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THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

New Dominion Monthly.

JUNE, 1878.

THE WAVERLEY TEMPERANCE HOTELS.

The observant traveller whose duty requires him to be continually touring through the Dominion will have noticed that, though the smallest apology for a village will boast as many as three establishments dubbed "hotels" it is rare indeed that one is found which offers any but the most wretched accommodation. It would be absurd to expect the luxuries and luxurious oppointment looked for in city hotels, but the travelling public undoubtedly have a right to expect cleanliness, quietness and a certain amount of refinement in the serving of food. But alas! the average country hotel is simply a disguise for the Bar. To the demon of drink all else is sacrificed. I have in my mind's eye as I write a fair sample of this class of "hotels." A very pretentious sign sets forth the name of the house, but a glance at the surroundings speedily destroys the favorable impression made by the signboard. Heaps of ashes and sweepings are on the roadway; the doorway is foul and grimy; the windows are dirty and the blinds slovenly. Within, the same disregard for appearances is manifest. A room apparently intended to be a reading room or parlor, is furnished with several large spittoons, a rickety table and half-a-dozen odd chairs. The walls are adorned with pictures of famous trotting horses in impossible attitudes. On the table are two or three old newspapers, which from their tattered appearance seem to be regarded by the *habitués* of the house as intended to supply material for pipe-light. On the opposite side of the passage is the Bar. Here the energies of the master of the house seem to have been expended. Looking-glass, fancy bottles, and miniature casks, with a great display of crystal go to make up the adornment of the altar before which the worshippers of Bacchus prostrate themselves. Around the stove, loungers, waiting for some one to "treat," are to be found from early morn till "the wee sma hours." Away in the back portion of the premises is the "Dining-Room"—a dingy evil-smelling apartment. In my roamings I have noticed that the cruet-stand is an unfailing hotel barometer. In such a place as I am trying to describe the cruet-stands are large plated affairs with many bottles, but the plated ware is blackened and spotted, and the bottles are dirty and repulsive. The mustard pot is grimy; the mustard is mixed with vinegar so that it will "keep" longer; the tomato ketchup

bottle is also grimy; the contents are sickly looking and watery; the vinegar is the color of muddy water and there is a dead fly at the bottom. The pepper castor contains a little greyish mixture, but the holes in the top are grimed up so that it is impossible to persuade any pepper to pass through. When I see such a cruet-stand as this I know what I am to expect in the way of food and general accommodation. The regular accompaniments to such a cruet are dishes of very large and very green cucumbers and very pale pickled cabbage. The traveller perhaps, comforts himself with the thought that he can at least break his fast with a cup of tea and some toast. Vain delusion! The toast is made of lumpy, clayey bread, and the tea tastes like what one's fancy suggests as a decoction of chopped birch-broom. Whether you will or no, the sad-looking waitress dabs down a small dish of slate colored meat, almost swimming in greasy water. This is called "beefsteak!" Then the dinner. With a dread foreboding of what is to come, the traveller takes his seat for the mid-day meal. "Pork or roast beef," whispers the waitress. If pork is decided upon, there is brought a chunk of half-boiled pig, dreadfully salt and exceedingly tough. Cabbage is served with a liberal allowance of the water in which it was boiled. If roast beef is chosen, the slice will be nearly three-quarters of an inch thick. Ten to one, it is either cooked till every drop of juice is burned out of it, or else it is so rare that the first touch of the knife reveals the raw flesh. There are always "pie" and "pudding." The former has a crust like unto sole leather that has been soaked in sugar and water for a week; the latter is a medley, I will not trust myself to describe. The bedrooms are quite in keeping with the rest of the establishment. Small, with dingy wall-paper, a low bed with a depression in the middle as though its back were broken, the clothes looking as though they needed changing; a rickety washstand, no water bottle; the water-pitcher, probably minus its handle or half its lip; the water, dusty on top and muddy below; the windows, smeary and hung either with dirty cotton blinds or pieces of paper hangings of dismal patterns. The looking-glass is invariably one that has a number of waves and streaks over its face, which have the effect of misplacing one's features in the most alarming manner. To other matters which may be summed up under the head, "modern conveniences," the landlord pays not the slightest heed. The outbuildings are invariably abominable. Such is a pen picture of nine out of ten of the country hotels to be found in Canada. So well are these places known, and so greatly are they dreaded, that it is a common practice for travellers to time their visits so that they can avoid staying over night, and if such a course is impossible, they will travel many miles by rail to reach a town where they know they can get decent accommodation, returning next day to finish their business.

Now there is no excuse for this state of affairs. It is due to sheer laziness and lack of enterprize. Many of the places which are now avoided by the travelling public would afford a good living to a man really capable of "running a hotel." We hear much about there being a lack of "openings" for men desirous of starting in business, but there are a great number of places which are sadly in need of a decent hotel, where the sale of liquor shall have nothing to do with the accommodation for "man and beast." There is no doubt that a great deal of drinking is due to the knowledge that a bar-room is attached to the hotel. Custom has taught men to think that they are in duty bound to buy some of the gin, rum or brandy which the landlord has to sell, and thus one glass leads on to another, and by dint of the treating system a man who had no intention of

drinking more than a glass, finds that he is "on a regular old tear"—that he has wasted a good deal of money and put into his stomach that which will be a poison to his blood for several days.

That it is quite possible to keep a good hotel without a bar-room, has been abundantly proved by the famous Waverley Hotels established by Mr. Robert Cranstead in Edinburgh, Glasgow and London. Mr. Cranstead is the proprietor of four hotels, two in the "Modern Athens," one in Glasgow and one in the great metropolis. Chatting with the aged hotel-keeper not long ago I gleaned the following facts which may perhaps encourage somebody to do in Canada what Mr. Cranstead has done so well and so profitably in the old country. I learned that the first Waverley Hotel was established in 1843 in the shape of a humble coffee house in High Street Edinburgh. The house was largely patronized by a body of total abstainers called "Rechabites." The patronage grew steadily, and more commodious premises were secured on Prince's Street opposite Scott's Monument. In 1851 Mr. Cranstead opened a Waverley Hotel in London to accommodate his patrons who were visiting the great Exhibition. It was intended merely as a temporary affair, but the business became so great that it was decided to continue it. In 1863 the house was rebuilt and enlarged, but the custom has grown so that during the London season hundreds are turned from the doors. In 1860 Mr. Cranstead opened a Waverley Hotel in Buchanan Street, Glasgow. It was immediately filled to overflowing. In 1867 the demand for accommodation at the Old Waverley, Edinburgh was so great that Mr. Cranstead secured the building lately occupied as the General Post Office, and converted it into what is known as the "New Waverley." In 1876 the Old Waverley was rebuilt on an enlarged and greatly improved plan and now contains one hundred and fifty bed-rooms. Now let us glance at the results achieved. Figures are proverbially eloquent. Mr. Cranstead informed me that during the previous year nearly 63,000 persons had slept in the four hotels viz. 19,806 in the Glasgow Waverley; 17,721 in the Old Waverley; 15,609 in the London Waverley and 10,000 in the New Waverley. And in all cases numbers had to be turned away.

With regard to the management of the hotels, Mr. Cranstead, says:—

"Notwithstanding the great variety of character to be found among our patrons, we have very, very rare occasion to complain of the infringement of the rules and regulations of the house. I refer principally to the use of intoxicating liquor on the premises, which is strictly prohibited. The rules, regulations and list of charges are hung up in every room, and we rarely lose any money as each bill is presented every Saturday morning, and it is by economy and endeavoring not to lose any money that we are enabled to continue our low charges which, with quality, I believe, has been the cause of the success of all our establishments. When the first was opened, we decided to make the charge as low as possible, for instance, one shilling and sixpence per night for a bedroom, one shilling for breakfast, &c., &c., and the charges remain the same to this day."

I have before me a Waverley Hotel bill-head. Printed on it, at the side, are all the items for which charges are made and lengthways the paper is ruled into seven columns, one for each day of the week. The prices are annexed to the items so that a guest can perceive at a glance if he is rightly charged.

Your bedroom costs, as I have said, one shilling and sixpence per night. Your breakfast may range from one shilling to one shilling and nine pence according to the luxuries you indulge in. Dinner costs two shillings. Tea,

or supper as we Canadians term it is the same as breakfast. Should you desire a private parlor as well as a bedroom, you will have to pay two and sixpence per day for it. But there are very nicely furnished public parlors and drawing-rooms free to all. The bedrooms are large, lofty and comfortably furnished. The breakfast-room and dining-room are such apartments as make it a pleasure to take one's meals. There is something almost "homelike" in all you see, as compared with the hotel-life of this continent. The food is invariably of the best quality and beautifully cooked. The waiters move about quietly and behave very respectfully. The plan of charging, it will be observed, is what is known as the European, viz., you pay for what you have. Under this plan, a full day's board and lodging at a Waverly hotel would only come to about a dollar and a quarter, and it is to be remembered that these hotels are not insignificant places on back streets, with poor accommodation. They are all fine establishments on leading thoroughfares and their patrons are drawn from the general travelling public—merchants, tourists, commercial travellers &c.

Mr. Cranstead related an incident which is somewhat suggestive. A stranger, who apparently was not aware that the hotel was conducted on temperance principles, sat chatting late one night (the first he had spent in the house) and expressed himself as very much pleased with everything. At last, being desirous of retiring, he said, "Well Mr. Cranstead, let us have a night-cap and I will go to bed." Mr. Cranstead remarked that guests generally brought their own sleeping gear but that he could lend the gentleman a night-cap if he had forgotten his own. "No, no" said the gentleman, "I don't mean the sort of night-cap you do; I mean something hot and strong to drink." On being informed that no liquors were kept in the house, the guest was much put about and desired that a waiter might be sent for some brandy. Mr. Cranstead explained that the rules of the house forbade the introduction of intoxicating liquors. The gentleman then said he would go out and get a drink, but was informed that no public houses were open at that hour. He then got into a rage and said he had been badly treated. He said he had not gone to bed without a glass of "hot stuff" for over eighteen years, and knew he wouldn't sleep a wink. Mr. Cranstead said he was very sorry but he could not help it. Next morning Mr. Cranstead expected to see his guest come down early and demand his bill. Eight o'clock struck, nine, ten, still the gentleman did not appear. About half past ten he came down but instead of the growling personage Mr. Cranstead expected to see, he was all smiles. "Mr. Cranstead" said he "I have to thank you for the most refreshing sleep I ever had in my life. I intended to have taken the train this morning for London, but I didn't wake till about half an hour ago, and if any one had awakened me I think I would have inflicted summary punishment upon him. From this day I give up "night-caps." This gentleman has ever since patronized temperance hotels and persuaded numbers to do likewise.

The popularity of the Waverley Hotels has led others to follow Mr. Cranstead's example, and most of the large towns in the United Kingdom have their temperance hotels.

I do not know whether the European plan would "take" here; it has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, no doubt, but I am certain that there are hundreds of places in Canada where the establishment of a cleanly, well-conducted temperance hotel would be a real boon, and I am satisfied that such hotels would speedily attract all respectable custom and give the keepers of the bar-room houses plenty of time to

attend to their favorite occupation—the doling out of intoxicating liquors.

In this country, hotels are apt to depreciate the value of property, owing to the rows and other nuisances incidental to the average bar-room. The success of the old Waverley Hotel has benefited the adjoining property. Mr. Cranstead says that when he started, the largest store under the hotel let for £50 per annum, now it brings £520, or more than ten-fold. Two others not quite so well situated which rented for £30 and £50 respectively, now bring £300 and £450.

T.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, little sleeper,
Be your slumber light!
Long, long the dustman tarried
On his rounds to-night.

Oh, the ceaseless noise and bustle
All through the day!
Little feet for ever pattering
Into mischief's way.

Now at last the house is quiet;—
Do we like it so?
Would we have it quiet always?
Ah, darling, no!

M. W.

LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL TEACHER.

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

CHAPTER X.

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can,
Fair speech should bind the human mind
And Love link man to man.
ELIZA COOK.

Arthur was, I regret to say, lazy and trifling, and Uncle was very strict. When he did not get through his task, Uncle compelled him to stay after hours to finish it. I, and Annie afterwards, got into the habit of stealing into the workroom, when we knew he was alone there, to keep him company. We both knew that Aunt would not have permitted this had she known of it.

One night Arthur was in disgrace as usual, and Annie and I stole up to see what he was doing. We were very welcome and Arthur quit his work to show us a puzzle.

The three boys, who were learning their lessons, in the little room over the hall, came into the workroom when they heard our voices.

"What are you doing?" said Walter.

"Arthur is showing us a puzzle," said Annie, shaking back her long curls.

"Arthur won't show you how to make the puzzle, Miss Long-tongue," said Arthur.

"Will you show it to me, Arthur?" said Walter, eagerly.

"Yes, I will. Come round here away from the rest, quite away from the girls. Girls should not be shown anything, they are always blabbing," said Arthur, in his teazing way.

Annie and I were both angry at him because he spoke that way about girls.

He was sitting on the board, the candlestick, a wooden one with branches—only one branch had a candle in it—stood before him, between him and us. Walter went behind him to see the puzzle, and he turned away from the light to show it to him, so that we might not see it. Annie slyly turned the branch with the candle in it round till the blaze touched his hair and it took fire and blazed up over his head. Now Arthur was very proud of his curls, and the flames of the candle burnt his temple as well as his hair. Annie did not mean to do so much harm. She was quite frightened, as well she might, for Arthur pounced upon her and gave her a good many smart slaps before he remembered what he was about. As soon as he let her go, she ran down in an agony of crying and sobbing. The boys scurried back to their lessons, shutting the door softly behind them.

Annie had a plan of crying that alarmed her mother, and made her crying a terrible event in the household. She held her breath till the veins in her neck swelled as if they would burst. She turned black, gasped, choked, then settled down into sobs that threatened to break her to pieces. Her mother soothed her, petted her, called her endearing names, declared to the bystanders that she was too sensitive and delicate to endure much. After a time Annie would lie quiet in her mother's arms, with only a great

gulping sob at intervals, to tell of the storm that had passed. I used to look on wondering if I could do it if I tried, and musing on what would be my probable fate if I attempted it. This time the attack was more than usually severe, because Annie had been ill, and Arthur had no business to strike her, and she felt that an excess of emotion was due under the circumstances and so she went through the whole performance with variations.

It was a long time before she had breath enough to answer her mother's tender enquiries. She seemed likely to faint, shut her eyes and grew rigid.

"My smelling salts, quick!" said Aunt in desperation.

"Burn feathers under her nose," suggested Bella Wiley.

"Fetch some cold water," gasped Aunt.

"Slap her hands hard," advised Bella.

Bella went for water, I ran for the salts. Bella then pulled some feathers from an old goose wing, preparatory to trying that remedy I took one hand to chafe it, while Aunt loosed her dress. Then Annie came to with a convulsive sob, and her mother asked "What is it dear? What is the matter?"

Annie turned her face to her mother's and gasped out "Elizabeth took me up stairs."

"Of course Elizabeth! always Elizabeth! Why do you ever go near her!" said Aunt indignantly. "Is that all ails you, darling? Look up! I'm not angry at you."

"Arthur slapped me," said Annie, relapsing into sobs.

Now it happened that Arthur hearing the commotion and wondering what was going on, came down stairs to see, making as if he wanted an iron. It was Arthur's audacious theory that it was always better to face the music. He came close to the group at the fireside just as Annie sobbed out her charge against him on her mother's bosom.

Arthur had not come out of the fray scathless; his crop of short curls were singed off at one side, and his temple was slightly scorched. His face was pale yet with the temper he had shown upstairs.

Aunt turned to him and indignantly demanded how he dared to touch a child of hers!

Arthur smiled—his smile was so calm and supercilious that it was a great weapon of provocation. "You had better teach your daughter how to behave herself Madam," he said.

Aunt was so fiery—so fond of her darling, he had dared to strike her, and now blamed her to her mother's face, she forgot herself entirely, and, as if he had been one of us, boxed his ears.

He turned on her like a wild cat and gave her a well aimed blow that knocked off the little lace arrangement which she wore on her head, broke the tortoise-shell comb that held up her back hair and let it tumble down in a golden brown stream. Aunt's hair was her solitary beauty. Both looked at each other—both recollected themselves. Arthur pale and erect walked out of the kitchen holding his head higher than usual. Aunt bundled up her back hair and never seemed to notice that Annie was frightened into quietness.

We all knew that Aunt felt bad because she had forgotten her dignity so far as to strike Arthur—and get the worst of it,—and a great silence fell upon us.

When Uncle came home Aunt preferred her complaint with only as much exaggeration as was natural to her when Annie was in the case.

Arthur was called down to defend himself and came into the little sitting-room as haughty and determined as ever. Uncle repeated Aunt's complaint and asked Arthur what he had to say.

"The young ones have no business on the board if they cannot behave

themselves. If they will come round bothering let them take what they get. As for Mrs. Henderson I'm sorry I struck her but she had no business striking me." said Arthur stiffly.

He did not say any more—he did not even mention Annie's setting fire to his hair. But his curls were all frizzled up at one side and the scorch on his temple showed quite plain.

"How did you singe your head that way?" asked Uncle.

"That was the beginning," said Arthur, "Annie did that—turned the candlestick round while I was showing Walter the puzzle and scorched my face, and I was angry, and so I slapped her."

"Annie!" said Uncle with a whole volume of reproach in the word.

She immediately recommenced crying, but softly, for she never carried on her worst before her father.

"He would not show me the puzzle and I did not mean to hurt him," she said.

"That will do," said Uncle, shortly. Leave the room, I'll see what's to be done with you. You go too Elizabeth. Take them away, mamma.

Uncle gave Arthur, when alone, a severe reprimand, though he acknowledged that he had got provocation. That he was much to blame in Uncle's eyes was proved by him going to the escritoire, bringing out his indentures and reading them over to him, especially a clause that empowered the master to punish a refractory apprentice. Arthur made fun of the whole affair afterwards, called it, "Reading the Riot Act."

When he had gone back to his work, not in the least penitent, Uncle called me and talked to me seriously, for though Annie was blamed a little, the weight of the blame rested on me. What he said to me was both good and kind, only he assumed that I deliberately did wrong on purpose to provoke my aunt, and I knew that I was trying earnestly most of the time to please her, and could not succeed, and he would not allow me to say a word in my own defence. I was wrong, I knew, to go up to the board when Arthur was alone, but the day of the feast had made us friends, and I did not mean any harm.

Arthur in his defence had inadvertently called me Cinderella, the nickname had made Uncle Tom think of my neglected education, and soon after, I was told that Annie and I were to be sent away to school.

Aunt opposed my going to school at all, on the ground of expense, and Uncle told her that there was enough of my father's money to defray the expense. When Aunt asked why he had not told this before, Uncle said it was not needed before. Aunt opposed the sending of Annie and me to the same school on every account. Uncle was determined on having his own will in the matter, not only to send us to the same school, but he insisted that our dresses should be made exactly alike. The only difference Aunt ventured to make was to tell the dressmaker who made up our best dresses, wine-colored merinos, to trim Annie's with silk velvet and mine with cotton velvet.

We were sent to school to the Moravian village because the schools there had a great name, both for the education imparted, and the tender care lavished by the gentle Moravians on the pupils entrusted to their charge. I found myself in a new atmosphere in the Moravian school. I was free entirely from the injustice which I had felt so keenly. I felt that I now stood on a level with the other pupils. If I did well I should be accepted, and if ill, blame would lie at my door. The lessons were long and strictly exacted, the rules like the laws of the Medes and Persians, inflexible, but there was also a law of kindness that reached all alike, so different from the hard rule of Mr. Caldwell, so entirely different from the partiality of Aunt Henderson that for the first time since I left Grey Abbey I nestled down with a feeling of

being at home. In truth Himmel-en-erde was to me as Elim must have been to the Israelites, beautiful of itself but still more lovely and delightful as a haven of rest after the danger and the trials encountered on the way to it. The shelter of Elim's palms, the sparkle of its fountains must often have been seen through grateful tears and surely when on the long march through the waste, howling wilderness, when the drought consumed them by day and the frost by night, they must have remembered regretfully the green oasis watered by the twelve wells, shaded by the threescore and ten palm trees and thought of the rest they enjoyed while they encamped beside its waters.

I know that years have passed away since I was a childish sojourner in Himmel-en-erde, but still it is seen through the rosy tints of a grateful memory. I loved my teachers, though they in no wise distinguished me from among the rest, with a romantic love that would have surprised them if they had known it. I admired one of them very much, a very tall and graceful woman with a regal carriage, who was always dressed in soft and flowing material.

A firm decided woman she was, always inflexibly just in her decisions, as far as she knew. I was no favorite of hers, I never thought such a thing possible, I had lived too long in an atmosphere of disapproval to expect a miracle like that, I admired her for the pleasure her every movement gave me, and for the trust in her even handed justice with which she inspired me. Neither Annie nor I was looked upon with much favor by the teachers. Annie was, they said too pettish and too liable to take offence. I was awkward, dreamy and old fashioned, and neglected other studies for the sake of reading. The accusation in my case was but too true. There was a library connected with the school and I set myself deliberately to read my way through it, I had never yet satisfied myself with reading, so I took all the time I could possibly steal from play or from my other studies and revelled in Tales, Histories, Travels and Biographies.

The minister, whose name was Malilieu came to the school every Monday to hear us repeat our lessons out of the Summary of Christian Doctrine. He was an old greyheaded man with a double portion of the calmness and peace which was characteristic of the Moravians.

When I first read Tennyson's May Queen, and came to the lines

> "O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair,
> And blessings on his whole life long until he meet me there!"

they immediately called up the recollection of Mr Malilieu and of his fatherly kindness towards us all. There was a lecture for us in the church once a week to which the pupils of all the schools marched two and two. And there was also another Catechism. It was not difficult to learn or remember, and I never got into any difficulty with my teachers by rebelling against it as not true. The answer given to the question "What is God?" made a deep impression on my mind.

"God is a spirit.
Eternal—without beginning or end.
Omnipotent—able to do all things.
Omnipresent—present everywhere.
Omniscent—seeing all things.
Holy—loving that which is good and hating evil.
Just and righteous—rewarding the good and punishing the evil.
True and faithful—keeping his word.
Good and merciful—for God is love."

This definition of God set me longing again to have Him on my side, to have Him as my friend. The only hindrance I saw was expressed in the words "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and I deliberately set myself to become holy in His sight. I need not say that I failed. Still my

failure in this had no effect on the gladness I felt in my newly found liberty and equality and sense of companionship, and the school-days sped merrily by. I was thankful for an opportunity for study, but I was not by any means noted for studious habits. In a reaction from a life of repression at Aunt Henderson's I became more noted for fun and folly than for anything else.

Annie and I were seldom together; she liked and was liked by one class of girls, while I was drawn to another. My time was the time of love and I made idols of those whom my heart selected, wrapped them in the royal purple of my own imaginings and fell down and worshipped them. If I walked in dreams I am glad I have never entirely awakened. Every recollection of the Moravian settlement is a golden memory. It is ground made holy by remembrance of tender care, gentle leadings, kindly sympathy. All my day dreams took a rosy tinge amid the beauty, the safety, the kindliness of that home of learning. If Providence would grant me my heart's wish, for

"As Moses longed for Lebanon I long that once again
My feet might press the shamrocks in the meadows by the Main."

I might go first to the garden of sleepers, God's acre, for there lie the most of those whom I loved, who loved me in blessed Himmel-en-erde.

I suppose there were childish sorrows, and the childish relief of tears, but these recollections have faded away leaving only the memories of sunny times. So I studied and read, played and loved and grew childish and happy in the warmth and light.

Christmas holidays came all too quickly. Then I knew what punishment was decreed for my former delinquencies. Annie was sent for home, and I was left behind to spend my vacation in the settlement. It was a great relief to me, this arrangement. I did not want to go, there was no home at Enbridge for me. True I would have liked to see Jamie and the baby, and I had got over my dread of Arthur, and I pined for Walter, but on the whole staying was much better.

Christmas in the Moravian settlement was "the height of a grand good time," as Mary Darling a little Kerry girl expressed it in her warm southern way. The church—there is no church in all the world quite so nice as that church—was all decked with holly and ivy, laurel and box, the work of the fair hands of the minister's daughters, assisted by the gentlemen of the academy. The high one-legged pulpit was festooned and garlanded till it did not know itself. The banisters of the stairs leading up to it were changed into a leafy screen, the pillars were wreathed with ropes of foliage, the chandeliers were lost behind a green covering, out of which the many wax lights gleamed like stars, the organ loft was transformed into a bower where the singers like nymphs and dryads warbled their anthems under a canopy of laurel. It was beautiful to get into the church just to see it, but to be one of the children that sat in rows before the pulpit, the boys in blue jackets and falling collars, the girls in white, with little lace arrangements on their curls, and sashes and bows of bright pink ribbons all dressed alike, a very republic of little children, this was enjoyment. Such a crowd of merry faced little ones, full of happy glee, although grim Miss McClosky who watched over their behavior, sat before them with admonitory nods and frowns, they were all too happy to think of her."

Soft-footed women glided about with wicker-baskets lined with snowy napkins and filled with Christmas cakes. Surely there were never such cakes as we got at the Christmas eve festival at Himmel-en-erde! And the tea fragrant and sweet, was served to us without even

the rattle of a teaspoon to disturb the good minister who spoke to us of the Saviour born to us, who was Christ the Lord.

Some of the little people had to say hymns and portions of Scripture about the babe of Bethlehem. To my great joy I was one of these. At a given time I was to stand up and repeat a Christmas Hymn. I had prepared it with great care, but my heart beat lest I might forget any of it, or not speak loud enough for all the people to hear. In my innocence I thonght this absolutely necessary. At the appointed time I rose and repeated Montgomery's Hymn

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of Nations,
Ye have seen His natal star
Come and worship:
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners stung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
Mercy calls you break your chains.
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

I will not tell how I murdered these beautiful verses. I would like to forget it as I hope every one else has done long, long ago.

