr. Edward was worn out with want of sleep, harrowed with unavailing self-reproach, and half-drunk beside. He was hard enough to manage at times, and it was no easy matter to get along. He wanted to stop at every public house he came to and take us in to drink. He wanted us to stop and let him open a trunk to get out his

pipes, that he might leave the country to the tune of Cha till mi tuilich. He raved against his wife, whom he called Kate Courtenay, and declared she was nothing to him; his first and only wife was living and he would find her yet. Then he would burst into weak tears and hope that "black-hearted old scoundrel," Doctor Powerscourt, would be kind to Marmy and Regie; "poor little beggars they have done no harm and now they will have no father."

I knew very well that it was a wrong thing for Mr. Edward to run away from his wife and sons, but I thought leaving her was the only hope for his reformation. We got him into Belfast and into bed with a feeling of relief. We kept him under cover and managed for him all that was necessary to be done until about three o'clock. At that hour the "Constitution," loosed from her moorings, was towed down the lough. We got a small boat and followed her, and Mr. Edward and Rolston got safely on board, and the "Constitution" with her sails spread bore away my young master to make a fresh start in life in the New World. I returned home feeling as if I were cut loose forever from my former life. I staid at The Hazels till Mr. Higginson took possession, then declining to stay as manager I went over to my mother's at Ballinderry to stay awhile and rest.

Things had prospered with our family. My sisters were well married. My brother, who was a gardener, had gone into partnership with a man who opened a seed store in connection with

the nursery which my brother managed. He had a nice cottage at the nursery, and a pretty little wife to keep it in order for him. Mother lived with them, but had a part of the cottage to herself; it opened into the garden and here I rested awhile to my mother's great joy and contentment. The first thing that woke up the monotony of my life was a visit from Dr. Powerscourt and his niece, accompanied by her two little boys. I was sitting idly at the window when a covered car drove up and the doctor's large nose got out followed by the rest of him. He helped out Mrs. Edward and her two little boys, who were quarrelling as if they had never left off since they were sent home that day from the baby-house.

My mother was absent somewhere, and I received them into her little parlor.

"We have followed you, my dear young friend," said the doctor in his sweet, oily tones, "partly to see you, and partly to take counsel with you about this sad business."

"What sad business, Doctor Powerscourt?"

"About Edward Russell deserting his helpless wife and innocent children, and leaving them to the mercy of the cold world."

"I was not aware of that," I said, smiling at the speech. "I understood that Mrs. Russell had of her own accord left The Hazels, and had placed herself under the protection of her uncle."

"I grant that, my dear friend, and my doors were open to my beloved niece in her trouble, that she and her dear boys might be sheltered until affairs would be settled. Now what is the consequence, my good Mr. Hazley, what is the consequence?"

"I am sure I cannot say, Doctor. What is it?"

"Why, he has gone, absconded—run away like a guilty felon leaving his family to want."

"Where has he gone?" I asked, innocently.

"Where has he gone! Well now, really, Mr. Hazley, it was to ascertain that fact we came here, besides the very great pleasure it is to us to see you here, as I may say in the bosom of your family."

As the doctor said this he looked round as if to take note of, or make obeisance to my family; but seeing that there was no one in the parlor but myself, he made a general wave of his hand to indicate that my family were somewhere convenient and though invisible he saluted them, then he returned to the business on hand.

"My niece and myself were well aware of the position of trust and confidence to which you had gradually crept since the death of the elder Mr. Russell, and we thought you the most likely person to know where the delinquent has gone."

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to dispel that illusion. I am not aware of where Mr. Edward Russell is. I have not been either his counsellor or confidant; if I had been either, I would have advised him to act in a totally different manner. Also, Doctor Powerscourt, I would correct your ideas as to my position first and last at The Hazels: I did not creep, I worked up."

Doctor Powerscourt protested he had used the word "creep" inadvertently, and hoped I would take no offence, for he felt towards me as a friend of the family.

The doctor saw by this time that there was nothing to be got out of me and prepared to take his leave, though I could see he was still unconvinced as to whether I knew anything at all or would tell them if I did.

Mrs. Russell, who had been silent by an effort, now tried if her questions would extract any information out of me and mingled them with foolish pleadings and lamentings.

I listened to her as patiently as I

could, and answered her as sparingly as possible, until she began to protest how highly she esteemed me and how much she had desired to see such an old and valued servant.

"Madam," I said, "I was never your servant. I held my position at The Hazels before Mr. Edward brought you there to his own sorrow. You have accused me of feathering my nest out of your property; you will look long round my home before you will see any of your feathers."

The doctor now interposed, and protested in his oily way that their good friend Mr. Hazley should not take notice of flying rumors, or make a person in trouble an offender for a word spoken under the pressure of great sorrow. He then, seeing there was no information to be gained, hoped that if I heard anything of the missing man I would communicate with his sorrowing family and, taking them with him, he bowed himself out and departed, to my great relief.

I had one or two offers of work after this, but did not feel like accepting them. I did not get any letter from Mr. Edward; after I parted with him on the "Constitution" I heard nothing from him directly, but I got the following characteristic letter from Tim about this time:

DEAR WILLIE,—I amj as well and doing as well, thanks be to Goodness! as ere an American letter tould of that iver crassed the ocean. I have lashins ov work an' money galore. Mary an' me an' the childer have a comfortable cabin, I call it, but the gossoons is gettin' uppish and they won't hear tell ov the word. Our house is white an' has a knocker on the door loike the quality, an' green shutters, what they call venation blinds here, an' a garden to the front wid laylocks an' other posies, an' all the orders. An' the childer, good luck to them! growin' loike mavishes an' larnin' loike lawyers; it's botherin' me they are entiorely wid their knowledgeableness. An' Nora, the darlint, ye min' ov the weesha crathur she was, well, she's Miss Grady now, hould yer whist! goin' to a school loike a castle wid the first young ladies in the land. James Ray lives wid us. For all the good pattern we set him, Mary an' me, he's still a bachelor all by himself, an' gettin' desperate well off. He's a great man for

the Temperance out an' out! Av he was a Roman, as he ought to be, for bedad he's good enough, he'd be a second Father Matthew. An' sure Mister Edward's a great timperance man now, reformed intirely. Sure he's took by the han' by all the great people here, for they're cute, these Yankees, an' they know he's a born gentleman an' he's standin' on his feet oncet more, Glory be to God for that same. He says whin he gets strong he'll sen' for the little boys, Marmy an' Regie, an' pay their misfortnit mother to stay off on the other side. Wirra! he's best wid the wide say between her an' him. Now, Willie, *ma bouchal*, av' ye come over there'll be no ind of a welcome for you. Direct your letter to me, Mister Grady, for I'm that now, sorra a less. An' now, wid all the kind messages that iver wor sint, from ivery wan ov us, Your ould frind an' workman—TIM GRADY.

After this I got an offer from a firm in Belfast with which we used to have business relations. It was to go over to New York, where they had started a branch establishment, and take charge of consignments of linen, gentlemen's underclothing and warehouse embroidery. I accepted this situation because of the change, though I would have preferred going to Philadelphia. After I left Ireland for New York, by some means or other, Doctor Powerscourt discovered the whereabouts of his niece's runaway husband. I think it was through a newspaper report of a temperance meeting. At all events he did discover it, and, glad of an opportunity to get rid of the incumbrance, he shipped off his niece and her little boys to Philadelphia.

I always kept James Ray and Tim advised of my whereabouts, and from them I learned of the arrival of Edward's wife and children at Philadelphia. Very soon afterwards came the news that the old scenes at The Hazels were being enacted over again on a small scale at the humble home in Philadelphia. Reckless expenditure as far as credit could be stretched, wilful waste and fierce upbraidings reigned supreme. Poor Edward was dragged down again into drink and despair till every family duty was neglected by both. Then, situation gone, character utterly lost, he sank lower and lower. Mrs. Ed-

ward had always tiddled in a ladylike manner, but latterly she drank more than her husband. He took frequent fits of intemperance, followed by intervals of remorse and self-upbraiding; she was never entirely sober, if by any means she could procure the poison that was now her only comfort. James and Tim tried to help; it was throwing help into a gulf that was bottomless. Poor Rolston tried to help his master too, and the three tried to send her home to her uncle, but she knew the relief that would be to her poor husband, and perhaps one sentiment of shame remained; she could not be got rid of anyway. Seeing that Edward and his wife were below help, James Ray managed with poor Mr. Edward's consent to get the little boys separated from them and placed in an institution where they were cared for and taught apart from the dreadful example of their parents. I heard at last that they had sunk so low that, to stave off actual starvation, he was forced to play the bagpipes from door to door. I often thought in my heart what a mercy it would be, if either drink or a lucky accident would take off Mrs. Edward out of the world altogether, but the wretched woman bore a charmed life. The angel of death smote many a lovely child the hope and pride of its parents, many a beautiful maiden, many a promising youth; mothers were snatched from helpless families, men of God from their work for souls, statesmen from unfinished schemes that seemed of importance to the whole human race, but Mrs. Edward Russell, who would have left no sorrow nor regret in the heart of any human being, was passed over. The last news I got was that Rolston, poor fellow, took every opportunity of finding his master and taking him to some quiet place to give him a wholesome meal in peace.

I could stand this no longer. The old days of our childhood, and his father's loving care for me came back to mind

so strongly that I determined to go over to Philadelphia and take him back with me. I got leave of absence for a few days and went to Philadelphia. I had no difficulty in finding Tim's pretty house wid the "venation blinds." James still made his home with them,—Uncle James, the children called him. I was made very welcome and was glad to see them all. It was a pleasant thing to see Tim among his children, and to hear him blessing the land of his prosperity as "the greatest land undher the universal heavens for the poor man wid a house full of childer." Young Tim was growing up a promising youth, "a thrifle stiff and unbid-dable wid the clargy, but the makins ov a man." And "Miss Grady," the "weesha Nora" of old times, was a fine-looking, modest, clever girl studying with the ambition of being a school teacher. Tim had a large family and they surrounded me and made friends with me in spite of their father's warnings to mind their manners an' not "smother their father's best frind entirety."

"You see, Willie," he would say laughing, "my infantry ought to be brought on in detachments."

"How many have you, Tim?" I asked.

"How many have I, is it! I'll need to ask Mary,—she keeps count. The Gradys always multiplied by twelve, an' I've a consate that thereabouts is our number; but bedad they're so frisky, the spalpeens, that they won't stop to be counted."

When James came home from his business he was met outside the door by a detachment of "the infantry" to announce that Willie had come.

It was really a great gratification to a lonely man like myself, this hearty demonstrative Irish welcome from Tim and his "long family." When we began to take counsel about my principal errand to Philadelphia, what was my disappointment to find that Edward had disappeared from their knowledge altogether! Mrs.

Edward was begging round for information of his whereabouts and assistance to follow him, feeling like Sinbad's old man of the sea when he was on nobody's neck. There was only one comfort in the matter, Rolston had given up his situation and was gone too, so it was just possible that they had gone together.

With a heavy heart I took leave of my friends and returned to New York. We parted with the agreement that whoever got trace of our poor young master would communicate with the rest.

Our firm, which was a highly prosperous one, had determined to establish another branch at Baltimore, and I was sent there in temporary charge. Before leaving New York at this time I sought out an Irish policeman and giving him a description of Mr. Edward and Rolston paid him to keep an eye on all wandering pipers, and send me word to Baltimore if any of them answered the description of the man I sought.

The first letter I got was from James Ray, forwarded to me by our firm. Rolston had written that Mr. Edward and he were in New York; he had employment at carting, and Mr. Edward and he had a decent room together. Mr. Edward was in failing health, and Rolston was nursing him up a bit. My next letter was from Rolston direct, in answer to one of mine, and contained the news that Maymie Bell was in New York—a great lady. He had seen her and her father too, and knew them instantly. He had made enquiries and found she was married to a very great man, a lawyer, reputed to be immensely wealthy. Rolston's great hope was that they might never meet, that he might never know.

When I returned to New York I found that Mrs. Edward had arrived, and found them out, and the poor home was broken up again. Worse than all, Rolston, poor fellow, was in the hospi-

tal with a broken leg. I went to see him the first moment I was free to go. His leg was not knitting well, and Rolston seemed near the end of the long journey. Mr. Edward came often to see him, and tried to cheer him up. How I thanked God for this!

He said Edward knew now about him saving the three boxes from the fire he kindled in his rage at the baby-house years ago. All of them with their contents were sold when they came first to New York except one little ring, the first love-token he had ever given Maymie,—he kept that.

"Edward has not been here for a week now," said Rolston "and I'm afraid he may be sick himself."

Getting the address from Rolston I set out once more to search for my young master. After Mrs. Edward found them out they had been obliged to move away from the humble but decent lodgings which Rolston and he occupied. No one of any pretensions to decency would put up with Mrs. Edward for a single day when she was in her tantrums.

His new lodging was in the lowest part of the city, among the vilest of the vile. I enquired of a squat, dirty fellow who was smoking a short pipe at the door of the tenement, for the room Mr. Russell occupied.

"Is it the ould piper you mane, that has the drunken, ill-tongued fagot ov a wife? You'll find him in his bed at the top ov the stair, first door to the right."

"One Irish gentleman should speak more respectfully of another," said I smiling as I passed him.

"Troth yer honor's right," said the man with a grin, "but we loses our gentility when we live awhile in Amerikay."

I passed on up the stair and knocked at the door pointed out to me.

"Just go right in widout any ceremony," said a fat woman who put her frowsy head out of the opposite door.

‘The poor gentleman’s wake an’ maybe he’s dozing.’

“Is his wife at home?” I asked, pausing with my hand on the latch.

“Is it drunken Kate? She’s off on the batter these two or three days,—good riddance ov her too.”

I went in softly. Lying in that poor room alone, on his wretched bed, with no comforts, no care, no love, no sympathy, no hope, our poor young master lay battling with the last enemy. He was not a bit surprised to see me,—took my coming to him quite as a matter of course. He was glad though, poor fellow, and welcomed me with the ghost of his old winning smile. I knew well whenever I looked at him that the end was not far off. I told him gently that I had come to move him away out of that wretched place to one where he would have more comfort till he got better.

“Too late, Willie,” he said, “too late! Yet I’m glad to see you, old friend. Seeing your face is next best to lying on the grass in the far green watching the larks with you beside me.”

“Where is Mrs. Russell?” I asked.

“Out,” he said carelessly; “she often stays away for a week at a time. I hope she will stay away now till all is over.”

“Don’t be so downhearted, Mr. Edward,” said I cheerily. “You have been ill before and recovered, and please God you will pull through this time too.”

“No, I won’t Willie; I’ve got my death,” said he with the old conquering smile. “I saw Maymie yesterday.”

“Who?” I asked.

“Maymie, my wife Maymie, the jewel that I flung away and took fire into my bosom instead.”

“Never mind now talking about it,” said I, seeing him getting excited. He was very weak and I tried to soothe him. I had brought a little wine and looked round the wretched den for a cup to give him some, but he refused it saying,

“No, Willie, I have drunk my last wine; I will meet my death sober. I

cannot die till I tell you the rest of my story. I did not get off scot-free as you feared. ‘The mill of the gods grinds slow but sure.’”

“Let me leave you one moment, Mr. Edward, till I send a message.”

“You will come back though, and stay with me? it will not be long now.”

“I am only going to the door to send a message.”

I found my dirty friend of the short pipe still holding up the side post of the door with his shoulder.

“My friend,” said I, “will you carry a message for a countryman?” I wrote the address of a good physician that I knew, on a scrap torn out of my pocket-book and gave it to him with a quarter. “Can you find that address?”

“Ov coorse, yer honor.”

“Well then, bring the doctor as quick as you can.”

He started on his errand and I returned to Edward. I sat down by the bedside with his hand in mine as we used to sit when we were children together at The Hazels, and he told me the rest of the story. “I was playing before one of the detached residences that are to be found out of the town a bit—a house as much superior in every respect to The Hazels as our house was to the poorest cottage on the place. I had been very unlucky that day; from many houses I had been sent away with the message that they did not want music. I had eaten nothing from the night before and it was wearing on in the afternoon. I was sober, though weak with fasting. When a footman came out of this house I expected the old order to move on, but he asked me instead if I would come in and have some dinner. I was too humbled and broken to refuse; no instinct warned me off from that house of all others. I followed him into a little breakfast-room where a good dinner was served to me—the first square meal, as these Yankees say, that I had eaten since poor Rolston got hurt. I wonder it did not choke me. I wish it

had. After I had eaten abundantly the footman said his lady wanted some music, and I took up my pipes and followed him, little dreaming what was in store for me. I have a confused recollection of passing through a suite of rooms of great magnificence; of stepping on carpets that yielded to my feet like moss; of seeing statuary, pictures, silken hangings and velvet-covered couches; of stopping at last in a little sitting-room that seemed a *bijou* of taste and expense. I remember the cosy blaze of a coal fire, a lady in an easy chair behind a banner screen, a gentleman, grey-haired and stately, at the other side of the fire; of being startled by seeing my full length wretchedness reflected from a gilded mirror. All in a flash I was conscious of the lady standing looking at me—a lady in an evening dress, as if going to some reception, a lady in velvet and diamonds fit for a queen. I was absently getting my pipes ready, and when she did not speak, I looked at her and past her to the gentleman in the easy-chair by the fire. They both seemed familiar to me, especially when the gentleman lifted a pair of dark eyes to me. She spoke at last:

“Are you Edward Russell?”

“Maymie!” I said. I knew her then. I waited for no second look or question, but turned and fled. I do not know how I got out of the house, but I did. I saw the carriage waiting at the grand entrance; she was going out to some entertainment. I heard the footman calling after me. Despair gave me strength; I fled for my life, doubling and turning like a hare, but I got home unfollowed; got home to die. She has had her revenge.’

Poor Edward! he kept repeating that idea: “She has had her revenge! I have come home to die!”

The doctor came at last, and we got him moved to better lodgings, where he had every comfort in my power; but it was all in vain, the end was approach-

ing fast. He never named Maymie, but fretted a good deal for Rolston; so much so that when he died, which he did quite suddenly and peacefully, we kept it from him. I was with Rolston at the last, and all his care was that his young master might find mercy before he left a world that had been full of sin and sorrow and suffering to him.

CHAPTER XI.

Poor faithful Rolston, we laid him in his grave with a hope that he had gone home to Him who was called Faithful and True. Few as faithful to an earthly master ever were laid under the turf. He left nothing,—all his savings had been spent on Mr. Edward. When I returned from the funeral I saw a change on Mr. Edward. His young look was coming back to him. He told me a Bible-woman had been in reading to him. She was very kind, he said, had brought him some grapes and jelly, and bathed his face and hands as tenderly as if she were his mother. Above all, she had read to him, how ONE so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son to save all who were included in the grand “Whosoever.” This lady came often, with gentle, tender ministration like the Master’s, and from some source came supplies of every delicacy and luxury an invalid could wish for, hot-house fruits and rare exotics from some conservatory included. Edward was sinking fast and rarely noticed or remarked anything. I suspected that some of the delicacies came from Maymie.

I must stop now to make a queer confession. Edward’s picture of the luxury and magnificence of Maymie’s home had jarred upon my feelings. Maymie sad, deserted, broken-hearted, was a picture I had kept in the innermost shrine of my heart. But Maymie consoled, magnificent in velvet and diamonds, luxurious as to home sur-

roundings, a gay leader of fashion,—my heart turned instinctively from that picture to my young master in his ruin and desolation fading away. I did not mention, when I should have done so, that I left my situation to wait on Mr. Edward. I was a comfort to him, he belonged to me, the place at his bedside was my right, and I would have given up ten situations to stand in my place there.

One evening in the gloaming I was going out of the door when a decent old woman with a basket came up and asked me, "How's the poor sick gentleman the nicht?"

"He is no better," I said, and then I saw that I was face to face with Janet, not very much older looking than when I saw her last.

She laid her hand on my arm in her amazement at meeting me, saying:

"Preserve us a', Willie, it's just yer-self!"

"Myself and no other, Janet."

"An' Mr. Edward is no a kenneen better, ye think?"

"No. He's sinking fast."

"Eh me, Willie! but this weary warl's fu' o' changes. Wha would hae thoct o' seein ye here the noo?"

"Changes have been favorable to you, Janet, I am glad to see." I said this with some hardness in my voice, for I was in sore trouble about the sad end of my poor young master, and unconsciously and unreasonably felt the contrast of their great prosperity.

"Ye may weel say that, man, ye may weel say that! The waefu' time that maist cutted short my bairn's days is gane by, an' a better time has come, praise be to goodness! My bairn's whaur she ought tae be, amang the best, weel thochten o', weel fended, an' has siller to spare. But there's mair than that,—she's no lifted up wi pride; she's aye just the same; dinna misjudge her, Willie."

"I am not made a judge of any one, Janet."

"Yer no that hard, naturally, Willie, but Mr. Edward's doonfa' has made ye a thoct bitter; I kent it in the soun o' yer voice. Min' ye, Willie my man, that my bairn tholed the wrang, an' it's the Maker abune that healet her heart an' set her up amang the great, giein' her hoose an' lan' an' a husband abune the common, giein' her double for her sorrow. She sent me wi thae grapes an' things, an' to spier gif he was ony better. She'll be surprised to ken that yer here."

"Your mistress is very kind,—she was always kind. I am glad to see you, Janet, and to know of your mistress's prosperity and your own. I suppose Mr. Bell is living yet?"

"Ou ay, he's leevin an' leevin like. It was his ainsel kenneen Mr. Edward first. He kenneen the pipes. Ye see he just leeves wi us. Maymie's man's a fine man, a gran' lawyer wi a foreign name, though he's no foreigner, but speaks English like the lave. His name's Waiblinger. Noo, Willie, I'd just like to see Edward the noo an' tak back word preecesely hoo he is."

"He would not like it, Janet. He feels the past too bitterly."

"Weel, Willie, I'll gang awa; nocht can hinder me prayin for him. We're a' sinners an' a' need pardon, an' we hae nae thoct amang us but pity for him."

"Thank you, Janet."

"Is his wife here the noo?"

"No; we hope he will never see her more."

"Man alive, ye dinna think he's that near his end!"

"It is not far off, Janet."

Poor Janet burst out crying, she always cried easily, and leaving the contents of her basket went weeping away.

I had intended to take a walk while he slept, but my meeting with Janet detained me, and I turned back to his room. He was lying quiet, looking so like his old self as if he had shaken off the travel-stains of his years. His still

bright hair was tossed away from his face, and a hectic flush was on his thin cheeks. By-and-by he stirred a little and commenced singing to himself a verse of an old foolish song that we used to sing when we played in the baby-house.

"I sent my love a present
Of the red rose so fine ;
She sent me an answer,
It was rue mixed with thyme.
She bid me keep my red rose,
And she would keep her thyme,
And would not vex her young heart
For love so false as mine.
Let him come or let him stay,
Let him sink or let him swim,
He is false-hearted, thus she sings,
I don't care for him."

He is thinking of Maymie I said to myself as I took my place beside his bed. He rambled a little, lying with his eyes shut; talked of the gay old times when we went bird's nesting together among the green broom. Once or twice he murmured, "Where's my cap? where's my whip? where's my Willie Hazley? We can do anything, Willie, you and I together,—we never fail! My Willie Hazley is tender and true like the Douglasses :

"The linnet's nest within the bush he will not take away."

I was weeping now myself to hear him, and to know that our old friendship had come back to his heart at the last. I stooped over him to settle his pillow, and he opened his eyes and knew me.

"Donot weep forme, Willie; I am not worth your tears. It is all right. All the sorrow and suffering are nearly over. 'I will arise and go to my father.'" He closed his eyes again and the old winning smile stole over his face like a sunbeam. He sang a good deal through the night, hymns that the Bible-woman had sung to him, always lingering over one verse—

"Jesus paid it all
All to Him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain
He washed it white as snow."

He slept for awhile and I watched

him with a hushed feeling, and my thoughts went up in prayer that at the last he might come back to Him from whom he had deeply revolted. I must own also, though it is a weakness, that I was glad in my heart that at the last he had come back to me; that the old love between us had been interrupted not ended; that I had the right love gives to watch over him to the last. When he woke up his mind was clear and his eye had a brightness that was not of earth. He spoke for the first time of his wife.

"Try and send her home to her uncle, Willie, for fear she dies on these wretched streets."

"I will try to do whatever you wish me to do, Mr. Edward," I said.

"I leave Marmy and Regie to your care, to keep them away from their mother or any of her friends."

After a long pause he said :

"Tell James Ray and Tim that I remembered all their kindness to me and God will pay them. Tell poor faithful old Rolston that I hope his prayers for his worthless master are answered."

"Oh Mr. Edward," I said, "don't trouble about Rolston; he has gone before you."

"Well," he said smiling, "we will meet the sooner and I will tell him myself." And then after a little he said: "I wonder if Maymie could forgive me?"

"Would you like to see her, Mr. Edward?"

"No, no, it will be easier for her to forgive when she knows I have crossed over."

He spoke so strongly that I thought he would rally for a little time longer; but suddenly a change came over him and he murmured softly,

"Lord, remember me, even me," and he turned over, laid his head on his arm and seemed to fall asleep, but he was gone. He died at the day dawning when the east was beginning to show the first faint streak that promises sunrise. When they laid him out for

the grave, they called my attention to the little ring which he wore suspended by a black ribbon round his neck. I told them to let it remain there. I did not leave him while he was above ground, but kept guard, lest his wife would find out where we had moved him to, and come, raising a drunken row. I was sitting beside the bed on which lay all that was mortal of my young master when coming steps startled me.

Not his wife yet, I hope, said I to myself—to-morrow he will be hid forever from her eyes. I rose anxiously. Janet and a lady entered. And thus once more—by the dead body of my young master, I met with my lost Maymie—my first love and my last.

They looked at the dead lying there at rest, the old smile on his face and the impress of a new peace also; then they looked at me without speaking—it was no time for words. I noticed unconsciously that Maymie was plainly dressed, that she was still gloriously beautiful. We stood silent, one on each side of the bed, Janet weeping quietly in the background.

Suddenly she stooped and kissed him.

She has forgiven him I thought; she can have no hard thoughts of him now. I silently put my hand on the cold bosom and showed her the well-remembered ring, his first gift to her.

She dropped on her knees by the bed, laid her head on the coverlet and wept long and bitterly, Poor Edward! Poor Edward!

I replaced the ring over the stilled heart, and Maymie wept out her regret, her sorrowful remembrance, her forgiveness. After a time she rose, gathered her mantle round her to go, then she spoke for the first time.

"I would like to give directions about the funeral; may I, Willie? I would like to make that my care."

"It is all arranged already, but I take it very kindly that you offer to do it. It proves to me that you have for-

given him. I am glad to be able to attend to the last duties for him,—I have the best right to do it."

"I acknowledge that you have the best right," she answered. "Where will you bury him?"

I told her.

"My father will come to the funeral," she said. "I will let it be known that he was our friend, for he must not be buried as if he had no friends."