The festival was nearly over when the door opened and a man came in and with shuffling uncertain step, came forward into the light. A shabby man in clothes that had been those of a dandy once, but now were so stained with the mud of travel, torn and tattered with accidents and fights by the way, that he was little more than a shabby genteel bundle of rags. A hall servant brought him to a seat, where I could see him without looking round very much, which I did not like to do, from a sense of my recent failure as well as from the wholesome dread I felt for Miss McClosky. I looked across and forgot everything in amazement and horror when I recognized Scrieven Doyle. He must have been on a long tramp and a great spree before he came to be such a figure, He could not I thought, be anything like sober or he never would have ventured in among people in such a plight. His crop of spiky black hair was standing up in all directions, like the feathers of an enraged hen, as feathery looking as Nebuchadnezzar's must have been after he quit taking care of it. I knew the Adelaide brown coat with its tattered velvet collar that used to be so smart, but now was ragged and torn, and buttoned up to the throat to conceal the greater rags, or the want of them beneath. His shoes, light pumps, were laced with black thread. There he was in all his misery sitting in the glare of the light in a most conspicuous place where all his full-lengthed wretchedness could be seen. He was set in the uppermost room at the feast, which was too much for his comfort, and he rolled his blood-shot eyes about in search of a corner to escape into out of sight. Seeing none he tried to smooth his face into becoming gravity and only succeeded in looking more drunkenly hideous. I felt a dreadful terror lest he should notice me and claim me as an old acquaintance. I could not keep my eyes off him, as he sat there, holding his hat, as if he could not find a place to lay it down. Oh, such a hat! all battered and bruised, and torn and crushed out of all shape and resem-

blance to anything. One of the hall servants brought him the basket of Christmas cakes. He stared at him with surprise but the man stood gravely immovable, till he dropped the dreadful hat close by his feet and helped himself. Then came the tea—one cup after another, hot, strong and sweet. He eat and drank with visible enjoyment. He must have been perishing with cold and hunger. I am sure he enjoyed the light and warmth and beauty after the keen cold that was outside. The food must have seemed to his need almost miraculous. The festival was nearly over when he came in, and he had done eating only a little while, when the hall servant began to go round with the collection box. As soon as he saw it coming a sense of his moneyless condition came over him for he rose and made for the door, and escaped into the darkness. He remembered the tea and cake after he got sober, and boasted of having been at the Moravian Christmas Festival. He used to say if ever he left the ancient Faith—as if he had a Faith of any kind poor fellow—that he would certainly join the Moravians.

Many a one wondered as they dispersed from the festival, who the wretched looking creature was. I was the only one in the congregation that knew, I suppose, but I was not very proud of the knowledge and did not share it with any one. I was glad, however, and so were they all, that he had got a share of the feast.

CHAPTER XI.

"An end comes to the darkest day,
And the bright sunshine comes back after rain."

It was during this Christmas vacation that I was first taken notice of by the dearest of all the friends of my school days, Sister Keren Borg, the Labouress among the single sisters. A lady whose memory lingers like a blessing in the minds of all who came under her influence.

Well I remember the day on which I was first invited to go to see her, my anxiety to appear well, the flutter I was in about my dress, how I tried first one then another, and finally settled on my brown merino because it was my best, adding a little lace collar and neck-ribbon which had been my dear mamma's. With what nervousness I rung the bell at the great door, and followed the porteress, Sister McClosky, with timid steps, through the spacious hall, up the wide staircase till she knocked for me at Miss Borg's door. I learned to know by heart that pleasant home-like room. Even now as I write I can recal it most distinctly. I remember the paper on the walls, the pattern of the carpet, the motherly sofa in its cover of green and white striped chintz, the pictures of Herrenhut and Count Zinzendorf above the mantlepiece, with quaint card racks on each side, the ornamental curiosities on the mantel-shelf, Miss Borg's chair and table at the window and the footstool on which I loved to sit, I see them all, they are parts of a picture indelibly printed on my memory. Above all I remember the fair kind motherly face, softly tinged with pink like an autumn apple, the clear eyes with a wealth of love and pity in their stedfast look, eyes that beamed as if they had never looked fierce with anger or hopeless with sorrow, eyes that could not look sly or sarcastic; the whole face in its repose, in its strength of goodness and patience spoke of faith in God, of a trust that had tried and proved him and through conflict, had reached the eventide of peace. This was Miss Borg, and when I add that she was always dressed in soft material of drab or brown, her cap and kerchief-net of the finest, the simple border of quilling drawn close round her face and tied with a bow of white ribbon, that her voice and hands had the tremble of age in them; I have described her as truly as I can. I cannot tell how or why this old lady drew

me towards her. I was a lonely little thing at my first entrance into the settlement, I had some quaint thoughts of my own and perhaps I amused her and perhaps it was merely the outflow of her motherly heart in sympathy. These grand glorious single women who have never been bound down to one hearthstone or absorbed in its cares and blessings, they are free to pity the solitary and have a large share of Our Father's mercifulness for the fatherless. She soon found the key to my heart and soon knew all my sorrows and struggles. It was a blessing to me to find one who understood and sympathised with me, wise to counsel and tender to blame. Her advice and instruction ran like golden threads through the warp and woof of my school life, among its faults and follies, high aspirations, endeavors and failures.

Other friendships came to me, young and fresh with the romance which God puts into the hearts of children, but none so powerful for my good as hers. I wish that my gratitude might reach her where she reigns with her Lord that she might know her loving kindness was not altogether wasted.

I was acquainted with my venerable friend for some time before I found courage to tell her of my search after God.

"You have been indeed wandering upon the dark mountains my poor lamb," she said, "the trials of life have come to thee in God's providence very early. After all it is not, my little one, what trials we meet by the way, but where the path leads, that is of most importance. The way has been rough to thy feet, and, stumbling about, I am afraid thou hast lost sight of His banner over thee which is love."

"I thought God might care if I was alone among so many, and always blamed whatever I did, but He did not," I said.

"He does care, my Elizabeth; He does feel for thee; He is touched with our sorrows, knows their heaviness, for He carried them when he bore our sins. He knows how much bitterness to mix with every cup—with yours—with mine, for truly I too have tasted bitterness. He cares for thy suffering but he cares more for what thou wilt become. When the Lord Christ came to seek for thee and me and other silly sheep who were running each in his own way His path lay not among roses but it led to the lost. He trod the sorrowful way, drank the bitterest cup, all because our souls were precious in his sight."

"If He loved me," I persisted, "when He is Almighty He might have taken my part against the rest, He might have interfered to save me from injustice,"

"Hast thou been seeking a strong champion to redress thy wrongs? Did'st thou consider God as a free lance or a knight errant whom thou mightest hire by thy prayers or influence by thy tears to undertake thy cause. The God whom you thus seek you will not find, my child. God is our Father —Father to us and to those with whom we are angry. Truly He is the Judge of all the earth and He will do right. He is the Great Redresser of wrong; but he knows when, and where, and how to interfere, and how long it is best we should endure, and whether it is discipline or punishment that has been our help."

"He knows right from wrong; that must always be the same. 'Rewarding the good and punishing the evil,' is what the catechism says."

"Are you good, my Elizabeth?"

"No," I said, hanging down my head, "not in his sight, but I was trying to be good to Aunt and my cousins, and she was unjust to me."

"My dear child, if God through electing love, has chosen you to bear the yoke in your youth, to stand in a difficult place, you stand for Him, as one whom He honors with a trust, a

charge to keep,—you occupy till He comes. Let your *I serve* be rendered lovingly and cheerfully as to Him and wait patiently, till the end of this discipline being answered, He bid you come up higher to serve Him in another position. Ask God to fix the yoke to your neck, to pour in the oil of consolation where it galls. Always remember the dignity of service, the honor of being chosen to a place ; and you are chosen not doomed ; chosen to be where you are, and what you are, child, you are beloved for the father's sake. Think of this, it is He who loves you, who has appointed the bounds of your habitation, and after all it is with Him you have to do. Looking at things in the light of God you may discover *mein Kind* that your service even towards your Aunt has not been entirely perfect."

"I know that already, but I do try, I do want to do right," I said.

"Well, little one, bearing wrong is not so dreadful as doing wrong. Wrong doing leaves evil marks on the human soul, but angry resentment leaves marks too. Remember that."

"But I want to be a little happy like the rest," I said.

"We all want to be happy, my Elizabeth ; we all search for happiness, but we do not find it unless we are brought where it is ; 'At His right hand are pleasures for ever more.' You have wandered away from Him into the wilderness where anger and resentment parch up the soul. Come back to Him who is as the dew to Israel and you will revive as the corn and grow as the vine. When he has forgiven you, and comforted you, enlarged your heart and filled it with His presence, you will know happiness because you will have entered into blessedness."

Conversations like these were like beautiful music to me. I did not understand them but I enjoyed them. The calm of my childhood at the Manse came back to me with an added beauty and sweetness because of the dark days at Enbridge that preceded them. Nevertheless I did not set myself to return to the God of my father, the better times that had come to me instead of stirring me up to seek God soothed me into self-complacency, as if I was receiving at the Lord's hand double for my sorrow, and deserved it. Whenever past vows of serving God, made under the pressure of my childish trials, came crowding up into my mind demanding fulfilment, there came also visions of innocent pleasures, of things of beauty that served to glorify the hard life of duty and reality, saying, "Can you give up all these before you have tasted of them, turn your back on all that is light and gay and enjoyable, flowers and song, poetry and romance, for a hard, stern path of duty leading to an early grave?"

Of course I did not know that the Great Schemer was showing me visions of a kingdom of this world and the glory of it to win my heart's worship. Of course I did not know that he always promised roses and paid thorns. As I had turned from God in my babyish sorrows so I turned from him in the happiness of childish enjoyments. I formed close school-girl friendships,and "proved myself with mirth." It would have surprised any of the girls to have known of my serious conversation with Miss Borg for I was counted a merry girl, when I could be lured away from my book. I could not get rid of earnest thought, but I kept it down, did not let it rise to my face for common occasions. I preferred to seem thoughtless and gay to my companions, covering from sight a constant want, a constant yearning, but

> "Keeping my faith and prayers
> Among the privatest of my affairs."

When I was alone I was compelled to an uneasy examination of myself, to see if I was getting any nearer to God, any surer of his favor, any more certain that I was a Christian, or even

that I was gradually changing into one.

When the girls discovered me in a corner, and coaxed me into their pastimes I was the gayest of them all. Even this made me unhappy, fearing I was a hypocrite, because I seemed so much more thoughtless and merry than I really was. I got a new idea, new to me I mean, from Mary Darling, the little Kerry girl. She had lost a little sister whom she loved dearly and for whom she sorrowed deeply. One day forgetting her grief for a while she was playing merrily with the rest when Sophia Ross, a girl who liked to say disagreeable things, remarked to her:

"I wonder Mary Darling, you can be so light-hearted, and your mourning so new!"

"I am not light-hearted," said Mary, stopping suddenly in her play, "I am light-headed, and I am very sorry for it;" and she left her game and went away by herself and cried bitterly.

We were all angry at Sophia Ross, and I think she was angry at herself for making such a bitter remark. Her words set me wondering if it was light-headedness ailed me, when I felt more than I dare show to any one but the one aged friend, and God who knew whether I willed it or not.

The days floated on to the midsummer vacation, and again Annie went home and I was left behind. Every one was very kind to me because I did not go home. The loveliest girl in the school and the best anywhere—beautiful Lily Adair, tried by every kindly means to make me forget that I was not desired at Aunt's. I was invited to her home during the vacation: She lived with her aunts, the Miss Crawfords. I had always worshipped Lily from afar, being with her increased my love for her. To me she was an embodied poem, her name hardly expressed all her loveliness of mind and person.

My vacation was no punishment to me, on the contrary, Lily and I had a splendid time. Together we wandered by the Maine water, to the grove, and the far Trilinn, and over the grassy ruin called Rory Og; from her lips I learned the sad legends connected with this ruined castle of the McQuillans. She knew all the haunts where wild flowers grew; the birds seemed to tell her the secret of where their nests were hid for she knew all about them, and well she knew how to pass the time with song, romance and lay: That vacation was the brief bright time of close companionship with Lily the beautiful and lofty hearted. She was older than I was and left school shortly afterwards. She slipped away from us entirely before long and lies asleep with the green mantle of Erin spread over her in the graveyard of Himmel-en-erde.

I had another school friend a bright auburn haired girl, Marion Lindsay, who was as fond of books as I was, and had a wonderful facility for getting herself and everybody else into scapes. She had a great love for poetry of which I knew nothing except the Scottish version of the Psalms and the Moravian Hymns or stray pieces found in the corner of the "Ulster Times" She smuggled Burns' Poems into school and lent them to me, and I neglecting everything else got mentally drunk over them. The "Address to the Deil" fascinated me and I spent some time in framing a reply in doggerel imitation, but was found out and complained of to Miss Borg, to whom was given a copy of my attempt at imitating the inimitable, to show her the depravity of her favorite. It was Greek to Miss Borg, whose English did not extend into broad Scotch. She submitted it to a sister who had no partiality for me, but was an enthusiastic admirer of Burns, She pronounced it harmless and rather clever for me.

Marion and I escaped, as far as Miss Borg was concerned, with a gentle request that we would write a composi-

tion on the text 'Cease to do evil, learn to do well.' Which Marion did in school girl prose and I in doggerel rhyme. We had escaped so easily that there was no improvement in our studies. Marion was averse to arithmetic, did not see the use of girls bothering about it. I thinking differently was classed with her because we were so much together. We gave ourselves up to reading until we had the reputation of being the idlest girls in school. Book after book was borrowed, secreted and read, and we lived "in fantasy." One evening, because of idleness, we had to remain in the school-room after school hours. Our teacher gave us the Rule for Simple Proportion to study so as to be able to solve a problem by the Rule without any assistance or explanation. It was not difficult to learn the rule, and I mastered it in a short time, and by rule worked out the first example, a very simple one.

"Have you done Marion?" I asked, looking up. No answer from Marion who sat with her head bowed down over her desk.

"She is reading," I said to myself and jumped up and ran over to her. She was reading in Walter Scott's "Marmion," the trial of Constance. I read a line over her shoulder, became interested, sat down beside her, Marion kindly sharing the book, and was soon utterly lost to the outer world. It was not our usual teacher who had charge of us that day but one of the single sisters who had taken our teacher's place for the time being. She had a rooted belief in the original sin of schoolgirls, therefore she would have been disappointed if she had found us studying. Being assured we were doing something unlawful she came in, shod in velvet, and stood behind us before we were aware of her presence.

"Miss Lyndsay, have you accomplished your task?" she asked, addressing Marion.

Marion confessed she had not, and Miss Langley turned away and left us for another hour without waiting to see whether I had done anything or not. Birds of a feather we were in her eyes. Of course we were both punished aud disgraced. Only a few days afterwards Marion induced me to slip out and go across the bridge to the next village to get a book for her, the loan of which she had been promised. My reward was to be permission to read the book before it was returned. I consented, slipped out an hour before school time, and went swiftly on my errand. I received the book and returning could not resist the temptation of dipping into it a little. It was Walter Scott's "Rob Boy," I walked along reading, and got so absorbed that I jostled against some ladies who were walking in an opposite direction. I looked up quickly to apologize, when one of the ladies said:

"Did you ever see such a resemblance?"

"Resemblance to whom?" said her companion.

"Look and see," exclaimed the first speaker, then turning to me, she said: "What is your name my dear?"

"Elizabeth Loftus Ray," I answered.

"I thought so," she said. "Now Evaleen, look, do not you recognize those eyes?"

The lady called Evaleen, looked at me carelessly as I stood blushing under her scrutiny, and said, "Yes, her eyes are very like Nora O'Neil's."

"They are the very same. This must be Nora's child. What was your father's name, my dear?"

"Walter Ray," I answered. "He was a minister and he's dead."

"It is certainly the child," said the lady. "Norah named her baby Elizabeth Loftus after Lady Fitzgerald."

"And your father is dead also?" said the lady, turning to me. "How do you come to be here my dear?"

"I am going to school at Himmel-

en-erde," I said. "I came over here to borrow a book."

"Quite like Norah in her love for books," said the lady to her companion, "she is very much like her mother. We must see more of you. We must positively. Where shall we see you?"

"At the school," I answered. "It is against the rules that I am here now."

"Breaking the rules? Ah that is not so well! We will not detain you now; we will see you again."

I hastened back with the book and got in unperceived. There was a tumult of feeling in my mind. These ladies—real ladies, knew my mother, and her name was Nora O'Neil. So strange to think that I had never heard it before. I never got through my studies so badly. I was reproved several times, I was told I would require a shaking to wake me up. I was in a tumultous dream and did not wish to be wakened. I started at every sound, hoping some one would come to enquire for me. Marion who was next me in class whispered "What have you done that you start so?"

I turned to her with a smile, but did not answer. I could not say, I have heard my mother's name for the first time, heard her spoken of as one who was worthy, as my father said she was, though at Enbridge they called her a Moabitish woman. Nora O'Neil, the words repeated themselves in my mind like the refrain of a song set to sweet music.

Next day, when I had begun to fear that the ladies had forgotten me, I heard myself asked for at the door. I got a half-holiday, and permission to spend the afternoon with the lady who had sent for me. I was to go to the Brethren's house and ask for Mrs. Villiers. I knew that the Brethren's house, emptied by emigration, had been vacant for a long time, except two solitary specimens of the brethren who remained like two last roses of summer, left blooming alone. Some of the unused rooms were occupied temporarily by an English lady, this Mrs. Villiers.

When I rang the bell, an elderly maid-servant showed me into the parlor where I found the two ladies whom I had met on the bridge and another older one. They treated me very kindly, loaded me with sweets and showed me many pretty things. I had come expecting to hear something of my dear dead mother that would add to the scanty knowledge which I had gained about her, but I was disappointed, it was to gain not to impart information that the ladies had sent for me. I saw that they looked upon me as something queer and foreign to them, something to be examined with amused curiosity. They questioned me about my papa, my lost mamma, my aunt, and my life at Enbridge and how I liked it.

I tried to be guarded in my answers but I was not, I was helpless in the hands of the three questioners, I found myself telling things they had no right to know and saying things I should not say until I was ready to cry and ask to be allowed to go home. They noticed my distress in telegraphic looks to one another, and one of the ladies took my hand and led me to a little table, saying,

"Here is a beautiful book which you may look at. If you are like your mother you love books. You will never, it is likely, see a book like this again."

It was truly a magnificent book, bound in purple velvet, heavily gilt, with a coat of arms and a monogram in gold on the back. It was the poems of Lady Flora Hastings, the *vourneen bawn* as the Irish call her. I became quite interested in this book, turned the leaves with a feeling of delightful awe. The faint sweet perfume that clung to the leaves was an odor wafted from the highest of high life. I felt the honor of handling such an aristocratic book to

my very finger tips. A small part of the glory of it would surely be reflected on me. The poems themselves were splendid for they mentioned the greatest and highest persons with the familiarity of acquaintanceship, breathed of palaces and palace gardens, castles and towers. I was lost in the wonderful book when I was recalled to present things by the subdued tones of the ladies talking about my mother. I had been carefully taught that it was mean and unladylike to listen to a conversation not addressed to me, but I did listen eagerly, because everything about my dead mother was a mystery to me. I excused myself to myself by saying that I could not help hearing when they talked before me.

"Poor Nora," said one of the ladies' "to think of her burying herself in a poor Presbyterian manse, to live on some miserable stipend, as I think they call their income."

"I think Nora did as well for herself as could be expected," remarked the one whom they called Evaleen. "She was clever it is true but much too plain to be a very great attraction. If she had been wealthy now, it would have been different."

"It might have been different as it was, if Lady Fitzgerald's patronage or relationship amounted to anything," replied the other.

"Well, one should surely think so," assented Miss Evaleen, but then we do not know all the circumstances."

The oldest of the ladies remarked in a soft voice, "You forget that she was very distantly related to Lady Fitzgerald, and only a governess, what could she expect?"

"I do think she might have done better for herself," said one of the younger ladies. "Don't you Evaleen?"

"I do not really know if she could," replied Miss Evaleen. "She had not a mob of admirers to choose from. There was old Colonel Skinner, he was quite in love with her, but he had such a wretched temper, his first wife led a dreadful life with him; and young Skeffington admired her exceedingly, but he was a weak, dissipated little wretch. I do not know but she was happier for the little while she lived in the Manse than she would have been with either of them."

"I suppose if Lady Fitzgerald had lived she would have provided for this little one?"

"I dare say she would, if she had no nearer demands on her benevolence. It would have been like her. She got perfectly absurd with the dreadfully levelling doctrines of these Evangelicals; absurd enough for anything. Both Nora and she imbibed the theological notions of the Presbyterian minister that Nora married."

"Had Nora any fortune at all?" said the one called Evaleen.

"Not a *sou;* but she had high descent, through the O'Neils, up to Brian Boru, or Hiram King of Tyre, for aught I know, the native blood is derived from Phenicia, is not it? It was queer for her to find her level among County Down Presbyterians."

"She was always queer, but very excellent, and all that. She was a little puritan saint, but she actually believed that her heart was as wicked as that of the commonest wretch."

I listened to their conversation and I felt mean because I did, but I heard little to satisfy my curiosity. I resented bitterly the tone of languid indifference with which they talked of my mother. She was a poor relation, and that seemed to cast a slur over the excellence they acknowledged. And dear, good papa, with what supercilious contempt they spoke of him. These ladies could not be my people, or akin to me, I would rather, I felt, be desolate and alone than with them, or of them. The memories of my father and my mother were high memories to me. Up to their standard I desired to grow. I could not bear to hear them

spoken lightly of. I was glad when it was time for me to go, and I made my adieus with the determination never to come back. I was very silent about this evening, silent to Marion and all the rest of the girls. I always was silent when I was deeply hurt—hurt enough to come to a determination.

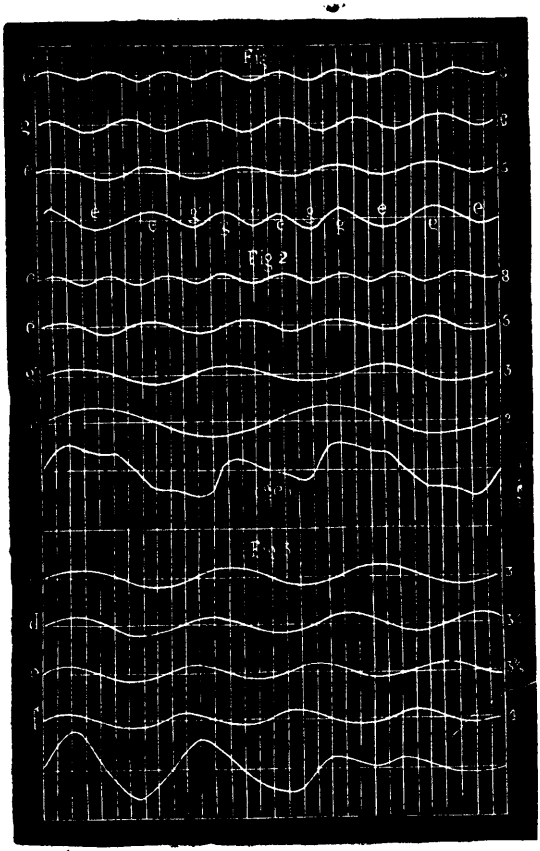
(To be continued).

PRESERVED SPEECH.

It would be pleasant to hear Richard Brinsley Sheridan deliver his famous "Begum" speech in these declining days of oratory. It would be delicious to hear Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick and others of their time give one of their round-the-table talks in public without the atmosphere of smoke and beer. Scholars would delight to hear Cicero deliver his orations as against Cataline, and to hear his undelivered addresses as he practiced them in private, perhaps before a mirror. The spirit of young and ambitious men would rise within them with a new knowledge of their value, could they hear their champion, the young Pitt, respond to Sir Horace Walpole—"The atrocious crime of being a young man I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny," with the sentences which followed. The power to endure would be greatly increased in those who are suffering, were they to hear the last triumphal shouts of the martyrs, as their spirits departed from bodies mangled by savage beasts, or ascended to heaven through the curling smoke of the persecuting fires. Idolatry would be put to shame were it possible for Elijah's mocking voice to be heard crying to the prophets of Baal or Carmel and taunting them to pray to their gods who were asleep, or eating, or drinking, or otherwise engaged in their own business. It would be a grand experience to hear Peter defending himself and his belief before the multitude, or Paul preaching before Festus. If all these and as well the grandest utterances of past ages and of the present time could be caught in the act, as it were, so as to be faithfully reproduced when occasion demanded, the privilege of listening to them would be one which could not be fully estimated.

But there may be some disadvantages connected with even such privileges. With the treasures of the past and present at demand, there is danger that there would be no room for men of ordinary ability, and that all hopes of becoming an orator would be crushed out of the ambitious youths of the present day. But again, as those accustomed to hear the most beautiful and polished language from their infancy up, inherit it almost as a birthright, so the result of habitually hearing the grandest thoughts, most forcibly and elegantly expounded, might be that the youth would endeavor to follow the example of the noblest orators in preference to that of the stump speaker or the local philosophical and oratorical prodigy. However this may be, we will not delay to speculate but will refer at once to the possibility of preserving speech so as to be reproduced at will.

A few years ago when at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, late at night, in company with others, the writer visited the Office of the Anglo-American Telegraphic Company. The officers were delighted to receive strangers in that seldom visited portion of the world and showed our party the greatest attention. There we saw the wonderfully delicate apparatus for receiving messages; saw the latter written by a pen hung on an almost invisible hair, and also saw them read from the swiftly changing shade line on an illuminated mirror, as explained in a recent article in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY. The party were introduced to lonely waiters in Valencia, Ireland, and over the wires came the response from the Green Isle, "Glad to make your acquaintance." In a few minutes the parties on both sides of the Atlantic were as well acquainted as verbal introductions could make them, and we sang out of compliment to our new made trans-Atlantic friends, "The Last Rose of Summer," which was transmitted, and in a few minutes the shadow on our mirror flitted backward and forward as if possessed with uncontrollable life, and the receiving operator read off slowly the words of "Kathleen Mavourneen," which to do our part as faithful representatives of a Montreal audience, we felt called upon to "*encore*." All thought the little exhibition was wonderful and more than one of the party expressed the opinion that art had taken its furthest step in the direction of conveying information by wire.



TONE CURVES.

Not many days ago, however, in Montreal, a visit was paid to the offices of the City and District Telegraphic Company, and a conversation carried on with the pupils of a seminary for young ladies some three-quarters of a mile away. Songs were sung and heard with distinctness. The singers and speakers could have been distinguished by the voice, so distinct was the sound; and the music of a piano played in the room of the seminary was conveyed over the wire to the watchers in the Telegraph office. Those present were then disposed to say, "Will anything in the matter of recording speech more wonderful than this be made known." Rumors of the wonderful powers possessed by the Phonograph had been common,

but its merits were then not fully recognized.

The invention of the Telephone proved conclusively that by the employment of an artificial imitation of the mechanism of the human ear, and the action of the voltaic current, audible signals or sounds could be reproduced. This mechanism in the case of the Telephone consisted of a stretched membrane corresponding to the tympanum or drum of the ear, which, by its vibrations, opens and closes an electric circuit extended to a distant station by a metallic conductor. Mr. Philip Reis, recently read the following observations on the subject of the reproduction of musical tones, at the Free Institute at Frankfort-on-the-Main, conveying

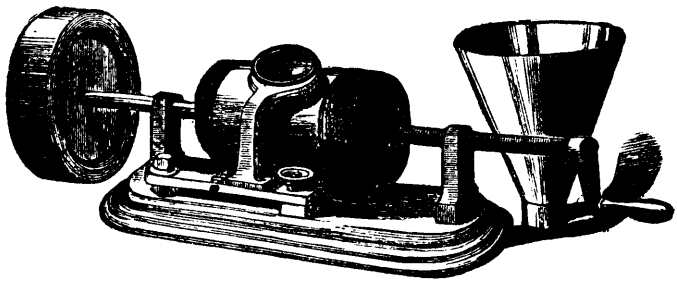


FIG. 4.—EDISON'S SPEAKING PHONOGRAPH.

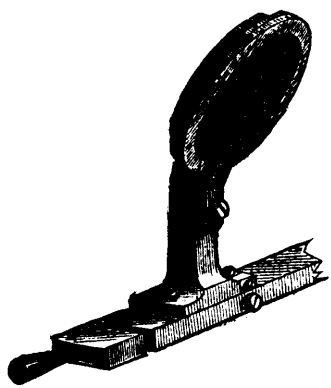


FIG. 5.—DIAPHRAGM OF THE SPEAKING PHONOGRAPH.

a tolerably clear idea of the manner in which they are produced. He says:

"If we analyze the process by which the ear distinguishes a simple sound, we find that a tone results from the alternate expansion and condensation of an elastic medium. If this process takes place in the medium in which the ear is situated, namely, the atmosphere, then at each recurring condensation the elastic membrane or tympanum will be pressed inward, and these vibrations will be transmitted by the mechanism above referred to, to the auricular nerves. The greater the degree of condensation of the elastic medium in a given time, the greater is the amplitude of the movement of the tympanum, and consequently of the mechanism which acts upon the nerves. A series of vibrations, a definite number of which are produced in a given time, and of which we thus become cognizant, is called a tone. If several simple tones are produced simultaneously, the sound conducting medium is subjected to a force which is the resultant of several simultaneously existing forces acting upon each other according to the ordinary laws of mechanics. In accordance with this principle we may construct, from the condensation, curves representing several simultaneous tones a single resultant curve which will correctly represent the effect produced upon the ear.

"Fig. 1 shows a curve representing a composite tone formed by the combination of three simple tones in which

all the relations of the components return successively.

"Fig. 2 represents such a curve formed of more than three tones, in which the relations do not appear so

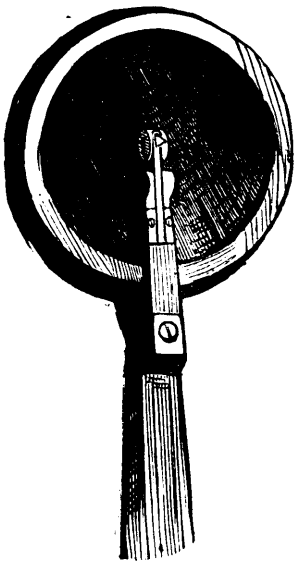


FIG. 6.—UNDER SIDE OF MOUTH PIECE, SHOWING VIBRATING SPRING AND POINT.

distinctly, but a musical expert will readily recognize them, even when it would be difficult in practice for him to distinguish the simple tones in such a chord. We can understand by reference to Fig. 3 why it is that the ear is so disagreeably affected by a discord.

With these facts thoroughly understood it will not be difficult to comprehend the action of the Phonograph which is doubly a marvel from its great simplicity. Barnum's talking machine with its keys, bellows, pulleys, cranks, joints, hinges, springs, and its wheezy unearthly voice appeared to be a wonderful stride in the direction of mechanical speech, but it required some imagination to convince the most appreciative hearer that there was in the sound any resemblance to the human voice, while no one for an instant imagined that it would be of any practical use. The phonograph is on the contrary the simplest of mechanical contrivances, consisting of a hollow brass cylinder six or more inches long by three or four in diameter, with about as much accompanying machinery as a fluting iron. (fig 4) This cylinder is mounted on a shaft with a crank for turning it at one end, and a balance wheel at the opposite one, each extending about the length of the cylinder beyond it. A spiral groove extends from one end of the cylinder to the other, encircling it ten times in an inch. The axle of the cylinder is grooved so that when it is turned the screw thread will cause it to advance or recede so as exactly to correspond with the groove on the cylinder. In front of the cylinder there is a movable bar or arm which supports a mouth-piece or diaphragm of gutta-percha, (fig 5) on the under side of which there is a disk of thin metal such as that used for a photographer's "tin type." A spring attached to the rim of the diaphragm holds at its extreme end a fine steel point (fig. 6) whose vibrations are modified by an India-rubber cushion between the point and the disk. When the diaphragm is to be used, it is clamped in a

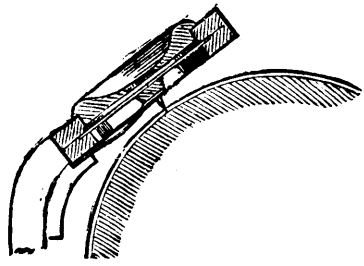


FIG. 7.—THE STYLUS IN POSITION.

fixed position above or in front of the cylinder, thus bringing the stylus always directly above the groove in the cylinder as the latter is turned and advances or recedes. (fig. 7)

Before the machine is put into operation the grooved cylinder is covered with a sheet of tin foil which is tightly wrapped around it. (Fig. 8).

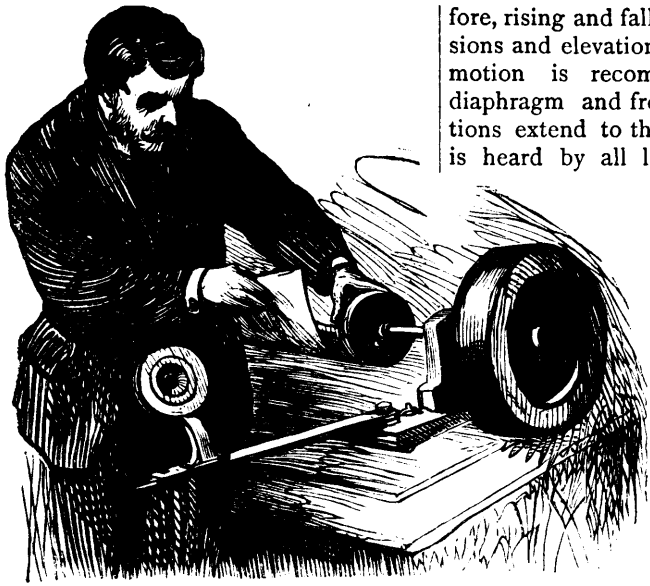
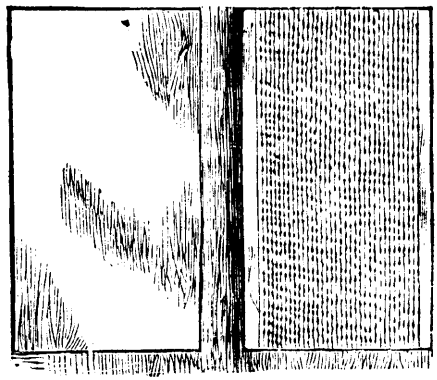


FIG. 8.—PLACING TIN FOIL ON CYLINDER.

The stylus is adjusted as previously described, so as to press lightly against that part of the tin foil immediately over the groove. The operator now talks into the mouth piece in a voice slightly above that ordinarily used in conversation, the crank at the same time being turned. The diaphargm being caused to vibrate by the action of the voice—the vibrations of the two being exactly the same—the stylus attached to the diaphragm sinks into the soft and yielding tin foil, making along the grooved line in the brass cylinder below a series of indentations of different depths varying with the amplitude of the vibrations of the diaphragm, or, going back to the cause, with the inflections or modulations of the speaker's voice. Now, when the communication has been completed, the clamp to which the diaphragm is attached is loosened and the cylinder turned back to the starting point. The diaphragm may then be replaced, as in the first instance, and, the handle being turned in the same direction, the stylus will travel over the course as before, rising and falling with the depressions and elevations of the tin foil; the motion is recommunicated to the diaphragm and from thence the vibrations extend to the ear and the sound is heard by all listeners near by.

As the speed of the vibrations has very much to do with the nature of the sound produced it evidently will be necessary to have the cylinder travel at some uniform standard rate, by clockwork, or other means, and it is to be presumed that it will not be long before this will be done. Mr. Thomas A. Edison of Menlo Park, New Jersey, the inventor, is at work on this subject and is perfecting a machine whereby speeches, and vocal and instrumental music may be automatically recorded and perfectly reproduced, with mechanism so arranged with a circular plate instead of a cylinder, that the plate may be started and stopped instantly or reversed at will, thus affording many advantages to speakers and copyist.



TIN FOIL BEFORE USE. AFTER USE.

With this much gained it is not difficult to imagine the perfection to which the machine may be brought. Instead of tin foil, *papier maché* or other substances which after taking the impression will harden so that the message may be sent to any distance or be preserved for ages, will be used, and what has been suggested in the first sentences in regard to days long past may be true in the future with regard to the present. Mr. Edison is now, also, experimenting upon some adaptation of compressed air by which he thinks the sound waves may be intensified. This is necessary from the fact that by the slight friction of the different portions of the instrument, and the resistance of the tin foil, some little force is lost. If Mr. Edison's experiments in this direction be successful there can be no doubt that the sounds may be intensified to an almost illimitable extent, and, as he himself expects, the phonograph will be used to warn vessels off from dangerous coasts and for similar purposes, giving more explicit information than the fog horns at present in use.

It is within the range of possibility that before many years have passed the speeches of leaders in parliament and out of it, may be reproduced in every section of the land, and when any one of them forgets a statement made years before, the proof plate will be hunted up out of the archives, carefully adjusted by some opposition member and out of the grave of the past will come the proof of changed opinions, or at least of the changed expressions of opinions. Some enterprising caterers to the public needs will carry around in his valise, proof plates of lectures made by the Spurgeons, Punshons, Talmages, and Cooks of the age. They will be reproduced at low rates, and the question will be, did you hear Spurgeon "ground out" last night? Then the things said in secret may be reproduced on the house-tops, and it may be literally true that walls, have ears and mouths as well. Then the migratory organ grinder may turn his handle to a speech of Ben Butler, while the industrious monkey picks up the coppers frightened out of the pockets of the passers by. Then the coming Titiens or Rosa will become common property, their ethereal strains being reproduced by the burly arm of the organ grinder for the halfpence of the staring urchins and open-mouthed children. Then the reporter instead of requiring to study the *phonography* now commonly used to make reports, will bring his instrument with him and write down what it tells him from the speaker's own lips, and with the proof at hand there will not be so many complaints of being misreported. Then—but it is hard to tell what will be then. Men, as Mrs. Shipton informs us may fly through the air as birds, swim through the water as fishes, and walk through the fire as a salamander, and unless the work of improvement is stayed, believe themselves to be gods, and rest content in the evidences of the work of their own hands.

G. H. F.

TWO SCOTTISH HEROES.

PART II.

THE KING AS A COMBATANT.

The first appearance on the scene of the king is in bright contrast with the character he eventually assumed; and a glance at him then prepares the mind for a deeper sympathy with the bitter, humiliating, perplexing disappointment experienced by the Scottish people in connection with their tenderly cherished and carefully trained young king, around whom so many hopes had clustered. It was on their first journey to Glasgow that the two Melvilles, stopping two days at Stirling, were introduced to him. James Melville is always the recorder. It is through his diary that the uncle's portrait and history got the life-like charm they certainly possess. James was at that time a little lad between eight and nine. "The switest syht in all Europe," says James Melville, "for extraordinar gifts of ingyne, judgment, memorie and language. I hard him discourse, walking up and down in the auld Ladie Marr's land, of knawledge and ignorance, to my great marvell and astonishment." But years passed on, and early promises were not fulfilled. James took his place as Scottish king with an alert, but shallow mind broadly awake to his own powers, but not to any deficiencies; eager for applause and jealous of the slightest trenching upon his prerogatives, or even implied censure of his doings or neglects. Hostile as the regent had shown himself to the freedom of the Church, and much as he had tried to intrude his Episcopal pin into the works of the Presbyterian machine, his enmity seems a small thing compared with the persistent, though often dissembled, detestation of the national Church apparent throughout the whole course of Scotland's new ruler. The secret of this state of matters is not hard to seek. Perhaps no position on earth would have suited James's temper better than to have been king of a nation of Medes and Persians. To be regarded as an oracle, even a little national deity, so that what he commanded should be right *because* he commanded it, and whatsoever he condemned should be wrong for a like reason—such a state of public sentiment would have come nearer to satisfying the kind of vanity which possessed him than any other sort of adulation. The literary effusions of such a king would surely have sounded through his empire until they returned from the remotest corners in echoes of the most ostentatious admiration. The political sayings of such an one would become, from the mere fact of their origin, not merely the convictions of the people, but their laws. And who in his dominions would think of criticising the religious opinions of one who was to them the representative of deity? Fancy the feelings of such a Medo-Persian prince were a band of ministers to refuse to honor a bishop whom he had declared himself delighted to honor! Or to send a deputation to expostulate with him concerning any of his doings? or climax of presumption, to decline his judgment in case of prosecution, appealing from it to the bar of their own Assembly! Would it be a matter of surprise that insulted royalty should chafe at any laws impeding swift retri-

bution, or leap over such impudent barriers wherever that might be possible? With a free Presbyterian Church the position of Ahasuerus was unattainable by James. Turn which way he would out of the path of right, there met him the ministers with their dignified, respectful obstinacy and uncourtly plain-speaking. It was a kind of resistance that he found particularly disagreeable and unmanageable. Andrew Melville, as their most active and vehement leader, soon became a marked man; and his nephew James, whose courteous manners were mistaken for feebleness of principle, was for some time a favorite at court. A closer acquaintance with the texture of the man was not long in losing him what his affability had won.

James soon came to the conclusion that Morton had done that, which if he would even approximate to absolute power, he must spoil the Church and that the surest way to do so was to convert it into an Episcopacy. The first vacant bishopric was committed for disposal to Lennox, one of the kings most dreaded favorites, and he sought out a man after his own heart to take the office of bishop. It was not easy in those days to find a Presbyterian minister sufficiently regardless of public opinion to count a bishopric a boon, but one Robert Montgomery, minister of Stirling, at last received the offer and accepted it. As a member of the Assembly the new made bishop was subject to its legislation, and was eagerly called to the bar at its first meeting subsequent to his elevation. The king by an authoritative message threw the shield of his will over the delinquent as to his office, but left the Assembly to proceed against him on other grounds if they had them. Melville accordingly came forward with a libel consisting of fifteen articles. The prosecution went on in spite of the king. Much determination was shown on both sides, but the law was on the side of the ministers; so urgent requests to let the new bishop alone, or authoritative messages to desist, on pain of being considered rebels, from the whole prosecution, all drew forth nothing but a respectful letter stating the views of the Assembly on the subject. The submission of the culprit was the occasion for a temporary lull in the storm beating about him, but measures were taken for prompt action should that submission prove a feigned one. The Presbytery to which was committed the oversight of the supposed penitent, had soon abundant proof that the Ethiopian had not changed his skin. They met, and, though their moderator, by order of the king, was dragged from his chair to prison for presuming to act in the matter, and blows and violence, besides, were used, they kept their constituted form long enough to do what they had met to do, to send the necessary official notices to the next higher court. That court showed the same spirit as the Presbytery had done and deposition and excommunication followed. "The court threatened and stormed" but the sentence pronounced was intimated on the following Sabbath from the principal pulpits of the land. Was it not little wonder that the would-be despot was confirmed in his conviction that he did not reign in his own land while Presbyterianism was allowed so respectfully and so legally to disregard the royal wishes and commands?

But the king would be king. By his sole authority he establishes the excommunicated man as a dignitary of the church that had rejected him from her membership. Penalties were laid upon those who should refuse him the honors hereby declared to be his, and insults, processes and banishment were the portion of some of those who persisted in opposition.

The deputation to the king, sent from the Assembly, extraordinarily convened just at this juncture, must have contained spirits wrought up to a high degree

of tension. "The favorites expressed high displeasure, on hearing of this deputation, and the rumor ran that the commissioners would be massacred if they ventured to approach the court. When they reached Perth, Sir James Melville of Halhill waited on James Melville, and besought him to persuade his Uncle not to appear, as Lennox and Arran were particularly incensed against him for the active part which he had taken in defeating their measures. When this advice was communicated to him, and his nephew began to urge him not to despise the friendly warning of their kinsman, Melville replied, 'I am not afraid, thank God! nor feeble-spirited in the cause and message of Christ; come what God pleases to send, our commission shall be executed.' Having next day obtained access to the king in council, he presented the remonstrance. When it had been read, Arran looking round the Assembly with a threatening countenance, exclaimed. 'Who dares subscribe these treasonable articles?' '*We dare*' replied Melville; and advancing to the table, he took the pen from the clerk and subscribed. The other commissioners immediately followed his example. Presumptuous and daring as Arran was, he felt awed and abashed for the moment. Lennox addressed the commissioners in a conciliatory tone; and they were peaceably dismissed. Certain Englishmen, who happened to be present, expressed their astonishment at the bold carriage of the ministers, and could scarcely be persuaded that they had not an armed force at hand to support them."

It became evident to the royal mind that Melville must be got rid of. It was just ten years after his return to Scotland that he was summoned before the privy council to answer for seditious and treasonable speeches uttered by him in his prayers and sermon on a certain day. Testimonials and explanations enough to satisfy the most suspicious were given in vain. It was very hard for the lamb to make it clear to the wolf that he was innocent. Now Melville was not altogether lamb-like in spirit, however much, regarding the king, he was so in innocence. He freely protested, and appealed from the tribunal now dealing with him to the church court, his ecclesiastical brethern being his proper judges in such circumstances. Speeches certainly, not calculated to smooth ruffled vanity, but never beneath the Christian and the scholar, were promptly set down as irreverence; and for these, and his appeal, not because he was found guilty of the crime of which he was accused, he was sentenced to imprisonment, and whatever further punishment, in person or goods, his sovereign majesty might deem merited. Being advised by those who knew that, yielding himself up to the solitary castle of Blackness, would prove the first step of the two lying between him and the scaffold, Melville, without acquainting his friends with his intentions, slipped through the fingers of the enemy, and betook himself to England, where he remained twenty months, James Melville in the meantime doing his utmost to keep the new college from complete disorganization.

It is impossible to give even a synopsis of such a life as that now before us, but one of the scenes must be given before closing this paper.

The king was absorbed in his conglomeration of heterogeneous amusements, among which writing commentaries and hunting with hawks occupied prominent places. Sundry indications led the ministers to suspect that mischief was brewing. An extraordinary meeting was convened, and extraordinary measures taken, in which Presbyterians were advised quietly to use such means as they had at command for gathering information from all parts of the land. So many keen eyes were not set a-watching in vain. In consequence of intelligence secretly

received, one of the ministers of Paisley, accompanied by students from Glasgow University, followed and caught a Papist messenger in the act of embarking for Spain. They took possession of his documents, which were pregnant enough, but from him and his accomplice a full disclosure of the plot was elicited. Three Scottish lords, papist at heart, and the king of Spain, were to have acted in concert, and by means of Spanish troops, the present order of things was to have been overturned, and Roman Catholicism either re-established or admitted to full toleration.

James was absent from his capital at the time of this amazing discovery, but on his return he acted as ridiculously and provokingly as it was possible to do. Instead of thanking those whose vigilance and promptness had saved the country and himself from imminent danger, he scolded and rebuked the ministers expressly for meddling with things that ought properly to have been left to the watchfulness and sagacity of the king himself. When convinced, however, of the reality and extent of the danger, he straitened his ruffled feathers a bit, and gave great promises of unmitigated severity to be exercised upon the culprits whose treachery had been so providentially brought to light.

But Scotland, at this crisis, was merely trifled with. The Popish lords, whom everybody knew to be guilty of the deepest dyed treason, somehow or other found their way into the tenderest corner of the royal heart and delays were resorted to, and falsehood deemed no crime, to screen them from the burning vengeance of the outraged nation.

The deceitful conduct and unsatisfactory attitude of the King toward these conspirators drew down upon him one of those deputations which were most distasteful to one who wanted neither advice nor rebuke. The commissioners of the General Assembly met at Cupar, and considered what was to be done in the circumstances. They appointed some of their number, the two Melvilles among the rest, "to go to Falkland, and exhort the King to prevent the evil consequences which would ensue from the measures pursuing. The deputies were admitted to a private audience of the king. They had agreed that James Melville should be their spokesman, on account of the courteousness of his address and the superior degree of respect which his majesty had uniformly expressed for him. But he had scarcely begun to speak when his majesty interrupted him, and, in a tone of irritation, challenged the meeting held at Cupar as illegal and seditious, and accused them of infusing unreasonable and unfounded fears into the minds of the people. James Melville was preparing to reply in his mild manner when his uncle, unable to restrain himself, or judging that the occasion called for a different style, stepped forward and addressed the king. His majesty showed the strongest reluctance to listen to his discourse, and summoned up all his authority to silence him; but Melville persevered, and taking hold of the sleeve of the king's gown in his fervor, and calling him *God's silly vassal*, he proceeded to address him in the following strain, perhaps the most singular, in point of freedom, that ever saluted royal ears, or that ever proceeded from the mouth of a loyal snbject, who would have spilt the last drop of his blood in defence of the person and honor of his prince. "Sir, we will always humbly reverence your majesty in public; but, since we have this occasion to be with your majesty in private, and since you are brought in extreme danger both of your life and crown, and along with you the country and the church of God are like to go to wreck for not telling you the truth and giving you faithful counsel, we must discharge our duty,

or else be traitors both to Christ and you. Therefore, sir, as divers times before I have told you, so now again I must tell you, there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland: there is King James, the head of the commonwealth, and there is Christ Jesus, the King of the church, whose subject James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdom he is not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member. Sir, those whom Christ has called and commanded to watch over His church, have power and authority from him to govern His spiritual kingdom both jointly and severally, the which no Christian king should control or discharge, but fortify and assist; otherwise they are not faithful subjects of Christ and members of his church. We will yield to you your place, and give you all due obedience; but again I say, you are not the head of the church, you cannot give us that eternal life which we seek for even in this world, and you cannot deprive us of it. Permit us then freely to meet in the name of Christ, and to attend to the interests of that church of which you are the chief member. Sir, when you were in your swaddling clothes, Christ Jesus reigned freely in this land in spite of all his enemies; his officers and ministers convened and assembled for the ruling and welfare of his church, which was ever for your welfare, defense and preservation, when these same enemies were seeking your destruction and cutting off. Their assemblies since that time continually have been terrible to these enemies, and most steadable to you. And now when there is more than extreme necessity for the continuance and discharge of that duty, will you (drawn to your own destruction by a devilish and most pernicious counsel) begin to hinder and dishearten Christ's servants and your own most faithful subjects, quarreling with them for their convening and the care they have of their duty to Christ and you, when you should rather commend and countenance them, as the godly kings and emperors did? The wisdom of your counsels which I call devilish, in this, that you must be served by all sorts of men, to come to your purpose and grandeur, Jew and Gentile, Papist and Protestant: and because the Protestants and ministers of Scotland are ever strong, and control the king, they must be weakened and brought low and taught how by stirring up a party against them, and, the king being equal and indifferent, both shall be fain to flee to him. But, sir, if God's wisdom be the only true wisdom, this will prove mere mad folly; his curse cannot but light upon it; in seeking both you shall lose both; whereas, in cleaving uprightly to God, his true servants would be your sure friends, and he would compel the rest counterfeitly and lyingly to give over themselves and serve you." During the delivering of this confounding speech his majesty's passion subsided. On recovering from the surprise into which he was thrown, along with all who were present, he repeated his asseverations that he had no previous knowledge of the return of the popish lords and pledged his word, that the proposals which they had been allowed to make should not be received till they left the kingdom, and that even then, he would show them no favor before they satisfied the church.

But the church got only words and promises; her enemies got the deed and effect!