So it became talked of that the poor gentleman who had died in humble lodgings was a connection of the great Mrs. Waiblinger, and therefore, my poor young master had almost as large a funeral as if he had been buried at home,—laid at rest under the Antrim daisies; for the beautiful wife of the great lawyer was one whom men delighted to honor.

We laid down in a foreign grave the bright young head that had known so much sorrow. My work was done and I prepared to go back to Ireland. I declined firmly an invitation to go to see Maymie in her own home. Some way I did not care to look at her prosperity, though I was rejoiced to know of it. She came, however, once more to see me, accompanied by Janet. Womanly curiosity urged her to ascertain if Edward were any less guilty than he appeared to be. I told her what Edward had said in his own defence that day in the baby-house. I also told her of the elder Mrs. Russell's death and of his unhappiness with his wife. She insisted at parting, that if she could do anything for Edward's wretched wife or his children I should let her know.

I went first to Philadelphia to see about the boys, Marmaduke and Reginald. I found that they had been adopted out of the institution by a wealthy gentleman, whose wife seemed to love them as if they were her own. They were as well cared for and had as good prospects as though they were still the children of The Hazels. Their

foster parents were gratified to know that their adopted sons were of gentle blood. They were not willing to part with them; so, with the understanding that if they wearied of the boys, or any thing arose that they wanted a friend they would apply to me, I left them.

While I was at Philadelphia Mrs. Russell found out that Edward was in his grave. She sobered up and pretended to be a very disconsolate widow indeed. She by some means got herself attired in decent mourning and waited on Mrs. Waiblinger to ask for help to return to Ireland.

She got, like Gehazi, double what she asked for, and well dressed, and well provided, with money in her pocket and lamentations in her mouth over her dear departed husband and stolen children, she returned to her loving uncle in Antrim.

I returned to Ireland also, and went into business for myself on a small scale, and have prospered far above my expectations.

Mrs Russell lived on till a few years ago, and when she died she was re-

gretted by no human being. I never lost sight of the boys, but I was never called upon to assist them. Their foster parents brought them up with a high sense of duty and responsibility. I think they must have grown into something better than the promise of their childhood, for Marmaduke is a leading lawyer, Reginald a physician. They are both men of influence, and their voices are heard on the side of temperance, of human freedom, of care for those who do not care for themselves.

Maymie and her husband walk among the great of the world. They have many children growing up round them. The far-off echo of their prosperity sometimes reaches me. I often hear from James and Tim—always news that gladdens my heart. James is married at last, and they are prospering greatly. I am a lonely, whimsical old man whose heart will not grow old, with memories of the past sleeping in my soul that always wake up to pain me with regret for the lost life of my young master, when I hear the sound of the Scottish bagpipes.

THE END.

WAITING.

O love, thou comest not, thou comest not,
 And I am, oh! so weary of my lot,
 And hope, so long deferred has made me sad.
 Didst thou not promise that thou wouldst return?
 Yet still I wait from lonely night till morn,
 And no returning footstep makes me glad.

The flowers have bloomed and withered on the lawn,
 The snow upon the hills has come and gone,
 And still my heart is waiting on in vain.
 I count the hours, the days, the months, the years;
 Making a calender of hopes and fears,
 A long heart's record of delight and pain.

And still I wait, though waiting brings me grief,
 Still hope, though hoping brings me no relief,
 And each day's dawning ends in joyless night;
 For in my heart still lives the promise spoken,
 And I will not believe that promise broken
 Until the sun has ceased to give his light.

JOHN READE.

TREASURE-HUNTING.

Around the shore of Lake Huron, or Georgian Bay, are the remains of several old forts, built by the French during their early occupancy of Canada, for protection against hostile Indians while hunting and trading for fur, which article seems to have caused most of the fighting in that early period of the history of Canada. The forts with which I have especially to do are supposed to have been built in Champlain's time, or shortly after, and destroyed by the Iroquois at the time of their attempted extermination of the French colonists, and their allies, the Hurons and Algonquins. These forts at the present time are merely a mass of broken stone and rubbish. The walls, the outlines of which can easily be traced, appear to have been built of stone. At one place there are the remains of two buildings, one larger than the other; the lesser is supposed to have been a church. At the time they were built the walls of the fort had extended a short distance into the water, judging by the old beach marks, which are now quite a distance back. The old Indians, when talking about the destruction of these forts, say that, one after another was captured by the Indians, and all the white men killed, the last of any consequence being at Wye River and Beausoliel Island. The only person who escaped from this last fort was a Jesuit priest, who had in some manner aroused their superstitious fears to such an extent that they were afraid to kill him. I was told by an intelligent Indian that a history of the capture of these forts, and massacre of the white men, had been handed down from father to son. He remembered his grandfather telling that his father, when

a small boy, witnessed the capture of the fort on the island, and that the Indians who captured the fort at the same time nearly exterminated his own tribe, of which at the present time there is but a small remnant remaining. These only escaped by crossing the lake and claiming the protection of the powerful tribes around the shore of Lake Superior. He said that, after they captured the fort, this Jesuit, or black coat as they called him, got the Indians to hide what he believes to have been money and other valuables, and that when they had hidden them in the ground he told them that if they ever moved it or let any other than himself do so, their whole tribe would instantly perish; and the Indians have faithfully kept the secret. There is no doubt but that at different times men belonging to the same order have tried to get the secret from them; but it was of no use, as by the commands of the Jesuit none but himself was to be allowed to move it, and he never returned. By their not being able to find the treasure it seems, however, as though they had never known the exact place where it was buried. The fact of the treasure being on the island is believed in by many, and at different times parties have dug great holes in search of it.

I asked the Indian if he believed that the treasure was buried on the island; he said he knew no more than what his father and grandfather had told him, and that he could certainly go and stand on the place where they said it was buried. I said, "Surely you do not believe that the Jesuits or any other men have the power after death of sending evil spirits to do their bidding. You and your people are poor, some almost starving, why not dig up

whatever was buried or let others do so?" But all my arguments were of no avail, and I think he would die rather than tell the secret. This much I did find out that there is a place on the island on which no Indian will venture after night. They say that if they walk on the place they hear some one walking under them, and that if the ground is struck, something strikes back, showing that there is an underground echo.

My opinion is that there is a natural cave somewhere in the mound in which the treasure, if there is any, is buried. The Indians have the same superstitious fear in regard to disclosing the position of mines to the white man, as they believe the metals were deposited for their special use by good spirits, and that if they tell the white man where it is some great calamity is sure to befall them.

A friend of mine living near Owen Sound, having on several occasions seen the Indians with pieces of pure silver, asked one of them where they got it. He told him about three days' journey from there, and that there was plenty of it, and promised if he gave him some provisions to bring some next time he came. Sure enough some days after he returned bringing with him a lump of the metal weighing about three ounces, and bearing marks of having been cut off with a hatchet. The Indian said that the place where he got it from was all rock, and that at one time when hunting he built his camp against the side of a rock, and in pulling off some moss saw what he thought was lead, and cut some out to make balls, but found it was much harder to melt. He said "there was silver, then rock, then silver again," by which it may be supposed that there were two veins of silver. My friend sent the piece he got to an assayer, who pronounced it almost pure silver.

After coming several times and getting a quantity of provisions, the Indian

was told that he could have no more until he had shown the place where it was. At last he said that on a certain day he would come and take him, and on the day mentioned, to my friend's surprise he did come, bringing his son with him.

The three started off, and on the third day the old Indian was detected in the act of leading them round in a circle. When challenged, he acknowledged doing so, and said they had travelled around the place, and if he would stay there with his son for three or four hours he would go and see if it was all right. Several hours passed and no Indian returned. At last the young man said, "There is no use staying here any longer; the old man will not come back he is too much afraid to tell you." My friend being very angry threw the young Indian down and threatened to kill him if he did not show him where the silver was. The young man said, "You may as well kill me, for if I was to tell you, the old man would kill me anyhow;" so there was nothing left to do but return home, which they accomplished in two days, showing that the Indian had deceived him as to the distance. He had no doubt but what they were near the place, but it being all rock there was no chance of finding it except as the old Indian had done, by accident.

About one year afterwards this same old Indian sent word to my friend to come and see him as he was very sick and wanted to tell him something; but having lost all confidence in the Indian he would not go. Some days after the son came and told him that he was very sorry he did not come, as the old man was dead, and had wanted to tell him where the silver was before he died. He wanted the young Indian, now that his father was dead, to show him where it was; but it was of no use, as he said his father made him promise to never tell a white man where it was.

Many have tried to find the silver

mine, but without success, although some years back it was reported that a white man had discovered silver somewhere back of Owen Sound. This person, it seems, had committed a crime known only to his friends, who gave him the choice of leaving the country or being delivered up to the authorities. He, coming north as far as Owen Sound, got a stock of ammunition and started back into the wilds, with the intention of making it his home. About a year afterwards he again made his appearance, got some more ammunition and other supplies, and again left for the woods. Next time he came they noticed that he carried some heavy substance in a skin bag, which he took away with him on one of the steamers. He made a number of trips in this manner, and at last disappeared altogether.

One of the parties who knew of the affair, and from whom the man had purchased ammunition, being at a land sale in another part of the country, witnessed this same person bid on and buy one of the finest homesteads in that part. After the sale he had a talk with the man, who said that he had been unjustly accused of a crime by his own people and not being able to prove his innocence had taken to the bush not caring whether he lived or died; that he had accidentally discovered this silver, and had blasted out a small cave in which he worked, and on leaving had walled it up carefully, never intending to return. He said that he had taken an oath never to tell where it was, but if any person did find it they were welcome to the tools which he had left in the cave. From what I heard, I believe it was the same place that the Indian promised to show my friend, and that very likely the man had seen the Indians going to the place, and so found it. Whether there was any truth in the story concerning this man I do not know; but there is no doubt that the existence of silver in its pure state is known to the Indians, who say they know where there are twenty

gold and silver mines around Lake Huron.

What started myself and comrades treasure-hunting was this. On several occasions an old Indian half-breed had tried to persuade one of the party to go and dig for treasure, which he said some white hunters many years ago had found at an old fort near Coldwater, but being pursued by the Indians had carried it back a short distance from the water and buried it, marking the place so that they could find it again. Whether they escaped or not he could not tell. His excuse for not going himself was that if he got it the priest would take it from him, as they claim everything of that kind as church property, and that he would rather trust to my friend for his share if it was found.

How he came to know anything about it was through his mother, who told him that she had heard her people talking about it. She had also told him about the destruction of the forts at Wye River and Beausoliel Island, and of the treasure being buried on Beausoliel Island, but had no idea where it was, that being known to but few of the head men. As the place where the half-breed said the money was buried was not far from where my friend was living, he determined to give it a trial, and invited me to accompany him on his search. The place was about one-eighth of a mile back from the water, and certainly was a very strange-looking place. The trees, all of them very large, had been blazed in a circle enclosing about one quarter of an acre, the cut being on one side until at a certain place two trees were marked facing each other, between which the treasure was supposed to have been buried. It must have been more than one hundred years since the trees had been cut, as the marks were nearly grown over, and the trees had every appearance of having been small when blazed.

It was in the middle of winter when we commenced work, and we made very

slow progress, as we only worked at night, not caring to let any of the inhabitants know what we were doing, for fear of a certain class who would have done anything in their power to prevent us working. Some of them had a suspicion that something was going on, and on several occasions tried to follow us; but as we always separated and went to the place by different routes, we managed to keep clear of them. One night it being very cold I took a heavy plaid as an extra protection against the cold while watching, it being my turn that night. On leaving the place where we were stopping I noticed several suspicious characters hanging around, and at once suspected that they were watching for me. I started off down the street, they following me at a short distance back, I turned and went down another street to see if they would still follow, which they did. I then hurried on, and as soon as I had turned the next corner opened out my plaid and throwing it over my head after the manner of the Indian and half breed women, I then turned back and met them. They took no notice of me and hurried on past, when I quickly ran off in an opposite direction and got to the place without interruption, finding my comrades hard at work. After digging for a number of nights we came to the conclusion that the ground had never been moved, and that it was no use trying there any longer. The hole we had dug was on the edge of the circle, the soil being heavy clay and hard to dig. Before leaving I proposed trying a small hole inside of the circle on a line with the two trees, and clearing off the snow went to work. There, strangely enough, we found the soil quite soft and mixed, and soon had made quite a large hole. The ground had every appearance of having been moved at some time, and we made up our minds we had the treasure sure. About three feet from the surface we came to a

number of large stones; of course we thought the treasure was under them, and got quite excited over the prospect. After moving some of the stones, I took an auger made for that purpose, and bored down about two feet, when it came in contact with some hard substance. On pulling it out we found that one blade was broken off close to the shaft. One of my comrades put his hand down into the hole and lifted the broken part out. On again trying the auger after a few turns it caught on what I supposed to be the corner of a large stone and snapped off the remaining blade. We then dug down below where the auger had caught, but found no stone, or any hard substance which could have broken it.

While digging one watched while the others worked. That night after breaking the auger I was watching, and being up so many nights in the cold, felt drowsy, and I suppose must have dozed off for a few minutes, when I woke up with a start thinking the others had called me. Before I had time to speak one of my comrades sprang out of the hole to my side, and asked what made that strange noise. Just as he spoke we heard quite close to us a fearful scream. Thinking that perhaps some one was trying to scare us from the place, and determined to find out if any person was near, we took a dark lantern and made quite a circuit through the woods, throwing the light up in the trees and at the same time watching for footmarks in the snow. After searching for some time without success we returned to the hole and found our comrade hard at work. When we asked him what he thought of the noise he said that he had not heard any, and wondered what we were doing. I do not think we were both asleep and dreamt we heard the noise. If we were awake how can you account for the fact of our comrade not hearing it? The affair has always been a mystery to me. We did not dig there any

more after that night, having very reluctantly come to the conclusion that our labor was for nothing. Whether the parties who left it had returned and taken it away we could not tell, but we determined as soon as the spring opened out to commence work at the old forts, convinced that, although unsuccessful so far, there was truth in the old half-breed's story. C. E. C.

THE GIRLS' VOYAGE.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

(Continued.)

MARION'S STORY.

HONG KONG HARBOR }
July 31, 1870. }

GUSSIE, MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am a sadder and a wiser girl than when my last letter to you was written. This harbor life of ours, though decidedly picturesque, has its dark side. Where in the darkness lies I will explain by informing you of some grave facts.

People out here are not what they seem; appearances are deceitful (especially the appearance of navy officers); and I might add that there is neither truth nor virtue in mankind, were it not for a few who would be living contradictions to such a sweeping assertion.

Another fact is that we are tired of Hong Kong, for the heat is intense, and that, or something, disagrees with us all, and there is no longer novelty in any object around us; even the passing of a junk seems hardly more remarkable than a horse-car would at home. We pine to set sail for Manila, and must continue to pine until the price of hemp falls and the "Lyra's" owner deems it for his interest to purchase a cargo of it at the Philippines. Meantime we remain here; have dyspepsia, even indications of cholera, or else go home by one of the Pacific Mail steamers, and ingloriously give up our voyage around

the world. A hopeful prospect, isn't it? We will turn from it while I look back over the past six weeks and give you their history.

At this point you are wondering if Faith Worthington made us a visit, and I'm happy to tell you that the dear girl came down in the Canton boat early in June to stay a week. She was charmed with everything on board of our ship; even with the stateroom of six feet by four allotted to her.

"It is all so queer," she said, surveying the pink-curtained berth, and the little square window, through which numerous mast-heads were visible against the evening sky. "Here you seem as much at home as if you had never lived in a house, while I feel like somebody in a dream—not my own self at all."

"That's right," said Amy; "lose your identity for a while, and you will go home to your work all the fresher."

She didn't look like one who needed freshening as she stood before my small cracked looking-glass, brushing out a mass of shining hair and talking merrily to us; yet sometimes I could see a weary look in the blue eye, and I felt sure a week of fun was just what she ought to have.

"Come up on deck now and enjoy

the sunset and breeze. After tea we will admit you into our boat club, if you are not tired, or else you can go as passenger."

Faith much preferred to take an oar; so when the moon had risen, we seated ourselves in the "Skimmer" with Mr. Fordyce and rowed to Wanchi, the lower end of the harbor, resting often to have a song and look about us. The mountains were reflected in the glassy water, and the city lights at the base of Victoria Peak multiplied themselves in the clear, mirror-like surface. We passed under the bow of many a stately vessel, glancing up at the sailors, who leaned over to watch our boat, with its crew of three hatless girls, dressed in airy muslins, and a steersman who lounged tranquilly in the stern.

"What is it, Faith?" we asked, as a subdued ripple of laughter broke from her.

"A remark in Chinese not intended for our ears from a Chinaman on the ship we have just passed. He told his companion to notice 'those three foreign devil-women down there rowing that boat!'"

"The miserable pagan!" said Mr. Fordyce. "Any other kind of man would have observed in tones of admiring awe, 'See those sylph-like forms, resembling in their white draperies the fleecy clouds that sail above us,' but gallantry cannot be expected from a Chinaman. Now, my fair oarswomen, let us go over to that flag-ship, the 'Delaware,' and listen to her band for a few happy moments. I know you don't mean to put an end to my present rapture by rowing back to the 'Lyra' now."

The "few happy moments" lengthened into a good half-hour while we floated around the "Delaware," listening to the dreamy strains of music, and it was with a start that we finally resumed our oars when two bells (nine o'clock) sounded from a neighboring vessel. With steady strokes we pulled

over the half-mile to the "Lyra"—no more resting and romancing that evening—and our haste was not in vain, for Captain Arthur stood at the gangway, saying in a tone of relief, "Here you are at last, and six callers have been waiting on board for nearly an hour!"

They were all navy officers, the "Ariadne" trio and some of their friends from an English man-of-war, the "Brunswick." I did hope, after all Faith had heard of Lieut. Neufville, that she would have a chance of talking with him, and so it undoubtedly would have been had not one of the Englishmen, Lieut. Surrey, engrossed her completely all the evening. Before they took their leave an excursion to the top of the Peak was planned for the next day.

That night was the first of a series in which we have "camped out" on deck, for the heat is intense in our staterooms, and three "cots" (like hammocks, only shaped so that berth mattresses fit into them) that were sent us from the "Ariadne" are hung under the awning, and in these swinging beds we repose during the first half of the night, going below generally before a glimmer of dawn appears.

On the night in question, I didn't sleep much, for radiant moonlight flooding the harbor and mountains made the scene so lovely that I did not wish to close my eyes upon it,—neither did I care to be oblivious of the presence of Faith in the next cot; therefore I lay with my head hanging over the side of my cot, looking at, and talking to her till long after midnight.

The next day, June 10th, will long be a memorable one in my calendar. It was hot enough, I thought at the time, to be remembered only for that reason; but there have been many days since then quite equal to it, and I have a pleasanter cause to hold it remarkable. At the Praya landing we met our naval escort, Lieut. Gaines, Mr. Caulkin and Lieut. Surrey of the "Brunswick."

Arthur and Mr. Fordyce were of the party, and as every one of us had to engage four coolies with a chair for the steep ascent, a goodly number of people that afternoon wound slowly up the narrow mountain path. Little streams came rushing down to meet us, and goats were feeding on their grassy borders. With every turn of the path the view became wider, and it made Amy almost dizzy to look below upon the city roofs, as she reflected that a stumble of her bearers might easily send her rolling down to them. Such catastrophes do not easily occur to me when I am having a good time, and when we came to a notch in the mountain chain where a glimpse of sea view began to be visible, and I was told that the tall post we passed had been erected in memory of an English traveller, killed on the spot by Chinamen, it didn't trouble me, though a thought glanced through my mind that we white people were only seven, three of us girls, and if our twenty-eight Chinese bearers felt like having a massacre then and there, how could we help it? I dismissed the unprofitable conjecture at once.

Arrived at last at the summit of Victoria Peak we had a grand view. On one side the familiar harbor with its fleet, and the many-tinted hills of the mainland—on the other the blue ocean, glittering in the June sunbeams, numberless islands, and the Yat-moon pass, through which the "Lyra" had been guided so safely, and a bracing salt wind refreshed us, as it used to in the days before we came to China and felt its burning heat. With the wind and a rush of feeling occasioned by the panorama I was speechless, and sat down in the long grass at the very edge of the precipice with a heart almost oppressed by a revelation of beauty such as my eyes had never seen before. Faith and I, though very unlike in character, seem to think and feel at times as if one spirit moved us, and

she sat down suddenly, just as I did, overcome by the same emotion.

Mr. Caulkin regarded us with astonishment, which was shared by Lieut. Surrey. "I thought you would be perfectly delighted at this view," he cried, "and there you sit without a word to say—so coolly that we might imagine you had lived up here for a month."

"Do you want us to give one shriek and roll over this green precipice?" I enquired. "Because *my* present feelings can be expressed in no other way, and if we keep from such an expression of them there is no use in attempting words." He didn't understand us at all, it was evident, and went to borrow a spy-glass from the man who has a little house on Victoria Peak and raises the signal flag when steamers enter the harbor, perhaps deluding himself with the belief that we needed some aid of that sort to our enthusiasm. I had no ambition to discover the occupations of people on the vessels far below us, as some of the others amused themselves by doing. All such things seemed trifling when that grand and varied picture attracted the eyes.

Captain Elton, one of our neighbors in the harbor, used his spy-glass to advantage that afternoon, for he told Mr. Duncan he had seen two of the young ladies sitting on the grass at the edge of the Peak with a curious-looking shawl wrapped around them both. It was the German flag that Arthur folded us in when the sea-breeze grew too cool, and Amy, enveloped in a small edition of the stars and stripes, sat there also while they compared her to the Goddess of Liberty. Mr. Surrey's position was on a rock by the side of Miss Worthington, and it would appear even to the careless observer that the impression made by her on his mind and heart was very different from any that one of her sex had produced before. He had walked more than halfway up the mountain by the side of her chair, leaving his own empty, and I could not

help hearing snatches of their conversation, which turned on missions; but it was not a sober talk at all, for he asked the most ridiculous questions, and expressed so openly his wonder that she could really want to live among the heathen and teach them, when she might have stayed in America and led the gay life of a young lady in New York or Philadelphia society, that Faith's sense of amusement at him interfered with serious replies, such as she would naturally have given under other circumstances.

As we were resting on the Peak he renewed the attack in the same bantering strain, and in reply to her smiling assurance that she really loved her work, and wouldn't give it up for any gaities to be enjoyed in America, he drew a long breath in despair of understanding a girl who entertained such sentiments, and reiterated, "Well! I don't see, for the life of me, how you can find any pleasure in teaching these dirty little heathen. It is beyond me!" Faith looked at him gravely, as if she quite believed it was beyond him, and felt sorry that it was so. To enter then before six people into the motives that impel and direct her happy life of service did not seem easy to her, I knew; yet when she thinks her "banner" should be "displayed because of the truth" it goes mightily against the grain for her to be silent. Arthur saw and understood her troubled expression and answered in her behalf, "Miss Worthington is true to her name, for you know, my dear Surrey, that Faith looks beyond things temporal to those that are unseen and eternal."

The Lieutenant was silent, and Mr. Fordyce looked up quickly with something in his handsome face that I never saw there before. A ray of light had come to him, perhaps, upon a subject hitherto hidden in darkness.

As I do not mean to keep your imagination fixed too long on the summit of Victoria Peak, it is time for me

to invite it to descend as we did toward the sea, into a sort of basin of the mountains, around which their furrowed green sides rose high above us. The coolies stopped to drink at an impetuous little stream that gurgled out of a rocky gorge, and we alighted to try our pedestrian powers. Passing Douglas Castle, a mysterious building that would call to your mind some of Walter Scott's descriptions if it were as grey and old looking as it ought to be, we came at last into a smooth, level road, walled on the right hand by masses of rock, half-hidden by a wild growth of vines. On the left, stretched the ocean, dyed crimson by the setting sun, and when that bright hue had faded the moonlight flashed from the waves, and made startling shadows of our advancing sedan-chairs and their bearers.

By that time we had resumed our seats, and the men who bore the feminine portion of the company, not finding themselves heavily burdened, were proceeding at a pace that left the more substantial riders far in the rear—a state of things that alarmed us, for that part of the city called China-town was before us, and no unprotected girl would be willing to pass through it after dark. The pidgin-English command "man-man" (stop or walk slowly) was given with ineffectual earnestness, and we implored Faith to try the power of their own tongue upon the coolies. In vain were her Chinese remonstrances; they replied, not at all respectfully, that they were hungry,—wanted their suppers,—would go as fast as they pleased; and on they trotted, while behind us the gentlemen, in consternation that equalled our own, urged on their tired Chinamen to overtake us. They did so with difficulty just before we entered the city, and Lieut. Surrey handed Faith his umbrella that she might "hang on to one end," as he said, while his hand, retaining the other, prevented another separation. Amy and I were closely

attended by the other escorts to the Praya landing, where our patient boat-boys had been waiting for an hour, and we promised the officers that we would give them a New England supper of baked beans, and afterward row them to the "Ariadne;"—a rash promise, accepted by them, but the last clause unfulfilled by us, who realized when at last resting in the "Lyra's" cabin how weary we were.

A caller from the city was there to see Faith—a youth whose acquaintance she had made during a voyage from San Francisco to China eight months before. (I think Amy or I must have mentioned to you that she went to America at the age of thirteen, to spend four years at school and returned only last summer.) This individual is hardly old enough for a young man, or young enough for a boy; he is more intelligent and gentlemanly than two-thirds of the people one meets in travelling around the world, and his surname is Payne. We know him well enough to call him Dick by this time, and have charitably adopted him for a younger brother, our hearts being touched by his evident home-sickness in the uncongenial atmosphere of Hong Kong society.

Oh, this is the stiffest place! The English are on the top rounds of the ladder; the rich Americans, a little below them, put on even more airs than they do; while those who do business on a small scale are very far down, and have to keep to themselves. Dick is only a clerk, and a very young one, so he is much to be pitied in a city where people are not judged by their own worth.

After one week, into which was crowded more festivity than I can tell you of now, we watched the Canton steamer out of the harbor, while our friend's face and figure in the stern faded from our sight, as she went back to resume her work. We felt it was probably a final parting as to this pres-

ent world, but remembering the words of a Huguenot princess, "Christians never see each other for the last time," we wiped away a little mist from the eyes that followed the steamer and said to each other that it was a good thing to have known her, and we would always be gratified for that privilege. I wish the same could be said of even half a dozen among our numerous acquaintances in the city and harbor, and then my youthful mind might not learn such bitter lessons as are constantly forced upon it. Don't laugh, Gussie, I tell you it is no laughing matter to be disappointed in nearly everybody you like, and to find that however prepossessing may be their appearance and manners in your society, away from it their actions are not such as a right-minded woman could approve. I believe some girls say they do not object to young men being "a little fast!" Do you suppose they have any idea of what they are talking about? If people could be "fast" in the right direction no one could reasonably object, but my experience of fastness assures me that it is more apt to be connected with a turn to the left.