Bishops were now recognized dignitaries of the Church of Scotland, but their position was too delicate to meet the purposes—the very definite purposes—of him who had placed them there. How to transform the bishops in name into bishops in fact was now the Scottish problem before the new made English king. Subsequent events shew the line of the royal cogitations. *Medo-Persian Decision.* These phantom bishops must put on the flesh and blood of real authority. *Manifest Fact.*

That can not be done with safety so long as tongues like Melville's wag unchecked in Scotland. *Logical consequence.* These tongues *must* be stopped. Now comes the consideration of the means, which subject is much simplified by the adopting of the Jesuit axiom. The end justifies the means. To him who has reached that point in political education when falsehood and falseness are promoted from the position of despised criminals to that of diplomatic allies—to such an one ways innumerable are open where an honest man finds his path hedged up. "I must decoy them to London"—is the royal judgment upon the situation, "and draw them out when there, and it will be strange indeed if these outspoken enemies of all my ways do not give me a fair pretext for restraining their liberty." This plan had all the recommendations of being easy of accomplishment, inexpensive, and affording strong probabilities of success. A letter—a most friendly letter—was consequently sent to each of the Melvilles and to six other ministers, inviting and requiring their presence in London by such a day, that they might give advice and assistance to their royal master in efforts he wished to put forth to settle the peace of the Church, and to put his troubled kingdom of Scotland into a better position than she now occupied. Though sorely doubting anything good from the flattering conference now proposed, these invited guests and counsellors of royalty found no way out of the honors they dreaded, and were fain to report themselves as required. From their work and their homes they made the best separation they could, and set out, some by sea and others by land, and reached London within the time specified. Men of high standing had been appointed to wait upon (some would put it—*to watch*) the Scottish Strangers, and the king, absent at the time of their arrival, shortened a proposed progress to come home and meet them. Their first interview was informal and gracious, and two days afterwards they were formally summoned before the king in presence of the Scottish Privy council, and were required explicitly to give their judgment upon two grand points. First. The pretended Assembly at Aberdeen. Secondly. The best means of obtaining a peaceable meeting of that judicatory for establishing good order and tranquillity in the Church. Now the aforementioned Assembly at Aberdeen was one which had met in strict accordance with the laws of the land, but in direct opposition to the command of the king. The more noted of the ministers of which it was composed had been tried before the privy council of Scotland; and having been found guilty of high treason, now lay in confinement awaiting their sentence from the mouth of their incensed sovereign, who refused to exert his power to pardon, and issued orders to the Scottish nation forbidding even prayer for the sufferers, or criticism upon the judgment given in their case. To ask an opinion from such men as those now before him upon a point on which his own royal will and pleasure had been so unequivocally made known was certainly a trap of the most transparent kind. The ministers asked time to consider upon their answer, which was granted to the extent of one day.

On presenting themselves at the appointed hour they found the presence chamber crowded with the nobility of England, in such sort as led to a suggestion from Melville that it might be wiser to have fewer ears to hear the plain speaking which certainly would be heard that day. He was simply informed that the arrangements were all made, and charged to be careful. The ministers had intended to return a common answer by the mouth of James Melville, whose gentle manners imparted to every sharp thing a less irritating edge; but they were informed

that each was expected to give his own opinion. The scene has some points in common with that in which Ahab is seen asking counsel of Micaiah, the son Imlah. "Shall we go up to Ramoth-Gilead or no?" when it was well-known what the royal determination already was, and what the courtly answer should be. Micaiah, too, had the polite and politic example set him by the four hundred prophets, and especially by the zealous Zedekiah, the son of Chenaanah. But reiterated example and friendly advice were alike lost upon the uncourtly prophet; and it is very evident that something of the same abrupt obstinacy re-appeared in these eight ministers in presence of their royal interrogator. Mr. Andrew was the first called upon to give his opinion, and, after Zedekiah and the four hundred prophets had been faithfully resonated by the Scottish bishops and commissioners, received his invitation to speak in the following form:—"You hear that your brethren cannot justify these men, nor their assembly. What say you, Mr. Andrew? Think you that a small number of only eight or nine met without any warrant, wanting the chief members, the moderator and the scribe, convening unmannerly without a sermon, being also discharged by open proclamation,—can these make an Assembly or not?" Mr. Andrew's answer met every point of this speckled question with a politeness which scarcely gave occasion for offence, and a firmness which left nobody in doubt as to his opinion of Assembly, council, or king. His brethren followed with like prudence and principle, and by the time the eight had spoken, the king and his courtiers had a plainer view than they wanted of the affair in question. At the conclusion of his speech, James Melville presented a petition from the condemned ministers, which was received with an angry smile. An interruption by Sir Thomas Hamilton, the Lord Advocate, led to a legal argument between him and Scot on the trial of the ministers for treason, in the course of which the lawyer was thought by all to be worsted at his own weapons. Indignant at hearing that most flagrant scene of iniquity vindicated in the presence of his majesty and such an honorable audience, Melville fell on his knees and requested permission to speak a second time. Having obtained it, he gave himself up to all his native fire and vehemence, and astonished the English nobility and clergy by a torrent of bold, impassioned, impetuous eloquence, to which they were altogether strangers. Throwing aside the reserve which he had studied in his former speech, he avowed his belief of the complete innocence of his brethren, and justified their proceedings. He recounted the wrongs that had been done them on their trial, of which he had been an ear and eye witness. Addressing the Lord Advocate, he charged him with favoring trafficking priests, and screening from punishment his uncle, John Hamilton, who had been banished from France, and branded as an incendiary by the parliaments of that kingdom; while he employed all his craft and eloquence to convict the unoffending and righteous servants of Christ. The arch-enemy himself, he said, could not have done more against the saints of God than he had done against these good men at Linlithgow; and not contented with the part which he had then acted, he behoved still to shew himself—and then followed the Greek expression of the New Testament *the accuser of our brethren*. At this, the king, turning to the Archbishop of Canterbury, exclaimed: "What's that he said? I think he calls him Anti-Christ. Nay, by God, it is the Devil's name in the Revelation of the well-beloved John!" Then rising hastily, he said: "God be with you, sirs." But recollecting himself, he turned round to the ministers, and asked them what advice they had to give him for pacifying the dissensions

of the church, to which they replied with one voice, "*A Free General Assembly.*"

The speech and bearing of the ministers during this conference made a strong and favorable impression upon the majority of those present. The English were not accustomed to such plain speaking in presence of the throne, but were abundantly capable of relishing the scene they had just witnessed. Scotland and Presbyterianism rose perceptibly in respect throughout the capital. But a fair excuse for imprisonment or punishment had not yet been found. Something further must be got out of vessels known to be edge-full of convictions most obnoxious to the king. Restrictions were laid upon them, as to any attempt to return to Scotland, or to seek the presence of king, queen, or prince without special license. A further attempt was made by the Scottish council, before which they were introduced one at a time. Awkward questions were met by a firm stand upon their rights as Scottish subjects, and some more plain speaking which ought to have acted as a healthy north wind about the ears of some of these recreant Scotchmen. A request was made for written questions, and an opportunity to draw out written answers. The written questions shortly received may be judged by the one that heads the list. "First, Whether they had not transgressed their duty in praying for their condemned brethren, and whether they were willing to crave his majesty's pardon for this offence." Each of the eight ministers returned answers as carefully guarded as they could, and along with them a joint-paper containing their advice, as to the best mode of settling the ecclesiastical difficulties of Scotland.

(To be continued.)

RECENT PRISON CONGRESSES AND THEIR WORK.

With John Howard, it has been truly said, the Science of Philanthropy began. Its birth may be dated from the day on which "the Philanthropist," (Howard has made the title peculiarly his own) set out on his memorable pilgrimage through the prisons of England—a pilgrimage subsequently extended to the prisons, hospitals, pest-houses and asylums of the Continent of Europe. Three years of ceaseless labor were devoted to this painful and perilous mission. The time spent in this preliminary work may seem long, considering the extraordinary and untiring energy of the man. But it must be remembered that Howard was a man to do his work thoroughly—to see things only with his own eyes. Moreover, the means of travel in his day were very different from what they are in this railroad and steamboat age.

It is now just a century since this new "Pilgrims' Progress" was completed, and a few years later Howard gave to the world the simple but terrible narrative of the horrors he had seen. Seldom has there been published a sadder record of "man's inhumanity to man," and never, perhaps, has any uninspired book appeared which has done so much to promote the well-being of mankind. It was indeed an epoch in the progress of humanity. The book itself was like a new revelation. The awful array of facts accumulated by Howard sufficed even to shock the dull sense of justice and startle the sluggish sensibilities of his own contemporaries, for the most part a hard and unfeeling generation. To us, whose lot has fallen in happier times, the details are so horrible as almost to forbid belief.

The writer of an eloquent memoir of Howard* thus epitomizes the condition of the English prisons as seen and described by Howard.

"If we examine the condition of prisons in his day, we find, as the first distinction, that debtors were treated quite as badly as criminals—an indication of how little moral nicety there was in the public conscience; that the death penalty belonged to two hundred different offences; and men were hanged for stealing a pair of shoes or a skein of thread as certainly as for murder and arson." * * * "Sheriffs, gaolers, and other officials connected with prisons, were allowed—nay, compelled—to collect their own unfixed salaries from the fees they either legally or illegally (but with general immunity) extorted from prisoners. The privilege of feeding them was farmed out to the highest bidder, or given to those who had most interest with the county authorities. The tap, at which spirituous liquors and beer were sold, was within the gaol, and it was the interest of the gaol-keeper to encourage drunkenness and excess to swell his own gains, while orgies and excesses of all kinds were allowed beneath his very eye. Outsiders of a loose and reckless character were permitted to enter the gaol and carouse with the prisoners, to promote the use and sale of liquor. Men and women were placed in proximity, often had the use of only one yard, and were sources of gross temptation and vice to each other." "Courts were held infrequently, and in places often distant from the gaols; and prisoners, not proved guilty and yet untried, were often compelled to suffer a cruel imprisonment, under most ignominious conditions, before

*"John Howard. His Life, Character and Services, by the Revd. H. M. Bellows, D.D."

they could be brought to trial; and, after being tried and acquitted, they were often held in gaol for weeks or months, until certain fees were paid, which these unfortunate or innocent persons had no means of meeting. Labor, as a rule, although often on the continent enforced as a part of the punishment, yet always the greatest privilege of the felon, was almost unknown in English gaols. The gaolers and all persons connected with the prisons were, as a rule, rough, coarse, and ignorant men, selected for their insensibility to human suffering and their moral apathy. The only thing required of them was the safe keeping of their charge. But this was rendered difficult or impossible except by violent and cruel methods—irons, clubs and whips—on account of the ill-contrived, decayed, and neglected character of the buildings used as gaols." "The gaol-fever was an almost exclusively British disease, as odious in name as deadly in character; and its existence then is still a reproach to the country that was, for generations, deaf to its moans and madness." "We may judge what the condition of educational, moral and religious influence was like to be, when the more urgent and more obvious claims of prisoners' bodies were so ignorantly and cruelly neglected. But, with a rare exception, prisoners' minds were paid no attention to; and their consciences and hearts were mocked by the rare visits of chaplains, who seem often rather to have deserved a place among felons, drunkards and harlots, than to have been trusted with the responsible and sacred offices of moral instruction, spiritual guidance, and holy consolation."

The prisons and other kindred institutions of Europe at the time of Howard's visitation, though in all respects superior to the corresponding institutions in England, were with but few exceptions found to need thorough reformation.

In a word, Howard made it unmistakeably clear to all the Governments and peoples of Europe that the condition of the Penal Institutions of every class was a disgrace to humanity, and that their thorough and immediate reformation was a matter of paramount necessity and importance. The great work of reformation could not have been more successfully inaugurated than by Howard's own self-sacrificing labors.

During the century which has passed since Howard entered on his mission, the work for which he lived and died has been advancing—often indeed feebly, fitfully, and sometimes imperceptibly. During the first three quarters of the century no very marked progress had been made, but during the last quarter the progress has been unprecedented, and never at any previous time were the labors of Philanthropists all over the world more earnest and more united or their prospects of still further victories more encouraging than they are to-day.

I propose in this paper to point out some of the work which has been accomplished in the field of Philanthropy during the last twenty years—to take stock, as it were, of the present state of the prison reform movement, and to notice particularly some of the more important factors or agencies which during that period have aided in helping forward the good cause.

We in Canada do not, it is thought, know or value, as we ought, the combined, earnest, and systematic efforts which during the last fifteen or twenty years have been made, both in the United States and in Europe, to improve the criminal law and to secure a better administration of gaols, reformatories and penitentiaries; in other words, to more efficiently prevent and repress crime; nor do we, in "this Canada of Ours," rightly appreciate the immense results which have already flowed from these well directed philanthropic efforts.

Foremost amongst the agencies which have contributed to these results are the Prison Congresses, national and international, which, within the last ten years, have been held in America and Europe. Not to go beyond the last seven years we have the National Congress, held in Cincinnati in 1870, the great International Congress, held in London in 1872, the National Prison Reform Congress, held in Baltimore in 1873. A third National Congress convened at St. Louis in 1874, and a fourth held in the city of New York in 1876.

The International Prison Congress proposed to be held in Stockholm in August last, and to which social reformers and philanthropists on both sides of the Atlantic looked forward with much interest, was, owing to the disturbed state of Europe, (*silent inter arma leges*), unhappily postponed till next year. Its place has, however, been to some extent filled up by the Conference, although only a private one, which (at the invitation of the Honorable Richard Vaux and the Reverend Dr. Wines of New York, leading philanthropists in the United States) met at Newport, Rhode Island, in the month of August last. The published proceedings of this Conference will be noticed at some length in this paper.

Hitherto Canada has not been *en rapport*, so to speak, with the great philanthropic movement of the day in the direction of Prison Reform. She has in fact, stood entirely aloof from it. As a nation she has neglected or declined to be represented officially at these international parliaments. Hence it is that she is now, to a large degree, ignorant of the work which is going on, and has, moreover, missed most of the practical benefits which other countries have derived from these gatherings.

It is not my present purpose to enter into any detailed examination of the character of the work or the results of these several Congresses, but I cannot refrain from referring very briefly to the great International Congress held at London in 1872; inasmuch as that was in some respects the most important and successful of them all, and as moreover, it marks a new era in the history of these assemblies and is a type of all the later gatherings.

No efforts had been spared by the promoters of this grand scheme to secure in advance for the Congress the sympathy and active co-operation, not only of the Governments of Europe, but of the other Governments of the civilized world. The results surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine. "All the Governments of Europe," writes Dr. Wines, "except Portugal, were officially represented in the Congress by from one to five delegates. The Empire of Brazil, several of the South American Republics, Mexico, many of the British Colonies, and a considerable number of the States of the Union, sent, each, one or more commissioners; so that when the Congress convened, there were found to be present, and members of the body, from seventy to eighty official delegates, the greater part of whom had been selected for the position because of their eminence as criminal jurists, or penologists. This was a great fact, and quite unprecedented in the history of such movements. At the same time it was believed that a Congress composed wholly of the representatives of governments, would have a character too exclusively official, and would lack that practical knowledge of the question, which is essential to the highest usefulness of such a gathering. Therefore, besides official members, means had been taken to secure the attendance of numerous delegates from prison societies, heads of penitentiary and reformatory establishments, and members of their managing boards, from associations of jurists, criminal-law departments of universities, and last, though not least, the Institute of France, the most illustrious body of savants in the world. So that between offi-

cial and non-official delegates, the Congress numbered four hundred members more or less. The union of these two classes of members in the same body, stamped a character of complete originality on the Congress of London. No International Congress of any sort, or for any purpose, had ever before been constituted upon that principle. There had been Congresses of governments and Congresses of private citizens—the one wholly official, the other wholly non-official, but the London Congress was original and unique in that it combined both these elements. It was indeed an illustrious body."

Such a parliament of the nations, assembled under such auspices at the very centre of the intellectual life and movement of the world, to publicly discuss some of the most important and interesting questions affecting the well-being of society, could hardly fail to quicken public sympathy, to awaken a new interest in the topics discussed, and to give a mighty and lasting impulse to all the forces and agencies everywhere employed in the great work of preventing and repressing crime.

Consider for a moment the work done at the Congress. Able papers were read by some of the greatest publicists and reformers of the age on almost every important question connected with the vast subject of Prison Reform.

These papers were followed in many cases by earnest and exhaustive discussions, in which the matter in hand was treated from every possible stand point.

Again a mass of official reports, giving authentic information respecting the correctional and penal institutions of all the countries represented, were laid before the Congress, commented upon and discussed by them, and the precious mass of information thus for the first time brought together, constituting as Dr. Wines says, "one of the most precious contributions to Penology which the world has ever seen," was snbsequently translated into almost every language in Europe and distributed through all the countries officially represented at the Congress. But more than this, when the Congress was broken up, the members composing it carrying with them, each in his own person, something of the inspiration caught from the great body with which he had been connected, returned to their respective countries to lay before the makers and administrators of their laws the records of the labors of the Congress: themselves prepared, with renewed energy and zeal, to enter again upon their own special fields of labor.

It is difficult to over-estimate the direct and indirect results of the Congress through these material and living agencies. It is not too much to say that, since the holding of that Congress and as a result of its labors, the Criminal law and the administration of the Prison System of every country represented at the Congress have been largely modified and improved, and that similar results, although, no doubt, far less sensibly and less directly, have followed in many other countries not so represented.

That this statement is not exaggerated will be admitted by any one who reads the address delivered at the meeting of the permanent International Commission for the study of Penitentiary Reform, held at Brussels within less than two years after the Congress at London. The establishment of this Commission, it may be observed, was in itself not the least important of the results of the London Congress.

In his opening address the Revd. Dr. E. C. Wines,* the President of the Commission, referring to the fruits of the Congress at London was able not

* Dr. Wines of New York is well known in both the Old and New Worlds as one of the most earnest and untiring laborers in the cause of Prison Reform. To his indefatigable exertions is mainly due the success of the Prison Congress. If indeed he be not (as I believe he is) the originator and father of the movement.

only to point to numerous and conclusive indications both in Europe and America of an "increased and widening interest in all matters connected with prison discipline and reform," but even to indicate the specific legislative and administrative reforms in numerous and important particulars which, even at that early day had been effected in Russia, Norway, Sweden, France, Germany, and indeed in every other European country; nay, more he shews that the influence of that great gathering had made itself sensibly felt in remote Japan,* where, with the suddenness and completeness which marks all reforms in that strange country (so that they become in truth revolutions rather than reforms) it had resulted in the creation of a new and greatly improved penal code for the empire.

The impulse given to the cause of Prison Reform by the great London Congress extends not only to almost every civilized people, but was felt like an electric shock through every rank and class of society. Even the very highest class, usually supposed to be raised above such disturbing agencies, were not insensible to it. Indeed so profound was the sympathy, so keen the personal interest which some of the leading sovereigns in Europe manifested in the cause from the date of the London Congress, that it might truly be said that kings were made its nursing fathers and queens its nursing mothers.

I must now turn without further preface to the work of the Newport Conference. After the formal opening, Dr. Wines the President and organizer of the meeting, submitted for its consideration "a Syllabus of propositions embodying in outline the draft of a complete system of preventive reformatory and penitentiary institutions and discipline for a state." This able paper was discussed at several successive sessions of the Conference and with certain modifications approved and "recommended to the careful and earnest consideration of such Legislatures in the Union as were seeking to introduce systems of prison management." It is hardly necessary to remark that with a few exceptions of a local nature, the propositions embodied in the Syllabus are equally applicable to all countries engaged in the work of Prison Reform.

The necessary limits of this article preclude my presenting here '*in extenso*' this valuable document: and I must therefore content myself with submitting very briefly, some of its leading propositions, preserving, however, the same logical order as is observed in the Syllabus itself.

In many cases the propositions in the Original Syllabus are followed by brief arguments in their support. The arguments, however, I propose to omit except in cases where the novelty of the proposition seems to make the argument essential. I have the less hesitation in taking this course because, as Dr. Wines remarks, "the propositions generally have been so framed that their mere statement will be found to carry with it an argument in their support. The Syllabus is divided into twenty-four sections.

In the first section Dr. Wines thus states the broad general question. "The problem submitted to the examination of the Conference is the minimization of crime—how to bring it down to the lowest possible limits. This problem has three terms:

1. How to secure a suitable education to all the children of the state. 2 How to save homeless, destitute, neglected, and vicious children from a first fall; or, if they have fallen, how to lift them up again, and rescue them from a criminal career. 3 How to bring adult criminals to a better mind and a better life, through agencies applied to them during their imprisonment. When

*Japan, be it noted, was largely represented by official delegates at the London Congress.

these three questions are correctly answered, the whole problem of the prevention and repression of crime will have been solved.

Dr. Wines adds, "The Problem is one that may well engage the interest and study of the highest statesmanship" and he quotes a striking remark of Baron Von Bulow Minister of Foreign affairs for the German Empire.

"This question of the prevention and repression of crime is infinitely more worthy to engage the interest and study of statesmen than nine-tenths of the little every-day politics that occupy so much of the time and attention of cabinets."

The second section deals with certain master forces which in the United States have heretofore opposed the progress of prison discipline and reform in that country. These forces are political influence and the instability of the prison administration. In Canada, happily, these forces do not operate injuriously to any serious extent and we need not further refer to them.

The third section lays down the principle that "no prison system can be perfect or successful to the most desirable extent without some central and supreme authority moderating, guiding, controlling, unifying and vitalizing "the whole."

The fourth section declares that the work of preventing and repressing crime requires an organized gradation of Institutions extending, so to speak, from the cradle to the grave:—viz., the common school; the preventive institution, under whatever name and of whatever grade; the reform school; the police station; the detention prison; the prison for young criminals; the house of correction; the woman's prison; and the state prison.

The fifth section treats of the common school as being though not in its primary intent, nevertheless, in its operation and effect, essentially an institution preventive of crime. It argues that it is the interest, that it is the duty of the state, to furnish the needful education to all her children, and as a consequence, strongly advocates *compulsory* education.

The sixth section deals with "Institutions Preventive of Crime by express intent."

It assumes as admitted, that the prevention of crime is infinitely better, as well as less costly, than its repression —that the best organized and best administered system of public institution must of necessity fail to reach a very large class of the children of the state —that it is from this large *residuum* that the ranks of crime are continually recruited. The question is how to deal with these waifs of society—"Street Arabs" as they are not unfitly called. The answer is "Gather them; shelter them; care for them; educate them—Prevent evil by teaching good." But how is this to be done? "A whole series of preventive institutions is required for the work:—the infant nursery (*crèche*, as it is beautifully called in France); the infant or kindergarten school; the orphan asylum; homes for the destitute; industrial schools, in which food and instruction only are supplied; industrial schools, in which lodging and clothing are added to these; apprentice schools, and patronage societies in aid of apprentices. Institutions of this kind should be multiplied tenfold. Into these shelters and retreats should they be gathered to receive that mental, moral, religious, and industrial training, not otherwise attainable by them, and thence to be sent out, in due time, to good places, on farms or in workshops, where they will grow into virtuous and useful citizens; thus adding to, instead of preying upon, the productive industry of the country.

Very great stress is laid upon the paramount importance of all institutions of the preventive class. But it is contended that the establishment of such

institutions need not necessarily be undertaken by the state but may very properly be left to a large extent to the zeal of private charity "whose activity the state only needs by moderate subsidies to stimulate and encourage."

The seventh section deals with *Reformatory Schools*. These institutions differ essentially from those of the preventive class, inasmuch as the latter are intended for the children who are in danger of becoming criminal, while the former (the Reformatory schools) are intended for those who have actually committed criminal acts.

With the eighth section commences the treatment of the *adult* criminal. The first institution of the series is the "Station-House" or "Lock-Up," a class of prisons whose population exceeds probably twice if not more, that of all others put together. No further statement is required to shew their importance and need of attention."

"It is here, in these primary schools of corruption and degradation that the first work of prison reform must begin."

The principles for the construction and management of this class of prisons are laid down in considerable detail.

The eleventh section gives the judgment of the conference on the much debated subject of *Separate Confinement:* regarding it justly as a factor of special value (within proper limitation) in every sound system of prison discipline.

"We believe," they say, that the cell (separate confinement) has an important place and function in every wise and good system of prison discipline. We believe that absolute isolation should never be resorted to in the case of children, except for purposes of disciplinary punishment; *that it should be exclusively employed in prisons of preliminary detention*, except when otherwise *ordered on medical gronnds;* and that it should form the initial stage in all punitive imprisonment, with a wide range between the minimum and maximum terms of its duration."

The twelfth section asserts that experience has proved that criminals as a rule are capable of being reformed.

The thirteenth section treats at some length of the essential bases of a Reformatory Prison Discipline. This section is so important that I give it somewhat *in extenso.*

The Essential Bases of a Reformatory Prison Discipline.—1. *Such a system must work with nature, not against it.* The Creator has impressed, indelibly, upon the human soul certain great principles. Of these the most deeply rooted, the most active, the most potent, *and the most beneficent, are Hope and Sociability*. We must not crush out of the man, by our modes of prison discipline, these primal and essential elements of humanity; but rather seek to guide, control and mould them to our purpose.

Hope is the master-spring of human action. Without it, even the good could scarcely retain their goodness; without it, the bad cannot possibly regain their virtue. It must be implanted in the breast of the prisoner the first hour of his incarceration, and kept there as an ever-present and living force. Hope is the great inspiration and impulse to exertion in free life. Why should it not be made to fulfil the same benign office in prison life? Can anything else supply its place? Hope is just as truly, just as vitally, just as essentially, at the root of all right prison discipline, as it is of all vigorous and successful effort in free life. Undoubtedly, the first stage in a criminal's imprisonment ought to be made intensely penal; it should be such as to produce in him a profound impression that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Cellular separation is the mode of imprisonment best adapted to this stage; but even amid the stern discipline of isolation, justice must be tempered with mercy, and hope made to shed its cheering and invigorating light

on the prisoner. *Amid these rigors, it should be impressed and re-impressed upon him, that his destiny is placed, to a great extent, in his own hands;* and this assurance he should find, on emerging from his solitary cell, to be not an illusion, but a reality. Manifold inducements to industry, lesson-learning, and obedience should be held out in this second stage of his imprisonment—shortening of sentence, increased percentage of earnings, improved dress and dietary, a gradual lifting of restraint, a gradual enlargement of privilege, etc., etc.

Sociability is the second of the principles named. It is among the strongest instincts of humanity. It constitutes one of the vital forces of society; a main-spring of its progress in civilization. Why may it not, under proper regulation, be made equally beneficial to prisoners? It was Maconochie, the most philosophical of writers on penal subjects, who said: "Man is a social being; his duties are social; and only in society can he be adequately trained for society;" To prepare men for society in society appears to be just as necessary as to prepare them to be seamen on the sea, or engineers in the woods. It is objected that the intercourse of prisoners is corrupting. Not necessarily so. The nature and conditions of that intercourse must be considered. Promiscuous, unchecked intercourse of prisoners is demoralizing to the last degree. But this corrupting power of association may be counteracted; nay, such association may be converted into a means of moral amendment, by being subjected to virtuous direction and control. There are members of this Convention who have seen such a result accomplished in certain prisons in Switzerland, Germany, and Scandinavia.

2. The second essential basis of a reformatory prison discipline is a union of wills between the prison keeper and the prison inmate. But such a result can never be attained, except where the officer really chooses, and wisely and steadily pursues, the good of the convict. There must be, not on the lip, but in the heart, a benevolent consideration of the convict's best interest.

3. A third essential basis of a reformatory prison discipline is a system of reliable tests, which may serve as a guaranty to employers of the reality of the reformation, claimed for the liberated prisoner. The problem is, how to effect the re-absorption of reformed criminals into virtuous society?

There are just two elements in the solution of this problem—the reformation of the convict and a guaranty of his reformation that shall satisfy the public. His reformation is to be effected by processes to be applied to him during his imprisonment. But the guaranty—how is that to be had? How is his moral cure to be *tested?*

There must be some field, some opportunity, for the trial. But such a theatre can be afforded neither by the cellular system nor the silent system, as now conducted. Both must be in part retained, in part discarded, in part modified. They must be so modified that the passage from imprisonment to freedom shall no longer be by a single bound, but in such manner that the former shall gradually, almost imperceptibly, melt into the latter. The system must be such that the last part of the imprisonment shall be little more than moral; in which, so far as may be, all the arrangements shall be those of ordinary life, with its trusts, its temptations, its motives, its responsibilities, its victories over self and sin, its silent strengthening of the whole character by the friction to which the man is subjected.

The three propositions, in which we have stated the essential bases of a reformatory prison discipline, seem self-evident truths, moral axioms, as indisputable as the axioms of geometry, since a perverted nature can never be

righted through a contravention of nature's laws; since a man who has fallen away from virtue can never be restored to it against his will; and since society will not, as a general rule, employ men who have shown themselves untrustworthy, till they have given evidence of such a change of character as to again render them trustworthy.

5. Indefinite sentences, that is, sentences not to run for a fixed time, but till reformation, would, in our judgment, prove an effective agency in the reform of prisoners. This proposition may have a rather startling sound to some minds; but reflection, we think, will modify any unfavorable first impression. The effect of such a sentence would be, of course, to destroy fixity as an element in its duration, and to render it as indefinite in fact, as if it had been made so in form. The question is: Is the principle of indefinite or reformation sentences fair and just? The question of its practibility is put aside for a moment, and we are to consider simply the justice and policy of the principle, assuming it, for argument's sake, to be practicable. Now, what end do we propose in public punishment? The diminution of crime. But this is to be sought, mainly, in the reformation of the criminal. It is, therefore, a legitimate, not to say necessary exercise of human authority, to detain him till that effect is accomplished. Another view: A criminal is a man who has committed an offence, and deserves punishment. But he is also a man morally diseased, and needs a cure. The prison is intended to effect both these ends—the punishment and the cure; nay, to effect the cure by means of the punishment. Now, as it is clearly impossible to predict the date of a sick man's restoration to bodily health, so it is no less impossible to foretell the day when a moral patient will be restored to moral soundness. So that, by fixing the duration of the sentence in this latter case, we run a double risk, viz., on the one hand, of turning the criminal loose on society before he is cured, and, on the other, of detaining him after he is cured; so that by making his release depend on the mere lapse of time, we are almost sure of committing a wrong on one side or the other—a wrong to society or a wrong to the prisoner.

The difficulty felt by all is as to the possibility of applying it. But it is not likely that so great a change as that of determinate to wholly indeterminate sentences can be made on the sudden; nor would it be desirable, if it could. The principle must first be applied (perhaps always) under limitations. The courts must assign a maximum duration to the punishment, and, within that term, leave the time of release discretionary, just as is now done in the case of juvenile offenders sentenced to reformatory institutions. This is what has been done in the act regulating discharges from the new State Industrial Reformatory at Elmira, New York.

The fourteenth section enumerates some of the special moral agencies to be employed in the work of reforming criminals.

1. The first is a hearty desire and intention on the part of the Officers to accomplish this result.

2. Equally essential is a serious conviction, on the part of prison officers, that prisoners are capable of being reformed.

3. Greater use than heretofore should be made of *moral forces* and less of those which are merely physical. "A regulated self interest is one of the mightiest as well as healthiest of these forces. This can be effected only by a system of progressive classification, whereby the prisoner will be enabled, during his incarceration, through industry and good conduct, to raise himself, step by step, to positions of increased freedom, privilege, and comfort; while idleness and disobedience, on the

other hand, kept him in a state of coercion and restraint.

Again "the cultivation of the prisoner's self-respect developes a moral force of great potency." Self-respect is one of the most powerful sentiments of the human soul, for the reason that it is the most intensely personal. Hence the maxim, "Do not further degrade in prison the man who has come to it already degraded by his crimes," should be constantly and carefully applied in prison treatment. Therefore, cast aside the parti-colored dress, the lock-step, the exhibition of the prisoner for a fee, and call him by his own name instead of a number, which robs him of his personality, and reduces him to an abstraction. No prison administrator will ever beneficially influence his wards, who does not seek to strengthen in them this sentiment of manhood and personal dignity.

Religion, education and labor are of course fully recognized by the conference as they are admitted by all as among the most potent agencies in discipline. Labor, "to quote the syllabus" is a prime agency in every reformatory system of prison discipline. It was a favorite maxim of Howard, "Make men diligent and you make them honest." Unless prisoners acquire during their captivity both the will and the power to earn honest bread, which can be done only by imparting to them the love and habit of industry—the chances will be many of the return to crime after their release."

It is added wisely that "Prison labor should not be of the crank or tread-mill, useless labor is demoralizing to a prisoner as it would be to a free man." Further: *a free choice of labor by the prisoner* is an essential condition of a reformatory prison discipline. Therefore, as in Maconochie's plan, the details of the discipline had better be such that, if the prisoner work, study, and behave himself to the satisfaction of the authorities, he will not only have a comfortable support, but be able to lay by something against the day of his discharge; whereas, on the other hand, if he be idle and disobedient, he will suffer hunger and other inconveniences, precisely as it happens to the diligent and the lazy outside.

I must rapidly pass over the remaining sections of the syllabus, which treat of the necessity of special education for prison officers; of the importance of some organization to aid discharged prisoners— of Houses of Correction— Prisons for women—and State Prisons for men &c., merely remarking as regards the last subject that the conference strongly recommends the universal adoption of the 'Crofton System' for State Prisons or Penitentiaries, a system originally devised by Alexander Maconochie, whom Dr. Wines pronounces the wisest as well as the profoundest of all thinkers and writers on the penitentiary question, partially carried out by Maconochie himself at Norfolk Island and subsequently introduced, a quarter of a century ago, with certain modifications, by Sir Walter Crofton, whose name it bears, into Ireland, where it has ever since been in operation with marvellous success. It has three prisons for as many stages, through which each convict passes. The first is penal, with cellular separation. The second is reformatory, with a division into classes, where each prisoner earns his advances by good marks. The majority earn their maximum of marks and win their promotion from class to class within the minimum time admissible. The third prison is no prison, but an open farm, where there is neither bolt nor bar—the detention being virtually that of moral influence. Yet, in all these years, scarcely a dozen escapes have been made; nor has there been a single complaint from any farmer in the vicinage, though there is neither restraint nor discipline beyond that maintained over ordinary farm laborers, with the sole exception that the prisoners are

not permitted to leave the premises and are at night locked in common dormitories, with a warder sleeping in an adjoining room.

The summary which I have attempted to give of the valuable contribution to the science of Prison Reform made by the Newport Conference is, I am aware, a very imperfect one. It will serve, however, to indicate the general scope and character of the document and call attention to some of its more salient features. For myself I have no hesitation in giving an unqualified assent to almost all the general propositions submitted in the syllabus, without, however, at present committing myself unreservedly to the views of the Conference on the subject of *indefinite sentences*. The opinions advocated by the Conference on this question are not, I may observe, entirely new in Canada. Very similar views having been ably championed by a writer in the *Canadian Monthly* in a recent number.

The principles formulated by the Conference, respecting the paramount value of institutions of the *preventive* class—respecting the necessity for enforcing *separate* confinement in the cases indicated, and respecting the new plan and function of *prison labor*, must it is thought, specially commend themselves to any experienced and thoughtful student of the science of prison discipline.

That Dr. Wines should have been able to submit to the conference so comprehensive and complete a digest of principles covering the whole of the vast field of prison discipline and reform, and that it should have been accepted and adopted with very few material alterations or amendments, is in itself a signal proof of the value of the work done by preceding congresses and of the extent of the vantage ground already won.

Dr. Wines's syllabus was, it is true, not the first attempt at a digest of the principles of prison discipline.

The Cincinnati Congress held in 1870, closed its session by the publication of a "Declaration of principles adopted and promulgated by the Congress," contained in thirty-seven, not thirty-nine, articles.

The declaration of principles enunciated at Cincinnati was with some slight amendments approved by the great International Congress held two years later at London. But the Cincinnati Pronunciamento, valuable as it was, is very different from the recent Syllabus of Dr. Wines. While the latter covers the whole field of prison discipline and reform, the former does so only in part; several important branches of the subject being in it entirely omitted.

Again in the Syllabus the propositions are classified and arranged in logical sequence with reference to the several classes of institutions or subjects to which they properly relate, whereas in the Declaration there is an absence of all such convenient classification and arrangement, and lastly several new and important principles are for the first time introduced into the syllabus.

The Newport syllabus may I think fairly be taken as the deliberate utterance of the mind of the most advanced thinkers and writers on the science of prison discipline and also of the most experienced prison and penitentiary administrators.

The several national and international Congresses whose views are virtually embodied in the propositions formulated in the syllabus were composed in a great degree of men engaged in the management of penitentiaries and prisons.

No principle, however, plausible in theory, would have been likely to secure the approval of such men, usually averse to change, unless it had either been subjected to the test of actual experience or commended itself to them as certain to bear such test. We have therefore in the syllabus a happy union of the

wisdom of the philosopher with the practical knowledge of the expert, the one suggesting the principles which give movement to the machine, the other supplying the springs and adjustments which ensure its practical working and prevent unnecessary friction of its parts.

It would be interesting and instructive to trace out here, did time permit, the steps by which the thinkers and writers on these questions of prison ethics slowly and gradually won their way to the advanced position which they now occupy. There can be little doubt that even within the last twenty or thirty years many of the propositions embodied in the Newport syllabus would not have commanded the general assent of even social reformers and publicists, much less of the public at large. Even the elementary principles which underlie the whole—namely, that criminals as a rule are capable of being reformed and that it is the interest and the duty of society to do everything in her power to affect their reformation. Even these, the fundamental axioms in prison ethics, have only within the last quarter of a century been generally admitted as theoretically true. *Practically* they are still denied, or at least ignored in the prison systems of many countries. Society in its earliest infancy was not slow to recognize and act upon its right to protect itself against its criminals by putting them to death or shutting them up in prison. The instinct of self-preservation sufficed to teach her this. But that it is the duty of every civilized, not to say Christian country to endeavor to reform her criminal sons, this is a lesson which society is slow to learn and still more slow to practice.

True indeed it is that in the beginning of the last century, Pope Clement XI. as Dr. Wines informs us, announced this discovery, causing to be inserted on the entrance to a prison built by him at Rome for the treatment of young criminals, these noble words. "*Parum est improbos coercere poenâ nisi probos efficias disciplinâ.*" *

Noble words indeed! Pity, alas, that they should have to wait for more than a century before they found themselves to any appreciable extent, translated into action.

But to return from our digression. It is hardly necessary to advert to the spirit of humanity which breathes in every paragraph of the syllabus and which presents so striking a contrast to the sanguinary "*euse recidendum*" maxims of the last century. This at least was to be expected. It is in accordance with the spirit of the age; a fact which is evidenced in the universal "thrill of horror" felt throughout the world at the recital of each fresh chapter in the sad tale of "atrocities" in the present Eastern war.† Atrocities which we seem to resent as an affront and outrage to the genius of the century.

As a member of the original Board of Directors of Prisons and Asylums in Canada, organized in 1858, it was my privilege for a period of nearly ten years to take part in the first systemtic effort made to improve the condition of the jails, penitentiaries and asylums of the country.

During that time I advocated, to the best of my ability, both in official reports and in separate pamphlets, many of the leading principles and views specially emphasized by the recent Congress and stamped with the seal of their approval: but which were, at that time, considered as more or less debatable questions.

Among these I may especially mention

1. The paramount and exceptional importance of Homes, Refuges, Industrial schools, in fact of all institutions of the strictly *preventive* class.

2. The absolute necessity of the *strictly separate* confinement of prisoners in all ordinary gaols.

*To restrain criminals by punishment avails little, unless you also reform them by discipline.

†This paper was written in October, 1877.

3. The great superiority of the Irish or Crofton system in the treatment of adult convicts in State prisons or penitentiaries.

Aided by the zealous co-operation of my colleagues I had the satisfaction, while a member of the Board, of seeing the principles of the Irish system sanctioned by an Act of the Canadian Parliament and largely carried into practice in our penitentiaries; provision being also made for its further adoption as time and circumstances might permit.

Those who know anything respecting the penal and correctional institutions of Canada will see at once how many of the classes of institutions enumerated in the syllabus are entirely unknown in this country and those who are best acquainted with the administration of the institutions which we do possess will be, I fear, most ready to admit how very far they are in most respects behind the requirements of the syllabus.

It must indeed be thankfully admitted that, within the last fifteen or twenty years, institutions of the preventive class under the names of Houses of Industry, Orphan asylums, Homes or Refuges, have increased considerably in number, at least in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia. In Ontario there are probably at present upwards of twenty establishments of this kind in active operation, many of them doing useful work; in Quebec probably about half that number, while Nova Scotia can boast, especially at Halifax, some useful institutions of this type.

These institutions have been established either by religious bodies or by private individuals; but in Ontario, the government assists to a small extent in their support by giving a trifling allowance for each person maintained in the institution. Assuming, of course, that these establishments are under proper management and supervision it would be difficult to devise any more judicious expenditure of public moneys.

As regards our common gaols I fear we cannot boast of any great advance so far as their reformatory influence upon the prisoners is concerned. Indeed, with the exception of the Province of Ontario and Quebec, official inspection of gaols is, I believe, entirely unknown in the Dominion, and what such places are likely to degenerate into in the absence of regular and thorough inspection, Howard's experiences have shown to the world.

But even in Ontario and Quebec where the gaols are subject to official inspection and where as a consequence their sanitary and economic arrangements and general administration are in a sufficiently creditable state, it is more than doubtful if their moral atmosphere has been to any large extent purified. Nay, it is certain that so long as the giant evil of the old Gaol system remains unchallenged and unchecked, so long as the intercourse of prisoners of either sex is as at present practically unrestricted, so long, in fact, as the principle of strict separation is not enforced, our gaols must (no matter how excellent in all other details) continue to be schools of vice and nurseries of crime, factories where men are manufactured into criminals to supply our penitentiaries and gibbets—factories not subject to the ups and downs of ordinary commercial establishments, now working and now idle, but which are at all times and at all seasons ceaselessly busy doing their infernal work.

Surely society, even though she refuses to recognize it as her duty to attempt to reform her criminals, is at least bound to see to it that those whom she thrusts into her prisons do not leave them more vicious and depraved than when they entered them—if she will not reform her prisoners at least let her not make them worse.

In connection with the work of prison reform in Canada it is, I think much

to be regretted that when in 1859 Canada first addressed herself to the task of reforming her prisons and prison administration she neglected to take the preliminary steps to profit, as she might have done, by the large experience of the more advanced countries of the old world. She sent no commissioner to Europe to inspect its model institutions or to confer with those who had for years administered them, or who had made the study of such questions the business of their lives. This would have been true wisdom and true economy. This was the plan pursued by France, by Russia, indeed I believe by almost every country which in modern days has seriously set about the task of reforming its prison system.

This preliminary measure, Canada, possibly from motives of supposed economy, neglected to take.

Unaided from without, with such materials as she found at hand, Canada set about the work of laying the foundations of a new prison and penitentiary system. She ordered bricks to be made but refused to give the straw.

If under these circumstances those charged with the arduous task did not commit any serious mistakes, if they succeeded in laying solidly and well the foundations of the new system, Canada has indeed much reason to be thankful. But there cannot be a doubt that more public interest would have been attracted to the effort and more public confidence secured in it, in a word Prison Reform would have advanced more surely and rapidly in Canada had those to whom the office was assigned brought to the task minds fully informed and properly equipped by careful study of the model institutions of Europe and by consultution with the leading prison administrators and Prison Reformers of the world.

If Canada now aspires to march with more rapid and assured step on the path of Prison Reform it will be her wisdom to join in the great philanthropic movement of the nations and loyally recognizing her duties and responsibilities to place herself abreast of the more advanced nations of the world, prepared with them to do her part in furthering the great, may I not say, Godlike work of preventing and repressing crime.

E. A. MEREDITH.

UNAPPRECIATED MEN.

Poets, philosophers, wise men and fools, have written much about a thousand things which they held to be the saddest man could contemplate—the wretchedness of disappointed love; the agony and shame of love betrayed; woman, in youth and beauty, sold to age, or name, for money, or for rank; the woman who forgets her sex; the man who does not honor it; the wreck of giant intellect through lust or appetite; the miser, who, dead to all human sympathy, lives for his gold and worships it as God: these are all sad enough, and are well calculated to make us look upon our race with something else than pride, —to make us feel with Tennyson "that man though now the first among created beings, is too base to be the last." But there is something that can bring more tears and bring them hotter, quicker to my eyes, that makes my heart more sorrowful and fills it with a deeper pity and a tenderer sympathy, and that is an unappreciated man.

An unappreciated man! Ten thousand books written by men the ablest and most learned the world has ever known, illustrated by Michael Angelos and Thomas Nasts could not portray more than a minute fraction of his suffering.

There have been poets and there are some now, who wrote and write most touchingly of sorrows, hardships, sufferings and wrongs they never knew themselves or even witnessed. Poets who were never poor (there have been such) and who were never clothed with other than the best, whose minds were never frenzied by persistent duns of creditors, have written most pathetically of poverty. Others, who never saw the inside of a prison in their lives, have written such descriptions of the sufferings of prison life, that all who read are forced to weep. But I am now, and have been all my life, an unappreciated man. Therefore I know through sad experience the truth of what I write. I do not speak of something I am not familiar with; of sorrows that I have not felt; of sufferings I have not known, or wrongs that I have not myself endured.

It has been said by some one that there are "Mute, inglorious Miltons" in the world. There are, there may be many. I am *one* myself. I feel within me such poetical fire as Milton never felt. I feel that I can write such poetry as never yet was written, I know that I have written poems which equal in ideality, in beauty, strength and rhyme, in finish, purity and in everything that constitutes true poetry, the best that others ever wrote. Yet they are not considered great, they have not made me famous, have not brought me wealth and are not read. The world is blind and strangely, wickedly declines to do me homage or to make me rich. The fact is, by some hard decree of fate, I'm doomed to live and die an unappreciated man.

My sufferings are so keen, my wrongs so great, I would I know, be pardoned if I filled some volumes in discussing them. But such my abnegation of myself, and sympathy for those whose wrongs and sufferings are similar to mine, that I pass by my own to dwell on theirs.

Within a stone's throw of my room there lives a bachelor, an aged lawyer. He will not tell his age, but he has seen at least the frosts of eighty years. He once had wealth but is dependent

now. He is strong and robust yet, and walks as though he were but fifty. His heart is sad, he is disconsolate. But not because he is old, or poor, unmarried or alone. To these things he gives but little thought. He is, alas! an unappreciated man. For fifty years or more (he told me this himself), he has practised at the bar, and during that time has made some of the greatest speeches that were ever heard. Yet, strange as it may seem, no one regards him as an orator. He has shown as counsel, such shrewdness, coolness, knowledge of the law and human nature as but few possess. Yet while thousands, his inferiors in every way, are petted, flattered, honored by the world, he is unknown, unhonored, and will die and be forgotten in a month or so, or be remembered only as a man who lived almost a hundred years.

Not poverty, nor loss of friends, disease, nor loneliness, can produce such wretchedness as his. Feeling himself great in ability—greater by far than the great mass of those whose fame, made in his lifetime, will endure so long as history lasts, no wonder that his mighty heart is wrung with agony—no wonder that he feels himself wronged as few men are who live, and are not mad.

I have another neighbor, a great friend of mine, one who is young and handsome. His father has great wealth, which when he dies my friend will probably inherit. He is in great demand among the fairer sex, and loved and petted by his family. One would naturally suppose him happy. But he is miserable. He is another unappreciated man. He has prepared a lecture which he thinks superior in every way to any other of its kind. A lecture which he feels assured would be considered grandly eloquent by all the world, had it been written by some celebrated lecturer. He has delivered it some half a dozen times and has never heard a single word spoken in its praise. He has not leaped, as he expected, from obscurity to fame. The papers do not speak of him. Societies do not seem anxious to secure his services at fancy prices, or, in fact, at any price. When he has lectured he has failed to have more than a score to hear him, and that score failed to applaud or laugh, they only gaped and yawned. And yet he knows he is a finer writer and by far a more correct declaimer than Beecher or Gough, or any of those great lecturers who command enormous prices for a two hours talk.

This poor young man is bowed beneath a weight of sorrow such as few can bear. To feel that he has genius, and to see the world indifferent to it, is enough to make him prematurely old and gray.

I know an editor, a man of middle age, who has written more sound sense than any other man within the Province. So he believes and says, and I, knowing him to be a truthful man, of course believe he has. Nor has he written sound sense only, but nonsense of the funniest kind and poetry of the highest order, he has also written in large quantities. Yet nothing that he publishes is copied. Other men, whose writing is mere twaddle are quoted every day; their arguments have influence; their humor is regarded as first class, and their poetry is compared with Pope's and Bryant's, and pronounced almost or quite as good. But he, whose mind to theirs is as a railroad engine to a tea-kettle, writes on and on, and is the sole admirer of his grand productions.

He longs for fame; has striven for it with an energy and perseverance that deserves success. He has not achieved it, and there walks not on the earth a sadder or more melancholy man. He is, he thinks, like some huge fish which sees a tempting morsel but a few yards off, flaps his huge tail and smacks his ponderous lips, opens his jaws ex-

pectantly, and moves majestically toward it, but to be out-swum by some sleek, slippery mackerel, a hundred like to which he could project himself around.

I know another man, a learned physician, who knows more about disease and medicine than any other six in all the country. He has no practice. Is not asked to consultations. Is ignored, in fact, by the profession. And for no better reason than that he lost some half-a-dozen patients who were not turned over to him till too late—patients he never saw, until the ignorance of others had so nearly killed them, that despite his knowledge and great skill, they died.

He told me yesterday that he had not known an hour of happiness in two long years. The thought that learned and skillful as he knows he is, he must crawl through life unhonored, while others who are ignorant and clumsy, by force of sheer assurance propel themselves to fame and affluence, haunts him, and makes him envy those who only starve and freeze and die.

These are but a few of very many unappreciated men I know. Men, who, like myself are capable of doing extraordinary things. Who, like myself have done enough to show mankind, were not mankind seethed in stupidity, that we have talent such as few possess who claim the world's attention and applause.

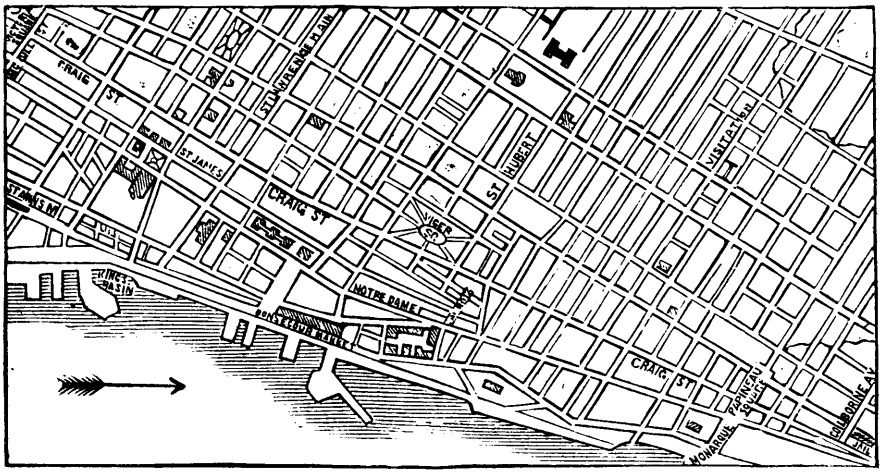
I first make known our melancholy plight, not for my sake alone, though that impels me somewhat, but with the hope of revolutionizing something somewhere, so that we may not be forced to hide our lights under the everlasting bushel,—so that we may have presented to us opportunities to spread ourselves for the world's good and for our own.

As for myself, I know that if my poetry is read, I must be looked upon as one among ten thousand—that I would soon be recognized as one deserving riches, honors, and laureation, while I dwell upon this mundane sphere, and monuments and eulogies when I abide elsewhere.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS.

A MONSTER TUNNEL.

Craig street in the city of Montreal was not very long ago, the bed of a very muddy stream, at once an eyesore, an obstruction and a source of sickness to the other portions of the city. As in all cities, convenience and appearance are apt to take precedence of sanitary measures in the plans of builders, so in this case, the plans for transforming the bed of an ugly creek into a broad street, were formed without due regard to the health of the inhabitants. A seemingly great draw-back to the proper drainage of Craig street was the fact that the surface of the soil at the eastern or "lower" end where it crosses Colborne Avenue, is fifteen feet higher than the surface at McGill street, the "upper" end according to the natural position of the country. As it was considered undesirable that the drainage of the greater portion of the east end of the city, should be drawn through the centre of the western part, a plan that might rather be called a "system of plans," was adopted for the drainage of Craig street.



COURSE OF THE CRAIG STREET TUNNEL.