In these days we see no more flashes of brass buttons upon our gang-way steps, except when Lieut. Surrey haunts us of an evening to enquire "the latest news from Canton." A misunderstanding with one of the "Ariadne" officers created a coolness which affected his friends also, and they dropped us without giving us a fair chance to explain the cause of an act of seeming rudeness, quite unintentional on the part of Amy and myself. We were not deeply grieved on account of this desertion, though sorry to be considered unladylike by anyone.

Dick Payne spends nearly every evening on the "Lyra," thankful to escape from the torrid climate of the city when his office work is done, and often Mr. Duncan and he row us to Kow-loon, as the land opposite Hong

Kong is called—a lonely place where we ramble over the slopes, or rest on some grassy bluff that rises steeply above the beach where the water ripples break, while crickets chirp around us, and across the harbor gleam the lights of the city which Dick emphatically wishes might be swallowed up by an earthquake before his eyes rather than he should be forced to return to it. His kind heart would repent of the wish if he saw any chance of it coming to pass, but he is the most homesick boy I ever tried to console.

Last night for variety we rowed over to Stone-cutters' Island just before sunset, taking our supper with us, and Arthur was easily persuaded to be one of the party. Rocks, grass, a deserted garden, where weeds and tropical fruit-trees grow in rank abundance, and a stone jail form the unattractive features of this island, and a more forlorn place than it must be in the noon-day glare I cannot imagine; yet a sunset of real watermelon hue softened its naturally forbidding aspect and gave to the jail the look of a picturesque old castle. We went into it, of course, all being curious creatures, and were surprised to find some of the English missionaries, who said they had come there to take up their abode for a few days. Although they didn't occupy cells, but cool, large rooms, it seemed a preposterous idea that any one could find an agreeable change and recreation in a jail; but Hong-Kongites will do a good deal for a breath of fresher air than can be had under those oppressive mountains that stand so near the city.

Our repast was spread out on a flat rock by the beach, and the delicate question of the best way to open a box of sardines gravely discussed. We knew they wouldn't be good for us, but none the less was our determination to enjoy them. Arthur settled it by putting the box up on a rock endwise and firing his pistol at it;—result, a round hole in the box, and the contents poked out with a

penknife in the form of sardine hash!

"After all," it is said during these pleasant evenings, "we are not so very miserable, even if we can't set sail for Manilla." When the next morning comes, though, with its relentless stare of sunshine, and Victoria Peak seems to perspire in the region of its rocky brow, and we lie listlessly in cane lounging-chairs, trying to quench our thirst with that insult to the palate called "congee" (thin rice-water), dosing ourselves at intervals with "Brown's Cholera Mixture"—then is the time to say—"Must this state of things last through August if our owners won't send us to Manilla? Or shall we go home by the Pacific mail?"

There are two visitors besides Dick who remain faithful to us. One is an elderly doctor, whose liking for Amy brings him on board so often that warlike feelings are excited in her mind when Mr. Fordyce calls up from the lower deck, about once a day, "Miss Amy, I see the doctor's boat coming." The other is still more elderly, a white-haired, delightful gentleman, named Dowling, who is connected with one of the largest merchant houses here, and used to know Uncle Roslyn when he lived in America. A few evenings ago he brought a young friend to take tea with us, Captain Harold Fay of the steamer "Suwannee," and we were greatly pleased to find him a native of Boston, and so earnest in his affectionate regard for his home, as he still considers it, that to talk about its streets and people seemed a real satisfaction to him. His steamer leaves this harbor for Singapore on the 3rd of every month, touching at Saigon, a French port in Cochin-China, on the way, and after enlarging upon the tropical beauties of Singapore he turned to me, saying, "You and Miss Roslyn ought to take a trip there with me before you leave China;" to which I replied in the most commonplace words, "It would be very pleasant if we could."

"Oh! wouldn't it?" said Amy, after the gentleman had gone ashore, echoing my words, as I repeated them more emphatically than when answering Captain Fay. "It would cost ever so much," was one obstacle, and another suggested by Arthur, "Of course, I couldn't let you girls go alone, neither ought I to leave the ship for a month to go with you."

"Well, don't let us think about it, for it is too tantalizing," and we dropped the subject.

I have a feeling that something is going to happen to us next month—not a voyage to Singapore, for the "Suzanne" sails in two days and there is no prospect of the obstacles I mentioned being removed—but something: an order to proceed to Manila, or a departure for America in the next steamer. I hope it won't be the latter, whatever it is, for it would be better to stay here all summer and be scorched to cinders than to give up our journey round the world. Don't you think so?

(To be continued.)



Young Folks.

SARA, THE JEWESS.

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGÈNE NYON.

France had just lost the battle of Crecy, and with it the flower of her nobility, and Calais, a short time previously, had been ceded to the English, and, as if those calamities did not suffice, a deadly pestilence spread ruin and desolation throughout the kingdom. The black plague! Such was the scourge which visited our country in the year 1346, the eighteenth of Philip de Valois' unhappy reign. Nothing arrested the direful course of the pestilence. It entered alike the golden gates of palaces and the ill-closed doors of the meanest hovels. Kings, monks, princes, peasants were stricken down without distinction of rank or class.

But, though the plague ravaged the length and breadth of the land, it seemed to pour out its fullest cup of horror and woe over unhappy Paris. The terrible phantom arose suddenly in that crowded city, and stretching its skeleton arms around the doomed inhabitants, appeared to encircle them in a deadly embrace. The streets, the squares, the courts of Paris at that epoch, wore a frightful aspect; Death at every step, infectious, loathsome disease. Silence everywhere—a mournful, appalling stillness. The ground was strewn with corpses—the houses carefully closed. No one in the streets, or if perchance some solitary foot-passer ventured to appear, he ran as if the plague, which he sought to avoid, were already pursuing him. In the midst of this universal calamity, all natural ties seemed severed—friend deserted friend, husbands fled from their

cherished wives—even children feared the caresses of a mother, whose kisses might convey infection. Self reigned supreme—it dominated over all other feelings—even the holiest sentiments of our nature seemed quenched in the universal terror.

A few women were, perhaps, exceptions to the rule. Filled with love and devotion, they risked almost certain death in ministering to their children's wants. A mother's love triumphs over all fears! Among these heroic women, one of the most devoted was Sara Felix. Her name was never pronounced but with gratitude and respect in the quarter where she lived, and instead of avoiding her, her neighbors fled to her in their extremity, sure of finding alleviation and comfort, if not a certain remedy, for their suffering. She lived in strict privacy with her son, a boy on whom centred all her love, for the plague had made her a widow, and little Jacob was the sole pledge of a happy union. Still, she kept room in her heart for others; she regarded as brethren, all her neighbors, Jews like herself. These unfortunate Israelites, oppressed and shunned as they were at that period, found their only safety in uniting together in the gloomy corner of the town assigned to them.

It was, therefore, by her title of Jewess that she claimed the regard of her co-religionists, but what endeared her still more to them was the knowledge she possessed of certain anti-pestilential remedies, knowledge acquired during several years residence in the East. The potion, administered at the com-

mencement of the malady, never failed in its favorable effects, and naturally deep gratitude was felt towards the benevolent Sara, by those whom she thus succoured.

As the Jewess bestowed her healing balm unsparingly, it followed that some of the ingredients must become exhausted. One day, when the pestilence seemed at its worst, and its fury redoubled, many piteous, imploring cries were heard at Sara's door. The poor woman, filled with compassion, hastened to prepare some fresh mixture. Suddenly, she discovered that one of the herbs, essentially necessary, was missing. She called her son:

"Jacob," she said, "do you hear, my child, those sad voices in the street?"

"Oh, yes, mother," replied Jacob, "it is Daniel Ledohé and Job Kausmann, who have caught the plague."

"Poor creatures! If you could but save them, my son?"

"I would do so gladly; but how?"

"By going across the town," answered Sara, but she ceased speaking suddenly, her cheeks grew pale, her eyes filled with tears.

"No, no, it is impossible," she added, quickly. "Poor child! it would be sacrificing his life for theirs. No! I cannot bear it!"

"What is the matter, mother?" cried the child, noticing his mother's anguish.

"Jacob," she replied, hesitatingly, "would it not be better to let them perish without help?"

"Oh, mother, what are you saying?"

"It is wrong, very wrong, my child," I know—but a horrible fear oppresses me. Passing through the town, among all the dead bodies, you would breathe infected air, and perhaps—"

The poor mother's voice failed suddenly and she broke into sobs and weeping.

"Well, what does it signify, mother," replied Jacob, resolutely. "Does not

the law of Moses tell us to be merciful and to help one another? I will go."

"You are right, my beloved boy—you are your mother's crown of glory," cried she, embracing him. "God will protect you. He will pardon my hesitation, seeing the extent of the sacrifice I am making."

"I must cross the town, and go—where?"

"To the field behind the abbey of St. Nicholas. It is the only spot where you will find the herb I want." She then calmly gave the necessary instructions for finding the life-giving plant. Then, she added, in a trembling voice.

"Now go, my precious Jacob. I commit you to the care of the patriarch's God. Do your errand speedily—carefully avoid all the frequented streets. They are the most dangerous just now. If any passer-by, were it even one of our people, seek to detain you, on no account relax your haste. Remember that life or death depends on your exertions—your mother's life too, for if you are lost, I shall be desolate, and go with sorrow to the grave."

Almost heartbroken at the anguish of parting, the unhappy mother turned away. Jacob rushed to the door.

"Good-bye, mother!" he cried, in a voice rendered firm by enthusiasm. "God will watch over one who devotes himself for his people."

"No, Jacob, my son! I cannot let you go," cried poor Sara. The sacrifice was beyond her endurance—she sprang forward to detain him, but it was too late. The noise of the heavily closing door warned her that her son was gone, perhaps never to return. A deadly tremor seized the poor Jewess—a thousand ghastly fancies passed through her brain. She sank on her knees, seeking in prayer a solace for the bitter anxiety that possessed her.

CHAPTER II.

In the quarter of the Innocents, not

far from the monastery of St. Agnes, stood a small house, its gable end extending four feet into the street. This house, though small, seemed to belong to some rich citizen. The woodwork was skillfully carved, and the image of some saint rudely sculptured, adorning the pinnacle of the gable, showed that the owner had taken some pains to make his dwelling conspicuous. But, on the day of which I speak, no carving or statue attracted the attention of the few passers. A group of plague-stricken people clamored at the door, imploring succor which came not. The weakest of the number, exhausted by fruitless supplication, soon found in death release for their woe. From all sides, the poor wretches approached the dwelling, as if seeking a haven of refuge. The cries, first piteous, speedily became furious, as no response came in answer to their entreaties. Some of the crowd endeavored to break open the door, but it resisted their efforts. Stones were thrown against the windows—the shutters remained closed.

"The accursed physician," cried one. "He keeps all his drugs for himself."

"Poor wretches like us have no claim on his pity," said another.

"Let us set fire to the sorcerer's house," exclaimed a third.

Probably his advice would have been followed, and a burning brand thrown on the doctor's roof, when the ten or twelve despairing people whom fear of death had roused to frenzy, saw some men cross the square, and approach the house.

"There he is!" cried they. "He may yet save us!"

They rushed towards him, but the armed escort kept off the poor sufferers, who fell on all sides, beaten down like ripe grain.

Besides the band of soldiers, were several men following with a tumbril, into which were thrown the corpses encumbering the streets. The physician, who was King Philip's doctor, had that

morning warned his Majesty that without such precautions the plague could not cease.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed, as he drew near. "Remove all those dead bodies at once!"

His orders were speedily obeyed, and when the clearance was effected, the physician drew a long phial from under his cloak, and emptied the contents over the pavement. A strong smell of lavender was perceptible. He distributed the liquid to his escort, and then entered his house, followed by a young man, (who had passed unnoticed, as he kept modestly behind his master) and by three soldiers, specially under his commands, and ready to fulfil his slightest wish. When the doctor reached the laboratory accompanied by the young man above mentioned, his first care was to throw some dried herbs on a chafing dish, the fumes soon filling the room, and to rub camphor on his hands and temples. His companion did the same, and when both had taken these precautions, the physician threw himself into an easy chair, and seemed lost in thought.

"Olivier," he said, at last, addressing the youth, who had not stirred, "come and tell me, my dear pupil, what discoveries you have made regarding this terrible disease."

"I have made no positive discovery, Sir."

"By Esculapius that is unlucky. The symptoms?"

"Are as varied as the colors of the rainbow."

The physician relapsed into silence, after giving utterance to an expression of strong disgust.

"How many dead in the city?" he demanded, suddenly.

"Eight hundred," replied Olivier, calmly.

"And in the University?"

"A thousand!"

"That is not surprising. The tavern glasses contain deadly potions in this

time of disease. And in the suburbs?"

"The number is not yet calculated."

"Well! Now, Olivier, comes a question of most vital interest to me—how many have died in the Jew's quarter?"

Olivier kept silence for some moments, as if doubtful how to answer. Seeing his hesitation, the doctor raised himself, and fixed a keen, penetrating gaze on his pupil. It seemed as if his life depended on the reply.

"Five," said Olivier, at length.

"Good Heavens!" shouted the physician, falling back into his chair.

"Are then these dogs of Jews protected by the Almighty? Five!" he repeated, rising and pacing the room with long strides. "Five! is it not scandalous, when Christians are perishing by thousands! Sorcerers, infamous sorcerers! Five; only!"

Olivier, whose eyes were riveted on his master, ventured to interpose.

"They speak of a Sara Felix, who possesses some secret of healing," he said, timidly.

"Do not mention her!" cried the physician, furiously, "or I shall dismiss you from my service. A secret! I ought to know it. Science has no mysteries for me. Some witches' craft, unless the rumor be true. You know, Olivier, it is said that the water has been poisoned by these Jews."

"That is not possible, is it, sir?"

"No—it is false. It is really the plague, the horrible pestilence. Nevertheless, the report must be spread, for our reputation is at stake."

"Indeed, sir, I believe in the truth of those rumors, and I can give you proofs."

"Proofs!" cried the doctor. "What proofs can you find? Olivier," he went on, "if you succeed in verifying what you say, all the secrets of my art shall be made known to you, and nothing will be wanting to your advancement."

"Master, the son of Sara, the Jewess, went this morning to St. Nicholas, and in the field behind the Abbey, I saw

him gather a poisonous herb. He was only beginning to gather a quantity when you passed and I joined you, so we might waylay him on his return through the passage of the Innocents."

"Come, at once, Olivier. Follow me," said the physician, hastily. "If I can but get that plant into my hands, I shall be repaid for all the trouble the wretches have given me."

The doctor, his pupil and the three soldiers, hastened to the appointed place, where Jacob must pass to regain the Jewish quarter.

He soon made his appearance, laden with an ample supply of the life-giving plant. Thinking of the joy his mother would feel, and the relief to his brethren, he advanced with a light step. He carried the branch of herbs on his head, so as to walk more easily.

"Poor mother," he said to himself, "how pleased she will be to see me safe! I shall soon kiss away the tears she is now shedding on my account. I am near the square, and then I shall be close to home."

Thus thinking, he passed under the walls of St. Agnes, and came out on the square.

"There he is!" cried Olivier, turning to his master; "see what a rich harvest he has made."

"My men," said the physician, pointing out Jacob to the soldiers, "seize that lad!" One of the men prepared to obey. Jacob, who had noticed the group, hesitated a moment, not knowing whether to advance or retreat. The latter idea he speedily abandoned.

"My dying brethren down there cannot wait half an hour while I go another way, and besides, what ill-will can these Christians have towards me?"

He therefore advanced resolutely, but had scarcely gone a few steps when he found himself confronted by three soldiers, one of whom placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Come on, Jew's brat," said the man, "you must follow us, and speak

to the physician of His Majesty the King."

"The King's physician!" thought Jacob. "I am lost!"

Recovering presence of mind he turned hastily to the soldier who held him, explaining:

"Touch me not, wretched man. I am plague-stricken!"

These magic words opened the way for him. The soldiers fell back in horror, and Jacob set off at full speed.

"The fools have let him escape!" cried Olivier; "but do not be uneasy, sir. I engage to bring you the herbs in less than half an hour."

Olivier started in pursuit, but his speed was not tested. The little Jew was within range of a cross bow. Suddenly he felt seized with icy coldness, his limbs sank under him, and he fainted. At the same time the bundle of herbs fell to the ground, and were soon in the doctor's possession.

CHAPTER III.

"Well aimed, Claude Collet!" cried the physician. "That shot will put money into your pocket. Hasten, Olivier, to pick up the herbs. Fear nothing; the boy cannot harm you."

While thus speaking, the physician drew some coins from his purse, and gave the soldier the reward of his cowardly shot; for the cause of the poor little Jew's sudden fall was not the plague, but a wound from a cross-bow, fired by the wicked physician's orders.

Before the soldier had ended his thanks, Olivier returned triumphantly bearing the much-coveted plants.

"Give them to me," said the master, eagerly seizing the bundle.

"Well, what did I tell you?" asked Olivier, looking at the doctor.

"Poison—it is indeed poison," rejoined the physician, after a moment's silence.

"You are convinced, then, that these reprobates *have* poisoned the wells. Is not this an indisputable proof?"

"It amounts to nothing if the child is dead—much if he still lives. Let us go and see his wound, and please God it is not mortal!"

Making a sign to the soldiers to wait, the doctor approached the spot where Jacob lay unconscious, and bent down to see if the child still lived. When he had ascertained this, he raised the boy, and searched narrowly for the arrow wound. Not finding it, he exclaimed, in great surprise,

"Not a scratch! Can it be the plague? No," he rejoined in an instant, "that is impossible. His face is pale, but there are no purple marks. What think you, Olivier?"

"I think Claude Collet's skill can scarcely be at fault, for it is very certain the arrow struck the little Jew, but I cannot imagine where the arrow lodged."

The doctor searched in all directions, and suddenly called out:

"Here it is, stuck into one of those fence stakes. It was well aimed. The boy must have been hit, but the wound can only be very slight."

He drew near and made another minute investigation. He at length discovered traces of the passage of the arrow under the child's flowing curls, close to the left temple, where there was a slight mark. He pronounced that Jacob had fainted from terror and pain. Then, without taking further notice of the child, or attempting to restore him to consciousness, he ordered the soldiers to carry Jacob to his house. Notwithstanding the shortness of the journey, and the absence of passers-by, the proceedings did not pass unnoticed. A man saw the procession from his window.

"What is going on there?" thought he. "Mr. Physician is taking home a subject for dissection, in spite of orders to the contrary."

However, the physician and his

acolytes reached home without molestation. The soldiers placed the still unconscious boy on a couch, in a room adjoining the laboratory, and then retired.

Master and pupil gazed at each other. The face of one wore the air of satisfied vengeance—the latter of cold indifference.

"Thanks to this child," said the master, smiling, "the doom of the sorceress whose marvellous cures have done me so much harm, is sealed. Now, Olivier, I will disclose the real cause of my hatred to this woman."

They entered the surgery, leaving Jacob alone, and closing the door, the physician thus began:

"Listen attentively," he said. "I will hide nothing from you. Up to this time you have imagined I had only scientific interest in this detestable Jewess. But you are wrong! What matters it to me if a few victims, more or less, perish? Am I the friend or relative of all who die, that I should take such deep interest in them? And, as for my reputation, everyone believes this wretched plague is incurable. You see, therefore, there must be some other motive for my conduct. The vengeance I have so long desired is at length within my grasp. What I want is the death of this Jewess in exchange for a life prolonged by her means, against my will. You know that a mortal feud has long existed between the members of my house and the lords of Péguigney. The day after the sad defeat of Crécy, I reached the castle where the King lodged, too late to gain admittance. I therefore proceeded to the first hovel I saw. Some moments elapsed before my knock was answered. At length a man appeared.

"A shelter for the night! I implored.

"I wish my lord would go elsewhere," he replied.

"I am the King's physician."

"Scarcely had I uttered these words, when the door flew open, and I was

eagerly welcomed into the cottage, the man exclaiming several times,

"'Heaven has sent him!'

"I soon understood what this meant.

I was conducted into a smoky room, and I saw by the light of a torch, a knight covered with wounds, lying on the straw. My skill was needed. I bent towards him, and imagine my joy when I recognized my mortal enemy, Gauthier de Péguigney. I then tasted to the full the cup of vengeance! I made myself known, and retired, refusing the slightest aid.

"On the threshold, as I turned, I saw, for the first time, Sara the Jewess! I know not what demon led her to that place.

"'Inhuman monster!' she cried, 'you refuse your succor, but I will save him yet.'

"I left without hearing more, but a little while ago, I found that she had kept her word. Péguigney was at court, and though still weak, quite cured. Olivier, now that you have heard all, you can understand my feelings. I hold this woman's life in my power, and, if she really possesses the healing art, I will obtain knowledge of it, while satisfying my revenge."

"What do you intend doing?"

"I will go to my lord the King, and accuse the Jewess. If my petition is upheld, which is certain, I give the child over to the executioner, who will extract the secret by tortures."

"Well planned, indeed," said Oliver.

"Yes, my friend," replied the master, smiling. "I hope the caldron in the swine's quarter will soon be ready for Sara Felix."

"Amen!" answered his pupil.

Then they separated. Olivier, by his master's orders, was to traverse the city and spread false rumors of poisoning, while the physician proceeded to lay his accusation before the King.

In the meantime, Jacob, whose fate it was to play such a prominent part in the doctor's scheme of vengeance, had

been left alone and unconscious in the adjoining room. When he at length came to his senses, he was bewildered at finding himself in a strange house. But, after passing his hands several times over his face, a slight pain in the temple reminded him of what had happened, and inspired him with anxiety to know more. He rose softly and listened. A voice, which sounded very near, attracted his attention. Soon his mother's name struck his ear. Then he remembered the King's physician and the group of soldiers! He knelt down and heard every word of the physician's dastardly scheme.

As soon as the doctor and his pupil left the house, Jacob rose and burst into tears.

"Poor mother!" he thought, the wicked physician wants you to be put to death, and he will have me tortured. What shall I do?"

But soon drying his eyes, he said confidently, "No! the God of Israel will protect us! They count upon my betraying and accusing my mother! I will kill myself rather. No, that is forbidden by the law of Moses. If I could but warn my mother, we would go far away from here. But how can I escape. The room is locked. Oh, my God! my God! my mother!"

He sank into a chair almost despairing, but still meditating on any means of saving his beloved mother.

CHAPTER IV.

Leaving Jacob to his reflections, let us return to the rue de la Darcheminière, and see how Sara had fared since we left her seeking in prayer a solace for her agony. Poor woman! years seemed to have elapsed since she parted from her boy. Each footstep in the street, made her start up, breathless, with outstretched arms, looking towards the door by which she hoped to see

him enter. The sounds died away, and still Jacob came not. Then her anxiety redoubled. She could no longer even pray. After many alternations of hope and fear her eyes fell on the sand hour-glass. It was empty—had been so for perhaps hours. Absorbed by her anguish, Sara paid no attention to a confused murmur in the street. Any voice but Jacob's was just then indifferent to her. Suddenly the noise increased. A violent blow caused the ill-closed door to burst open with a crash. Sara found herself surrounded by a group of men and women imploring her aid.

"Save my brother from dying!"
 "Have pity upon us! Give us some balm—the balm!"

These entreaties were repeated with increasing vehemence, and soon more voices added to the clamor.

For some time Sara seemed unable to understand what was required of her, and again rose the cry,

"Save us from destruction, Sara. The balm!"

But soon a still more heart-rending cry pierced the air and drowned the piteous voices.

"My son! my child! give me back my boy!"

The unhappy mother's eyes glared wildly, and it seemed as if reason was failing under her anguish. The poor plague-stricken people gazed at her in silent awe, and made a way for her to pass.

She hesitated not an instant.

"Find Jacob," she cried in sharp tones. "Find him. Without him I can do nothing for you."

She disappeared swiftly, followed by those who were able to walk. Her first visit was to the field near St. Nicholas. She observed here traces of her son's presence. None of the plant (cause of all her misery) was to be seen, except stalks which had recently been stripped of their leaves.

"Jacob has been here," thought the unhappy mother. "Some evil must

have befallen him on his way home."

She retraced her steps, but this time very slowly. If she noticed a child's corpse in the street, she bent down to see if it was Jacob. At one spot, her heart beat wildly, for she saw a boy's body, lying with its face to the ground, whose size and even clothes resembled those of her son. She sprang towards it, almost out of her senses with terror, and examined it. It was not Jacob! Joy was nearly fatal. A sudden faintness seized her, and she felt obliged to lie down under a wall. But she soon rallied, and went on with renewed energy, seeking her lost darling, and crying in a loud voice,

"Jacob, answer me! where are you?"

In this state she reached the Place des Innocents. Her cries were probably heard by the man who had seen the doctor pass, for he opened his window, regardless of the risk in so doing, and seemed touched by the woman's anguish.

"Who are you searching for in this way?" he asked.

"My son, sir, my poor boy. In the name of the God of Israel, tell me if you have seen him!"

"Ah; she is a Jewess," muttered the man, closing his window.

"Have pity upon me," exclaimed Sara, who seemed intuitively to know that this man could give her tidings of her son. "Be merciful, sir; tell me where he is. He had on a dark green serge jacket and a high yellow cap. I entreat you not to turn a deaf ear to a mother's prayers."

She fell on her knees, and with clasped hands she remained looking towards the man whose pity she craved. At length, he half opened his window, where he still stood, and in a hesitating tone spoke as follows:

"Listen, Jewess, I have seen the child you describe, but if you wish to have him back with a whole skin, you must make haste, for he is in the hands

of the King's physician, who is going to dissect him."

The poor mother uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless to the ground.

At the same moment Olivier reentered the doctor's house and found him pacing up and down his laboratory, in great agitation.

"So you have returned, Olivier," cried the physician. "Have you spread the rumors of poisoning?"

"All over the town. The people are gathering together, and threaten to massacre the Jews."

"They must proceed, Olivier. What are the lives of hundreds of Jews, if my vengeance is satisfied, and it *shall* be. My lord the king received my accusation, but he hesitates to give the order to slay the unbelievers. He wishes to assemble a council. What a delay! The people, however, will do the work to-day, the council will decide to-morrow."

The doctor was about to go out again. Olivier stopped him.

"Master," he said, "I have done what I promised. I have succeeded in proving that the Jews poisoned the water. Will you now in your turn keep your promise, and give me the key of that oak chest which contains your book of secret science?"

The doctor grew pale, and looked at his pupil for some moments without replying.

"Tell you my secrets! Give you up my book!" he said, at last.

"You promised to do so."

"Never!"

"Master," resumed Olivier, firmly, "you said, 'Avenge me, and nothing shall be hidden from you.' I have avenged you; give me the book!"

"Later on!"

"To-day! At once!" cried the pupil, holding his master by the arm.

"No, no," repeated the physician, trying to free himself from Olivier's grasp. "That book, in which all my thoughts, all my discoveries are de-

tailed, shall never be read by any eyes until mine are closed forever. I deceived you when I made that promise. I cannot fulfil it."