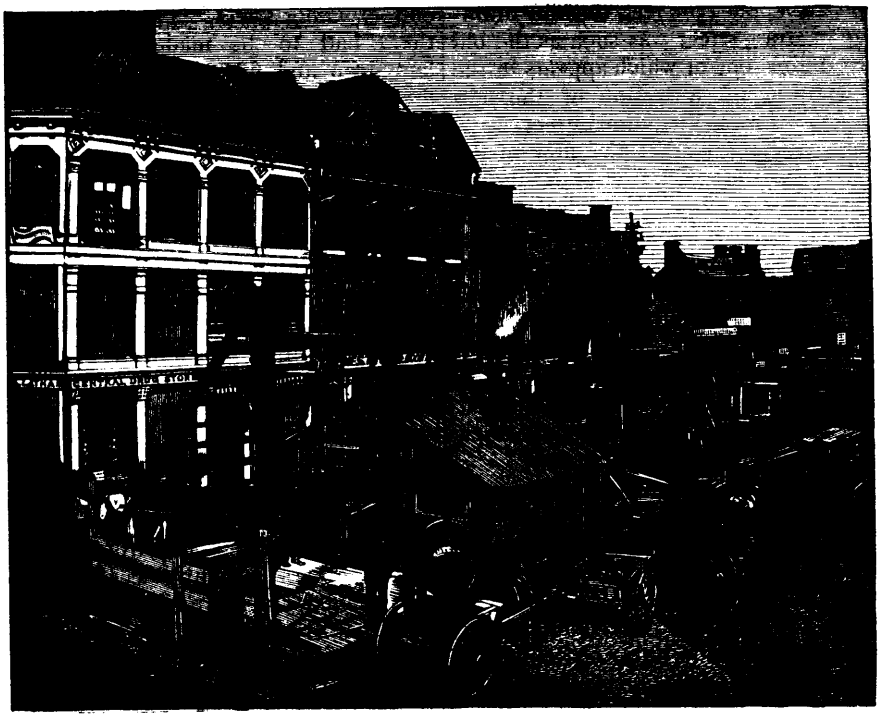
The Bonaventure street tunnel, which was turned into the western end of Craig street, and continued as far as McGill street, when it was turned in the direction of the river, furnished good drainage to that part of Craig street through which it passed. From McGill to the foot of St. Lawrence street, the old creek was deepened and arched over. The sewage water of this portion of the street flowed westward to McGill street tunnel down which it flowed to the river. From the foot of St. Lawrence street, eastward for a distance of about 1800 feet to within a short distance of St. Hubert street, a substantial brick tunnel was built, its inside diameter being over four feet, and its walls eight inches thick. When almost opposite the Viger market this tunnel was turned towards the river, passing under the ridge at the east end of Dalhousie Square. All the sewage from the street drains lying between St. Lawrence and St. Hubert, including both these streets, found an outlet through this drain. From Viger market to Papineau market, for a dis-

tance of about 2500 feet, the only drainage in Craig street was such as the old box drains, one of which appears in the illustration of a section of the new tunnel. From Visitation street westward to Viger market the flow of the water was westward, east of Visitation street the water flowed towards Papineau market, where it found an outlet in the Ontario street tunnel which ran out to the river under the little street at the west end of the India Rubber factory. Between Papineau and Shaw streets, Craig street was without a sewer; the rest of the distance to the east end was furnished with a small brick drain, about two feet in diameter.

This system of drainage had a very serious draw-back, in that it was very difficult to keep the drains clean from the accumulations of very offensive mud, which bred disease in that part of the city, causing it to be shunned by parties seeking for sites on which to erect dwelling houses or manufactories for which the central position and great breadth of Craig street, seemed to specially fit it.

To render that portion of the city more healthy, as well as to furnish an outlet at the foot of St. Mary's current for the sewage from the western part of the city, what is now known as the Craig street tunnel was projected. The uncertainty with which the construction of a work, at once so difficult and expensive was attended, prevented any steps being taken to carry out that project until the fall of 1875 when the hard times left a large portion of the laborers in the city idle, and in order to give employment to the unoccupied workmen, it was resolved by the City Council to begin the construction of the Craig street tunnel. In December of 1875 therefore, Mr. James Lowe, to whose skill the successful completion of Colborne Avenue tunnel was in a great measure due, was put in charge of a large number of men who began the excavation for the tunnel at the east end of Craig street. The excavation there had to be made nearly forty feet deep and fifteen feet wide. As the surface ground was frozen to a depth of nearly four feet, the progress in picking it out was exceedingly tedious. The sides of the cutting had to be lined with two-inch plank, kept in their place by cross-stays of flattened timber. In places where quicksand was met with, the siding had to be put in by making one end of the plank in the form of a wedge, while an iron band was fastened around the other end to prevent it from splitting while being driven, as piles are, in the side of the cutting. These planks had to be driven some distance below the excavation as it proceeded, in order to prevent the quicksand from filling up the works. In many places so great was the lateral pressure from the quicksand, that a second row of planks had to be driven down covering the seams of the first row, and jackscrew cross-stays put in, and the sides of the cutting powerfully pressed outwards. A reference to the illustration will explain how this was done. Notwithstanding all the precautions taken, so great was the ingress of quicksand in one place, that part of a lot with a house on it, (No. 85 Craig street) although sixty feet from the cutting, was bodily depressed nearly two feet. All the side-sheeting except a small portion near the surface and all the cross-stays, except the uppermost row and the Jackscrew-stays at the bottom were left in their position when the excavation was filled in upon the completed brick-work.

Owing to delays in fitting up a pumping machine, and other causes, the brick-work in the tunnel was not begun until April, 1876. At the close of the first year the brick-work was completed for a distance of 2293 feet, to the foot of Visitation Street. When crossing in front of the Papineau Market the tunnel had to be made to cross underneath the Ontario Street tunnel, which here

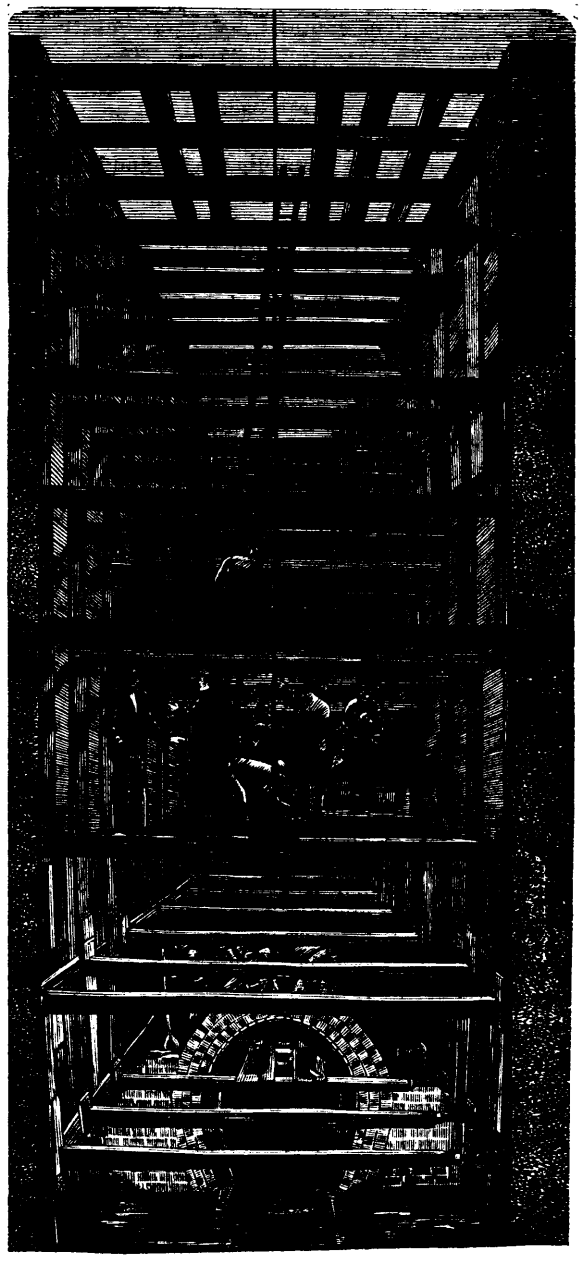


OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE WORKS.

finds an outlet to the river through Monarque Street. The bottom of Craig Street tunnel is here fourteen feet below the bottom of the tunnel crossing it, so that there is five feet distance between the crown of the one and the invert of the other.

For the greater portion of this distance, the earth from the excavation, except six or seven feet at the surface, was drawn up by means of ropes passing over large pulleys suspended from derricks erected over the works; to these ropes an iron hook was attached which was caught in the handles of large tubs in which the earth was placed; the tub was then drawn to the surface by horses, and the contents emptied out; the horses were then backed up until the tub was again lowered to the bottom of the cutting. A steam-engine was procured to draw up the earth in place of horses, but serious objections prevented it from being much used during the first year, as the vibration of the engine caused the quicksand beneath to press much more strongly into the cutting. The owners of the lumber yards in that locality also objected to the use of an engine so near their lumber piles, and as the Corporation would be held liable for damages in case of fire the engine was not often used. To obviate this difficulty, as well as to prevent delays in the moving of the derricks, Mr. Lowe invented the railroad scheme. Large cross pieces of timber over twenty feet long and one foot in diameter, were placed across the cutting; on these were placed, lengthwise with the cutting, two long pieces of timber about eight inches square. These were placed over the edges of the excavation like rails on a railway. Platforms built on low wooden wheels were then made, on one of

these the donkey engine, for hauling up the earth, was placed; another platform was placed in front and one in rear of the engine, and on these huge cranes were erected, with a large pulley at the extremity of the arm of each, over one of these a steel rope was passed, while the other had a chain passed over it for hauling up the large tubs filled with earth. This steel rope and also the chain were attached to a drum worked by the donkey engine. As soon as the tubs were high enough they were swung around and emptied into a cart standing beside the platform which when filled was driven around and its contents turned into the opening where the brick-work was completed.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE WORKS.

By this means the extra handling of the earth was saved, likewise the side of the street was kept much more free from obstructions to passing vehicles. A small house was built over the donkey engine and the platforms in front and rear were also built so as to shed the rain from off the workmen beneath, so that work could be carried on even when there was a considerable amount of rain or snow falling. Behind these there was a workshop, also on rollers. Planks were also laid on the cross timber over the excavation in winter time to keep the snow out.

During the winter of 1877, the frost penetrated to a depth of four feet, which

hindered the progress of the work considerably. The plan adopted for removing the frozen surface was as follows:—Trenches about three feet in depth were dug across the breadth of the cutting and about four feet apart; the intervening ridges were then cut across in five places leaving four mounds standing in each row; a pair of stout horses were then attached to one of these mounds by a chain, when the mounds were speedily jerked over and afterwards drawn out of the cutting on a slide made of planks, then loaded on a stone boat and drawn away to Papineau Square, where they were left to the following spring.

The interior diameter of the tunnel is about eight feet, the bottom of the brick work is like the segment of a circle which has a radius of eight feet. The two sides, where they rest on the bottom up to the centre of the tunnel, have their curvature the same as the bottom, while the upper half is an exact semi-circle having a radius of four feet. Before the brick work could be built, a cradle made of inch boards was placed in the bottom of the cutting. There was often great difficulty in placing this cradle at a proper depth, for in some places the quicksand would fill in so speedily that it would prevent the cradle from being lowered sufficiently. In other places, where soft mud was found, the cradle after being placed in position had to be surrounded by sheet piling and about ten thousand bricks piled on it and allowed to settle for twenty-four hours until quite solid; an extra thickness of bottom was then put in to bring it up to the grade; this extra thickness sometimes amounting to a foot and a half. The walls of the tunnel are built twelve inches thick with hard burned brick, laid in the best cement. A packing of old bricks had to be built under the shoulder outside to the full breadth of the excavation. About 1800 bricks were built into each yard in length of the completed work.

During the year 1877, the tunnel was completed from Visitation to St. Urbain streets, or a distance of 4563 feet. Much more would have been completed, had it not been for a suspension of the work for three weeks about the end of June and beginning of July, caused by a controversy in the Council about the merits of the whole scheme; many of the Aldermen from the east end of the city maintaining that the whole thing was an extensive failure, and that no more money ought to be wasted on it. After several Aldermen had ventilated their ignorance of such matters, the Council agreed to refer the dispute to Mr. Kennedy, chief engineer of the harbor. This gentleman made a carefully prepared report, strongly recommending the prosecution of the work, and it was again resumed with more vigor than before. As the bottom of the tunnel is lower than the surface of the water in the river in winter time, a dam had to be made across the tunnel, near to the Champ de Mars, and three pumps were placed there to keep the works dry, which was no small matter during the thawing seasons. Each of these three pumps required the consumption of about 3,000 lbs. of coal to keep it in operation during twenty-four hours, but it was very seldom that all the pumps were required to be kept at work. The consumption of coal by the donkey engine which drew the earth out of the excavation, was about one ton per day. The whole length of the Craig street tunnel when completed will be 8,650 feet, it has a descending grade of four and a half feet to the mile. The depth of the tunnel at McGill street is 16½ feet, and at its junction with Colborne Avenue tunnel it is nearly 40 feet deep. The Colborne Avenue tunnel from Craig street to the river has an interior diameter of nine feet and has a descent of sixteen feet in a distance of about 250 feet. An average of about 200 men were daily employed

in the work, and about 120,000 cubic yards of earth was taken out, the greater portion of this earth was put back into the completed work and the balance is being carted away to fill up hollow places in Maple and Amherst streets. The cost is computed at $235,000. It is certainly one of the largest works of the kind on the continent and reflects great credit to Mr. James Lowe the superintendent in charge.

C.

IN MEMORIAM.

How hard it is to say, "Thy will be done,"
And bow submissive, when God sends us pain,
We love so well the splendor of the sun,
We are not patient in the gloom of rain;
When the heart bleeds with deep and sore affliction
We do not feel with brighter-day's conviction
"God doeth all things well."

Easy it is to moralize and say
To an afflicted neighbor, "Be resigned,
God chast'neth thee in love," But when the day
Of our bereavement comes, when we've consigned
To earth the form of some beloved departed,
We weep and moan and almost broken-hearted,
Forget that God is good.

Through shattered hopes whose ruins crush the heart,
God's love for us we can but dimly see,
We do not cry, while the strained heart-strings part,
"Thy will be done" but "Oh, my God spare me!"
But heaped up ruins of old hopes ascended,
God's boundless love is seen, and doubts are ended
After His will is done.

We pass through darkness into purer light,
Advance from doubting into strong belief,
Beyond the valley there is Pisgah's height,
After our weeping comes a sweet relief;
Precious this balm which comes to heal our sorrow—
Parting to day means union on the morrow,
Where parting is no more.

Oh, sister Bell, when came the fiat dread
Which gave thee heaven and us heart-rending woe,
My faith grew weak, and trembling, almost fled,
While like rank weeds dark doubts began to grow,
But thy pure spirit grieved that I should murmur,
Taught me such wisdom that my faith grew firmer,
And dark doubts drooped and died.

Perhaps thy spirit breathing upon mine
Gives me this thought which thrills me with delight,
That as my soul approaches the divine,
Ceasing to doubt, and struggling into light
Thy peace and happiness become completer,
And heaven and all therein seems sweeter
And lovelier to thee.

Still my heart yearns for thy dear spirit fled,
And life would be a torture, earth a hell,
But that my faith is strong, my doubts are dead,
And sure my hope that we shall meet to dwell,
When peace is infinite and love supernal
Where all that is, is perfect and eternal,
For God hath promised this.

J. O. MADISON.

MONOGRAPH OF THE DÈNÈ-DINDJIÉ INDIANS.*

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

TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

VI

Besides the jacket of white or yellow skin (*"i,"ié,"ig*) with tails decorated with fringes and metal trinkets, which was the primitive costume of the Dènè-Dindjié, and which the Loucheux still wear, these, as well as the Hares add to it trowsers of the same material, and as richly ornamented (*Kla-"i*), which are sewed to the boot. They are worn by women as well as by men. The most Southern tribes replace the trowsers by short or long leggings (*cuissards or mitusses*), which are kept on the legs by garters, and by drawers, made of any sort of stuff.

The gown worn by the women is very short and decorated with a profusion of fringes, woollen tufts, and tinkling glass beads and other trinkets. The foot is usually covered with the mocassin (*K'e*), or shoe of untanned skin, which confines and shows the shape of the foot as the glove does of the hand. During winter, the reindeer, beaver and arctic hare are put under contribution to furnish the inhabitant of the desert with clothing as warm as it is light and easy.

Tatooing is reduced among them to a few parallel strokes, which the women wear on the chin, at the wicks of the mouth, or on the cheek bones. The men are seldom tatooed, but they paint the cheeks, the chin, the forehead and the nose with vermilion. However, the Montagnais have long since abandoned these singular customs, and clothe themselves in European fashion, like the tribes of the Mackenzie. The clans which inhabit the Rocky Mountains have continued the most savage; still, the custom of piercing the septum to wear in it bone ornaments is fallen into desuetude, among them as among the Loucheux and the Hares. But the Babines and the Kollouches have preserved this attribute of savage life.

The wearing of a large tonsure, which has become a custom among the Esquimaux and, I believe, among the Botocudos of Brazil, is also a Montagnais fashion. Formerly, men and women divided their hair over the forehead allowing it to hang on each side of the face. In our days, only the old men had preserved this Nazarite fashion. The younger generation, in everything, from the cutting of their hair, to the fashion of their clothes, take as their model, the French-Canadian half-breed engaged at the British trading posts.

A nomad race of hunters, trappers and fishermen, the Dènè-Dindjié live under tents of elk and reindeer skin, with or without the hair, conical or hemispherical. They name them *nanbali*, *nonpalé*, *nivia*, *nijyé*, *étchiédé*, according to dialect. These circular lodges, or *boucanières*, rest upon poles joined like fasces, or on hoops planted on the ground. An opening in the summit allows the escape of the smoke

* Monographie des Dènè-Dindjié, par Le R. P. E. Petitot, Missionaire Oblat de Marie Immaculée, Officier d'Académie, &c., &c., Paris.

which is constantly kept up. Certain tribes, more apathetic, or more hardened to the rigor of the climate are satisfied with huts made of fir branches, pompously adorned with the title of houses, properly so called (*kruni kowa*).

In the hut, as in the lodge, a few slender fir boughs, covered with old reindeer, bison, or elk robes, form at once table, workshop, seat and bed. The Indian sits there cross-legged, and sleeps on the ground, side by side with all the members of the family, visitors, intruders and a pack of dogs used for draught, shameless brawlers and gluttons. It is on this frozen ground, scarcely covered with rags, under the Arctic sky, open to the view, that he has come into the world, that he has prepared his nuptial couch, and that he will breathe his last sigh, without regret and almost with indifference. Thus the Indian enjoys the faculty of sleeping in the open air, even within his house, and of being at home wherever he plants his tent. He does not trouble himself with questions of territory, nor with the cost of furniture, nor with the laws of hunting and fishing, nor with rent, nor with taxes, or doors and windows. He has no care about paying for the free air which he breathes, the crystal water which forms his drink, the wood with which he heats himself and which he burns in great blocks, the animals which he kills and on which he feeds. He goes where he will, camps where he likes, and eats when he can, but always with good appetite. In a word, when he has religious principles to console him in his troubles, and morality, the Dènè is the happiest being under the sun, because he has no tie on earth. All his fortune consists of a tent, a musket, a caldron, a goblet and a traineau to transport his household goods. You will never hear him complain that the ground is too hard a couch for his back, that the climate of the Polar Circle is too rigorous, that his long winter of nine months is intolerable, that his country is sterile, his food too frugal and monotonous. There is no Nabob more fortunate than he. Do not pity him, for you will wonderfully humiliate him. He would proudly draw himself up and cast at you these stinging words: "My brother-in-law, I am not so wretched as thou. Remember that it is I who hunt for thee and who provide for thy subsistence."

The Indian woman has no more affectation than her husband. Fruitful as an Irishwoman, patient as a slave, she labors till the last moment of her term, and brings forth, wherever she may happen to be, without any help, without cries, without weakness. She herself gives to the new-born child the cares which his condition requires, then she will suckle him for three or four years, her solicitude as a nurse not preventing her from conducting household affairs, tanning skins, preparing furs, burning and smoking venison, pounding the bones to extract the marrow, sewing, washing and mending unceasingly.

Washing is a recent and European importation. The Dènè and the Dindjié never washed formerly; but they cleaned their face and hands with fat, or with a piece of fish, which was still better. Even now, they wear a shirt, when they have one, till it falls in pieces; and when they wish to make themselves fine, they put on two or three above the dirty one, without taking the trouble to pull the other off. Vermin devour them, as much as filth covers them. That is a wound which it will be difficult to heal.

The Indian is positive in everything, except in respect to the invisible world and to a future life. For these, as we have seen, the infidel delights in phantoms. As to poetry, he knows neither the name nor the thing. If he is an admirer of the beauties of nature, it is what I dare not certify, for I have rarely seen him delighted with a fine landscape. Above everything, he thinks on living easily, and usually selects for

pitching his tent, a place where water and dead wood abound. Naturally, that cannot be an enchanting site. If dry wood becomes scarce, the Indian does not hesitate a moment, he sacrifices beauty to necessity, by setting fire to the forest. The fire will spread over the land, will ravage the country for many leagues. Little cares he. "What a beautiful country," he will cry some years after, "it can be traversed without the branches putting out your eyes, and we have plenty to warm us for a long time."

The animals used as food by our Dènè-Dinjié are the desert reindeer, the wood reindeer or Cariboo, the Orignal or American elk, the bison, the musk-ox or ovibos, the argali, or Rocky mountain antelope, the big horn, or mountain mouflon, the beaver, and the ondatra or musk-rat. The list, it will be seen, is well filled.

They have several ways of hunting the reindeer: By running, that is by pursuing it on foot and in the snow on snow shoes, upon the great lakes, in the woods and steppes; by lines with which they prepare large palisaded enclosures, towards which they drive this animal which always associates in great flocks. This mode of hunting is identical with that which the Crees and Assiniboines employ for capturing the bison or buffalo, and the Yakamas of British Columbia for hunting down the roe buck. Certain African tribes also make use of it to catch the antelope and zebra, as the great traveller Livingston says, "The inventive spirit of man leads him everywhere to use the same means for the same ends."

In summer and autumn, the Dènè-Dinjié watch the reindeer at certain straits which the animal is in the habit of crossing in bands, in its periodical migrations from the Glacial Ocean to the interior and *vice versa*. When a flock begins to swim, it is immediately surrounded and massacred by every weapon and by every hand, even by those of children and women. It is butchery by which abundance is obtained for more than a month by a tribe. But what a waste takes place on these fortunate occasions! The Dènè name the reindeer *étié*, *éthen*, *ekfwen*, that is, food, nourishment, provender.

The sheep and goat are stalked, and it is the same with the beaver and the elk. These two last animals have so delicate an ear, and are so cunning, that the Indian has need of all his address not to alarm them. A beaver and an elk missed are usually lost to the hunter.

He himself cuts up the animals he has killed, unless they are too numerous; but it is usually on the women and children that the task devolves of coming to seek with a traineau the fat spoils of the kings of the forest, to carry them into the camp. It is only right. During the absence of the father of the family, his sons, if they are too young to hunt, do not rest inactive. They have probably cut with great labor and as the work of a whole day, pits in a cake of ice from three to nine feet thick, for the purpose of fishing with nets or lines. Or they may have gone to the woods with snares to catch the wild rabbit, the speckled ptarmigan or the gelinotte as white as snow; they may have made traps for the martin, the fox or the wolverine, whose spoils, exchanged at the trading posts of the rich Hudson Bay Company, will procure for the dweller in the desert, arms, ammunition, seines for fishing, utensils and clothing.

No one is idle in this poor and cold abode of the Dènè, except the hunter himself, when he returns from his principal employment, if he has been successful. He has done his duty, and now he indemnifies himself by rest, sleep and substantial food, for his long fast and his forced march of several days, in a country destitute of woods, and buried for nine months under ice and rime.

Should abundance reign in the lodge, our man passes his time in his hut, eating, smoking and sleeping by turns, until, the store being exhausted, hunger drives him to set out again to seek for food. But it often happens that the trails cannot be found, that the fish fly the nets, that the hares eat the snares intended to strangle them, that other causes reduce the improvident savage to a state of famine. Which of us would not feel himself lost in such an extremity and in the midst of these snows? The Indian, however, is not terrified at the prospect: he will scrape the rocks, gather from them a black and curled lichen, of the genus *Gyrophora*, and with this cryptogam boiled, will procure for his child a sweet and nourishing gelatine. I mean the *thé-tsin* or *tripe de roche*. If he is too lazy to take that trouble, he will have the skins of his tent scraped, or his wife's leather dress, from which he will extract another gelatine named *elt' anl'-tsin* which will prolong his life. Nothing affrights him, for he is satiated with danger, he so constantly plays with death.

The Indians never consume the whole of the produce of their hunting; the flanks and hind quarters of the animals killed are stripped from the bones, cut up, exposed to the smoke on a frame (*boucan*), then dried in the sun, if it is summer. It is then what is called smoked meat (*ékrané*). It is dry, brittle, and is eaten as well raw as cooked. The food thus prepared is tied up in packages of five pelus,* and exchanged in the Hudson Bay Company's forts, for hunting supplies and tobacco. The tongue, the tallow, and the sinews of the animals killed in hunting, are equally objects of trade. But the Indians can procure for themselves clothing and trinkets only by exchange for skins, and for this reason the Indian adds the business of trapping to that of hunting and fishing.

The fur trade necessitates frequent journeys by the Dènè-Dindjié to the trading posts. They find their way to them in small bands at different periods, but they seldom resort to them in crowds except in spring and autumn, that is, at the time of the departure and arrival of the Hudson Bay Company's barges or *bateaux*. At these two periods all the less distant tribes gather round their respective posts, where they arrive in flotillas of canoes (*ttsi, ella, ttsi*), or on rafts (*chédhi, cheni, chaon*). At other times of the year, the Indians find their way on the ice to the forts. The long show-shoes, which they wear on their feet, then supply the means of tracing by their marks on the snow, these long and tortuous paths (*t'unlu, t'inlu, ghé*) which wind through the forests, on the frozen lakes, on the arid steppes, and which are the only roads the country possesses.

How can the Indian guide himself in this inextricable labyrinth of the woods? By what finger posts can he recognize his way? It is such questions as these that the European asks himself in going along these paths of a foot and a half broad, which, after having cleared so many obstacles, arrive so directly to the goal. But the Indian is as much at ease in the woods as the European in his natal city. He knows each prairie, each thicket of firs; he has given a name to every pond, to every brook. The direction of the banks of snow, the lie of the lichen and moss which cover the trunks of the trees, the inclination of the latter, the direction of the wind, the course of the stars, these are his compass and guide. A notch on the trees, a broken branch, a slip of fir planted in the snow, are so many guiding posts to show him his way, if the wind comes to obliterate the

* The skin of the beaver with its fur is called *pelu*. It is the standard money of the country, the value being two shillings (2 fr. 50c.). The beaver skinned is called *pelu-en-viande* (meat beaver). Its value is half of the other which is called *pelu-en-poil* (beaver with fur). Pelu is an old French word, for which the adjective *velu* (clothed) is now substituted.

marks which his snow-shoes have left behind him.