"Then, so much the worse for you!" murmured the young man, releasing his hold.

After a long silence, the physician approached.

"Come, friend," he said, "do not be so vexed. The book shall be yours after my death. Never, *till then!* Come with me, I want your help in exciting the populace still further."

"I will not go," replied Olivier, resolutely. "I am no longer under your tutelage. I shall pack up my possessions, and then leave your house forever."

"Do as you please," coldly answered the doctor, who then went out, taking with him Jacob's bundle of plants.

When Olivier was alone, he shed tears of rage.

"He has deceived me!" he thought bitterly. "He has made use of me, and then thrown me aside like a broken toy! If I could but find the key! But he hides it too carefully. Perhaps I may hinder the success of his plans. Yes, I can do that easily. I will go and look after the little Jew we have forgotten these last two hours. After restoring him to consciousness, I can send him home to warn his mother, and——" He was in the midst of these reflections, when he heard a violent knocking. He hastened to open the door, when a woman almost beside herself rushed into the house, exclaiming:—

"My son Jacob. Give him back to me, dead or living."

"He is alive," replied Olivier, "but you must speak low, Sara. If the physician came in just now you would be lost. Come, let us make haste—your son is close by. I will restore him to you; then go and leave Paris at once, or your life will be taken before night."

"I want to see my child."

"Come, then."

Followed by Sara, Olivier crossed the laboratory, and raising the bar which fastened the door of the room where Jacob was imprisoned, he made way for the Jewess to pass and embrace her son.

"There is no one here!" she exclaimed suddenly, in tones of anguish—"Young man, you have deceived me!"

"Calm yourself," rejoined the astonished youth. "He may have found some way of escape. There is no doubt how he has done it," he continued, looking at the window. "These stools placed one above the other have helped him to gain the window, and he has got out safely, with the help of a little gable end outside."

"But where is he now?" asked the poor mother, wringing her hands in despair.

"In your house, no doubt. Go, and believe what I say."

The Jewess heard no more, and disappeared without even thanking Olivier. The latter hastened out also, satisfied with having, as he believed, saved the woman from his ungrateful master's vengeance.

It must not be supposed, however, that the young man felt happy because he had performed a good action. Sad to say, he was actuated by hatred towards the physician. In saving Sara he formed no settled plan. He had done so, thinking of injury and perhaps ruin to his master. Such were his reflections as he traversed the plague-stricken city.

In the meantime, Sara flew home, and found her boy awaiting her. Their joy on meeting after such deadly peril can be imagined. Alas! their happiness was destined to be of but short duration!

CHAPTER V.

Never, perhaps, since its commencement, did the pestilence rage with such

violence as on the day when the events we have narrated took place. But the long and mournful silence which had reigned hitherto, was broken by the hoarse cries of an infuriated mob, who casting to the winds their dread of infection, and thirsting for vengeance, trampled heedlessly under their feet the corpses of the victims. Have we not often noticed similar outbreaks of popular excitement? Let but a rumor of poisoning spread through a pest-stricken town, and however unfounded the report, it gains eager credence and lashes the people into frenzy. So has it been in all time, and we have a fresh example of this sad truth in our own day, when cholera set its direful seal on many victims. But we must return to our story. On the evening of that fatal day, the sun set in a fiery bank, and a lurid light seemed to cast its rays on each window. It looked as if another scourge, that of fire, was to be added to the horror of the plague. There was something sad and awful in the sight, but still more fearful were the hoarse murmurs which came from two ends of the town, culminating in frantic cries for vengeance, when the tumultuous crowds assembled at the Place du Châtelet. One felt that each man would be a pitiless assassin were but an impulse or a sign given! As yet, no sign had been made—only menaces and clamoring smote the ear. Suddenly the crowd opened, and cries were heard,

“There he is! tis he”—the King’s physician!”

The news of the doctor’s arrival on the scene was received with acclamation. He soon reached the centre of the square. Then he mounted a barrel, and made a signal that he wished to speak. The noisy crowd became dumb, and the doctor’s voice was audible.

“Citizens of Paris,” he said, “eight hundred people have died in this town, a thousand in the university, more than double that number in the city. Is it not singular, in the midst of this fright-

ful mortality, that one quarter, and only one, should be almost exempt from the plague, and that only five deaths should have taken place among a population of three thousand souls?”

A confused, indignant murmur rose from the surging crowd.

“These Jews, these wretched unbelievers, cannot be thus favored by Heaven, when Christians are left to perish. There is sorcery and poisoning at work. The plant you see here is a subtle poison. Where do you suppose it was found? In the hands of Jacob, son of Sara the Jewess. She has long been deemed a sorceress, and her cures are wrought by supernatural agency. Shall we suffer such misdeeds to continue?”

“No! no!” was re-echoed on all sides.

“If we do not take active measures perhaps to-morrow not one of us will be alive!”

“Death to the Jews! Death!” shouted the crowd.

“Death to the Jews!” repeated the physician, in a voice of thunder, “and let justice—stern justice—be meted out to the offenders. Follow me! To the Jews’ quarters!”

“To the Jews’ quarters! Death! Death to the infidels,” cried a thousand voices.

In an instant torches were lighted, for night had come on, and a crowd of furious, armed men followed the doctor, who smiled as he thought of the vengeance about to be wreaked on his enemy.

As the cortège passed through the square, the physician felt a touch on his arm. He looked round and saw Olivier approaching with downcast eyes.

“Master,” said the young man, “I have behaved ill to you—forgive me!”

“You forsook me—get you hence, I no longer trust you!”

“Pardon me, Master! I return a more devoted servant than ever.”

The doctor hesitated a moment, but finally held out his hand to Olivier, saying:

"Come with me, then, for I shall want you."

He drew his pupil after him. If the torchlight had been strong enough, he might have noticed a bitter smile on Olivier's lips, and a strange glitter in his eyes.

The crowd, which had stopped during this scene, now resumed its tumultuous march.

In the meantime, a very different drama was passing at the Jewess's house. When the first transports of joy were over, Jacob warned his mother of the doctor's wicked designs.

"Let us escape, mother, while there is time. Let us fly from this place."

"Yes, come, my beloved boy, we will go away, for their hate would be more fatal to you than to your mother. You have many long days to live, while I, though still young, feel my end already approaching."

"Do not talk in that way, mother. Banish these sad thoughts. While waiting for you, I collected all our most valuable possessions,—they are in this bag. Come, and to-morrow we shall be in safety."

"Let us go, then, dear child—your presence of mind and courage have saved your mother. Come."

They reached the door, but found there a most unexpected hindrance. The unfortunate people to whom Sara had promised health if she found her son, came to claim the fulfilment of their wishes. Jacob vainly endeavored to explain to his brethren the danger his mother was in, but the only result was to irritate them still more. Fear of death steeled their hearts against all remonstrances. All that Sara had done for them faded from their memory—they thought only of her refusal to aid them in their present misery, and cared little about *her* fate. The sight of three of their number falling dead suddenly, crowned

their anger, and Jacob, seeing his mother's danger from these new foes, drew her back into the house to await an opportunity of escape.

The crowd, headed by the cruel physician, fast approached. It soon became evident that some new agitation threatened the unfortunate people in the Jews' quarter. Menacing voices were heard, strange lights seen; but the victims were so crushed by trouble that fresh peril scarcely seemed to move them.

The first blow was struck, and when once blood had been drawn, it was no longer possible to check the fury of the mob. I cannot dwell upon the horrors of the carnage, which lasted for two hours. Let us leave the scene, and turn to another act of the drama.

The physician seemed beside himself. With hurried steps he advanced towards Sara's house, thinking his hour of vengeance had at length arrived.

"Follow me!" he said in imperious voice. "Death to Sara the poisoner!"

He saw nothing, heeded nothing; the cries of the victims fell upon deaf ears. Olivier kept close by his side, watching every movement with growing interest.

"The Jewess is now in my power, Olivier," said the doctor, laughing wildly; "but joy produces a strange effect on me. My head whirls, my blood boils, a mist is before my eyes."

"That is only excitement," replied Olivier. "But here we are at Sara's house."

The wretched people who barred the entrance were removed, the door broken open, and the doctor found himself in the presence of his enemy.

"You must now pay the penalty of your poisoning," he cried, in a voice of triumph. At the same time he threw down the plant at Sara's feet. Jacob rushed forward and picked it up.

"Help me, Olivier," continued the doctor, "I feel faint. It is fatigue." Then turning to his followers, he ex-

claimed, "Seize that woman, and——" He could say no more, tottered and fell to the ground. But the men had already seized Sara. Twenty daggers were pointed at the breast of the poor woman, whom fear had rendered helpless, when Jacob threw himself before the assassins.

"Stop!" he cried, "my mother's life in exchange for the physician's. He is plague-stricken. I will save him. Spare my mother, and you will see if we are poisoners!"

The boy's courage amazed the men. They lowered their weapons, and though still guarding the Jewess, seemed to give a tacit consent to the bargain. Jacob rushed to the vessel containing the healing potion and threw in the plant which had been the cause of such misery. Meanwhile, Olivier was bending over his master.

"It is indeed the plague," he murmured.

"Sara! Sara!" gasped the physician. "I have been cruel and unjust! Restore me to life, for it is in your power. Give me some balm!"

"Never! master, never!" cried Olivier. "Did you not say just now that it is a deadly poison?"

"No! The balm—it is life!" said the doctor with an effort.

"It is death!" replied Olivier. "The master said so. He must be mad to talk thus! Do not let us allow him to poison himself in our presence. Let us try the effect of the remedy on that unbeliever in the corner, and if it is beneficial, then——"

"Olivier! I implore you to help me! Give me life—the balm!"

"No master, I love you too well," replied Olivier, smiling. "No, not until I have seen the effect of the beverage."

"Here is the healing draught!" cried Jacob.

"Give it to me, to me!" murmured the doctor, in a weak voice.

"To the Jew first!" exclaimed

Olivier, "or I will have Sara killed!"

Terrified by this menace, Jacob administered the medicine to his sick friend. Meanwhile Olivier knelt beside his master, watching the progress of the malady. The physician murmured some unintelligible sounds—the words were distinguishable,

"Friend, I am dying!—life! life!"

"Well!" said Olivier, turning to Jacob, "the balm?"

"Effects a cure gradually."

"I see no signs of a cure."

"Wait another quarter of an hour and Daniel will be able to get up. But now, do let me try to save your master, and our enemy."

"As soon as Daniel is better."

The fatal quarter of an hour passed, and the doctor was between life and death, when Daniel rose up, weak, but cured. The men clamored for the balm to give the physician.

"It would be useless to him," cried Olivier, feigning deep sorrow. "My poor master is dead!"

"Dead!" repeated the men, "and the Jew lives. What is to be done to this woman?"

"Set her free!" implored Jacob, and I will give you the healing medicine." The bargain was eagerly ratified by the men, and Sara, who had recovered consciousness, was restored to the son to whose coolness and presence of mind, she, under God, owed her life.

"The balm is ours!" cried the men.

"We are free!" exclaimed Jacob, leading away his mother.

"The book of science is mine!" said Olivier.

A few minutes afterwards Sara's house was empty.

Still the physician's vengeance survived him. He had left a legacy of hatred among the populace. Some men who witnessed Sara's flight with her son, set off in pursuit.

In spite of the swiftness of their movements, the fugitives would have been re-captured,—they already heard

the footsteps of the pursuers behind them, when a man approached them with two mules. He had followed the mother and son for some distance.

"Jewess," he said, "take this mule for yourself, and the other for your son. The lord of Péguigney owed his life to you. He thus repays the debt."

Sara and Jacob arrived in Sicily two months afterwards. From thence,

they embarked for the East, where they lived honored and beloved. Jacob was always cited as a model of filial piety and devotion. Olivier took possession of the doctor's house without opposition, but he did not long enjoy his ill-gotten treasures. A few days after, he was found dead in his laboratory. The plague had wrought *justice*.

VERA.

ROCK TEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUGH AND SMOOTH," "PEGGY'S DEAR," &C.

"What sort of tea is Rock tea?" laughingly asked a lady friend as she came and sat upon our gallery at Murray Bay. "I have heard of ginger tea, camomile tea, beef tea, every variety of tea, to say nothing of that which 'cheers but not inebriates' from China and Japan, but I must say I never heard of *rock tea* till this minute when two children as they scampered past me said, 'Just fancy, Rock tea, isn't it delightful! And so I want to know what it is.'"

We all smiled and one of the girls answered,

"Oh, Rock tea is an institution peculiar to Murray Bay, Mrs. H. It is not any new form of beverage, but a tea-drinking upon the rocks. We are to have one to-morrow in honor of Will's birthday, and those children you met had just received an invitation. Rock teas are very popular with us all. Will you come? Five o'clock, sharp, and as you are alone you need not trouble about your cup, saucer and plate; but usually it is the rule as the supply is not extra in these houses, to

count heads, and every family bring for themselves."

Our friend gladly accepted the invitation, and after charging her to be early as she was a stranger and did not know the locality, and must not keep us waiting, she left, much amused at the novel idea of a rock tea.

Next day, as early as 3 o'clock saw groups and knots of bright yet anxious faces upon the hill above our cottage, peering up and down and evidently discussing something very important.

"What are all those children doing?" we asked; "they look as if they were holding a cabinet council. Surely they don't want the tea to begin now."

"No," said Will, "they have just sent Tom to see if there is to be any. Somebody told them we were afraid of rain!"

Now the clouds *had* looked heavy in the morning, and we had talked of putting off till to-morrow; so it appeared the bad news had flown, and an earnest remonstrance was put in by the stragglers who followed their spokesman one by one. They were sure it would

not rain, never dreamt of such a thing; besides Archie and Lillah and Jack and two or three others were going away to-morrow, and what would they do?

Matters looked serious, so we all marched out upon the gallery, and calling our old landlord who was an oracle upon the subject of the weather, decided to abide by his opinion. Monsieur F. walked to east and west, looked very wise, gazed up and down with a crowd of breathless small people at his heels, and then folded his arms, nodded his head, and delivered himself accordingly: "*Non, Madame, je ne pense pas pour ce soir toujours—demain.*" The conclusion of his sentence was unheard, as a peal of hurrahs, and "No Rain, No rain;" "We are not to wait till to-morrow," drowned it, and with a parting cheer for the better than Roman oracle, off scampered the crowd to circulate the good news, and be ready in time.

Before 4 o'clock the hill was again gay with bright girlish faces, clean print frocks—for nice people at Murray Bay wear no finery—and curly-headed boys in stout serge jackets, carrying along heavily laden baskets of cups and saucers and plates. Our packing received its finishing touch and we were also ready.

Three or four kind neighborly girls had been hard at work all morning beating up eggs and washing currants, and I know, for my part, I had been glad to rush out upon the gallery now and then for a cooling; for, good as home-made cakes are to eat, and nicely as they smell, it is not comfortable work to stand the baking of them in a small Canadian cottage on a hot day in August. However, these are trifles soon forgotten, and we gladly donned hat and shawl to join the party.

An exquisite bit of rock and shore—private property—had been offered us at the foot of a hill about a quarter of a mile away, for our purpose. A narrow, winding path led to it through scrub

and bushes, opening out every now and then upon flat land and giving a full view of the broad St. Lawrence, with Kamouraska and its adjacent little islands in the distance. Very slippery it was as we began the descent; soft mosses and ferns and feathery things had wound themselves over the rocks and across the path, and occasionally we heard a shout and a merry laugh as a too reckless little one went feet foremost and came plump upon the soft carpet of green things. However, nobody was hurt, not even precious Canadian crockery, and we presently all arrived safely at the shore. Here we found ourselves in a sort of beautiful cove, with high rocks piled on each side of us stretching out like promontories into the sea. A small spring of fresh water came bubbling out behind us, and a patch of smooth, clear, pebbly sand lay at our feet. The place looked as if made on purpose, and throwing down our wraps and shawls, we sighed in clear enjoyment of the rest and loveliness of the scene. The dark clouds of the morning were still to be seen grouped in shadowy masses, but the soft rays of the setting sun gilded them with grandeur and beauty. The tide was coming in, and gently lapped upon the shore its soft monotony, while the voices of boatmen in the distance chanting a Canadian evening song came floating to us on the breeze, giving a sort of dreamy enchantment to the scene. We saw that the busy bees of our party were hard at work, some of them gathering wood, and hanging the camp kettle over a gypsy fire, others spreading a tablecloth upon the ground, and setting out dishes of raspberries, blueberries, cake and bread and butter, and we felt too lazy to move and help, till we were roused by a shout, and somebody came running along saying:

"What is to be done? Larry's dog, Rover, put his nose into the jug of milk, and what are we to do for tea?"

The question was an important one—very much so. A gallon jug of milk involved cups of nice hot tea for a large party, and we gathered ourselves up to solve the serious matter upon our feet. Nobody would drink after Rover—of course not. We felt a little vexed at his poking his nose where it was not wanted, particularly as he was not an invited guest, but it was too late now. Besides, he would not be got rid of, though his little master tried. Bread and butter and cakes were too tempting even to a dog, so volunteers had to station themselves to guard the table or rather cloth, while other volunteers started over the rough road back to the farm in search of more milk. After such a delay that everyone complained of hunger, they re-appeared, waving an empty tin pail over their heads, and shouting :

“Morning’s milk all sold, and the cows are lost, and no milk is to be had to-night.”

Here was a “pretty go,” as the boys said—no tea; and very blank faces looked at each other. A Rock-tea and no tea to wash down the cake and bread and butter seemed dry comfort, and could not be.

“Rover’s nose is clean,” meekly suggested his owner, as he stood, himself a picture, with his earnest face, and his hat on the back of his head, and arm thrown protectingly around the dog’s neck.

“So it is,” answered a friendly boy; “I wouldn’t mind drinking after him.”

Like sunshine after clouds came this announcement upon the party. Faces cleared up the bare thought of the possibility of drinking milk that a dog had poked his nose into.

“Perhaps he only smelt the milk,” suggested one little girl, “and we can wash the edge of the jug all round, you know.” This was received with a derisive though hearty laugh, as some knew better.

“Well,” said one pretty little Mary, who had ever so many grown-up

brothers, and consequently plenty of dogs about her house, “I would not mind drinking after a nice dog like that. I often let our dogs kiss me.”

Another burst of laughter and a clapping of hands followed this announcement, and tea was pronounced quite possible. A little lady who had been on her knees for the last half hour cutting bread and butter as a supplement to her cake-making of the morning, here remarked :

“Let us have the milk by all means. I have been abroad in places where milk was so scarce that we were glad to use thick prepared stuff sold in cans, and we never could know how many dogs might have put their noses in while it was being cooked. At Gibraltar we used goat’s milk as we could not get anything else, and tea did not taste as good as this,” and she poured out a cup, put some milk in, and drank it off.

This was the signal, and removed all scruples. If a nice little married lady could drink the tea, of course they could, and a happy circle formed at once round the lowly table,—sitting on shawls and cloaks and top-coats, and bread and butter, cake and fruit, soon vanished. Then came gathering up, sorting and packing the *melange* of mixed crockery and belongings. After all was done, a huge bonfire was built of the drift-wood the high tides had at various times left upon the shore. Everyone helped, the boys dragging logs, while the tiny girls came running with aprons full of chips. It roared and sparkled like a Christmas fire, and visions of yule logs and past days set the young people telling stories and singing songs and hymns till the deepening shades of evening and the heavy dews warned the party that they had no roof over their heads, and bedtime was at hand, and they sorrowfully cast a lingering look upon the faint flickers of the dying fire as they turned one by one to climb the steep hill behind them.

“How do you like Rock-tea?” we

asked of Mrs. H——, as we panted after her, catching hold of bushes and twigs to help us along.

“Oh, it was the most delicious of all teas,” was the reply. “As I sat there looking around upon the beauties of nature, and the lovely bright young faces enjoying the simple pleasures so heartily, my heart was full of gratitude to God for the rest and refreshment He provides for His creatures here, a type and earnest of the rest provided for

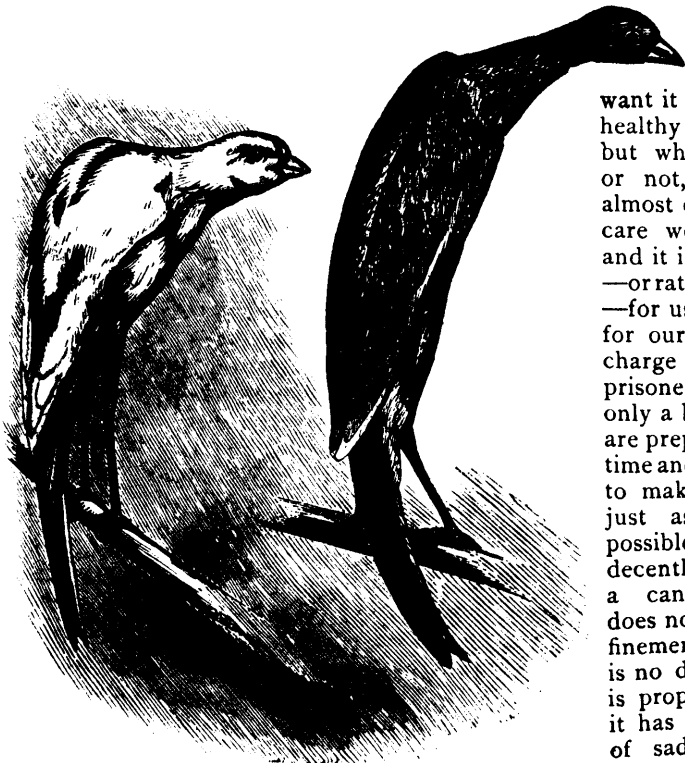
those who love Him hereafter; and the words of the hymn, as they floated along, seemed so strangely fitted to time and place :

“On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

“Yes, we'll gather at the river—
The beautiful, the beautiful river ;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.”

A TALK ABOUT CANARIES.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



SOME FANCY VARIETIES OF THE CANARY.

If we keep a canary, of course we want it always to be healthy and happy ; but whether it is so or not, will depend almost entirely on the care we take of it ; and it is quite useless—or rather very wrong—for us to undertake for our pleasure the charge of a little prisoner, even though only a bird, unless we are prepared to spend time and labor enough to make its captivity just as pleasant as possible. When even decently attended to, a canary probably does not feel its confinement ; and there is no doubt that if it is properly cared for, it has not one hour of sadness all day long.

First as to the cage: It should be suited to the birds which are to inhabit it, setting off their attractions. Airiness, space, light and ease of cleaning, should be the main recommenda-



PET.

tions, both for our interest and that of the birds. In general the plainer and simpler a cage is, the better. Fantastic shapes,—Swiss cottages, Chinese pagodas, and the like,—dangling with ornaments and sparkling with points and spangles, are an abomination; they run away with our money, and hide the little fairy within. The bird itself is the first one to discover the bright points, and peck at the glittering spangles, until it poisons or chokes itself to death in trying to eat them; and lastly, the many corners and crinkles are just so many lodging-places for vermin and dirt. This last is the most serious objection of all, for cleanliness—absolute purity—is essential to every canary's health and happiness. A plain, simple cage is therefore the

best, and usually the cheapest. But it is better to go to a little greater expense in getting the right article at first, even if you have it made to order, than to waste money and risk your birds by experimenting with unsuitable cages. Wooden cages are to be avoided also, because, if pretty, they cost high, but more especially because it is so difficult to cleanse them. The best are the simple, square, German, metallic enamelled cages,—prettiest, lightest to carry, and most economical in the end, airy and commodious. The disadvantage is, that it is not easy to get them in this country, where they are rather costly.

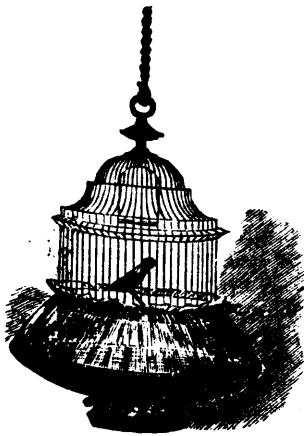
The color is a matter of taste, but white or a combination of white and green, is perhaps most pleasing and best adapted to the colors of most birds; light chocolate is good also. In these German cages the color is burnt into the wires, and not painted on where Pet can peck it off and make himself sick. Brass cages are bad also, because the poisonous green rust or verdigris, which is likely to collect upon them, is sure to be eaten by the bird. Your cage must allow of being taken apart, for thus only can it be thoroughly cleaned. The door should



DICKIE.

be sufficiently large to admit a good-sized bathing tray. As to food and drinking vessels, the conical "fountains" for seeds are to be avoided; they become foul. Pet can only get at the top seeds, and so starves in the midst of seeming abundance. Tin cups rust, and are otherwise bad, so that the only proper arrangement are cups of glass or porcelain, square or circular, two inches deep by one across. The perches should be plain round sticks, unvarnished, and no two of the same thickness; if the cage is a large one, a swing of enamelled metal or polished wood is a source of endless amusement to the occupant.

Pet scatters seed-husks with a liberal bill in every direction through the wires of his cage, and thus sometimes becomes so annoying as to prevent us keeping him near us in the parlor or library. Some ingenious person has devised a cover to catch these crumbs. A strip, either of thin gauze, or of what is called "wash-illusion" lace, wide enough to fit loosely about the cage,

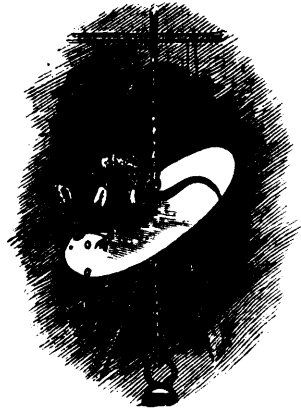


A CAGE WITH LACE BAG FOR CATCHING SEED.

when its edges are sewed or lapped together, is gathered in a bunch like the neck of an old-fashioned work-bag, and attached six inches above the top of the cage, and also six inches below

it, where it is tied with a ribbon. Whenever the cage is cleaned the bottom of this lace bag or curtain is untied and the seed-husks shaken out. If you feel that your bird has too little air by this arrangement, you might suspend the lace from the wires about the middle of the cage, the upper half of which is thus left open, puckering and tying the covering below as in the other case.

In aviaries much trouble is often caused by mice eating the seed intended for the birds, and mice will even climb down the rope by which a cage is hung, if they can get into it no other way, so fond are they of the hemp and rape. The next engraving



A DISCONCERTED MOUSE.

shows how this thieving may be prevented by passing the cord through a disk of stout pasteboard, tin, or glass, which will sway with the weight of the mouse and afford him no chance to hold on to its smooth surface.

Another matter is where you put your cage or aviary. The place should be neither too hot nor too cold, nor in drafts. In summer, especially at the time of nesting, a high sunny window, out of the reach of cats, and where cooling breezes blow about him all day, will bring out Pet's gayest songs and warm into their richest beauty the golden hues of his plumage. In winter a window would be the worst possible place for him, for there he is ex-

posed to the dozen steady drafts of cold air which incessantly pour in through the crevices in sashes and panes. In cold weather the best place for birds is the wall of a dwelling-room on which the sun shines. There their spirits are kept gay by human companionship, and, being always in sight, their supply of food and water is less likely to be forgotten. Stove-heat, however, and particularly the presence of gas in the room, is bad for canaries, and to avoid the evil effects of the last, which makes the air near the ceiling insufferably hot, causing the canary to molt out of season, to droop, etc., a good plan is to have the cage suspended from a pulley, and in the evening to lower it to within four feet or so of the floor. An even temperature, summer and winter, ought, if possible, to be secured for the birds. At night, if the room is to become cold, the cage should be wrapped in a woollen shawl, or, at least, in thick paper, leaving an air-hole. It is always better, where possible, to have a little room devoted to the birds alone, but this, of course, is only practicable where you have plenty of space and money.

Now, having your pet comfortably and prettily housed, comes the duty of his daily care. I say *duty*, for if we undertake to keep an innocent creature in captivity, we are bound to make its life just as joyous as we can. A canary will manage to live for a long time, and even be cheerful now and then, surrounded by filth and half-starved, for it has a wonderfully buoyant disposition; but it will not be happy, and no person has a right to call himself a bird-lover, or even fancier, who will allow his canaries to suffer from neglect.

The first essential is cleanliness,—scrupulous neatness all the time. The cage must be thoroughly cleansed every morning, or every other morning, in all parts, and care should be taken that the seed is free from dirt, the water pure, and the sand on the floor of the cage well cleaned by being previously boiled in water. The corners and wooden parts should be particularly

looked at, the perches well scraped, and twice a week plunged in boiling water to kill any of those pests, the red mites, that may have got there. Pet must have a bath every day in a sufficiently large tub, but it will not do to let him bathe whenever he pleases, and hence the water must not be left in the cage after he has once finished. He must not lack a good supply of seed and plenty of the purest drinking water. A bird is so tirelessly active and so warm-blooded that it uses up its heat and strength a great deal faster than any other animal. It, therefore, needs constant nourishment, and a simple morning or evening meal will not do at all; it must have seed all the time, and in return will reward you with songs of thanksgiving without end. A starved bird not only will not sing, but his coat loses its plumpness and gloss, his manner becomes listless, and some morning you find him dead and stiff in the bottom of his cage.

This introduces the subject of food. Canary-seed is their bread and butter, the wild food of their native land. They can hardly live without this, but they need a variety—not made up of rich biscuit, cake, bread and butter, or the like, which will soon ruin a bird's delicate digestion—but of the seeds and green parts of many other plants, such as hemp, rape, millet, linseed and poppy, and the crushed seeds of many garden vegetables, mixed with the canary-seed, or given separately. Canary and rape seed mixed is called "black-and-white bird-seed." The seeds of many of our road-side weeds,—chickweed, plantain, feathery heads of grass,—and fresh, tender young leaves of water-cress, plantain, lettuce and cabbage are appreciated; while a perfectly ripe strawberry or pieces of mellow sweet apples and pears are dainties to a canary. Plums, cherries, stone-fruits, and rinds are objectionable for the acid they contain. The green food given should be perfectly fresh, and if you live in the city a good plan is to plant a quantity of bird-seed in saucers of earth, and when the canary, hemp, rape, or millet is sufficiently grown to

look green at the top, pull it up, roots and all, and throw it into the cage. You shall see how quickly your pets will seize it! These are so tough that a canary needs still harder substances to aid his digestion, and will naturally resort to the sand in the bottom of the cage; you must therefore choose your sand carefully—sea-sand is the best, because saltish—and wash it clean. The bird needs lime also, out of which to build the shells of its eggs; supply this want with hens' egg-shells, except during the nesting season. Daily and regularly fed with plenty of seed, and saved from devouring "jim-cracks" in the shape of meat and other unwholesome things, there is no harm in once in a while allowing Pet a taste of hard-boiled egg, or a lump of sugar, but such sweets must be sparingly supplied. If you are watchful, you will soon come to know what effect certain food has upon your bird, and to understand that what he can eat at one season is not good for him at another—when molting, for example.

It is disagreeable to have anything to say about disease in such dear little objects as our birds; but, unfortunately, they sometimes fall sick, and may occasionally become mopish and ill for a few days in spite of all we can do; but permanent disease is *always* due to some neglect on our part. Either we have allowed his cage to be so dirty as to destroy his health, or we have been over-indulgent and injured his stomach with rich food, or else we have allowed him to associate with some diseased bird and so catch the malady. It is always one of these three causes that kills our birds,—leaving accidents and old age out of the question,—and all three of these we can avoid.

The symptoms by which you can tell whether or not your canary is in the enjoyment of health are: The general appearance of his plumage, the color of his eyes, beak and legs, and last, though not least, his liveliness or his lack of it. A bird's health is usually most delicate at the time of the yearly renewal of the coat of feathers, or "molting," which in the Northern

States begins in August, or earlier in hot weather. Too early molting should be checked by removal of the bird to a cooler room and by frequent baths, but not by medicine. Unless the time is very much out of the way, however, it is generally best to let nature have its own course, only guarding against chills; for if Pet catches cold at this time, he is a dead bird! Strong light—but not the direct rays of the sun—is of the utmost importance now, deepening the colors of the new feathers. While molting, your bird should have plenty of water for drinking and bathing; and if he seems to suffer from having a skin so tough that the growing quills will not push through readily, anoint the sore parts with a brush dipped in slightly warm castor-oil. A generous diet, some stimulant in the drinking-water, like a rusty nail, an extra allowance of linseed, and unusual attention on your part, will help your favorite through this trying season. Sometimes the feet and legs become tender, sore, and scaly. This is caused by foul perches; and the treatment is to hold the feet frequently in warmish water, sometimes adding a trifle of arnica to it, and to anoint them with oil.

Canaries show a great aptitude for tricks, sometimes learning to do many amusing and difficult things, and also to sing tunes very well. They soon come to know their masters or mistresses, and will often follow them about. I "mind," as a Scotch girl would say, a little lassie who had a pet bird so tame that in pleasant weather she used every day to open the window and let it go out of the house, for it would always return at evening, tapping on the window-panes to be let in, if the sash happened to be closed. An English gentleman had a canary for several years which never was kept in a cage, and in summer was always flying out to the gate or down the road to meet its master, perching on his finger, nestling in his bosom, or, best of all, clinging in his hair, where it was completely happy; at the same time only one other person in the house would it allow to touch it, resenting

any attempt at familiarity with the fiercest anger. At last, however, this bold little fellow got bewildered in a sudden dense fog, and was lost. Canaries can live out-of-doors in our climate very well in the summer, and sometimes join the families of wild birds; but their house-bred constitutions can hardly stand the cold of

poor bird I saw in Thirty-fifth street, New York, the other day! Its cage had been placed close up against the broad pane of a front window, outside of which there was a little balcony. A large cat saw it, and thought he had a fine prize; so he crept stealthily across the balcony until he thought he was near enough, when he made a spring,



OLD TRAY AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

winter, and escaped birds probably all perish before spring. They are very affectionate little creatures, always prefer companions, and will make friends even with their natural enemies. A fancier in London had a cat which, with her kittens, would eat out of the canaries' dish in the bird-room, and never think of harming them, while the birds seemed to enjoy Tabby's society. The picture of the bird in the dog's mouth tells a true story of a canary in France which really would go into Old Tray's open mouth, and sit there in perfect security; reminding us of the birds which venture into the horrid jaws of the crocodiles dozing on the banks of the Nile, finding some kind of food there, and never being harmed by the lazy reptiles.

On the other hand, canaries are easily frightened. I knew of one which was thrown into convulsions and died simply because a gentleman placed his white hat suddenly near the cage. What must have been the terror of that

and to his surprise pounced hard against the strong plate-glass, which evidently he had not seen in his way—it was so clear. It was amusing to watch the cat sneak away, abashed, and sore-headed, but the canary was terribly shocked. There is always danger from cats in hanging cages out of doors, and also danger from small hawks and butch-

er-birds, which frequently drag Pet through the wires and devour him.

To tame birds and to train them to perform tricks are two very different things. Any one may do the first by constant, quiet kindness, endless attention, and patience. Accustom the bird to your presence, and let it understand that, whatever you do about it, nothing is intended for its terror or harm. This learned, teaching it to perch on your finger, or come to your whistle and call, is only a matter of time and gentle patience. Some odd tricks may be taught them if they are 'cute,—for different birds differ very greatly in their ability to learn, as well as in their natural talents and dispositions,—but the astonishing exploits of some troupes of "performing birds" which are exhibited about the country are all taught to them by a terribly cruel course of lessons, and you ought not to make your Pet emulate these performances. •

The Germans often teach young birds tunes and the songs of other birds; but the operation is a slow and tedious one, and the result not very satisfactory. It seems to me that our highest wish should be to perfect all that is natural to a canary, and not try to make him something else than he is, or was intended to be.—*St. Nicholas*.

PUZZLES.

A HIDDEN GARLAND.

I.

Three little sisters passing fair,
 Lettice with eyes of blue,
 Bella with rippling golden hair,
 But Lulu's of darker hue.

II.

Three little sisters blithe and gay,
 Ready each joy to share,
 Bella has begged for a holiday,
 And Lettice with tender care

III.

Has helped the mother so dear and kind,
 Who toils 'mid the city's heat,
 And who grieved when she saw how Lulu pined
 For the country fresh and sweet.

IV.

So they leave the town for the meadows fair,
 O see! at the garden gate,
 Dear Granny stands with a welcome there,
 And asks what has made them late?

V.

And the golden butter and home-made bread,
 With cream from the shining pans
 Yellow with richness, she joyful spreads;
 Then the children fold their hands,

VI.

To ask a blessing upon the food,
 And "Loo" is on Grandfather's knee,
 The dear old man so kind and good.
 Ah! liable is he

VII.

To spoil Miss "Loo," whose rosy face
 It cheers his heart to view,
 For he loves to watch her winsome grace,
 That honest yeoman true.

VIII.

Then as they speed to the hay-field sweet,
 Peal upon peal resounds
 Of childish laughter, while nimble feet
 Clear the low-barred gate at a bound.

IX.

But "Aunty" looks a little prim :
 "Rosetta, my dear, take care ;
 They will certainly forfeit life or limb.
 Your Bella is like a hare."

X.

On the hay-cart high stands burly Ned,
 "Aisy, my chicks!" he cries,
 As he tosses the hay o'er each shining head
 And laughs at their surprise.

And so the day wears on apace,
 But ere the children leave,
 They gather flowers from the well-loved place,
 And a fragrant garland weave.
 And in each verse of this simple rhyme,
 Their flowerets lie concealed.
 Will some little reader another time
 Proclaim them when revealed? W. OTTAWA.

ENIGMA.

Truly my whole foreshadows war,
 Though sometimes in the distance far.
 Without it soldiers in the field,
 Though brave of heart, with courage steeled,
 Must yet to conquering armies yield.

Take off my head, which is a stream,
 And, howsoever strange it seem,
 A stream is left, which purls along
 With ripple soft and witching song.
 Behead again, and, lo! you see
 What bodes no good to bond or free ;
 Vague, undefined, it may appear,
 Yet sorrow with its train is near.

J. N. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

HIDDEN JEWELS.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Topaz. | 5. Garnet. |
| 2. Pearl. | 6. Carbuncle. |
| 3. Ruby. | 7. Opal. |
| 4. Diamond. | 8. Onyx. |
| 9. Amethyst. | |

BIBLE ENIGMA.

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| Daniel, iv., 10-37. | Nebuchadnezzar. |
| Beagle. | glee. |
| Eagle. | eel. |
| Bee. | bag. |
| gale. | ale. |
| | glebe. |

The Home.

ON SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

BY FESTINALENTE, AUTHOR OF "HIC JACET," "THE STORY OF RUTH."

"People are often unconsciously very selfish," said Aunt Tabitha, "and you will excuse my plain speaking, Mary, when I tell you that you are one of those people."

"A nice speech that!" said Mary, violently sneezing, and looking up with eyes still watering with severe influenza.

"I call you selfish," said Aunt Tabitha, "and I do not call you so for nothing. You have not acted fairly by John, and I pity him with all my heart."

"You *pity* John," cried Mary in amazement; "whatever for?"

"I pity John, and I think *you* profoundly selfish," said Aunt Tabitha, steadily. "Here you are in moderate circumstances, dependent for every comfort and luxury on the work of John's brains; everything around you in this parlor stands, in fact, for so much of John's brain power."

"What a funny way you have of putting things!" said Mary, smiling.

"What of that?"

"I think you do not realize the *meaning* of what I say," said Aunt Tabitha. "I will put the matter more plainly. John earns your living and his own by his brain; he works for forty-eight weeks in the year, perhaps more, and all the time he works he knows that so much depends upon his efforts that he is perpetually strained to exert himself more."

"Well! and I keep house; and I have been so careful," said Mary, "that if only I could keep my health,

we should have two hundred dollars in the bank."

"If you could only keep your health," said Aunt Tabitha. "Take away the *if*. It is on the subject of your health that I consider you profoundly selfish."

"I am sure I never make any fuss over it," said Mary, sharply.

"But it is only too evident to the eye," said Aunt Tabitha, "and I can assure you that an unhealthy person is not pleasant to look at. Your hair is losing its lustre; your cheeks are no longer pretty; your eyes look small and red, and you stoop when you sit and walk. Instead of running upstairs as a young person should do, you drag yourself up by the banisters."

"Aunt Tabitha!" exclaimed Mary, too much surprised at the picture drawn of herself to know how to defend herself.

"John comes home from his day's work, to see this object, and I do not wonder that he gets more depressed every day."

"Well, I cannot help it," said Mary, half crying. "But I get one bad cold after another, and it keeps me so weak."

"The truth is, you are suffering now from the results of your utter misuse of your summer holiday. You have acted very unfairly and selfishly towards John. Poor fellow, his hardly-earned money was perfectly wasted!"

"Wasted, Aunt Tabitha! I enjoyed myself immensely."

"As if enjoyment were everything!"

said her aunt with scorn. "John sent you that trip in order that you might get strong, so as to be able to bear the winter well. What did you do? You amused yourself regardless of the laws of health. You would not clothe yourself properly; you *would* sit in draughts, for instance; get up at dawn and sit at the open window, in order to see the country as you went on; you would not eat sufficiently, and you would not go to bed at reasonable hours. You worried me all the time by your childish and unreasonable behavior, and now this winter you are suffering from it yourself."

"What *do* you expect people to do when out for a holiday?" said Mary crossly.

"I expect them to do the highest duty they know how to do," said Aunt Tabitha. "I think that when they are sent out for a holiday, at the expense of other people's brains, they ought seriously to consider what they can do to make the best use of it. Of course health is what they are sent to seek, rehabilitate or establish, and they neglect their highest duty to those who send them out, at so much expense, when they selfishly give themselves up to amusing themselves, whether healthfully or not. It is a cruel thing to John that you returned home no better than you left, and that you have been getting worse ever since. If you had been reasonable and sensible, you would now be rosy and well."

"I never was strong," sighed Mary.

"You *can* be strong, if you like," said Aunt Tabitha; "go to bed early, take a walk every day, rainy, snowy, or fine weather; keep the house cooler,—who could be healthy in such a hot-house? Your blood gets poisoned because you stay in doors so much and have your rooms so very warm."

"I should be very angry with you," said Mary smiling, "if only I did not know how wise you are, and that you have our good at heart."

"I have earned money," said Aunt Tabitha, "and I know the value of it, especially when the result of brain work; and I know how bitterly disappointing it is to find that your work goes for nothing. All the money spent on your holiday was wasted money, unless indeed you will learn from it what experience alone can teach you."

"What is that?" said Mary, languidly.

"That you cannot neglect the laws of health without suffering from that neglect yourself, and causing others to suffer," said Aunt Tabitha. "I should not be healthy, I can assure you, if I lived as you—improperly clothed, fed and warmed."

"I am always so cold," said Mary. "I do not think this house warm even now."

"Nor should I, perhaps, if I neglected to clothe myself with flannel, or if I came downstairs and made my breakfast off half a slice of toast."

"But I cannot eat,—I have no appetite."

"If you cannot take nourishment one way you must take it another. Make yourself some beef tea, or drink a cup of milk several times a day. Your appetite will improve when your body is better nourished. The life you are leading is not a healthy one by any means. You lie about all day, and being naturally a little lazy in disposition you do not dislike such a mode of living. But I consider it a miserable pretence, and I am sure John must be as heartily tired of seeing you always ailing as I am."

"I never knew anyone who could say such unkind things as you can," said Mary, beginning to get angry.

"I have not done yet," said Aunt Tabitha. "Nature has given you a very broad frame, but you ignore that fact, and make your waist so small that you look like a dyspeptic wasp. Is it nineteen or twenty inches you are aiming at?"

"My waist is fully twenty-two inches," said Mary, sulkily.

"I am smaller and slighter than you, and my waist measures twenty-seven inches. I breathe freely, and that helps me to keep young and healthy," said Aunt Tabitha.

"I am sure no one need accuse *me* of a small waist," said Mary, very much offended.

"I do not," said Aunt Tabitha, "but I say it is too small for such a large framework as you have. The question that arises in my mind is, 'Do you like living as you are doing, or do you want to be healthy?'"

"Who would like to be always weak?" grumbled Mary.

"I began to think that you did, for you have made no effort to be otherwise," said Aunt Tabitha. "Fresh air, plenty of nourishment, and wisdom in clothing yourself, will soon bring the desired result. Such a large frame as yours requires more than the usual amount of nourishment to keep it in vigorous health."

"It is so much trouble to eat," began Mary.

"Downright nonsense!" returned Aunt Tabitha. "Of course it is *some* trouble to perform the simplest actions; and because you must needs be too lazy to do your duty in eating sufficiently of plain nourishing food, John's brains have to be taxed in order to provide luxuries which may tempt you by their niceness to keep yourself alive. Money has to go for beer and wine for you, instead of being laid up in the bank for a nest egg; and I will do you the justice to say that you dislike both beer and wine, and would leave them off at once if the doctor would allow you to do so."

"Then," continued Aunt Tabitha, "money goes in buying medicines for you; and I can assure you that you look more diseased now than I ever saw you in your life before."

"What a caustic tongue you have!"

said Mary, reflectively. "All my life long I have been accustomed to believe in all your utterances, and I am half inclined to do so now. The truth is, Aunt, you have shown me myself as I decidedly dislike to be, and if I do not make a stride out of this condition, it will not be my fault."

"That is your redeeming quality," said Aunt Tabitha, smiling, "you always take the good you can from one of my caustic lectures. My own experience is that people can drift into a weak condition of health, and not get out of it for years, never perhaps, as some real disease seizes upon the weakened system and devastates it."

Aunt Tabitha went home, and no sooner was she gone than Mary gave a half-frightened look at herself in the looking-glass. Where had her good looks gone? Her countenance was one which depended for its beauty upon her health. Hollow cheeks and eyes and black lustre hair, made her, as she tersely termed her reflection, "a fright." The clock struck six. John would soon be home, and she now was able to note that her dress looked forlorn, her collar was tumbled, and the shawl she had wrapped her shivering frame in, looked dowdy. Forgetting her weakness, she fairly rushed up stairs, took a bright-colored merino from the drawer, where it had lain a month untouched, and arrayed herself in it. Then after adding dainty lace and frills to the neck and sleeves, and two pretty ribbon bows for her hair and breast knot, she stood anxiously before the glass to see if she began to look any pleasanter. To do her justice, she cared little for personal appearance, but it suddenly flashed into her mind that John was very particular on that score, and Aunt Tabitha's words: "You have not acted fairly by John," roused her to a keen sense of what was her duty towards him.

At that moment John came in,

blundering in the darkness, and followed by another footfall.

"Please follow me," said John's voice; "we shall be sure to find my wife lying on the sofa in the drawing-room."

"No, you will not," breathed Mary to herself, noticing with a keen pang the dejected voice of the speaker.

"Oh! she is not here. I am afraid she is not quite so well to-day. If you will excuse me, I will go up-stairs and see if she is able to come down."

John was occupying himself by lighting the gas. When he turned to leave the room, a light foot ran downstairs, and though the owner arrived a little breathless at the parlor door, she was not more so than was John.

What John expected to see, was a pale, depressed creature, shivering under a thick shawl, who would sit at the table unable to eat, or to divert her mind from her ailments. Instead of this, he saw his wife, well dressed, and even brightly arrayed, and the obnoxious shawl formed no part of her attire.

"Mr. Vince, I am very glad to see you," said Mary, taking no notice of clumsy John, who could not avoid staring at her as if he had never been so much astonished in his life before.

"I am sorry to hear from John that you have been in such a weak state of health," said Mr. Vince; "but on looking at you, I fail to see a very great invalid."

"I have had a bad cold," said Mary, suddenly overcome by a terrific sneeze, "but I am much better."

"What!" said John, blundering into the conversation, "you said this morning it was in its worst stage; and I half hesitated about bringing Vince home with me."

"There is the dinner bell," said Mary, glad to change the conversation. At dinner she forced herself to eat, and enjoyed to the full extent John's face of astonishment at her behavior.

She made herself so charming to Mr. Vince, that that gentleman told John, in confidence, that no one but a forlorn old bachelor could understand what a treat it was to meet such a charming woman as Mary.

Where there is a will, backed by sound common sense, there is a way. Every day found Mary on the high road to health. She dressed sensibly, and took plenty of open air exercise; she avoided late hours and crowded rooms, things which though pleasant at the time to indulge in, become sinful when indulged in at the expense of health. An air of cheerfulness was diffused throughout the house, and John's step became more brisk every day.

Aunt Tabitha often visited the house, but had the good sense never to refer to that caustic lecture which so effectually roused Mary from the slough of despond. The next holiday trip that she took with Mary gave her unmixed pleasure. Mary thought more about poor John toiling at home, and less of what she *liked* to do; and she was repaid by her husband's keen delight when she returned to him in robust health.

AUNT PATIENCE.

Of course you have seen her and conversed with her many a time, dear sister worker. What a fair, sweet, saintly face she has, though she is so very, very old; and the tone of her voice, how clear, calm and encouraging it is! Her reproofs are so inexpressibly gentle and tender that, though they are reproofs, they mollify my vexed and stubborn spirit, instead of hardening it, or aggravating its grievances.

The good old dame came in to my kitchen very softly, one sunshiny morning not long ago. How delicious it was out of doors,—flower scent, bird songs, enchanting brightness everywhere; overhead, cloudless blue; under foot, softest, cheeriest green; oh what a day for health and spirits!

Do you wonder that I felt rebellious because I must remain in the warm kitchen and iron the yards upon yards of elaborate ruffling which ornamented the handsome skirts and aprons of my teacher boarder? Bitter thoughts filled my mind as I toiled on at my tedious employment and as I looked through the open doors, and saw her come tripping down the stairs, so blithe-looking, and so daintily arrayed, humming a gay "Tra-la-la," I broke out fretfully, "What right had she to wear those airy, frilled muslins and pretty fluted laces; to curl her hair, and tie bright ribbons about her throat; to dance down the path singing, while I, forsooth, must stay here in my gingham gown, and work hour after hour on this sweet summer morning, just to make her look beautiful?"

I watched her drawing away her snowy garments from the bending grass, her neat little slippers tripping gaily along, and the delicate ribbons floating out on the breeze, and my iron came fiercely down on the robe before me.

"So you would like to change places with her, would you?" a quiet voice near by was saying. I started guiltily, while the dear creature went on:

"You ought to rejoice if you have it in your power to make life pleasant to her in any degree, for surely if you only could realize it you are happier than she. She has flitted out with a song, fresh and fair; she will come back dusty and weary, with aching temples and tired feet, while you, your morning's work accomplished may enjoy comparative ease for the rest of the day. Poor thing! I must go and sit with her in that noisy, cheerless room, and help her bear the burden of training sixty troublesome intractable children. Ah, dear child, don't fret at the few thorns in your path, for she has many more!"

She glided away; but I murmured no more at my labor, and caught myself singing before I knew it.

Last Monday I was indignantly impatient, and while I was finding fault with some one rather vehemently, I saw the soft, dove-colored garments of Aunt Patience through the half open door, and she walked slowly in and seated herself.

"How vexed you look, child! What's the trouble now?" she asked, fixing upon me her beautiful eyes so pure and serene.

"Oh!" I cried, with bursts of angry tears, "that hateful Widow Pryer has been over! She is really very trying," I pleaded, feeling a little ashamed before those quiet, reproving eyes. "She just came over to spy out my doings, to see how I cook and keep house. She thinks I don't know anything about domestic matters, so she must needs inflict her superior knowledge upon me, and treat me to bits of advice unasked

and undesired! Just think of her asking me what I had for dinner to-day, and what I would have to-morrow! I had finished my work, and was sitting writing a letter to sister Rosamond, when she came bustling in! It was so impudent!"

"Softly, softly! Did you answer her with stinging words?"

"I must own I did speak snappishly; but how could I help it! Why she even asked me if I had put water and clean towels in Miss Lay's bedroom! And she wanted to know if the dressing-table had a white cover!"

"Are you perfect yourself, that you thus complain of the failings of others, grievous though they may appear to you? Cannot neighbor Pryer find fault with your sharpness of speech as much as you can with her officiousness? You do not consider her age, which gives her a sort of right to advise; nor the loneliness of her life in being deprived by death of her husband and sons—which causes her to interest herself in the affairs of others, generally with good intent. Do you consider these things?" she questioned, reproachfully.

I dropped my eyes, and being convicted by my own conscience of great imperfection, I excused myself no more. She came in the other evening at nightfall. My fretful, teething babe was clinging to my skirts as I vainly tried to prepare the evening meal. The other children were worrying me with questions and noisy play, and believing that no other mortal endured the trials which distressed me, I gave vent to my hasty, impatient temper by administering a sharp slap to the wailing little one who proved such a hindrance to my movements, crying out, "What is the use of

young ones anyway pestering me to death! I have more than my share of bother and trouble."

That silvery, subdued voice spoke out again,

"Are these children *always* bothering you in this way?"

"N—no," I faltered, taking up my sobbing babe and kissing her, "but they plague me dreadfully at tea-time."

"You will have a quiet hour by-and-by when they will be in their beds quietly sleeping. They will be bright and merry in the morning, cheering you with their glee; and oh! they may grow to blessed manhood and womanhood, and make your life beautiful when you grow old. Would you wish to be without them then—in your old age? If Death should clasp them in his cold arms would you then remember their troublesome moments? Bear with them now; for trials do not last forever, and as my sister Hope always sings, 'It is better farther on!'"

So I quieted myself first; then the little restless beings around me, and things went on more smoothly.