In the Dènè-Dindjié tribes, which have preserved the old and general customs of the Redskins, the dead are deposited *en cache*, in a large box on framework, made of the small trunks of trees notched and raised from three to seven feet above the ground. The clothing, arms and utensils of the deceased are buried with him, after the Tartar fashion; his bark canoe is turned over on the tomb, or launched at the will of the current. All articles belonging to the deceased which cannot be concealed with the deceased are sacrificed. They are burned or thrown into the water, or suspended in the trees, for they are *eln'ari élay*, that is, anathema. It is a new kind of taboo, the use of which has been discovered in many other places. Now, these Indians imitate Europeans and bury their dead.

The use of masks, so common on both American continents, was frequent among the Dènè-Dindjié, as well in the plays, in which they imitated the actions of the giants called *otchôré*, *kfwi-dételli* (shaved heads), *dzé-tchrô* (large hearts), or *tchi-tchrô* (big heads), as in the funeral rites in which they covered the face of the corpse. This Egyptian custom has completely fallen into desuetude. It would be vainly sought for in the whole valley of the Mackenzie; but several of my *confrères* have seen it in the territory of Alaska and in British Columbia.

The Dènè-Dindjié surmount the tombs of their dead with long poles, to which are suspended streamers of different colors. Their secret purpose is to amuse the soul of the deceased, and to keep it in the *cache* (*ttsa*) with the body. This custom, according to the relation of travellers, is met with in China.

In certain tribes, a year after the death of any one, they assemble around the *cache*, and it is opened that they may contemplate for the last time the hideous and disfigured remains of the deceased; then, after having lamented and intoned the Song of the Dead, they feast in silence on the grass. I have seen this practice still held in honor on the great Bear Lake, and among the Dog-Ribs, at a distance from the trading posts and from our residences.

The Dènè-Dindjié, like all savages, are very sensitive to music. Their songs, vocalized among the Montagnais, accompanied by words among the Hares and Loucheux, are not destitute of harmony and rhythm. They are superior to the yelpings of the Crees and to the never-ending *hè! yan, yan hé!* of the Esquimaux. They have one rhythm for love; another for war and magic; a third for play; a fourth for dancing, and a fifth for mourning and sorrow. Notwithstanding this divergence of occasions and sentiments, all these songs are in the *minor* mode, like the Greek hymns. I have even noticed that our Dènè-Dindjié have great difficulty in attempting the major third. So soon as we cease to accompany them, either with the voice or instrument, they flatten all the notes, and give to the most cheerful airs, the most lamentable tone.

ORIGIN OF THE DÈNÈ-DINDJIÉ.

By the comparison which I have made, in the preface to this work, of the Dènè-Dindjié language with those of the nations which inhabit the Asiatic Continent on the one side; and by the affinities which the brief sketch preceding this has shown to exist between our Indians and these same nations, on the other side, I believe I have given some probable indications of the Asiatic origin of the Dènè-Dindjié.

In collecting from the mouth of the Indians themselves the recitals of their traditions and customs, I was guided only by a very marked natural taste for

ethnological studies, especially for these relating to the Americans. I was so destitute of any preconceived system, or of the spirit of controversy or contradiction, that I even maintained for ten or twelve years, the native origin of the Redskins. If I had afterwards to disavow what I then said, it is because ten years experience and conscientious researches have given me more information on the subject and have produced in me the contrary conviction. The summary which I now make of all the proofs of *the Asiatic origin of the Dènè-Dindjié*, may, therefore, be received with all confidence, because I have no personal interest in advancing them, and that in doing so, I expose myself less to the approbation than to the criticism of certain people.

Further, in this chapter, as in all the others which I have written, I cannot accuse myself of generalising. I do not assimilate the Dènè-Dindjié to such or such a nation in particular. I content myself with putting forward the points of resemblance which they offer to several Asiatic nations, or nations of which Asia was incontestably the cradle, leaving to the reader the task of judging of their similarity or dissimilarity.

Three leading points concur in establishing the Asiatic origin of the Dènè-Dindjié: 1. Their own testimony; 2. Legends and customs analogous either to those now preserved in Asia, or to those of former times; 3. Finally, traditions and observances identical with those of the Israelites, among which may perhaps be distinguished vestiges of Christian ideas, probably imported from Asia.

I.

Oral Testimony of the Dènè-Dindjié, in Favor of their Asiatic Origin.

In the year 1863, the Yellow Knives of Great Slave Lake, whom I questioned as to their place of origin, told me: "Here is all we know of our origin. In the beginning there existed a giant so great that his head swept the arch of heaven; hence they called him *Yakkè-elt'ini*. But he was hunted; killed and overthrown, and his body having fallen across the two earths, he became petrified and served as a bridge by which the periodical migrations of the reindeer took place. His head is on our island * and his feet on the Western land."

I might then have admitted, as a fact recognized by these Indians themselves, the reality of an ancient Asiatic emigration into America by the way of Behring's straits and the Aleutian Islands. But I wished for a more decisive proof, and not finding the evidence of navigators sufficient, as to the narrowness of the channel separating Russian America from Kamtschatka, or, as to the identity of the strata on both banks, whence might be deduced proofs of the rupture between the two continents, I did not hesitate to maintain the hypothesis of the native origin of the Dènès in America.

A few years after, I read in a small work published by Mgr. the Bishop of Saint Boniface† that this venerable prelate had found among the Chippewas of Lake Athabasca, a tradition as to their origin. It is identical with that of the Yellow Knives. I began then to believe that there was more than a childish fable under the apologue of the petrified giant.

Arrived among the Hares of the Arctic Circle, I found that they gave the name of the backbone of the earth (*Ti-gonan-kkwéné*) to the Rocky Mountains. Here is my giant again, I said to myself. Finally, in 1874, finding myself seven hundred leagues south of them, among the *Thi-lan-ottiné* (inhabitants of the end of the head), in 54° north latitude, I heard anew, from their

*The Redskins always speak of the earth as an island; all the continents they regard as islands.

†*Esquisse du Nord-ouest de l'Amerique* by Mons. Al. Taché, now Archbishop.

own mouth, in reference to the etymology of their singular name, the same tradition. This significant peculiarity, however, was added, that at the time of the giant's fall, his head reached Cold Lake, while his feet rested very far into the North North-West. It was easy then to understand the sense of the apologue, for these Dènè, living at the end of the giant's head, are the most southern existing tribe of this Redskin family on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, that is, who have reached the south after having crossed this Cordillera.

The giant, then, symbolises the whole Dènè-Dindjié nation, and the migrations of the reindeer are the successive hordes who pressed forward, passing from Asia into America. It seems to me that this is not a random opinion. In any case, it is worth more than an hypothesis. But it is supported by other traditions.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the first European explorer of the fine river which bears his name, tells us that the Chippewas of his time believed that they came from a great Western continent, on which they had always followed a line of march from West to East; that they stated they had lived in slavery amongst a very wicked people; that, to escape from the yoke, they had to traverse a very long and narrow lake, very flat and studded over with islands; that they coasted along this lake all summer and reached a river, on the banks of which they found a shining metal (Coppermine River); but that afterward this metal sunk six feet under ground as a punishment for a crime.*

I knew nothing of this relation of Sir A. Mackenzie till long after collecting the traditions of the Hares and Loucheux, which agree with it in every respect. But the Chippewas or Montagnais, in consequence of their distracting occupations, of newly acquired ideas and of longer contact with the whites, have completely lost the remembrance of these facts, which are better preserved by the tribes living nearer the Strait. There only remains to them the apologue of the giant, as I have summarised it.

Sir John Franklin* says still more than Mackenzie, for he assures us that in his time (1820), the Rocky Mountain tribes, who resorted to Liards fort, said that they had come by water from a verdant and Western country, where there was abundance of large fruits, of singular trees and of many animals, of which one, bearing a resemblance to man, grimaced and perched on the trees. I quote these authors without taking the responsibility of their statements; at the same time I must remark, that this knowledge of the ape, which some of our Dènès have, perfectly agrees with what the Esquimaux of the Lower Mackenzie told me in 1868.

It is among the Hares and the Loucheux that the remembrance of the existence of the Dènè-Dindjié on a Western continent, and of their emigration into America, is most vividly preserved. The following is a summary of the tradition which I obtained from themselves: "They formerly lived very far in the West, beyond the sea, and in the midst of a very powerful nation, in which the magicians had the power to transform themselves into dogs or wolves during the night, resuming their form of men in the day-time. These enemies had taken wives from among the Dènès, but these women did not participate in the occult practices of their husbands. The latter alone could be at once men and dogs. They persecuted the Dènè, to the East of whom their territory extended, and incessant

A journey from Montreal to the Glacial and Pacific Oceans, by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, London, 1789-93.

*Narrative of a journey to the shores of the Polar Sea, by Sir John Franklin, K.B., R.N., London, 1819-22.

war was waged between the two nations. These enemies, the Hares called them *Kfwi-dételé* (bald heads), for they shave the head and wear a wig, were not taller than the men of the Dènè nation, but they were terribly ferocious and cannibals. The Montagnais from whom the remembrance of these enemies has passed away, preserve only the name of *Eyounné*, that is, phantoms."

The Loucheux describe them to us as very brave but immoral and going almost naked. In war they wear wooden helmets, very hard skin shields suspended from the shoulder, and clothing covered with scales (cuirasses). Their arms, they say, were sharp knives, fastened to the end of a pole (lances).

The Loucheux and Hares agree that in the country which they originally inhabited, conjointly with these sanguinary men, were enormous lynxes (*nontacho, na''ay*) large ruminants (*éte rakotchô*), monstrous and invulnerable pachyderms (*tikokrontay-tchô*), gigantic and oviparous saurians (*èré-kotsi*), serpents of such size and beauty, that those looking at them were fascinated (*natuwi, gu-tuwé-tchô*); also grimacing animals, which perched on trees and walked erect like man (*kun''é.*)

"Such was the position of the Dènè-Dindjié in that country, when all at once," continues the tradition, "there was a movement of the ground; it changed sides wheeling round. Then their enemies found themselves to the west of the same continent, whilst they saw themselves placed towards the east." They immediately took to flight, always directing their course to the east, whilst the Shaved-heads pursued them. First they lived on the shores of a great Western sea, whence they passed over to the American continent, which they found, they say, completely desert (*ék'u tédi nènè kké bè kkè dènè ullé*). From one halting place to another, they reached in great numbers as far as the Rocky Mountains, in whose valleys they long remained concealed, unaware that an immense water course, full of fish existed beyond the mountains, in the Eastern valley. During this period, which they have represented to me as one of great suffering, from the extreme scarcity of food, the sterility of the soil, and their great numbers, "something like small morsels of food fell from the sky every morning," they say (*yanè ttsen agwini lagunttè bœ nétcha illé hèni t'andél'a*). "Many people hastened to gather this substance, and thanks to it we lived. We call it *bœ ttassi yan ttaellay*, (a sort of small thing full of food), because there fell only a measure for each (*inl'égé betta-ellay la zon dènè rha t'a-nadenwè.*

"At this period," continues the recital of my Hare informant, "we formed only one nation. Loucheux, Montagnais, Beavers &c., all lived together. This was in the far distant past. Then suddenly in the direction of the South West was discovered a burning and blazing star (*fwen llèrè kollè*). At first we were affrighted; then we recalled the song and the tradition of the Elders.* A young man wished to go toward the star. Several from among us followed. We saw them no more again. Then all the Dènès separated, and each tribe took its own way, because they were wicked. But as to us, who are good people, we remained in the mountain. This is why it is still said of an upright man, by way of proverb: *tchin-t'a-gottiné yadintté:* 'he practices the observances like an inhabitant of the woods.'†

"One day an old man named *Tchané zélé* (the old bald head) undertook a journey to the East, and reached the banks of a great water course called

*Both quoted at page 597, in May number.

†This epithet of *Tchin-t'a-gottiné*, is the very name given to themselves by certain Kollouches tribes of British Columbia, the *Tchin-kki-ttané*. We have in this etymology confirmation of that part of the recital which relates to the advance of the Hares from west to east.

Naotcha (giant land or shore).* He there stretched a net caught a quantity of fish, and returned joyful to relate his discovery to his people. A large number of us then went to the banks of the river and penetrated even into the deserts which border the Great Bear Lake and the Glacial Sea. But the others remained in the Rocky Mountains.

"This same *Tchané zélé* made another discovery. Along the river *Lé-kota-la délin*, an affluent of the Mackenzie, he perceived a hard red substance, like the droppings of the frugivorous black bear, and for this reason called it bear's dung (*sa-tsonne*)." It was oligist (hematite) iron or iron glance. Until then the Dènè had made use of stone arms and tools; although they must have known the metal, for their tradition says, that until the discovery by the old man, they had not seen any upon the new continent. With this iron they made needles or awls of the length of the little finger, which they sold for ten elk skins to the *Esba-t'a-ottiné* of the Liards River.

"Finally, long after, Europeans arrived and relieved them from their extreme misery." Such is a summary of the recital of the Hares touching their origin.

In this tradition we see nothing of a fabulous kind, with the exception of the semi-canine, semi-human nature of the *Têtes-pelées* (peeled heads). It is pure history, even the statement as to the miraculous food, which might be a traditional reminiscence of the manna.

Now here is the same recital under the form of an apologue, accompanied with song, no doubt in order that the remembrance of it might be more deeply graven in the memory of the children. All ancient nations have acted in the same fashion. This method must be good. Unfortunately when the historical fact has been forgotten, and that there remain only parables and songs, it is not easy to draw from these unquestionable deductions.

"The beaver and the porcupine formerly lived far in the West, on the other side of the river and the mountains. Now, the beaver, an aquatic animal, and which, therefore, could swim, crossed the sea by swimming, and came to camp on this side, on the edge of the water. This large mountain, which is called *tsa-cho-épèli* (the great beaver swimmer) was its lodge. There it lived.

"But on the Western shore the porcupine wept for the beaver, for it was dull without her. *Mé né nènè ttsen ni-awotté, s'uré* (oh that I might reach thy country by water, my sister!) he repeated weeping. But he could not swim like his sister, the beaver.

"On her side, his sister, the beaver, wept unceasingly on the Eastern shore, singing:

"*Ta nné yé wôttèri yéné fwéné*
S'uré, mé "anna s'ak' élé!

(And I, in this other place, where was my abode, oh! my sister, could'st thou not bring me back by land!)

"At first they remained together and then there was formed, from the water between them, a great lake perhaps, perhaps a river, we know not; then suddenly it extended like a sea between the two sisters, there was no longer any passage possible, and this is the reason the porcupine on the Western and the beaver on the Eastern shore remain to grieve."

(To be continued.)

*The Dènè name of the Mackenzie River.

Young Folks.

SAYING NO.

"Say, Atty, will you come with us on Saturday?" shouted Roger Williams, as his friend, Arthur Graham, was going by on his way from school.

Arthur paused, and resting his school-bag on the fence, enquired, "What is to be on Saturday?"

"Oh lots of fun! I told Sidney to ask you; father is going to let us have the horse and cart all day, and we are going to the woods to get nuts. Sidney knows a place where we can get bushels of hickory nuts, and we are going to take sacks with us, and provisions, and stay till it gets dark. Mary and Ellen want to go, but I don't mean to take them. There's no fun in taking girls to a place like that, they don't enjoy it, and they are sure to get hurt."

"Who all are going?" enquired Arthur.

"Only five of us, counting you, and you'll be sure to come, won't you?"

"Yes, sure, I think. I'll ask father to-night, and let you know in the morning. I'll bring some apples if I come," and swinging his bag over his shoulder Arthur walked on.

Mr. Graham's consent was easily obtained. "I have no objection to your going with such boys as Roger Williams and Sidney Mills, for I think they are good companions for you," he said, "and I remember with what pleasure I used to look forward to a nutting expedition myself, when I was a boy. Indeed, I do not know that I should object to an invitation now, though I am not so good at climbing as I was some thirty years ago."

"I suppose, Arthur," said Mrs. Graham, "there is no fear of the boys taking guns? I heard you say that Sidney Mills was a good shot."

"Oh, no! mother, I am sure they won't. I don't believe there is anything to shoot in the woods, but anyway you needn't be afraid. Sidney is such a careful boy that Mrs. Mills lets him take Lucy and Harry with him when he goes out to shoot pigeons."

"Perhaps Mrs. Mills has not as much reason to dread firearms as I have," said Mrs. Graham. "I should certainly object to your handling a gun."

"Yes indeed, Arthur," said Mr. Graham. "Remember, if there is any talk of shooting, you are not to go. Two or three years after this, I shall have no objection to your carrying a gun, but at present, I think you are too young, and too heedless, to be trusted. Your poor uncle lost his life by carelessly handling a gun, and your mother is quite right to warn you."

"I know they are only going for nuts," said Arthur, and he went off in high spirits at having gained his father's consent. The next morning on his way to school he told Roger Williams that he would be one of the party.

"Be sure and come early," said Roger, "I'll have the horse harnessed by seven o'clock, because I've promised to go for the Thomsons, and that is out of our way."

At half past six on Saturday morning Arthur set out with his basket of apples, and was soon in the cart, with Roger, on his way to the Thomsons. Sidney

Mills came running out to meet them as they came near his father's house, but they had to wait a long time for Charlie and Walter Thomson who were not out of bed when they stopped at their house. Roger stood outside, impatiently tapping at the door with the handle of his whip, and trying to hurry them, in spite of their mother's remonstrances about going without breakfast. When at last they came, Arthur saw with distress that Charlie was carrying a gun.

"I thought," he said timidly, "that we were only going for nuts."

"So we are," said Charlie, "but we need not refuse a brace or two of partridges if they happen to come in our way. I had some good sport last time I went to the woods."

Arthur sat thinking for a few moments and then said, "There isn't anything to shoot where we are going to-day, and it isn't nearly as far as where you went that time with your father."

"Well, there's no harm in taking the gun anyway," said Charlie, "it does not take up much room."

So they drove off.

Arthur knew that the moment for decision had arrived, that now he should refuse to go, yet he remained irresolute, and Walter, seeing that something was troubling him, said:

"I really believe you are afraid to sit beside that gun, you look at it as if you thought it would jump up and shoot you through the heart."

"I am not at all afraid," said Arthur, and he took the weapon in his hand to give greater force to his words. "I have often handled a gun before, but papa does not like me to go out shooting. You know I had an uncle killed; oh! it was a long time ago, before I was born, but mother has never got over it. He was getting over a fence and his gun went off and shot him through the head, he just dropped, and never spoke. Then papa is not a sportsman. He has been in an office nearly all his life, and doesn't understand the fun of it. I told him we were not going to shoot."

"Well, we are not, either," said Charlie, "there isn't one chance in twenty that we'll see anything to shoot. It isn't like going out for the purpose, and as for the danger, that's all nonsense. I have had a gun since I was ten years old. I don't believe in bringing boys up to be afraid of everything it's all very well for girls, who are supposed to be taken care of, but boys have to learn sooner or later to take care of themselves. Mother is always afraid to see Freddie with the axe, but Father says, "Better let him get used to it while he is young and he won't be nearly so likely to cut himself. We had a chap from England working at our house last winter, and you should see the way he handled the axe! It's a wonder he didn't chop off all his toes; that's because he hadn't been used to it. I guess he never saw an axe till he came to this country. It's the same with guns, and everything, once you get used to them there is no danger."

Arthur was struck with his friend's reasoning, but remembering his father's words he wished he had refused to go with the party; now, however, as they were on their way to the woods, he was afraid to offer more than a feeble remonstrance.

"I think your father is very sensible," he said, "and I wouldn't mind if I hadn't promised, but you see, if they hear about it, they'll be afraid to trust me again. That's the worst of being an only boy, there's such a fuss made about everything you do," and he laughed a little nervously.

"I suppose you are not obliged to tell?" said Charlie. "If they don't ask you, you needn't say anything about the gun."

Arthur did not answer. He was busy trying to silence his conscience; that

friendly monitor who was whispering words of wisdom in his ear.

Oh, dear boys! you don't know what dangerous work this is; many a man who has ended his days in misery and degradation might have been beloved and honored had he only listened to that "still small voice" which if disregarded in youth will be silent in manhood.

"I say, Roger, can't you make your old nag go a little faster?" said Walter, "people will think we are going to a funeral."

Roger applied the whip, while all the boys joined in urging the poor old horse until he attained an unwonted pace. The woods were soon reached and then the boys commenced to overhaul the basket of provisions, feasting apparently being an important part of their programme. Having satisfied their appetites, they discovered that hickory nuts were not as plentiful as Sidney had represented, and that it would be necessary to go about two miles farther than they had at first intended.

Arthur was congratulating himself that no game had been seen, when suddenly something darted across the path coming almost in collision with the horse's feet. In an instant Charlie had levelled his gun. "Oh, don't!" the boys all exclaimed, "It is only a raccoon." Charlie, however, fired and missed, but not satisfied he fired again, and brought the harmless little creature down.

"It's too bad to kill an animal like that!" said Sidney Mills, "That's what I call being cowardly. It's of no use to anyone."

"I beg your pardon, you were never more mistaken," said Charlie, "That raccoon skin is worth half a dollar."

"Well, I wouldn't kill it for a dollar," said Roger, "just see how innocent it looks!"

Charlie picked up the dead raccoon and laid it in the bottom of the cart. "I could have brought her down the first time," he said, "if my gun had been cocked, one ought to be always on the look out," and he proceeded to reload his gun.

"The girls will have a laugh at me, when I go home, if I don't get more nuts," said Roger, "I talked about taking home a bushel or two."

"Well, let's go to work. Here is a good tree," and with the agility of a squirrel Arthur began to climb a tree near which he was standing. The nuts came down in showers, and were quickly stowed away in a sack which the boys were holding below, then the refreshments were again passed round and a long time spent in discussing them.

"It would be awfully nice out here if it wasn't for the mosquitoes!" said Sidney, as he lay down on his back, and covered his face with his hat.

"Who knows the time" enquired Roger, "I want to be home by five."

"I left my repeater at the watchmaker's," said Charlie, with an air of superiority. "It gains a little, and I've not been wearing it lately."

"I can tell by the sun pretty well," said Arthur. "It's three o'clock or thereabouts."

"Well, suppose we pack up?" and Roger began to gather up the dishes. "Two cups, two forks, three plates and a pie-dish. Wasn't Betsey in a rage the last time I came out, because I lost a knife! she reminded me of it this morning."

"Come! Arthur," said Walter, "help me to hoist up this bag;" and Arthur went to the cart, upon the wheel of which the sack of the nuts was resting.

"It is a pretty good load, isn't it?" said he, as he attempted to drag it into the cart.

"Arthur!"—but the warning came too late. The bag had caught upon the trigger of the gun, and, before Charlie could advance one step, Arthur had fallen to the ground, the horse had

started, and the wheels of the cart were upon his prostrate form. A cry of mingled horror and astonishment rose from the boys, while Roger, bending over his unfortunate companion, discovered that the blood was flowing fast.

"Raise him up!" he cried, "Here! run for water! Give me a cloth!"

In a moment three handkerchiefs were produced, and Arthur's wounded hand was tightly bound.

"It is coming from his heart!" exclaimed Walter, in horror, as his eye rested on Arthur's stained shirt.

"No, it is only his hand," said Charlie, "but it may be an artery, and he will bleed to death if we don't get a doctor. Put him in the cart and drive to my uncle's there's no doctor nearer."

"Oh! Charlie," said Sidney, "he is gone! see, he cannot swallow," and he threw down the cup he had been holding to Arthur's lips. "He has fainted!" said one of the boys, "Throw water in his face," and again Sidney ran to the ditch, and returning threw a cup full of water in his face; still they watched in vain for returning consciousness, and then the feeling of awe, which the presence of death inspires, crept over them all, and very tenderly they lifted him into the cart beside the little dead raccoon with its baby-like feet.

"Drive fast," said Charlie, "he is still warm."

The rough jolting of the cart effected what the water had failed to do, and in a few moments Arthur opened his eyes, but with an expression of agony which was scarcely reassuring to the boys.

"Drive faster," said Charlie, "There is no time to lose," and Roger urged the horse to its utmost speed until they reached the doctor's house. Fortunately Dr. Martyn had just come in from seeing his patients. Arthur was carried into the house and laid on the surgery sofa, where the extent of his injury was soon ascertained.

"Unfortunate that it should be his right hand," said the doctor, "Better to lose three fingers off the left than one off the right hand."

"Oh, Doctor!" said Arthur, who had quite recovered his consciousness by that time, "don't take off my finger; I'd rather die, indeed I would!"

"It won't hurt you, my boy," said the doctor, "I will give you chloroform, and you won't know anything about it, but we'll send for your father. It need not be done just yet. Charles, you go to Mr. Graham's, and don't alarm the family more than you can help. My carriage is at the door you had better take it."

Charlie would rather that some one else had been sent for Mr. Graham, but he did not like to refuse his Uncle.

Roger, Sidney, and Walter were waiting outside, eager to learn the doctor's verdict; as soon as they heard what Charlie had to say they got into the cart and drove away very sorrowfully.

In less than half an hour Mr. Graham stood beside his son. "My poor boy!" he said, "Think of his going through life with a maimed hand!" "It might have been worse" said Dr. Martyn, "I attended a young man in the country last week who had his right arm amputated. It was crushed by a falling tree."

"Oh! but," said Arthur, "he hadn't to suffer as I have, he didn't bring it on himself." Then turning to his father he said, "Father can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive! my boy," said Mr. Graham tenderly, "I wish I could bear it for you, Arthur!" and those who read the anguish that was depicted in Mr. Graham's face could not doubt that he was sharing the punishment of his disobedient son, as the innocent so often suffer for the guilty.

That night, while under the influence of chloroform, Arthur had his forefinger and thumb amputated, after which he was taken home to his sorrow-

ing mother. But his punishment did not end here, such a serious personal defect could not fail to be a source of mortification through life, while it involved the sacrifice of an ambitious career to which both he and his father had looked forward with high expectation.