Thus she reproves and counsels me, this saintly being, this sweet ideal embodiment of that heavenly grace ranking next to the blessed trio! Thus it is that she quells my impatience, and teaches me patient endurance on account of my comparatively light trials, the utter imperfection of human nature, and the golden after-time, whether here or above the clouds, in the presence of the Pitiful Father who gives grace now, and who by-and-by will give unclouded glory to those who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

BLUENOSE.

THE ECONOMY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

[The following article by Mrs. Stowe was first published several years ago, but as it has never appeared in the *New Dominion Monthly*, we are sure our readers will thank us for its reproduction.]

Two of the houses lately built on the new land in Boston were bought by two friends, Philip and John. Philip had plenty of money, and paid the cash down for his house, without feeling the slightest vacancy in his pocket. John, who was an active, rising young man, just entering on a flourishing business, had expended all his moderate savings for years in the purchase of his dwelling, and still had a mortgage remaining, which he hoped to clear off by his future successes. Philip begins the work of furnishing as people do with whom money is abundant, and who have simply to go from shop to shop and order all that suits their fancy, and is considered "the thing" in good society. John begins to furnish with very little money. He has a wife and two little ones, and he wisely deems that to insure to them a well-built house, in an open, airy situation, with conveniences for warming, bathing, and healthy living, is a wise beginning in life; but it leaves him little or nothing beyond.

Behold, then, Philip and his wife, well pleased, going the rounds of shops and stores in fitting up their new dwelling, and let us follow step by step. To begin with the wall-paper. Imagine a front and back parlor, with folding-doors, with two south windows on the front, and two looking on a back court, after the general manner of city houses. We will suppose they require about thirty rolls of wall-paper. Philip buys the heaviest French velvet, with gildings and traceries, at four dollars a roll. This, by the time it has been put on, with gold mouldings, according to the most established taste of the best paper-hangers, will bring the wall-paper of the two rooms to a figure something like two hundred dollars. Now they proceed to their feet, by obsequious clerks, velvets and Axminsters, with flowery convolutions and medallion-centres, as if the flower-gardens of the tropics were whirling in waltzes, with graceful lines of ara-

besque—roses, callas, lilies, knotted, wreathed, twined, with blue and crimson and golden ribbons, dazzling marvels of color and tracery. There is no restraint in price—four or six dollars a yard, it is all the same to them—and soon a magic flower-garden blooms on the floors, at a cost of five hundred dollars. A pair of elegant rugs, at fifty dollars apiece, complete the inventory, and bring our rooms to the mark of eight hundred dollars for papering and carpeting alone. Now come the great mantel-mirrors for four hundred more, and our rooms progress. Then comes the upholsterer, and measures our four windows, that he may skilfully barricade them from air and sunshine. The fortifications against heaven, thus prepared, cost, in the shape of damask, cord, tassels, shades, laces, and cornices, about two hundred dollars per window. To be sure, they make the room close and sombre as the grave; but they are of the most splendid stuffs; and if the sun would only reflect, he would see, himself, how foolish it was for him to try to force himself into a window guarded by his betters. If there is anything cheap and plebeian, it is sunshine and fresh air! Behold us, then, with our two rooms papered, carpeted, and curtained for two thousand dollars; and now are to be put in them sofas, lounges, étagères, centre-tables, screens, chairs of every pattern and device, for which it is but moderate to allow a thousand more. We have now two parlors furnished at an outlay of three thousand dollars, without a single picture, a single article of statuary, a single object of art of any kind, and without any light to see them by, if they were there. We must say for our Boston upholsterers and furniture-makers, that such good taste generally reigns in their establishments, that rooms furnished at hap-hazard from them cannot fail of a certain air of good taste, so far as the individual things are concerned. But the different articles we have supposed, having been ordered without reference to one another or the rooms, have, when brought together, no unity of effect, and the general result is scattering and confused. If asked how Philip's parlors look, your reply is, "Oh, the usual way of such parlors—everything that such people usually get—

medallion carpets, carved furniture, great mirrors, bronze mantel-ornaments, and so on." The only impression a stranger receives, while waiting in the dim twilight of these rooms, is that their owner is rich, and able to get good, handsome things, such as all other rich people get.

Now our friend John, as often happens in America, is moving in the same social circle with Philip, visiting the same people—his house is the twin of the one Philip has been furnishing, and how shall he, with a few hundred dollars, make his rooms even presentable beside those which Philip has fitted up elegantly at three thousand?

Now for the economy of beauty. Our friend must make his prayer to the Graces—for, if they cannot save him, nobody can. One thing John has to begin with, that rare gift to man, a wife with the magic cestus of Venus—not around her waist, but, if such a thing could be, in her finger-ends.

All that she touches falls at once into harmony and proportion. Her eye for color and form is intuitive: let her arrange a garret, with nothing but boxes, barrels, and cast-off furniture in it, and ten to one she makes it seem the most attractive place in the house. It is a veritable "gift of good faërie," this fact of beautifying and arranging, that some women have—and, on the present occasion it has a real, material value, that can be estimated in dollars and cents. Come with us and you can see the pair taking their survey of the yet unfurnished parlors, as busy and happy as a couple of bluebirds picking up the first sticks and straws for their nest.

"There are two sunny windows to begin with," says the good fairy, with an appreciative glance. "That insures flowers all winter."

"Yes," says John: "I never would look at a house without a good sunny exposure. Sunshine is the best ornament of a house, and worth an extra thousand a year."

"Now for our wall-paper," says she. "Have you looked at wall-papers, John?"

"Yes; we shall get very pretty ones for thirty-seven cents a roll; all you want of a paper, you know, is to make a ground-tint to throw out your pictures and other matters, and to reflect a pleasant tone of light."

"Well, John, you know Uncle James says that a stone-color is the best—but I can't bear those cold blue grays."

"Nor I," says John. "If we must have gray, let it at least be a gray suffused with gold

or rose-color, such as you see at evening in the clouds."

"So I think," responds she; "but, better I should like a paper with a tone of buff—something that produces warm yellowish reflections, and will almost make you think the sun is shining in cold gray weather; and then there is nothing that lights up so cheerfully in the evening. In short, John, I think the color of a *zafferano* rose will be just about the shade we want."

"Well, I can find that, in good American paper, as I said before, at from thirty-seven to forty cents a roll. Then, our bordering: there's an important question, for that must determine the carpet, the chairs, and everything else. Now what shall be the ground-tint of our rooms?"

"There are only two to choose between," says the lady—"green and maroon: which is the best for the picture?"

"I think," says John, looking above the mantelpiece, as if he saw a picture there—"I think a border of maroon velvet, with maroon furniture, is the best for the picture."

"I think so too," said she; "and then we will get that lovely maroon and crimson carpet that I saw at Lowe's; it is an ingrain, to be sure, but it has a Brussels pattern, a mossy, mixed figure, of different shades of crimson; it has a good, warm, strong color, and when I come to cover the lounges and our two old armchairs with maroon *rep*, it will make such a pretty effect."

"Yes," said John; "and then, you know, our picture is so bright, it will light up the whole. Everything depends on the picture."

Now as to "the picture," it has a story that must be told. John, having been all his life a worshipper and adorer of beauty and beautiful things, had never passed to or from his business without stopping at the print-shop windows, and seeing a little of what was there.

On one of these occasions he was smitten to the heart with the beauty of an autumn landscape, where the red maples and sumachs, the purple and crimson oaks, all stood swathed, and harmonized together in the hazy Indian-summer atmosphere. There was a great yellow chestnut-tree, on a distant hill, which stood out so naturally that John instinctively felt his fingers tingling for a basket, and his heels alive with a desire to bound over on to the rustling hillside and pick up the glossy brown nuts. Everything

was there of autumn, even to the golden-rod and purple asters and scarlet creepers in the foreground.

John went in and enquired. It was by an unknown French artist, without name or patrons, who had just come to our shores to study our scenery, and this was the first picture he had exposed for sale. John had just been paid a quarter's salary; he bethought him of board-bill and washerwoman, sighed, and faintly offered fifty dollars.

To his surprise he was taken up at once, and the picture became his. John thought himself dreaming. He examined his treasure over and over, and felt sure that it was the work of no amateur beginner, but of a trained hand and a true artist-soul. So he found his way to the studio of the stranger, and apologized for having got such a gem for so much less than its worth. "It was all I *could* give, though," he said; "and one who paid four times as much could not value it more." And so John took one and another of his friends, with longer purses than his own, to the studio of the modest stranger; and now his pieces command their full worth in the market, and he works with orders far ahead of his ability to execute, giving to the canvas the traits of American scenery as appreciated and felt by the subtle delicacy of the French mind—our rural summer views, our autumn glories, and the dreamy, misty delicacy of our snowy winter landscapes. Whoso would know the truth of the same, let him enquire for the modest studio of Morvillier at Malden, scarce a bow-shot from our Boston.

This picture had always been the ruling star of John's house, his main dependence for brightening up his bachelor apartments; and when he came to the task of furnishing those same rooms for a fair occupant, the picture was still his mine of gold; for a picture, painted by a real artist who studies Nature minutely and conscientiously, has something of the charm of the good mother herself—something of her faculty of putting on different aspects under different lights. John and his wife had studied their picture at all hours of the day; they had seen how it looked when the morning sun came aslant the scarlet maples, and made a golden shimmer over the blue mountains; how it looked toned down in the cool shadows of afternoon, and how it warmed up in the sunset, and died off mysteriously into the twilight; and now, when larger parlors were to be furnished,

the picture was still the tower of strength, the rallying point of their hopes.

"Do you know, John," said the wife, hesitating, "I am really in doubt whether we shall not have to get at least a few new chairs and a sofa for our parlors? They are putting in such splendid things at the other door that I am positively ashamed of ours; the fact is, they look almost disreputable—like a heap of rubbish."

"Well," said John, laughing, "I don't suppose all together, sent to an auction-room, would bring us fifty dollars, and yet, such as they are, they answer the place of better things for us; and the fact is, Mary, the hard, impassable barrier in the case is, that there really is *no money to get any more.*"

"Ah, well, then, if there isn't, we must see what we can do with these, and summon all the good fairies to our aid," said Mary. "There's your little cabinetmaker, John, will look over the things, and furbish them up; there's that broken arm of the chair must be mended, and everything re-varnished; then I have found such a lovely *rep*, of just the richest shade of maroon, inclining to crimson; and when we come to cover the lounges, and arm-chairs, and sofas and ottomans, all alike, you know they will be quite another thing."

"Trust you for that, Mary! By-the-by, I've found a nice little woman, who has worked on upholstery, who will come in by the day, and be the hands that shall execute the decrees of your taste."

"Yes, I am sure we shall get on capitally. Do you know that I'm almost glad we can't get new things? It's a sort of enterprise to see what we can do with old ones."

"Now, you see, Mary," said John, seating himself on a lime-cask which the plasterers had left, and taking out his memorandum-book, "you see, I've calculated this thing all over; I've found a way by which I can make our rooms beautiful and attractive without a cent expended on new furniture."

"Well, let's hear."

"Well, my way is short and simple. We must put things into our rooms that people will look at, so that they will forget to look at the furniture, and never once trouble their heads about it. People never look at furniture so long as there is anything else to look at; just as Napoleon, when away on one of his expeditions, being told that the French populace were

getting disaffected, wrote back, 'Gild the *dome des Invalides*,' and so they gilded it, and the people, looking at that, forgot everything else."

"But I'm not clear yet," said Mary, "what is coming of this rhetoric."

"Well, then, Mary, I'll tell you. A suit of new carved black-walnut furniture, severe in taste and perfect in style, such as I should choose at David & Saul's, could not be got under three hundred dollars, and I haven't the three hundred to give. What, then, shall we do? We must fall back on our resources; we must look over our treasures. We have our proof-cast of the great glorious head of the Venus di Milo; we have those six beautiful photographs of Rome, that Brown brought to us; we have the great German lithograph of the San Sisto Mother and Child, and we have the two angel-heads from the same; we have that lovely golden twilight sketch of Heade's; we have some sea-photographs of Bradford's; we have an original pen-and-ink sketch by Billings; and then, as before, we have 'our picture.' What has been the use of our watching at the gates, and waiting at the doors of Beauty all our lives, if she hasn't thrown us out a crust now and then, so that we might have it for time of need? Now, you see, Mary, we must make the toilet of our rooms, just as a pretty woman makes hers when money runs low, and she sorts and freshens her ribbons, and matches them to her hair and eyes, and with a bow here, and a bit of fringe there, and a button somewhere else, dazzles us into thinking that she has an infinity of beautiful attire. Our rooms are new and pretty of themselves to begin with; the tint of the paper, and the rich coloring of the border, corresponding with the furniture and carpets, will make them seem prettier. And now for arrangement. Take this front-room. I propose to fill those two recesses each side of the fireplace with my books, in their plain pine cases, just breast-high from the floor; they are stained a good dark color, and nobody need stick a pin in them to find out that they are not rose-wood. The top of these shelves on either side to be covered with the same stuff as the furniture, finished with a crimson fringe. On top of the shelves, one side of the fireplace, I shall set our noble Venus di Milo, and I shall buy at Ciccì's the lovely Clytie, and put it on the other side. Then I shall get of Williams & Everett two of their chromo-lithographs, which give you all the style

and charm of the best English water-color school. And I will have the lovely Bay of Amalfi over my Venus, because she came from those suns and skies of Southern Italy, and I will hang Lake Como over my Clytie. Then, in the middle, over the fireplace, shall be 'our picture.' Over each door shall hang one of the lithographed angel-heads of the San Sisto, to watch our going out and coming in; and the glorious Mother and Child shall hang opposite the Venus di Milo, to show how Greek and Christian unite in giving the noblest type to womanhood. And then, when we have all our sketches and lithographs framed and hung here and there, and your flowers blooming as they always do, and your ivies wandering and rambling as they used to, and hanging in the most graceful ways and places, and all those little shells and ferns and vases, which you are always conjuring with, tastefully arranged, I'll venture to say that our rooms will not be only pleasant, but beautiful, and that people will oftener say, 'How beautiful!' when they enter, than if we spent three times the money on new furniture."

In the course of a year after this conversation, one and another of my acquaintances were often heard speaking of John Merton's house. "Such beautiful rooms—so charmingly furnished—you must go and see them. What does make them so much pleasanter than those rooms in the other house, which have everything in them that money can buy?" So said the folk—for nine people out of ten only feel the effect of a room, and never analyze the causes from which it flows: they know that certain rooms seem dull and heavy and confused, but they don't know why; that certain others seem cheerful, airy and beautiful, but they know not why. The first exclamation, on entering John's parlors, was so often, "How beautiful!" that it became rather a byword in the family. Estimated by their mere money-value, the articles in the rooms were of very trifling worth; but as they stood arranged and combined, they had all the effect of a lovely picture. Although the statuary was only plaster, and the photographs and lithographs such as were all within the compass of limited means, yet every one of them was a good thing of its own kind, or a good reminder of some of the greatest works of art. A good plaster-cast is a daguerreotype, so to speak, of a great statue, though it may be bought for five or six dollars, while its original is not to be had for any

namable sum. A chromo-lithograph of the best sort gives all the style and manner, and effect of Turner or Stanfield, or any of the best of modern artists, though you buy it for five or ten dollars, and though the original would command a thousand guineas. The lithographs from Raphael's immortal picture give you the results of a whole age of artistic culture, in a form within the compass of very humble means. There is now selling for five dollars, at Williams & Everett's, a photograph of Cheney's crayon drawing of the San Sisto Madonna and Child, which has the very spirit of the glorious original. Such a picture, hung against the wall of a child's room, would train its eye from infancy; and yet how many will freely spend five dollars in embroidery on its dress, that say they cannot afford works of art!

There was one advantage which John and his wife found in the way in which they furnished their house, that I have hinted at before: it gave freedom to their children. Though their rooms were beautiful, it was not with the

tantalizing beauty of expensive and frail knick-knacks. Pictures hung against the wall, and statuary safely lodged on brackets, speak constantly to the childish eye, but are out of the reach of childish fingers, and are not upset by childish romps. They are not like china and crystal, liable to be used and abused by servants; they do not wear out; they are not spoiled by dust, nor consumed by moths. The beauty once there is always there; though the mother be ill and in her chamber, she has no fears that she shall find it all wrecked and shattered. And this style of beauty, inexpensive as it is, compared with luxurious furniture, is a means of cultivation. No child is ever stimulated to draw or to read by an Axminster carpet or a carved centre-table; but a room surrounded with photographs and pictures, and fine casts, suggests a thousand enquiries, stimulates the little eye and hand. The child is found with its pencil, drawing; or he asks for a book on Venice, or wants to hear the history of the Roman Forum.



Literary Notices.

THE LIFE, TIMES AND CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL. By the Rt. Hon. E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P. (*Harper's Half-Hour Series.*)

This essay will probably do much to eradicate the prejudice against Cromwell which is still to be found in the hearts of his countrymen. The author explains that his present views of the nobleness of Cromwell's character and the greatness of the work which he did for England are very different from the views in which he was educated, and he gives the reasons for his change of feeling in the lecture and argues his point very forcibly:—

THREE QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

And now, as example is always better than precept, I think it may be useful if I relate to you the first teaching which I received concerning Oliver Cromwell, and the exact mental process by which I tested and, I think, improved upon, that teaching in subsequent years. The teaching which was given me was that which has been given, and perhaps is still given, to thousands of English children. I was taught to believe that Oliver Cromwell was a person of low extraction and of coarse manners; that his early life was passed in profligacy, and that afterward, although he was a brave soldier, he was a bad and ambitious man; that, as to religion, he was a mixture of canting hypocrisy and wild fanaticism; as to his public conduct, he was to be utterly condemned, first as a rebel against his king, then as a regicide, and finally as a usurper and cruel tyrant; that, after he had reaped the reward of his treason, he lived in perpetual dread of assassination; that he suffered continually all the torments of an evil conscience; that he greatly feared death; that he died unloved and unregretted; and that his death and the subsequent restoration of the royal family were equally unmitigated blessings to England.

Now, as a child accepts unreservedly the creed which he is first taught, I daresay that we, to whom this view of Cromwell was presented as undoubted truth, implicitly believed it until the time came when such of us as were blessed with enquiring minds began to investigate the grounds of our belief. There may be some who

hold that belief still—it is a belief which may easily be held by any one who takes for his standard authority on English History “Hume and Smollett,” “Clarendon,” or any of the abbreviations of those works which are used in our schools. But those who search more deeply for information will find it difficult to accept without doubt the teaching which I have mentioned, and perhaps they may come to the conclusion that Mr. Fox was not far wrong when he attributed to the historian Hume too great a partiality for the royal cause. “He was an excellent man,” wrote Mr. Fox, “and of great powers of mind, but his partiality to kings and princes is intolerable. Nay, it is, in my opinion, quite ridiculous, and is more like the foolish admiration which women and children sometimes have for kings, than the opinion, right or wrong, of a philosopher.”

Now, whether Mr. Fox was correct or not in his judgment of Hume, there is no doubt that the historian, in his own biography, admits his strong sympathy with the house of Stuart, and his dislike of their opponents. There seems to me an almost infallible rule in such cases: when you have a writer with a decided bias against a man or a cause, accept with caution and reserve whatever he may advance which partakes of censure or abuse. If, on the other hand, he praises or approves, you may be pretty sure that reliance is to be placed on his testimony, and probably something added to it. So, when I read Hume or Clarendon, I take a large percentage off what they say against Oliver Cromwell; and, when I turn to Macaulay or Carlyle, I am equally obliged to discount their praises. But if the former say anything in favor of Oliver, or if the latter in any sort condemn him, I feel that they are to be considered as credible witnesses. And although Hume calls Cromwell by many hard names, and shows throughout his whole history a bias against him, yet in many passages he uses language which very much militates against the unfavorable impression which he desires to leave.

Now, when I first began to enquire for myself into the teaching of Hume and his followers, I found there were three questions which arose at the outset:

- 1st. Was Oliver Cromwell to be utterly condemned for rebelling against Charles I.?
- 2nd. Was Oliver Cromwell to be utterly condemned because he took part in the killing of the king?
- 3rd. Is he rightly to be stigmatized as a usurper, and was his death—and the consequent restoration of the royal family—productive of unmitigated blessings to England?

It is evident that the whole of the anti-Cromwell theory turns upon the answer to these questions, because, if a simple affirmative can be given to each, the matter is settled at once, and Cromwell must be held to deserve the worst that has been said of him. But let us think a moment for ourselves.

There is no doubt that Cromwell was a rebel against Charles I.; but, before we utterly condemn him for this, we must ask another question. Is the fact of rebellion against a king of itself an unpardonable crime, without reference to the circumstances under which it occurred or the provocation which occasioned it? If so, we must condemn, equally with Oliver Cromwell, all those who, thirty years after his death, were concerned in the Rebellion of 1688, which drove James II. from the throne, and which a great many of us are in the habit of calling "glorious." But that rebellion established the Protestant succession under which our gracious sovereign now reigns over us. It is scarcely becoming, then, in a loyal subject of Queen Victoria to doubt that rebellion may be justifiable under certain circumstances; and if so, we can not condemn Cromwell for the fact of his rebellion alone, but must fully consider the whole of the surrounding circumstances, and decide whether or no the rebellion against Charles I. was justifiable.

But, secondly, is he to be at once condemned because he was a regicide—that is, because he was one of those by whose authority the king was executed? I will deal more fully with this question presently, and I do not seek to justify the deed. But this much I must contend, that those who utterly condemn Cromwell for consenting to the death of the king because he was a king, without going further, must exclude the Bible from the schools in which they teach such doctrine. For the Old Testament furnishes us with several instances in which kings were killed by their subjects by the direct commands of the Almighty; and in the case of Jehu, he was expressly rewarded because he had "destroyed the house of Ahab, his master." Unless, therefore, we reject the Bible in this matter, we must investigate the circumstances of the king's execution before we condemn Oliver Cromwell; and it is possible that, even though we should condemn the act, there may be reasons why we should lessen the measure of condemnation which we accord to the individual.

But if the answers to these two questions can not readily be given in the affirmative, what shall we say to the third? Were these two events—the death of Oliver and the restoration of the royal family—unmitigated blessings to England? It is almost needless to return the only one answer which truth can give. Beyond all doubt, England was more honored and respected during the Protectorate of Cromwell than in the reign of the king who preceded, or of him who followed, him. Beyond all doubt, England was never so degraded as in the times which followed the "glorious restoration" of Charles II. Vice, profligacy, irreligion, immorality, and debauchery reigned triumphant at the

court of that monarch; England's honor was bartered by him for French gold, and England's reputation at home and abroad sunk to an abyss from which it was only raised by the revolution which in the following reign drove the house of Stuart forth as exiles from the country they had so sadly misgoverned.

If, then, the death of Oliver Cromwell was followed not by good, but by evil, to England; if rebellion may sometimes be justifiable; and if condemnation is not to be unmeasured even for participation in the death of a king, it is certain that the early teaching which holds up the great Parliamentarian, as an object of execration is a teaching which no student of history can accept without much further investigation.

COMPACT WITH THE EVIL ONE.

Mr. Carlyle tells us that the origin of most of the false reports about Oliver Cromwell is a "poor little brown lying book" called "Flagellum, or the Life and Death of Oliver Cromwell, the late Usurper, by James Heath," who "was the son of the king's cutler, and wrote pamphlets." I daresay Mr. Carlyle is right; but, unless you investigate closely, you will hardly credit the extraordinary falsehoods which were invented and believed at the Restoration. I will give you one of the best. This is a pamphlet published in 1720, at the price of sixpence, and called "A true and faithful narrative of Oliver Cromwell's compact with the Devil for seven years, on the day on which he gained the battle of Worcester; and on which day, at the expiration of the said term, he afterwards died. As it was related by Colonel Lindsey, who was an eye-witness of that diabolical conference. Related in Mr. Archdeacon Eachard's History of England."

In the history of Independency (part iv., page 13) this story is also alluded to, and it is said that Cromwell died "with extremity of tempestuous weather that was by all men judged to be prodigious." In other words, the author means to insinuate that the devil carried Oliver off bodily, and to insure our belief he tells us he received the story "from a person of quality."

Archdeacon Eachard gives the whole story, which is really too delightful to be omitted. On the morning of September 3rd, 1651, Cromwell bid Lindsey follow him into a wood, when Lindsey "began to turn pale and to be seized with terror from some unknown cause." He stopped and wished to return; but Cromwell upbraided him as a "faint-hearted fool," and bid him "stand there and be a witness." Then advancing to some distance, Cromwell met with "a grave, elderly man, with a roll of parchment in his hand, which he handed to Cromwell." Oliver perused it, and then cried out, "This is but for seven years. I was to have had it for twenty-one." Then he tried hard for fourteen years, but the "elderly gentleman" stuck to seven, and declared that "if he would not take it so, there were others who would accept of it." Then Cromwell closed the bargain; and "returning

to Lindsey with great joy in his countenance, he cry'd, 'Now, Lindsey, the battle is our own! I long to be engaged.'" Lindsey was so horror-struck by all this that he deserted, and rode night and day till he came to Norfolk, where he told the story to a Mr. Thorowgood, the minister of a parish, who caused his son John "to write it in full length in his common-place book;" and this, says Eachard, "I am assured is still preserved in the family of the Thorowgoods." "But," he adds, "how far Lindsey is to be believed and how far the story is to be judged incredible, is left to the reader's faith and judgment, and not to any determination of my own." Another and a wiser author, alluding to the same matter, terms it "a story which, by the very silliness of the relation, sufficiently confutes itself."

But the compiler of the pamphlet, by way of additional corroboration, quotes a letter from Mrs. Claypole, Oliver's daughter, to her sister, Lady Fauconbridge, said to have been found after Lord Fauconbridge's death, in his study at Brussels. In this letter Mrs. Claypole refers to "this monster of mankind, whom I must yet, to my extreme sorrow, call father," and says: "When I talk to him of restitution, he says he has entered into bonds not to do it (I pray God it be not with some infernal spirit) during his life." She says, moreover: "He seems very often talking with a third person, and cries, 'You have cheated me—the purchase was intended for seven years longer. I will not be served so.'"

I quote this pamphlet to show what wicked calumnies were invented and what utter nonsense believed after Oliver's decease. The letter in question was, of course, a wicked and impudent forgery, since there is no doubt whatever that Mrs. Claypole, who was Cromwell's favorite child, lived and died upon the most affectionate terms with her father, and grief at her death most likely accelerated his own. As for the story itself, I venture to suggest a key to it which I do not find mentioned by any historian. Lindsey says, you will observe, that he was "so horror-struck that he deserted." So far we may believe his evidence. He *deserted*, and I think the great probability is that he had made up his mind to desert first; that he did so for reasons best known to himself; and, having deserted, invented a tale which might suit the superstition of the times, and which he thought would gratify his new friends the Royalists, and enable them to account to themselves for their constant defeat by the great general of the Parliament.

WAS HE A HYPOCRITE?

I said that one of the chief accusations against him was that, as to his religion, he was a mixture of canting hypocrisy and wild fanaticism. Now, there is no such difficult subject upon which one man can judge another as that of religion. It must be so from the very nature of the case. Religion is a thing of the soul: it may exist, deeply and really, and not be clearly

or even generally at all perceptible by a man's companions, or there may be a great parade of religion by one who in reality possesses but a very small amount of it. In dealing with an ordinary character, the exercise of the highest among Christian virtues should lead us to give him credit for what he professes, unless we can prove his practice to be very much to the contrary. I do not know why we may not apply the same rule to Oliver Cromwell, or to any other historical character. It must be allowed that the charge of fanaticism attaches to Oliver, but the amount of blame which we consider involved in that charge must depend upon the exact sense which we give to the word. The best dictionaries interpret fanaticism, as an "excessive enthusiasm for religion," or, "wild and visionary ideas about religion." It is certain that Oliver Cromwell held strongly the Puritanical views of religion; and one accusation against the Puritans was that, by their overstrictness, they brought religion into as much disrepute as those of the Cavaliers who scoffed at and despised it. But the one of these accusations appears somewhat to answer the other, inasmuch as if Oliver was a hypocrite in his religious professions, he was not in reality a fanatic; whereas if his fanaticism was real, it is not true that he was a hypocrite.

As the latter charge, however, is one which has been often made, and disseminated far and wide, in nurseries and school-rooms, by those who have taught the young idea how to shoot by means of the pop-guns of Hume, Clarendon, and Co., it may be worth while to make one further observation. A "canting hypocrite" is, I suppose, one who tries to humbug his neighbors and the world by the profession of serious feelings which he does not really entertain. Now, although it is difficult to know what is passing in the breast of another man, there is one test which may sometimes be applied. If you find a man professing one thing in public and another in private life; if you hear a man preaching morality in his words and acting in a manner which entirely belies his preaching; if you know that a man has spoken of you in one sense to one person, and to another in a sense directly the reverse; in all these cases you are inclined to believe that he is something of a hypocrite. But if you find a man uniformly the same in his public speeches, his actions, and his private conversations, you have no right to entertain such a belief.

Now let us apply this test to the subject of my lecture. You know that, rightly or wrongly, the constant reference to God and to religion was a habit of the Puritans of that day; and, although we may think that it was carried to excess, it will be allowed that the irreverence and habitual swearing on the part of their opponents was something even more to be deplored. Oliver fell not unnaturally into these Puritan habits, and it is this which has exposed him to the imputation of canting. But, for my own part, when I read his letters, I repudiate the charge with indignation. It is not only in the public despatches, in his speeches, or in his letters to generals and statesmen, which may have been

meant to meet the public eye ; in the most private letters to his own friends and relations the same pious, God-fearing strain is to be found, and I say that this of itself affords a strong and reliable proof of the man's sincerity.

Let us take a specimen of each kind of letter. Here is one written to Mr. Speaker Lenthall, on June 14th, 1645, immediately after the battle of Naseby. It is a famous letter, but it will bear reading again :

"SIR,—Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God toward you and us."

[Then follows a short account of the battle and its result, after which he continues :]

"Sir, this is none other but the hand of God ; and to him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with him. The general (Fairfax) served you with all faithfulness and honor : and the best commendation I can give him is, that I dare say he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself. Which is an honest and a thriving way ; and yet as much for bravery may be given to him in this action as to a man.

"I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for. In this he rests who is your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

I own for myself that I see no great amount of canting in this, although doubtless it is not exactly in the form of despatches written in the present century. It is, however, a fair specimen of Cromwell's style in all his public letters and despatches.

But now let us take another letter of quite a different kind. It was written from Edinburgh, eight months after the battle of Dunbar, and four months before the "crowning mercy" of Worcester, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that the writer had any idea that it would ever fall into other hands than those of the person to whom it was addressed. Yet it breathes the same simple, earnest, God-fearing, God-trusting spirit which we find in his public despatches. His deep, unwavering affection for his family has never been denied, and this letter is only one instance among many which show the happy relations which existed between him and every member of the same. It is addressed "For my beloved wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit : these."

"Edinburgh, 3rd May, 1651.

"MY DEAREST,—I could not satisfy myself to omit this post, although I have not much to write ; yet indeed I love to write to my dear, who is very much in my heart. It joys me to hear thy soul prospereth : the Lord increaseth his favors to thee more and more. The great good thy soul can wish is, that the Lord lift upon thee the light of his countenance, which is better than life. The Lord bless all thy good

counsel and example to all those about thee, and hear all thy prayers, and accept thee always. I am glad to hear thy son and daughter are with thee. I hope thou wilt have some good opportunity of good advice to him. Present my duty to my mother, my love to all the family. Still pray for thine

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Considering that these are only two out of between two and three hundred letters which have come down to us, and that the same spirit is breathed throughout the whole, I can not but think that this fact goes far to negative the charge of "canting hypocrisy" against the writer. Fanatical he may have been, and doubtless was in his enthusiasm for religion, in his acceptance of certain Puritan doctrines, and in his intense belief that he was performing the will of God in all that he felt called upon to do. But so was Charles I. fanatical in his belief in the divine right of kings and all the doctrines consequent thereupon, and I question whether Cromwell's fanaticism was not the better of the two. Fanaticism, indeed, is only a species of aggravated earnestness ; and the more we concede this in Cromwell's case, the more we disprove the worse, and, to my mind, quite unsustainable, charge of hypocrisy.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE REVOLUTION.

Ay, the principles for which the Parliamentarians fought were precisely those principles upon which rests our Constitution of to-day. It is all very well to read interesting novels and spurious biographies which exalt the Cavaliers, and cry down their opponents as rebels, "cropped Roundheads," and "canting fanatics." But pit common sense against sentiment, weigh sober conviction against romantic fancy, and you will see that these Roundheads fought and bled for that which it is our boast and pride to possess. Nay, more, I venture to say that if all the same people in England were polled to-morrow, there would scarce be any who would not, for one reason or another, repudiate the principles of that loyal and chivalrous party who upheld Charles in his contest with his Parliament.

We pay our taxes nowadays, and doubtless grumble occasionally at their amount. But we know that they are imposed by the men whom we have sent to Parliament as our representatives, and that they are expended upon the necessities of the State under the direction of ministers who are controlled by those representatives. But for eleven years Charles I. governed without a Parliament, and exacted taxes against the law and by his own will and authority, while if a man grumbled against such taxation he ran great risk of being dealt with by the Star-chamber.

Again, we prize highly our liberty of speech, and in our free press the actions of great men—even if they chance to be bishops—are criticised with an amount of freedom which in the days of Charles I. would have caused a perfect harvest of ears to be cropped every year. Then, too, our laws are open to all. A man, however

humble, can not be punished without fair trial, and class privileges have gradually given way to an equal administration of justice. It was not so in the days of Charles, nor was it his will that it should be so.

The change which has taken place, so much to our benefit, could not have been effected without that struggle in which the Roundheads wrested the sceptre from the hands of Charles.

Had the king been victorious in the struggle royal prerogative and class privilege would have been again established, and constitutional freedom indefinitely delayed. And all those novels to which I have alluded—"Woodstock," "Brambletye House," "Holmby House," and the like, although they draw beautiful pictures of lovely ladies and loyal Cavaliers, alike devoted to their king—exalt sentiment and romance at the expense of truth and justice.

No doubt the Puritan rule was too strict to suit the temper of Englishmen; no doubt, where open profession of religion was the habit of the day, cant and hypocrisy were to be found; but to condemn *the cause* of the Parliament for such a reason would be as unjust as to condemn the cause of royalty because swearing, drinking, and profligacy were rife among the Cavaliers. These are all incidents—painful, it is true, but not the *principles* by which a cause is to be judged. And, say what we will, the principles of those despised Roundheads were the principles which we love so greatly to-day, namely, the principles of constitutional liberty.

Of the party which fought for those principles Oliver Cromwell was the soul and main-stay, and in searching out closely the records of his life we come at the best ways of testing the various accounts given of those stirring times. In this respect the life of a great man is often the landmark in the history of his country; and in the same manner that a bright lamp, held aloft, lights up the space around it, so the career and character of such a man shed a light upon many events which, but for him, would have come down to us only in an uncertain and indistinct form. And just as the pure gold emerges from the crucible of the alchemist separated from the baser metal by a powerful process, so that which is best and noblest in mankind shines forth conspicuously after the close and trying test of troublous times.

Cast your eye back over the pages of English history, and you will find three characters eminently conspicuous, to whom we of the present day owe a deep and lasting debt of gratitude. First, in point of time, comes Simon de Montford the great Earl of Leicester; last comes William, Prince of Orange. The first checked the arbitrary spirit of the crown, secured the fulfillment of the conditions of the charter which had been wrung from John, and, by providing that the freemen of the towns should send members to the House of Commons, established and extended that element of independence which has ever since characterized our representative institutions. The second cemented and developed constitutional government, established the broad principles of civil and religious liberty,

and brought into something like order and harmony the relations which were hereafter to exist between the sovereign and the people of these islands.

But, between these two, the name of Oliver Cromwell rises far before and above any other. When the royal authority was first endangered, men trembled to think how and by what it should be replaced; and when it fell, anarchy and confusion must have prevailed had there not been some master-mind to rule, some strong hand to grasp the reins of power. That mind and that hand were found in the great man of whom we have spoken to-night. The energy, the courage, the skill, with which he so handled his troops as to make them almost invincible, were not wanting to him when he came to require those same qualities for the government of the country. As a soldier, he it was who gained the victory for the Parliament, and as a ruler he won the respect even of his opponents.

Vainly have his enemies sought to malign his character and blacken his reputation. The lapse of time has enabled his country-men to judge of one and the other by a clearer light; and the more we search—the further we investigate—the more, I feel assured, shall we come to the conclusion that, when the mists of ignorance and prejudice which so long surrounded him have been swept away, the character of Oliver Cromwell will stand forth as the character of a great patriot, and his name will be found entitled to the foremost place upon the illustrious roll of England's worthies!

LIFE OF A SCOTCH NATURALIST,
THOMAS EDWARD. By Samuel
Smiles. (New York: Harper Bros.)

We give this month the remainder of the extracts from this interesting work, which were crowded out of the June number:

SCHOOL LIFE FROM FOUR TO SIX.

(Continued.)

The culprit was called to the front. "This is more of your work, Edward, is it not?" "Yes, sir." "And did I not tell you to bring no more of these things here?" "Yes, sir; but I only got them on my way up, or I wouldn't have brought them here." "I don't believe it," said the master. "Yes, it's true, it's true," shouted some of the scholars. "Silence! How do you know?" "We saw him harrivin' the nest as we came up School Hill." "How?" "He was on the top of a long ladder takin' the nest oot o' a spoot." "Well, sir," he said to Edward, "you are one of the most daring and determined little fellows that I have ever heard of. It seems you will follow nobody's advice. If you do not give up your tricks, you will some day fall and break your neck. But as you have told me the truth, I will forgive you this once. But remember!

it's the last time. Now go, collect your birds, and take them away."

Edward groped about to collect the birds, but few of them were left. The windows having been let down, they had all escaped except one. He got that one, and descended to the street. There he recovered two other "gorbals." He went home with his three birds; but his sister being ill, his mother told him to take them away, because they made such a noise. In the course of the day he gave them to another boy, in exchange for a little picture-book containing "The Death and Burial of Cock-robin."

Next morning he went back to school, and from that time forward he continued to obey the master's orders. He never brought any more "beasts" there. He was at the Lancaster school about eighteen months, though he was occasionally absent. He did not learn very much. The Bible was used as the reading-book, and when he left school he could read it fairly. He could also repeat the Shorter Catechism. But he knew very little of arithmetic, and nothing of grammar. He had only got the length of the rule of two—that is, he could add up two lines of figures. He could not manage the multiplication table. He could only multiply by means of his fingers. He knew nothing of writing.

We must mention the cause of his leaving his third and his last school. He had entirely given up bringing "beasts" with him; but he had got a bad name. It was well known that he had been turned out of all the schools which he had formerly attended on account of bringing his "beasts" with him. Better kill a dog, it is said, than give him a bad name. In Edward's case, his bad name was attended with very serious results.

One morning, when the boys were at their lessons and the master was at his desk, a sudden commotion occurred. The master gave a loud scream, and, jumping to his feet, he shook something from his arm, and suddenly put his foot upon it. Then, turning in Edward's direction, he exclaimed, "This is some more of your work, Master Edward." Not hearing what he said, Edward made no reply. Another boy was called forward, and both stooping down, they took up something and laid it on a sheet of paper. On rising, the boy was asked what it was. "It's a Maggy Monny Feet," he said. "Is its bite dangerous? Is it poisonous?" The boy could not tell.

Edward was then called to the floor. "You've been at your old trade, Edward, I see; but I'll now take it out of you. I have warned you not to bring any of your infernal beasts hear, and now I have just found one creeping up my arm and biting me. Hold up?" Edward here ventured to say that he had not brought the beast, that he had not brought anything for a long while past. "What! a lie too?" said the master: "A lie added to the crime makes it doubly criminal. Hold up, sir!" Tom held up his hand, and the master came down upon it very heavily with the taws. "The other." The other hand was then held up, and when Tom had got his two hot hands, the master

exclaimed, "That's for the lie, and this for th offense!" and then he proceeded to bring the taws heavily down upon his back. The boy, however, did not cry.

"Now, sir," said the master, when almost out of breath, "will you say now that I did not bring it?" "I did not; indeed, sir, I did not!" "Well, then, take that," giving him a number of tremendous lashes along his back. "Well, now?" "I did not!" The master went on again: "It's your own fault," he said, "for not confessing your crime." "But I did not bring it," replied Edward. "I'll flog you until you confess." And then he repeated his lashes, upon his hands, his shoulders, and his back. Edward was a mere mite of a boy, so that the taws reached down to his legs, and smote him there. "Well, now," said the master, after he was reduced to his last effort, "did you bring it?" "No, sir, I did not!"

The master sat down exhausted. "Well," said he, "you are certainly a most provoking and incorrigible devil." The master had a reddish nose, and a number of pimples on his face, which were of the same hue. When he got into a rage, it was observed that the protuberances became much brighter. On this occasion his organ became ten times redder than before. It was like Baroloph's lantern in the poop. Some of the boys likened his pimples to large driblets of blood.

After resting for a while in his chair, Edward standing before him, he called to the boy whom he had first brought to his assistance, "William, bring forward that thing!" The boy brought forward the paper, on which lay a bruised centipede. "Now, then," said the master, "Did you not bring that venomous beast here?" "I did not sir!" The whole school was now appealed to. "Did any of you see Edward with that beast, or any other beast, to-day or yesterday?" No answer. "Did any of you see Edward with any thing last week or the week before?" Still no answer. Then, after a considerable pause, turning to Edward, he said, "Get your slate. Go home, and tell your father to get you put on board a man-of-war, as that is the best school for all irremediables such as you." So saying, he pointed to the door. Tom got his slate and his books, and hurried downstairs. And thus Edward was expelled from his third and last school.

He had now plenty of time for excursions into the country. He wandered up the Dee and along the banks of the Don on both sides. He took long walks along shore—across the Aulten Links to the Auld Brig, and even up to the mountains, which at Aberdeen approach pretty near to the coast.

During one of his excursions on the hills of Torrie, near the commencement of the Grampians, while looking for blackberries and cranberries, Edward saw something like the flash of an eel gliding through among the heather. He rushed after it, and pounced down upon it with both hands, but the animal had escaped. He began to tear up the heather, in order to get at it. His face streamed with perspiration. He

rested for a time, and then began again. Still there was no animal, nor a shadow of one.

At this time another boy came up, and asked, "What are ye doing there?" "Naething." "D'ye call that naething?" pointing to about a cart-load of heather torn up. "Have ye lost any thing?" "No." "What are ye looking for, then?" "For something like an eel." "An eel!" quoth the lad; "do ye think ye'll find an eel among heather? It's been an *adder*, and it's well ye have na gotten it. The beast might have bitten ye to death." "No fear o' that," said Edward. "How long is it sin' ye saw it?" "Some minutes." "If that's the case, it may be some miles up the hills by this time. Which way was it gaun?" "That way." "Well," said the lad, "you see that heap o' stones up there? try them, and if you do not find it there, you may gang hame and come back again, and then ye'll just be as near finding it as ye are now." "Will ye help me?" asked Edward. "Na, faith, I dinna want to be bitten to death." And so saying, he went away.

Edward then proceeded to the pile of stones which had been pointed out, to make a search for the animal. He took stone after stone off the heap, and still there was no eel. There were plenty of worms and insects, but these he did not want. A little beyond the stones lay a large piece of turf. He turned it over, and there the creature was! He was down upon it in an instant, and had it in his hand! He looked at the beast. It was not an eel. It was very like an ask, but it was six or seven times longer.

Having tightened his grip of the beast, for it was trying to wriggle out of his hand, he set out for home. He struck the Dee a little below where the Chain Bridge now stands, reaching the ford opposite Dee village, and prepared to cross it. But the water being rather deep at the time, he had to strip and wade across, carrying his clothes in one hand and the "eel" in the other. He had only one available hand, so that getting off and on his clothes, and wading the river breast-high, occupied some time.

On reaching the top of Carmelite street, he observed his mother, Mrs. Kelmar, and some other women, standing together at the street door. He rushed in among them with great glee, and, holding up his hand, exclaimed, "See, mother, sic a bonnie beastie I've gotten!" On looking at the object he held in his hand, the conclave of women speedily scattered. They flew in all directions. Edward's mother screamed, "The Lord preserv's! what the sorrow's that ye hae noo?" "Oh, Meggy, Meggy," said Mrs. Kelmar, "it's a snake! Dinna let him in! For ony sake dinna let him in, or we'll a' be bitten!" The entry door was then shut and bolted, and Tom was left out with the beast in his hand.

Mrs. Kelmar's husband then made his appearance. "What's this, Tam, that has caused such a flutter among the wives?" "Only this bit beastie." Kelmar started back. "What, has it not bitten you?" "No!" "Well," he added, "the best thing you can do with it is to

take it to Dr. Ferguson as fast you can, for you can't be allowed to bring it in here."

Dr. Ferguson kept a druggist's shop at the corner of Correction Wynd, near the head of the Green. He had a number of creatures suspended in glass jars in his window. Boys looked in at these wonderful things. They were the admiration of the neighbors. Some said that these extraordinary things had come from people's "insides." Tom had often been there before with big grubs, piebald snails, dragon-flies, and yellow puddocks. So he went to Dr. Ferguson with his last new prize.

He was by this time surrounded by a number of boys like himself. They kept, however, at a respectful distance. When he moved in their direction they made a general stampede. At length he arrived at the doctor's door. When the doctor saw the wriggling thing that he was holding in his hand, he ordered him out of the shop, and told him to wait in the middle of the street until he had got a bottle ready for the reception of the animal. Tom waited until the bottle was ready, when he was told that when he had got the snake in he must cork the bottle as firmly as possible. The adder was safely got in and handed to the doctor, who gave Tom fourpence for the treasure. Next day it appeared in the window, to the general admiration of the inhabitants.

Tom hastened home with his fourpence. On entering the house, he encountered his father, who seized him by the neck, and asked, "Where's that venomous beast that you had?" "I left it with Dr. Ferguson." "But have you no more?" "No." "That's very strange! You seldom come home with so few things about you. But we shall see." The boy was then taken into the back yard, when he was ordered to strip. Every bit of clothing was shaken, examined, and searched; the father standing by with a stick. Nothing was found, and Tom was allowed to put on his clothes and go up-stairs to bed.

SCIENCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Edward was about twenty years old when he left Aberdeen and went to Banff to work at his trade. He found a master there willing to employ him. Shoe-making had not improved. Men worked long hours for little wages. The hardest worker could only earn a scanty livelihood. Though paid by the piece, the journeymen worked in the employers' shops. Their hours were from six in the morning till nine at night. They had scarcely an interval of time that they could call their own.

Edward found the confinement more miserable than the wages. And yet he contrived to find some time to follow his bent. He went after birds, and insects, and butterflies. He annoyed his shop-mates almost as much as he had annoyed his school-fellows. In summer-time he collected a number of caterpillars, and put them in a box beside him in the workshop, for the purpose of watching them, and observing their development into the chrysalis state.

In spite of his care, some of the caterpillars got out and wandered about the floor, sometimes creeping up the men's legs. Some of the workmen did not care, but one of them was almost thrown into convulsions when he knew that "a worm was out." The other men played tricks upon him. When any of them wanted a scene, they merely said, "Geordie, there's a lad out!" Then Geordie would jump to his feet, and would not sit down again until he was assured that all the worms were fast in their boxes.

Edward was forced to keep his caterpillars in the workshop, as the landlady with whom he lodged would not allow any of his "vermin," as she called them, to enter her house. He had one day taken in about a dozen caterpillars of the puss moth, and asked her for a box to hold them in. The landlady told him at once to get out of the house with his "beasts." She never could understand her lodger. She could not fathom "fat kin' o' chiel he was. A'body tried to keep awa frae vermin but himsel'!"

The idea again recurred to Edward of saving money enough to enable him to emigrate to the United States; but this was prevented by his falling in love! Man proposes; God disposes. He met with a Huntly lass at the farm of Boyndie. He liked her, loved her, courted her, married her, and brought her home to the house which he had provided for her in Banff.

Edward was only twenty-three years old when he brought his wife home. Many may think that he was very imprudent in marrying so early. But he knew nothing about "Malthus on Population." He merely followed his natural instincts. What kept him would keep another also.

It turned out, however, that he had married wisely. His marriage settled him for life. He no longer thought of emigrating to America. Then, his marriage gave him a happy home. His wife was bright and cheerful, and was always ready to welcome him from his wanderings. They were very poor, it is true; but mutual affection makes up for much. Perhaps they occasionally felt the bitterness of poverty; for Edward's earnings did not yet amount to more than about nine shillings and sixpence a week.

Another result of Edward's marriage was, that it enabled him to carry on his self-education in natural history. While he lived in lodgings, he had few opportunities for collecting objects. It is true, he explored the country in the neighborhood of Banff. He wandered along the sands toward Whitehills, and explored the rocky cliffs between Macduff and Gamrie. He learned the geography of the inland country and of the sea-coast. He knew the habitats of various birds and animals. Some of the former he procured and stuffed; for by this time he had acquired the art of preserving birds as well as insects. But while he lived in lodgings he had no room for stuffed birds or preserved moths and butterflies. It was only when he got a home of his own that he began to make a collection of these objects.

It was a great disadvantage to him that his

education should have been so much neglected in his boyhood. He had, it is true, been at three schools before he was six years old; but, as we have already seen, he was turned away from them all because of his love of "beasts." He had learned comparatively little from his school-masters, who knew little themselves, and perhaps taught less. He was able to read, though with difficulty. Arithmetic was to him a thing unknown. He had not even learned to write. It was scarcely possible that he could have learned much in his boyhood, for he went to work when he was only six years old.

Edward proceeded to make a collection of natural objects early in the spring of 1838. He was then twenty-four years old, and had been married about a year. He had, a short time before, bought an old gun for four and sixpence; but it was so rickety that he had to tie the barrel to the stock with a piece of thick twine. He carried his powder in a horn, and measured out his charges with the bowl of a tobacco-pipe. His shot was contained in a brown paper bag. A few insect bottles of middling size, some boxes for containing moths and butterflies, and a botanical book for putting his plants in, constituted his equipment.

As he did not cease shoe-making until nine at night, nearly all his researches were made after that hour. He had to be back to his work in the morning at six. His wages were so small that he could not venture to abridge his working hours. It was indispensably necessary for him to husband carefully both his time and his money so as to make the most of the one and the best of the other. And, in order the better to accomplish this, he resolved never to spend a moment idly, nor a penny uselessly.

On returning home from his work at night, his usual course was to equip himself with his insect boxes and bottles, his botanical book and his gun, and to set out with his supper in his hand or stowed away in his pocket. The nearest spring furnished him with sufficient drink. So long as it was light, he scoured the country, looking for moths, or beetles, or plants or birds, or any living thing that came in his way.

When it became so dark that he could no longer observe, he dropped down by the side of a bank, or a bush, or a tree, whichever came handiest, and there he dozed or slept until the light returned. Then he got up, and again began his observations, which he continued until the time arrived when he had to return to his daily labor. It was no unusual circumstance for him—when he had wandered too far, and come upon some more than usually attractive spot—to strip himself of his gear, gun and all, which he would hide in some hole; and, thus lightened of everything except his specimens, take to his heels, and run at the top of his speed, in order to be at his work at the proper time.

On Saturdays he could only make his observations late at night. He must be home by twelve o'clock. Sabbath-breaking is an intolerable sin in Scotland, and Edward was never

a Sabbath-breaker. It was a good thing for his mental and physical health that there was a seventh day during which he could not and would not work. But for his seventh day's rest, he would have worked night and day. On Sundays he went to church with his wife and family. After evening service he took off his best clothes, and donned his working dress. Then he took a few hours' sleep in his chair or lying across his bed, before setting out. He thus contrived to secure a few hours' observation on Monday mornings before six o'clock.

His neighbors used to say of him, "It is a stormy night that keeps that man Edward in the house." In fact, his neighbors were completely bewildered about his doings. They gave vent to all sorts of surmises about his wanderings by night. Exaggerated rumors spread about among the towns-people. He went with a gun; Surely he couldn't be a poacher or a burglar? That was impossible. It was well known that he lived soberly and honestly, denying himself many things, and never repining at his lot, though living a life of hardship. But what could he mean by wandering about at night among wild, lonely, and ghost-haunted places? They wouldn't have slept in Boyndie church-yard for worlds! And yet that was one of Edward's favorite spots!

He went out in fine starlit nights, in moonlight nights, and in cold and drizzling nights. Weather never daunted him. When it rained, he would look out for a hole in a bank, and thrust himself into it, feet foremost. He kept his head and his gun out, watching and waiting for any casualties that might happen. He knew of two such holes, both in sand-banks and both in woods, which he occasionally frequented. They were foxes' or badgers' dens. If any of these gentry were inside when he took up his position, they did not venture to disturb him. If they were out, they did the same, except on one occasion, when a badger endeavored to dislodge him, showing his teeth. He was obliged to shoot it. He could often have shot deers and hares, which came close up to where he was; but they were forbidden animals, and he resisted the temptation. He shot owls and polecats from his ambuscades. Numbers of moths came dancing about him, and many of these he secured and boxed, sending them to their long sleep with a little drop of chloroform. When it rained heavily, he drew in his head and his gun, and slept until the first streaks of light appeared on the horizon; and then he came out of his hole and proceeded with his operations.

At other times he would take up his quarters for the night in some disused buildings—in a barn, a ruined castle, or a church-yard. He usually obtained better shelter in such places than if he were seated by the side of a stone, a bush, or a wall. His principal objection to them was, that he had a greater number of visitors there than elsewhere—such as polecats, weasels, bats, rats and mice, not to speak of hosts of night-wandering insects, mollusks, beetles, slaters, centipedes, and snails. Think of having a polecat or a weasel sniff-sniffing at

your face while asleep! or two or three big rats tug-tugging at your pockets, and attempting to steal away your larder! These visitors, however, did not always prove an annoyance. On the contrary, they sometimes proved a windfall; for, when they came within reach, they were suddenly seized, examined, and, if found necessary, killed, stuffed, and added to the collection.

The coldest places in which Edward slept at night were among the rocks by the sea-side, on the shingle, or on the sea-braes along the coast. When exposed to the east wind, these sleeping-places were perishingly cold. When he went inland he could obtain better shelter. In summer-time, especially, he would lie down on the grass and sleep soundly, with the lock of his gun for his pillow and the canopy of heaven for his blanket. His ear was always open for the sounds of nature, and when the lark was caroling his early hymn of praise, long before the sun had risen, Edward would rise and watch for day-break—

"When from the naked top
Of some bold headland he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light."

In the course of his wanderings inland he was frequently overtaken by storms in the hills. He carried no cloak, nor plaid, nor umbrella, so that he often got completely soaked before he could find shelter.

AN AWFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.

In thus pursuing his researches, Edward lost much of his time, and, in proportion to his time he also lost much of his wages. But his master used to assist him in making up his lost time. It was a common remark of his, "Give Tam the stuff for a pair of shoes at night, and if he has any of his cantrips in view, we are sure to have them in the morning ready for the customer." Edward took the stuff home with him, and, instead of going to bed, worked at the shoes all night, until they were finished and ready for delivery. He had another advantage in making up for lost time. His part of the trade was of the lightest sort. He made light shoes and pumps. He was one of those who, among the craft, are denominated *ready*. He was thus able to accomplish much more than those who were engaged at heavier work. This, together with his practice of spending not a moment idly, was much in his favor.

He also contrived to preserve his specimens during his meal hours, or in his idle times: "betwixt pairs"—while, as shoemakers would say, they were "on the hing." During the long winter nights he arranged the objects preserved, and put them in their proper cases. In order the better to accomplish this work, he did not go to bed until a very late hour. As he was not able to afford both fire and light, he put out the lamp when engaged upon any thing that could be done without it, and continued his labors by the light of the fire.

When forced to go to bed, he went at once, and, having slept at railway speed for an hour or an hour and a half, he was up again and at

work upon his specimens. He felt as much refreshed, he said, by his sound sleep, as if he had slept the whole night. And yet during his sleep he must have had his mind fixed upon his work, otherwise he could not have wakened up at the precise time that he had previously appointed. Besides stuffing his own birds, he also stuffed the birds which other people had sent him, for which he was paid.

One of the objects which he had in view in making his "rounds" so frequently was to examine the traps he had set, in order to catch the beetles, grubs, and insects which he desired to collect. His traps were set with every imaginable organic material—dead birds, rats, rabbits, or hedgehogs; dead fish, crabs, or sea-weed. He placed them everywhere but on the public roads—in fields and woods, both on the ground and hung on trees; in holes, in old dikes; in water, both fresh and stagnant. Some of these traps were visited daily, others once a week, while those set in water, marshy places, and in woods, were only visited once a month. He never passed any dead animal without first searching it carefully, and then removing it to some sheltered spot. He afterward visited it from time to time. Fish stomachs, and the refuse of fishermen's lines, proved a rich mine for marine objects. By these means he obtained many things which could not otherwise have been obtained; and he thus added many rare objects to his gradually growing collection.

He was, however, doomed to many disappointments. One of these may be mentioned. Among his different collections was a large variety of insects. He had these pinned down in boxes in the usual manner. He numbered them separately. When he had obtained the proper names of the insects, his intention was to prepare a catalogue. He knew that there were sheets of figures sold for that and similar purposes, but he could not afford to buy them. He accordingly got a lot of old almanacs and multiplication-tables, and cut out the numbers. It was a long and tedious process, but at length he completed it.

When the insects were fixed and numbered, Edward removed the cases into his garret preparatory to glazing them. He piled them one upon the other, with their faces downward, in order to keep out the dust. There were twenty boxes, containing in all nine hundred and sixteen insects. After obtaining the necessary glass, he went into the garret to fetch out the cases. On lifting up the first case, he found that it had been entirely stripped of its contents.

He was perfectly horrified. He tried the others. They were all empty! They contained nothing but the pins which had held the insects, with here and there a head, a leg, or a wing. A more complete work of destruction had never been witnessed. It had probably been perpetrated by rats or mice.

His wife, on seeing the empty cases, asked him what he was to do next. "Weal," said he, "it's an awfu' disappointment; but I think the best thing will be to set to work and fill them up again." To accumulate these nine hundred

and sixteen insects had cost him four years' labor! And they had all been destroyed in a few days, perhaps in a single night!

Edward duly carried out his purpose. He went moth-hunting as before; he hunted the moors and the woods, the old buildings and the grave-yards, until, in about four more years, he had made another collection of insects; although there were several specimens contained in the former collection that he could never again meet with.

WHAT HE DID.

Notwithstanding the thousands of specimens and the hundreds of cases that Edward had been obliged to part with during his successive illnesses, he has still sixty cases filled with about two thousand specimens of natural objects. During his life-time he has made about five hundred cases with no other tools than his shoemaker's knife and hammer, and a saw; and he papered, painted, and glazed them all himself.

As to the number of different species that he has accumulated during thirty years of incessant toil, it is, of course, impossible to form an estimate, as he never kept a log-book; but some idea of his persevering labors may be formed from the list of Banffshire fauna annexed to this volume.

Many of his discoveries have already become facts in history; but a large proportion of them can never be known. His specimens were sent to others to be named, but many of them were never afterward heard of. This was particularly the case with his shrimps, insects, zoophytes, corals, sponges, sea-slugs, worms, tunicata, or leathern-bag mollusks, fossils, and plants. "Had any one," he says, "taken pity on me in time (as has sometimes been done with others), and raised me from the dirt, I might have been able to name my own specimens, and thereby made my own discoveries known myself."

He had another difficulty to contend with, besides his want of time and means. When he did publish what he had observed with his own eyes, and not in books through the eyes of others, his facts were often disputed by the higher class of naturalists. He was under the impression that this arose from the circumstance that they had never been heard of before, and that they had now been brought to light by a poor shoemaker—a person of no standing whatever. This deterred him, in a great measure, from publishing his observations, as he did not like his veracity to be called in question; and it was not until years after, when others higher up the ladder of respectability had published the same facts, that his observations were accredited—simply because they could no longer be denied.

Toward the close of his labors, Edward, on looking back, was himself surprised that in the midst of his difficulties—his want of learning, his want of time, his want of books—he should have been able to accomplish the little that he did. He had had so many obstructions to encounter. His bringing-up as a child, and his want of school education, had been very much

against him. Then he had begun to work for daily bread at six years old, and he had continued to labor incessantly for the rest of his life. Of course, there was something much more than the mere manual laborer in him. His mind had risen above his daily occupation; for he had the soul of a true man. Above all, he loved nature and nature's works.

We need not speak of his stern self-reliance and his indomitable perseverance. These were among the prominent features of his character. Of his courage it is scarcely necessary to speak. When we think of his nightly wanderings, his trackings of birds for days together, his encounters with badgers and polecats, his climbing of rocks, and his rolling down cliffs in search of sea-birds, we can not but think that he taxed his courage a great deal too much.

A great point with him was his sobriety. For thirty-six years he never entered a public-house nor a dram-shop. He was not a teetotaler. Sobriety was merely his habit. Some of his friends advised him to take "a wee drap whiskey" with him on cold nights; but he never did. He himself believes that had he drunk whiskey he never could have stood the wet, the cold, and the privations to which he was exposed during so many years of his life. When

he went out at night, his food consisted for the most part of plain oatmeal cakes; and his drink was the water from the nearest brook.

He never lost a moment of time. When his work for the day was over, he went out to the links or the fields with his supper of oatmeal cakes in his hand; and after the night had passed, he returned home in time for his next day's work. He stuffed his birds, or prepared the cases for his collection, by the light of the fire. He was never a moment idle.

Another thing must be mentioned to his credit—and here his wife must share the honor. He brought up his large family of eleven children respectably and virtuously. He educated them much better than he himself had been educated. They were all well clad and well shod, notwithstanding the Scottish proverb to the contrary. Both parents must have felt hope and joy in the future lives of their children. This is one of the greatest comforts of the poor—to see their family growing up in knowledge, virtue, industry, well-being, and well-doing. We might say much of Edward's eldest daughter, who has not only helped to keep her parents, but to maintain her brother at school and college. It is families such as these that maintain the character and constitute the glory of their country.



LITERARY NOTES.

PROF. WILSON of Cornell University has issued a treatise upon "Political Economy" which has some new features. He proposes to put a stop to all waste—so tobacco, whiskey, and all mere luxuries must be dispensed with. He is a moderate protectionist, and has also provided for the period when population overtakes the possible increase of wealth.

SIR THOMAS ERSKINE MAY has in press a "History of Democracy in Europe." The author's advantages of position in the very centre of English political life as clerk to Parliament, and his special preparation of study, render him a very suitable person to undertake such a task.

DR. WILLIAM CARPENTER'S new work on "Mesmerism and Spiritualism" has just been published by Longmans at a cheap rate. The so-called facts of spiritualism are accounted for by natural causes.

THE REV. MALCOLM MACCOLL has brought out a work upon the Eastern Question justifying by undoubted evidence his previous charges of savagery against the Turks. It is a very able work, and will do much to confirm the neutrality of England in the Eastern war. It is odd that so much trouble should be required to prove so evident a fact as the savagery of the Turks.

MR. GLADSTONE has thrown light upon the profits of authorship. It had been confidently stated that he had cleared £10,000 by his pamphlets on "Vaticanism" and "Bulgaria." Certainly if any one may be called a successful author it is Mr. Gladstone, and yet he publicly makes a statement that he has not received £10,000 for all his works produced during an active literary life of forty years. It is only novelists who can make a living out of literature alone.

THE THIRD and completing volume of "Supernatural Religion" will be published by Longmans in May. The unknown author will thus have a good opportunity of replying to all his critics. Few books have made such a stir in the world of Theology as this, or have been so generally condemned by the orthodox of all creeds.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES' volume on the "Physical Basis of Mind" has been published. Readers may expect to find the physiological methods pushed in this volume to their farthest limit, and probably beyond it.

MESSRS. ST. CLAIR AND BROPHY, two English officers who have for years labored under the disease of Russophobia so prevalent in the army, have re-published their "Residence in Bulgaria" under the title of "Twelve Years' Study of the Eastern Question." The Turks, being landowners, aristocrats and soldiers, are of course everything to be desired, and the Bulgarians, being poor and oppressed and industrious, are contemptible. The usual false statements about the truthfulness and moderation of the Turks are repeated *ad nauseam*; but even these hostile witnesses are compelled to testify to the habitual chastity of the Bulgarian women, and the purity of the morals of the peasantry. Perhaps they think it a sign of vulgarity that such women should object to be carried off by any chance Turk who may happen to see them. According to these sapient subalterns, it is *reformis* which have destroyed Turkey. Civilization has apparently corrupted the Turks. Sitting Bull and the Sioux have suffered in the same way.

EXTENSIVE EXCAVATIONS are being carried on at Olympia at the expense of the German government. The great temple of Zeus has been completely uncovered, and many beautiful works of art have been found. The statues lack the grace and finish of the highest period of Grecian art, but are remarkable for their boldness and originality.

THE *North American Review* for May contains an amusing article purporting to be written by a Japanese traveller, and pointing out the numerous defects and inconsistencies of the American Constitution. Among other things, he shows the advantages of introducing the Japanese custom of *hari-kari* as a political institution, in operating as a check upon the bad language of editors and the rashness of innovators. He makes many good points *a propos* of the irresponsibility of the President and Cabinet to the people.

A NEW METALLIC element has been discovered by M. Hermann in the mineral *Columbite* found at Haddam. It is similar in some respects to *tantalum*, *columbium*, and *titanium*, but is sharply distinguished by many of its reactions and by its atomic weight, which is 118. It has been named *neptunium*.

EVER SINCE the Canadian Alexis St. Martin, who fell into the hands of Dr. Beaumont, departed this life, the medical profession has been lonely for want of another man with an extra hole in his stomach who could be experimented on in like manner. A kind providence has favored Dr. Richet, of Paris, with a young man whose gullet had closed up, and who was dying of starvation. An opening was made in the stomach, and the young man is going through a course of diet with a thermometer and various other philosophical instruments placed in his unfortunate viscus, and a first-class medical man always peering in to watch the process of digestion at all hours of the day and night. The *Comptes Rendus* of March 5th, gives a full account of the interesting experiments now being carried on. Various chemicals are put in from time to time, and their action noted. Among other interesting facts noted is that cane sugar diminishes the acidity of the gastric juice. The man will never want for a meal so long as there is a doctor within twenty miles of him. An extra aperture to one's stomach is a veritable cornucopia of nourishment.

A SIMPLE METHOD of preventing iron from rusting has been discovered by Professor Barff. He exposes the metal at a high temperature to the action of superheated steam. A film of magnetic oxide forms on the iron, which is so hard as to resist the sharpest file, and is not attacked by atmospheric moisture. Pieces of iron were exhibited which had lain six months on a lawn, and others which had been left in the sink of a laboratory exposed to all sorts of corrosive liquids, in both cases without any sign of rust.

THE GAS WELLS of West Virginia are now being utilized for the production of lampblack. The gas is collected and burned in jets, which are placed under large slabs of soap-stone, and the black is collected from time to time.

MR. CROTCH has been studying up the subject of rats and mice, and especially the migrations of the Norway lemmings. His papers have been published by the Linnæan Society. Mr. Collett, of Christiania, doubts some of Mr.

Crotch's conclusions. The lemmings in certain notable years migrate in immense numbers, and always travel to the West. When they reach the sea they are good enough to drown themselves. Mr. Crotch thinks they are in search of an Atlantis which existed in Miocene times in the Western Ocean. The creatures having got into the habit of going to that happy land in the period of the blissful Miocene, cannot be persuaded that that continent has subsided. One would suppose that all lemmings who had Atlantis on the brain would have been selected out by this time, but these natural laws take a long time to work out. Then it may be a crotchet of Mr. Crotch's. Mr. Collett does not agree with him. It might be due to an excessive study of Plato by Mr. Crotch, or the lemmings. Science is on the track, however, we are glad to see, and the lemmings will have to own up their reasons.

A MONUMENT OF VIRGIL is to be erected in his native city of Mantua. It will add a charm to that dull city to see the calm poet looking down in effigy upon "smooth sliding Mincius crowned with vocal reeds," as our own Milton so delightfully puts it.

THE SERIES of Ancient Classics for English readers has been so successful that Messrs. Blackwood are bringing out a series of Foreign Classics in the same style. Dante is nearly ready, and Mrs. Oliphant is to prepare this volume as well as edit the whole series. It will be followed by Voltaire, Pascal, Goethe, Petrarch, Cervantes, and Montaigne, by various writers. A capital series it will be, if only half as interesting and valuable as the ancient series.

DEAN MERIVALE has added a valuable little work on the Roman Triumvirates to Longman's Series of "Epochs of Ancient History." The bias, so strong of late years, in favor of Cæsar, is very evident; and displays itself not only in condonation of Cæsar's assumption of despotic power, but in incessant depreciation of Cicero and the Constitutional party. It may be, and probably is, true, that all popular governments must sooner or later pass through internal strife into despotism, but why should those who accelerate that period receive our adulation?

MR. MURRAY is about to publish an interesting narrative by Clements Markham, of his journeys in Peru and in India. Mr. Markham has done a work which should earn him the gratitude of humanity. The natives of Peru and

Ecuador were recklessly destroying the Chincona tree, from which alone the precious drug *quinine* is obtained. Mr. Markham procured many thousands of young trees, and planted them in suitable portions of India and Ceylon, where they have wonderfully thriven, so that the world need not fear that the supply of this invaluable specific will be exhausted.

ANOTHER NEW METAL is announced from Bordeaux by M. Prat. It was discovered in iron pyrites, and it is proposed to call it Lavoisium, after Lavoisier, the celebrated French chemist. It is a white, malleable metal, and forms colorless salts.

ENGIN to be driven by the sun's rays are the talk of Paris just now. Stranger things than this have been seen.

MR. DANTE ROSSETTI has painted three pictures which are the talk of London, viz: Proserpine, Venus Astarte, and the Blessed Damozel. In the two first he has sought to render the inner thought of the mysticism of Greek paganism. The Venus Astarte is the older and more staid divinity whose worship was corrupted in later times. The Blessed Damozel is a rendering of Mr. Rossetti's poem of the same name.

THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT is falling into ruin, and the British Government is asked to preserve it from decay as an architectural monument, whence various intricate questions in morals have arisen. The Hindoos say Juggernaut is destroying his own house in disgust for want of victims. If this be so, it can hardly be the duty of the British Government to put itself out to please a divinity in the sulks.

THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT have employed the Rev. Lal Behari Day to establish a weekly paper in Hindustani to be called *The Empire*. No doubt it will do good service among the natives in explaining government measures, and will counteract the treasonable misrepresentations of the numerous native publications now circulating. Lord Lytton is too much of a *litterateur* to despise the power of the press.

MRS. COBDEN, widow of the great economist, is dead. She has left for publication a large mass of interesting documents belonging to her husband relating to the French Commercial Treaty.

MR. GREEN's now celebrated "Short History of the English People" has been re-written and

enlarged. The first volume will soon appear. It will be unquestionably the best work of the sort extant.

M. PHILARÈTE CHASLES had discovered the secret of Shakspeare's sonnets, but died before his work was translated into English. His widow is preparing a translation. He divided the sonnets into sections, and thought that they were respectively addressed to the Lords Pembroke and Southampton and to three ladies, one a youthful beauty, another a dark, black-eyed musician, and the third a lady of maturer years.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALCUTTA has resolved to admit female students. This is necessary in India where oriental jealousy rigidly excludes male physicians from the harems and zenanas of the wealthy natives. It is a bright streak of promise in the future of the female sex in India.

MR. PETER BAYNE has been reading a paper before the New Shakspeare Society, and has proved at great length, what we wonder if anyone ever seriously denied, that Shakspeare had a great reverence and love for Brutus. The fact is that Shakspeare intuitively discerned more than Mommsea *et id genus omne* were ever able to puzzle out. The wonder is that a learned body should have time to discuss so self-evident a proposition.

THE SULTAN has delighted the hearts of the Hungarians by restoring thirty-five volumes of precious manuscripts from the magnificent library which Sultan Solymán stole from Buda after the conquest of Hungary. The rest of the books have probably perished through neglect and damp. They have been practically lost to Europe for hundreds of years. Sultan Solymán had a reputation as a poet very much as Red Jacket had a reputation as an orator. The Indian had the advantage in civilization.

ACCORDING TO MR. FISHER, who has been travelling in California, the Pacific Slope must become the inheritance of the all-pervading Chinaman. The blessed doctrines of free trade and natural selection are having free course in that favored country. The whites cannot compete with men who can live on rats and garbage, who kill nearly all their female children, and who require but one wife for eight or ten. Such people can live cheap and work cheap, and the Caucasian race must be selected out of existence by starvation wherever it comes in contact with the stronger race.

Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

We clip the following from the Huddersfield College Magazine, a clever publication that always devotes a lengthy page to chess and notably so to the progress of the game in Canada. It refers to an amusing incident connected with the late visit of the veteran Mr. Bird to this country, and which will well bear repetition :

"At Sherbrooke, during the progress of a match in which he played 17 games simultaneously, a very amusing incident took place, which is worthy of record.

"In the preliminaries it was understood that no player should move the pieces during Mr. B.'s absence at the other boards ; but one gentleman broke through this rule, leading to a laughable episode. Mr. Bird had passed him twice, and coming round the third time rather quicker than Major M—— had expected, found the board in a state of utter confusion, nearly every piece having been moved. Mr. B. had left his K on K 2 in a perfectly safe condition, guarded by Q, both R's and two minor pieces ! What was his astonishment to find his K at K 7 away over in the enemy's territory, and in imminent danger of mate ! Major M—— in Mr. B.'s absence, had been following out some complicated analysis involving some 16 moves, as it appeared, making of course *very bad moves* for Mr. B., and hunting the latter's poor K all over the board ! Major M——, caught in the act, very red and guilty, stammered out an apology. 'Mr. Bird,' says he, 'I beg your pardon, I am really very sorry ! but will you be kind enough to pass me again. *I really don't recollect quite where your King was !* The next time you come round I will try to get him back into his place !' This, said with perfect politeness and with earnest gravity of countenance, was too much for the equanimity of every spectator—a shout of laughter was heard on every side ! Mr. Bird said it was the most comical Chess incident he had ever known in his life."

GAME 7.

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

Played simultaneously blindfold, with 15 other games on the 16th December, 1876, at the West-end Chess Club.

WHITE.

Major Martin.

1 P to K 4
2 P to K B 4

BLACK.

J. H. Zukertort.
(blindfold)

1 P to K 4
2 P takes P

WHITE.

3 B to B 4
4 K to B sq
5 P to Q 4
6 Kt to K B 3
7 B to K 2
8 P to Q 5
9 Kt to B 3
10 Q to Q 3 (b)
11 B to Q 2
12 Kt to Q Kt 5
13 B to B 3
14 Q takes B
15 Q takes P
16 P takes B
17 Kt to Q 2
18 Q to Kt 4
19 Q to Q 4 (e)
20 K to K sq
21 B to R 6 (f)
22 R to K Kt sq
23 B takes R
24 K to K 2 (g)
25 R takes P
26 R to K B sq
27 K to Q sq (i)
28 P takes Q
29 R to R 2 (h)
30 R to R 4
31 R to Kt sq
32 R to R 2
33 Kt to B sq (l)

34 R takes Q
35 K R to B 2 (n)
36 R takes Kt
37 K to Q 2
38 R takes R
39 K to K 2
40 K to B 2
41 K to Kt 3
42 K to Kt 4
43 P to B 4
44 P to R 4
Resigns.

BLACK.

3 Q to R 5 ch
4 Kt to Q B 3
5 P to K Kt 4
6 Q to R 4
7 Q to Kt 3 (a)
8 Q Kt to K 2
9 B to Kt 2
10 P to Q 3
11 B to Q 2
12 K to Q sq
13 B takes Kt (c)
14 B takes B
15 R to B sq
16 P to Kt 5
17 Kt to K B 3
18 R to K Kt sq (d)
19 Q to R 3
20 P to B 6
21 P takes P
22 Q takes P
23 K takes B
24 Q to K 4
25 Kt to Kt 3
26 Kt to R 4 (h)
27 Q takes Q
28 Q Kt to B 5
29 P to Kt 6
30 P to Kt 7
31 R to Kt 6
32 Kt to B 3
33 P takes Kt queen-
ing (ch)
34 Kt to Kt 5 (m)
35 Kt takes R ch
36 R to Kt 5
37 R to Kt 7
38 Kt takes R
39 K to Q 2
40 Kt to R 5
41 Kt to Kt 3
42 K to K 2
43 K to B 3
44 Kt to K 4 ch

(a) Weak. Black could continue safely with 7 B to Kt 2. If then 8 Kt to K 5, 8 Q to R 3, 9 Kt takes Kt, 9 Q P takes Kt, and Black has a well developed game. If 8 P to K R 4, 8 P to Kt 5, 9 Kt to Kt sq, 9 P to Q 3, 10 P to B 3, 10 Kt to B 3.

(b) White could obtain here the superior game by 10 Kt to Q Kt 5, 10 K to Q sq, 11 P to Q 6.

(c) An injudicious exchange, which loses a pawn. Black should play 13 Kt to K B 3.

NOTES BY J. H. ZUKERTORT TO GAME 7.

(d) An important rejoinder, which prepares the attack against the adverse King's flank.

(e) If 19 B to R 6, Black may proceed with

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|---------------|-----------------|
| 20 B takes R | 19 Q to R 3 |
| 21 Q to Q 4 | 20 P to B 6 |
| 22 K takes P | 21 P takes P ch |
| 23 K to Kt sq | 22 Q to R 6 ch |
| | 23 K takes Kt |

(f) If 21 P takes P, then 21 P to Kt 6.

(g) Well played. White dare not take the

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|--------------|-----------------|
| R P, e.g. : | |
| 24 Q takes P | 24 Q to Kt 6 ch |
| 25 Q to B 2 | |

[25 K to K 2, 25 Kt takes P, 26 Kt takes Kt, 26 Q to B 6 ch, 27 K to Q 2, 27 Q takes Kt, etc.]

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|---------------------|-----------------|
| 26 R to Q sq (or A) | 25 Q takes P |
| 27 Q takes P | 26 Q Kt takes P |
| | 27 Kt to K 6 |

A

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|--------------------|-----------------|
| 26 R to Q B sq | 26 Kt takes K P |
| 27 Q to B 4 (best) | 27 Kt takes Kt |
| 28 Q takes Kt | 28 Q to K 4 ch |
| 29 K to B 2 | 29 Kt takes P |
| 30 R takes P | 30 P to R 4 |

(h) Black would lose a piece, should he play 26 Kt to B 5 ch, as White then captures the Knight with the Rook and attacks the Queen with the other Rook. The move in the text attempts to preserve the all-important Kt P.

(i) White conducted the game up to this point with good judgment, but here he fails to grasp the opportunity to capture the adverse Kt P, and so to obtain the superiority. After 27 K R takes P, 27 Q Kt to B 5 ch would prove but blank shot, e.g.:

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|----------------|-------------------|
| 27 K R takes P | 27 Q Kt to B 5 ch |
| 28 K to B 3 | 28 R takes R |
| 29 K takes R | |

and Black has no means to punish the sortie of the hostile monarch.

(k) White's best continuation consisted in :

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|---------------|---------------------|
| 29 K R to B 2 | 29 P to Kt 6 |
| 30 R takes Kt | 30 Kt takes R |
| 31 R takes Kt | 31 P to Kt 7 |
| 32 Kt to B 3 | 32 P to Kt 8 queen- |
| | ing ch |

- | | |
|---------------|------------------|
| 33 Kt takes Q | 33 R takes Kt ch |
| 34 K to K 2 | 34 R to Kt 2 |
| 35 K to B 3 | |

and White has a good chance to draw the game.

(l) A desperate measure to free the game, but White has no means to save the day. If 33 K to K sq, Black replies with 33 Kt to Kt 5, 34 R takes R P, 34 K to K 6 ch, 35 K to Q sq, 35 Kt to B 7 ch, 36 K to B sq, 36 Kt to K 7 ch.

(m) The deciding coup, which must win the exchange, and leaves then Black with a clear piece ahead.

(n) If 35 R takes Kt, then 35 Kt takes R, 36 R takes P, 36 P to K R 4, &c.. &c.





FOR TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

PATER FAMILIAS (improving the shining hour),—"Well, now, who succeeded Richard?"
SON AND HEIR,—"John."

PATER FAMILIAS,—"And what did John sign?"
SON AND HEIR,—"The Pledge!"—Punch.