Arthur lived for many years, respected by all who knew him, and often did he urge upon his young friends the necessity for cultivating moral courage and the wisdom of learning to say no at the right time.

HILIER LORETTA.

JACK GRANGER'S COUSIN.

BY JULIA A MATTHEWS.

CHAPTER X—*Continued.*

On the table, just where Philip had laid it carefully down, saying that he would return for it, lay Ward's drawing, torn completely in two, the head of the beautiful dog severed at the neck from the body. With a sudden exclamation, Jack sprang forward, forgetting Frank in his amazement and concern, forgetting everything but poor Philip, and the distress which he knew would overwhelm him.

"How could it have happened? What will he do?" whispered Jack to himself, as he lifted the two pieces of the picture, and tried to lay the torn and jagged edges together. But they could not be matched; the tear was rough and crooked, and the upper layer of the thick paper was so frayed that quite a portion of the pencilling was entirely destroyed.

"Who can have done it?" said Jack again to himself. "Father!" for he heard the doctor's step. "Come here. Just look at this!" And he went out into the hall with the fragments in his hands.

"Why, Jack!" exclaimed the doctor and Mrs. Granger in a breath.

At that instant, before the boy had time to speak, the front door was suddenly opened, and Paul and Philip entered together.

"Oh, Ward!" cried Jack.

But he had not time for another word. With a roar like an enraged animal, Philip sprang forward, dashed the picture from his hands, and struck him a blow across the face, so violent and so unexpected that Jack staggered and reeled beneath it, almost falling upon the marble floor. But in an instant he had recovered himself, and in time to catch Philip's hand, uplifted for another blow.

"Stop this!" he said peremptorily. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are a scoundrel! I mean that I'll thrash you! I mean— I mean— How dared you! You thief! You—you—!" and Philip paused for breath, actually suffocating with passion.

The red blood was dropping fast on Jack's shirt front from the force of the tremendous blow which Ward's hand had struck him; but his face was as white as his linen, and he said with forced composure,

"What do you mean by such language as that?"

"I mean what I say," cried Ward, fairly dancing to and fro in his fury. "You knew I was sure of the prize,

and you've destroyed my picture. Oh! I'll sue you—I'll have you—"

But Jack had strode up to him, seized him by the collar, and was holding him from him with a look on his face which, for the instant, frightened Philip into silence.

"How dare you say such a thing to me?" Jack said, after a moment's pause. "I've a great mind—"

He stopped abruptly, relinquished his grasp of the boy, and then went on quietly—"I don't wonder you are almost beside yourself, Ward; but you surely must be crazy to accuse me of such a wretched piece of work as that. I don't know how this thing could possibly have happened, and I am as sorry for it as if it were my own picture."

"Sorry! sorry!" exclaimed Philip, in nowise conciliated. "You'll be sorry enough before I have done with you! Sorry! I'll make you sorry to the end of your life. Why did I leave it here! I might have known better. Paul, why did you suggest my leaving it until we came back? You were not in league with him, were you?"

"I was not, Philip! Oh, I was not! I would never have believed it of him," cried Paul, with a look of angry dislike which utterly surprised and confounded Jack. "You must not think it of me!"

"Oh, what shall I do?" exclaimed Philip again. "You thief" and he turned on Jack a face livid with rage, "if I don't have the prize, you shan't either!" and before any one had time to stretch out a hand to detain him, he had rushed into the library, seized Jack's picture, which had lain beside his own, and had thrown it into the open wood fire which was blazing upon the hearth, the evening being a little chilly.

With a cry Jack bounded after him, divining his purpose, followed by all the little company. Fortunately, the picture fell face upward upon the logs, and Jack snatched it up so quickly that, although the back was badly scorched, pretty little Snap was wholly uninjured. Without a word, the boy handed the drawing to his father, and then turned back toward the fire.

For a moment there was not a sound heard in the room. Jack stood silent, with his hand clasped tight upon his folded arms, looking the very impersonation of self-restraint; Philip, frightened at his own deed, stood gazing at him, evidently on the defensive, as silent as he.

At last Jack moved, unfolded his rigid arms, drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his pale, blood-stained face. Then he looked at Philip, and said, in a hard, constrained voice,

"You need not be afraid, I shall not touch you. Your accusations are too impertinent to be answered; but now that you have tried to do the very thing which you were dastardly enough to charge upon me, I will tell you, for your comfort, that I neither saw nor touched your picture until I came in here, and found it lying on the table in this condition. Now, go," he added, his voice suddenly rising, "Go, before I kick you out!" and he turned sharply on his heel, as though he dared trust his own self-control no longer.

Philip paused a moment before obeying the command; but the doctor prevented any further discussion.

"You had better take Jack's advice," he said, stepping forward. "You have been sorely vexed and disappointed, but you have attempted to vent your feelings on an innocent person in a most cruel revenge. Take up your picture, and go home. When you have thought this matter over calmly, you will no doubt be sorry to remember all you have said and done."

Philip moved slowly across the floor, in obedience to Dr. Granger's authoritative dismissal; but, when he reached the door, he turned suddenly upon the group within the room.

"You are all combined against me," he said insolently, "all but Paul; I believe he speaks the truth. Sorry indeed! Not if I know myself. Sorry!" and his tones grew louder and more violent with every word.

"Take up my picture? Here, you thief, keep your stolen goods! What do I want of it now?" And giving the pieces of his drawing a vicious kick toward the library, he flung open the hall-door, and closed it with a heavy jar behind him.

CHAPTER XI.

LITTLE FRANK.

"How could this have happened?" said the doctor, breaking the moment's silence which had followed Philip's abrupt departure; stooping, as he spoke, to pick up the mutilated drawing. "Has any one been here since we left?"

"I do not know who could have been in the room," said Jack. "There has been no time for any one to come in. I was not away more than two or three minutes. I ran up to shut the hall-window, and when I came down to find Frank—Why, where is Frank?" He must have gone home with the rest. Did you see him, Paul?"

"Yes, he went over with us, or close behind us," said Paul, very coldly. "We all entered the house together. Fanny asked him where you were, and he said that he had not seen you. You might much better have carried him over, as you promised to do, for he was very badly frightened by the storm. He was trembling like a leaf when he came in, and the moment his mother spoke to him he burst out into an agony of crying."

"Poor little fellow!" said Jack, "he could not have understood that I intended to go with him. I suddenly remembered, just as you were starting off, that I had left the large hall window standing wide open, and unfastened; and I went up to close it. When I ran down, I came in here to find Frank, as he was not in the hall where I had left him; and there lay Ward's picture, so torn and defaced. It is most mysterious."

"It is, certainly," said Paul, "and most peculiarly unfortunate that the thing should have been done here."

Jack turned quickly toward him, but, before he could speak, Dr. Granger said quietly—"Why, Paul? The accident is surely most unfortunate; but why is it peculiarly unfortunate that it should have occurred in my house?"

"Because—because—Why, uncle, of course people will talk. Of course they will say—The contest was very close, you know, and many of us thought Philip's picture the best; and then—Jack being all alone here, and his failure to fulfill his promise to bring Frank home, letting the child run over in the rain; and"—

"Well," said Jack, as Paul paused hesitatingly, with his face flushed, and an angry light in his usually soft eyes. "Well, what more?"

"Paul," said the doctor, laying his hand on Jack's shoulder, for his boy's face was very dark, and the hard, cold tone of his few words warned him of a smouldering fire beneath, which might leap forth in serious mischief if another breath of that bitter air should touch it. "Paul, I think that there is no one in Camlot who would not trust Jack to guard the possessions of his worst foe, even at the loss of his own, if those possessions were in any way his charge, as they must be if left in my house. Even Philip himself, if he were not maddened by rage and disappointment, would never have accused him of such a deed. I can not express my wonder that you should have been the first to deliberately hint such a thought. I hold poor Philip almost irresponsible for his words and actions to-night. He was crazed with passion, and I doubt if he knew what he said or did. But that you, calmly and coolly, should doubt Jack's honor, and seem to believe that others will do the same, surprises me beyond all measure. Now," and Dr. Granger turned to his son, "we must look into this thing at once, Jack. We must find out, if possible, how it has happened. Mother, suppose you go down and speak to the servants; some one of them might perhaps have been here."

But no enquiries in the kitchen made any change in the aspect of affairs. No one had been upstairs within an hour or two, and all were entirely ignorant of the accident.

"I think that I will go over to the Brewsters," said Jack, at last. "It is scarcely probable that they can know anything about it, but there might be something to be found out. Some one must have done it."

"And you are worried and anxious beyond all expression, to find out the truth, you poor boy," said his mother, stroking the hair back from his forehead, as he stood before her. "But it is raining so very hard, dear."

"The rain will not hurt me, mother. They might possibly be able to give me some little clue."

He would not speak out the thought that was in his mind, lest it should throw suspicion on an innocent person; but he really had a hope that a visit to the Brewsters might give him some small chance of sifting the mystery.

"Let him go, mother," said the doctor. "He will take no harm from a drenching, and it will do him good to talk it all over with Tom."

Paul had remained perfectly silent since his uncle had spoken to him. He had taken a book and seated himself at the table, and had not even stirred, except to glance up and watch Mrs. Granger when she had carefully lifted Philip's picture from the table where the doctor had laid it down, and put it away in Jack's portfolio in the drawer. He glanced up again now as Jack left the room, and looked at him questioningly, as if he would like to convince himself whether he were in earnest or not. Jack noticed the movement, and paused an instant, thinking that he was about to speak; but Paul turned back to his book without a word, and Jack went out, with his heart hot within him. This was a hard return for all that he had done and borne during the last six months.

"Here's Jack!" exclaimed Clara Brewster, as Jack opened the hall door, and entered, unannounced, the room where the family were gathered together.

"Yes, here's Jack," responded a voice which sounded very unlike that of their generally jovial friend. "Well, Frank, so you ran away and left me. Why didn't you wait and let me carry you across, as I promised to do?"

"I wish most earnestly that he had done so," said Mrs. Brewster. "He ran over with the rest, or just behind them, and seems to have been frightened almost out of his senses by the storm. And it was not so very heavy, either. I have never seen him so terrified by thunder before;" and Mrs. Brewster laid her hand on the head of her boy, who was sitting on a low stool at her feet, resting against her knee.

Jack crossed the room, and leaned down over the child.

"Look up here, Frankie man," he said kindly. "You aren't such a baby as to be frightened out of your wits by a thunder-storm, are you?"

The child did not answer, nor even look at him. And as Jack bent closer to him, he turned his face away, petulantly, hiding it against his mother.

"He seems perfectly unnerved," said Mrs. Brewster anxiously. "Come, Frankie, suppose that you and mother go upstairs. You shall go to bed, and mother will sit by you until you fall asleep. It is nine o'clock. You ought to have been in bed an hour ago."

For the last hour the child had been begging to sit up until the rest of the family were ready to go upstairs, and his mother, thinking that his terror of the storm was the cause of his uneasiness, had allowed him to remain. Now, however, he made no further resistance.

"Shall mother make a baby of her big seven-year-old boy, and carry him up?" said Mrs. Brewster, as he lifted his head wearily from her knee.

"Oh, he's too heavy for you, Mrs. Brewster," said Jack. "Let me carry him;" and he lifted the child in his arms. "There, you poor little tired-

out man! You shan't walk a step;" and Jack turned away toward the door, Mrs. Brewster having preceded him.

But just before he reached the door he paused, and said very slowly, and with his eyes fixed, not on those to whom he apparently spoke, but on the face which rested on his shoulder, "I have a great deal to tell you when I come down. I am in very serious trouble. Philip Ward's picture has been destroyed by some accident, and both Philip and Paul think that I have done it."

Some exclamations of utmost surprise, or some angry disclaimer broke from every one in the room except the boy whom Jack held in his arms. The little figure started with a bound, the small face turned deadly pale, and a sudden, startled cry broke from the trembling lips; but the boy did not speak.

"Wait one minute! Do tell us all about it," said Tom, springing up; but Jack moved steadily forward.

"I will come right down again," he answered. "Just let me carry Frankie up first; Mrs. Brewster is waiting for him."

Not a word was spoken between the two as Jack went up the long flight of stairs, but when he reached the hall above, he looked down into Frank's face, and said gently,

"Frankie, I am in very great distress. Philip thinks that I have spoiled his beautiful picture, so that I may have the prize myself."

"You didn't!" exclaimed the child, clasping his arms tight round Jack's neck, and bursting into tears. "Nobody but Philip would think you were so mean and hateful!"

"No one here would, but Philip and Paul both think so; and if I can not prove that I did not do it, others may think so too, for we do not know that any one besides myself had been in the room. It almost seems as if no one else could have done it."

"I am in Frank's room, Jack," called Mrs. Brewster, thinking that the boy did not know where to find her.

"Yes, ma'am, I am here," said Jack. "Aren't you sorry for me, Frankie?" and he looked down again into the grieved little face, with all his trouble in his eyes.

"Yes," and the quivering voice broke, and the small arms were clasped more tightly still about his neck. "Oh Jack!"

"What is it, dear? Tell me, what is the matter with you to-night? Do tell me, Frank."

"I'm frightened—I'm—I'm afraid"—stammered the child.

"Afraid of what, Frankie?"

"Of—of—of the thunder," said the boy. "Let me go, Jack, mother is calling me;" and he struggled out of Jack's detaining arms, and ran into the room where his mother was waiting for him.

"Thank you very much, Jack," called Mrs. Brewster's pleasant voice.

"You are very welcome," said Jack; and he went down, slowly and reluctantly, to meet the eager company in the parlor.

Questions and comments were poured out upon him in a flood when he entered the room; and all, even Fanny, with whom both Philip and Paul were greater favorites than Jack, were utterly indignant that the smallest suspicion should rest upon him. But no one could throw the least light upon the mysterious accident.

"There was a small break in the upper edge of the board, half an inch long perhaps, when we were looking at the picture," said Tom. "Ward spoke of it at the time, and said that the mat would hide it."

"Yes, I remember," replied Jack, "but that has nothing to do with the present state of things. The picture is in two pieces, and torn roughly, too; exactly as if it had been done with malice aforethought. I tell you what it is, Tom," and Jack moved away from the table beside which he had been standing, and thrusting his hands deep down into his pockets, began to pace restlessly up and down the room, "I feel worse and worse about this thing every minute. We must find out the

truth. The more I think of it, the more clearly I see that it looks horribly for me. That thick paper was never torn in two without hands; and, so far as any one knows, my hands were the only ones that touched it after Ward left the room. It's scarcely to be wondered at that, hating me as he does, he should suppose that it was my work. I was furious with him at first, but I can hardly blame him when I look it over more quietly. What could the fellow think!"

"Think!" exclaimed Tom fiercely. "He could think anything in the world but that! Think that you had done such a thing! Think that Jack Granger had proved himself a sneak and a coward! Nonsense! He never really thought anything of the kind. Of course, he was in a passion, and he didn't mean half he said; he never could suspect it of you. As for Paul"—

"As for Paul," interrupted Clara, leaving politeness to take care of itself in her wrath, "as for Paul, he's far worse than Philip. I just despise and detest Paul, and I'll tell him so the very first chance I can find. I'd far sooner believe that he did it himself to bring you into disgrace, for he is just as hatefully jealous of you as he can be."

"Oh, Clara," said Fanny, "you ought not to speak so of Paul."

"No, indeed, Clara," assented Jack, very heartily. "Paul is queer and vexatious enough, but he is as honorable a fellow as I know. Besides, although I don't think he loves me any too well, he is not so strong in his dislike as to want to do me an injury. It's real good of you to stand up for me," and Jack looked affectionately into Clara's flushed face, "but you mustn't be unfair to Paul because he takes sides with his bosom friend against me, whom he only looks upon occasionally as a friend."

"Horrid old turn-coat!" exclaimed Clara hotly. "It is a great pity he can't know when he's well off, and hold fast by a good friend when he has one. Never you mind, Jack. You have lots of friends whose little finger nail is worth more than he is, counted from his crown to his heels."

"Yourself among the crowd," said Jack, warmly returning the grasp in which she had seized his hands. "Now I must run home. Do keep your eyes and ears open, and let us find out the truth about this thing, if we can."

"Poor little chap," Jack said to himself, as, having received the most hearty promises of all possible help, he turned his face toward home. "Poor little chap. He's just frightened out of his wits. He's so little, and such a timid youngster. What can I do about it? I can't betray him."

Very early the next morning Tom was at the Grangers', and he and Jack were talking together earnestly long before breakfast time; but all the talking in the world could do no good, as it seemed, for when the breakfast bell rang, and they went down-stairs, they were as far as ever from a solution of the puzzle.

"We are in quite a worry over at our house, too," said Tom, as they were descending the stairs. "Frank has been awake half the night, sobbing and crying, without the least cause, so far as we can find out; and this morning he seems to be really ill. Mother is very much troubled about him; I am to ask your father to go to him after breakfast."

Breakfast was not a very lively meal that morning. Jack and Tom were both thoughtful and preoccupied, and Paul did not open his lips after the first morning salutations had been exchanged, unless he was spoken to directly, in which case his replies were as short as was consistent with civility. Just as they were rising from the table, Clara ran in to learn, before she set to work at her lessons for the day, whether anything had been discovered with regard to the injured drawing.

"No, we know nothing more than we did last night," said Jack, in answer to her eager enquiries.

"But something must surely be found out to-day," said Clara. "Paul, don't you know anything about it?"

"Nothing but the few facts which are known to us all," said Paul; "and those are not much to our credit, as careful guardians of the property of others, to say the least. I have never felt so much mortified and ashamed in my life."

"And you never had such good cause," cried Clara, her indignation, which had been at the boiling point ever since Jack had left her home on the previous evening, bursting bounds at Paul's tone and manner. "I know very well what you mean. How dare you think such a thing of Jack?" and she stamped her foot in her angry excitement.

"Clara, Clara, my child!" said the doctor; and Mrs. Granger half rose from her seat, putting out her hand deprecatingly.

"I don't care, doctor!" cried the girl. "I will speak for once! I have been bottling up my indignation for six months, and I can't stand it any longer. To think of his laying such an abominable thing as that to our Jack, who never did a small, mean act in all his life! I'm just so mad I don't know what to do! I should like to know, sir," and she turned her blazing eyes on Paul's pale but calm face, "I should like to know if you are aware of the fact that you owe your life to this Jack Granger! Have you ever once thought of Tiverton Bridge, and the day he all but gave his own life there for you?"

In an instant the pale face turned scarlet, and its calmness was distorted by a gleam of passion which at least equalled that of Paul's antagonist. It was not often that Paul Stuyvesant's temper awoke to anything like violence; but when it did so, he lost all control of himself.

"Tiverton Bridge! Tiverton Bridge!" he exclaimed, passionately striking his hands together. "Am I never to hear the last of Tiverton Bridge, and the foolhardy Samson who, having led me into such a snare, had the grace to save me from the consequence of his folly? I owe Jack Granger no gratitude, and I give him none. He said himself that it was nothing; that any one would have done it. He would have done as much for a dog, I dare say. And at any rate, I had about as lief have been left to my fate, as to have this thing thrown in my teeth through the ages to come! Whatever he may have done in the past, he has wiped it all out by his treachery to my dearest friend." And almost before the sound of his words had died on the air, he was gone; and the next moment he was out of the house, and rushing down the road toward the gate.

For an instant utter surprise and amazement held them all silent; then Dr. Granger rose, and turning to Jack (who still sat motionless, with a face from which every tinge of color had fled), said gently,

"My boy, you have a sharp battle to fight. Every one knows my Jack too well to be misled by Paul's passionate accusations; but it will nevertheless be a harder task than ever for you to bear with him just now. But remember, my son, 'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.' Keep a brave heart and a quiet tongue, Jacky, and all will come right. I think that I can trust my Samson to be as strong in spirit as he is in muscle. God bless you my boy, for your patience thus far with Paul's cruel suspicions."

Jack looked up with a rather dim and uncertain smile on his face.

"I don't think patience had much to do with it," he said, slipping his hand affectionately through the doctor's arm. "I was struck dumb, I believe. I never imagined that Paul could fly into such a rage. But I tell you, father," and he leaned his head down rather disconsolately against Dr. Granger's shoulder, "things do look very badly for me."

"To those who don't know you they might," said the doctor, "not to those who do. The truth will surely come out. Now, boys and girls, or rather girl—and I am somewhat inclined to say—girl—more than either —" and Dr. Granger looked very kindly, but a little gravely at Clara,

"we can do no good in this matter by hard words. Remember that Philip,—and Paul too, through Philip,—have had, as they think, terrible provocation; and while we do all we can to find out the real state of the case, and give Jack our heartiest and most trustful support, let us do it calmly. Philip is most bitterly disappointed; and unjust as he is, we must remember this, and try to make allowance for him, Paul has, of course, far less excuse. but he is so much under Philip's influence as to be very likely to think with him on almost any point. Now I must see what I can do to make little Frank more comfortable. Good-bye, for a while, my boy. You ought to be off for school."

CHAPTER XII.

PHILIP'S REVENGE.

When Paul, after his most unexpected burst of feeling, had rushed out of the house, he had gone directly to the Wards, to pour out his grievances in Philip's sympathizing ear. He found his friend in no very enviable mood, for his father and mother had not only received his story with entire disbelief, so far as his suspicions of Jack were concerned, but had taken him to task very severely for the part he had himself played. For Philip, in the first heat of his fury, had told the whole truth, even as regarded his own conduct, except the story of his attack on Jack's picture; and Mr. and Mrs. Ward were both exceedingly displeased by his confessed violence.

"And what do you think father said?" exclaimed Philip, after having recounted in the most angry manner his interview with his parents. "I told him that I ought to have the watch anyway, for I should surely have had the prize; and he said that I was showing myself so wanting in manliness that he should not trust me with anything so valuable until I had proved myself more worthy of it. And he has bought the watch! It is in the house this minute! I know that he meant to give it to me, even if I failed to get the prize. And now I've lost both through that detestable Granger!"

"I know it," said Paul, whose wrath was still at white heat. "I'd just be right glad if something should happen to prevent his gaining the prize, too."

"If I could get hold of his drawing," said Philip, "I'd give him one good fright. Let us take it and hide it for a day or two, Paul. Come on. You know where it is, don't you?"

"Ye—es," said Paul hesitatingly; but Philip had caught a gleam of malice in his eye which told him that he was not wholly displeased with the suggestion.

"Run right over, then, and bring it here. Or—stop. We ought to be starting for school. Leave it for the present."

"There are Jack and his mother going down the road together, now; and look, the doctor is just going into the Brewsters!" said Philip eagerly as the two boys were passing Dr. Granger's house, on their way to school. "Run in, Paul, quick, quick! You'll never have so good a chance We'll show the old Blower whether we feel very grateful to him; Tiverton Bridge, or no Tiverton Bridge. We'll hide it a day or two, and then put it back."

"But Philip"—objected Paul, half willing to agree to the plan, and yet shrinking from it, "if any harm should come to the"—

"No harm will come to it. We'll keep it safe. But let's give him one good fright to punish him. We'll keep it to day and to-morrow, and put it back on Thursday. Run now, quick!"

Almost without thinking what he was doing, led only by his passionate resentment, and by Philip's urgency, Paul ran into the house, to re-appear almost immediately with Jack's picture in his hand. The next moment Philip had seized it. It had really been his intention to hide the drawing for a day or two, in order to distress and worry Jack, and then to return it in

time to be handed in to the master on Friday; but as he turned the board to glance at the picture, and little Snap's saucy eyes looked into his, the same impulse of revenge which had overcome him on the previous evening rushed over him again, and in an instant he had torn the picture into strips.

"Philip! Philip!" screamed Paul, in a voice of terror.

But he said no more, for the next moment Ward's hand crossed his mouth, and Ward's voice said harshly,

"Hush! Do you want to rouse the whole neighborhood?"

"But, Philip! Oh, Philip, how could you do it?" said the boy, in a lower voice, as Ward released him from the sudden grasp in which he had caught him.

"Hush!" said Ward again, fiercely. "I don't know. I didn't mean to do it, exactly, but I was so mad I couldn't help it. You needn't look like such a monument of woe over it! You didn't do it. At any rate, it's only just what he did to me. For goodness' sake do get a little color into your face, and come on! I'll take care of this thing, and you can mind your own business. You didn't do it, I tell you!"

"I did, I did!" said Paul, in a broken voice. "If I had not brought it out, this could never have happened."

"You didn't," said Philip roughly; "and if you betray me, you'll catch it. I'm going home with this thing, and you can go on to school. I'll catch up with you in a minute. But, Paul," and Philip's voice suddenly grew beseeching, "you won't crown all by betraying me? You will promise me that, on your word of honor?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Paul irritably; "but do go on, or we shall be late. I cannot go in to school alone."

When Philip, after having reached his home on a rapid run, and concealed the bits of the picture, returned to Paul, the latter had nearly regained his usual appearance. He was still pale, but as he had not much color naturally, that might not be remarked. Before they entered the school grounds Philip had again wrung from him a promise of secrecy; and they reached their destination so close upon the ringing of the bell which called the boys in to their studies that no one had time to speak with either of them before school was opened.

Of course the story of the destruction of Ward's picture spread like wildfire through the school; but to Paul's surprise, scarcely a boy in the whole assembly, even among those with whom Jack was least a favorite, would tolerate for an instant Philip's charges and his own suspicion. Whatever Jack's faults were, and he had as large a share as most boys of his age, his companions knew him to be thoroughly truthful and honest; and they all utterly refused to listen to any suggestions to the contrary. Not that Paul was inclined now to bring any railing accusations against him; he simply said nothing, but the mere saying nothing was proof sufficient of his ideas on the subject; and Philip, more anxious than ever, after his own misdeeds, to persuade his companions of Jack's guilt, was careful to let every one know that Paul also felt no doubt of it.

Jack heard but little of the earnest discussions. He was very quiet and thoughtful all day, saying only, in answer to his friends, that he was sure that the truth would be found out before long, and that he felt more sorry than he could tell for Ward's loss. Tom Brewster and he had gone off for a walk at the recess-hour, and had come back just as the bell struck again, talking most eagerly together, Tom evidently opposing some plan or wish of Jack's; and as they entered the house, some of the boys heard Tom say in a low voice,

"You're a rare old chap, Granger. I would not do it, I tell you once more; but I'm proud of you for even thinking of it."

"What's that? What is Granger going to do?" asked an inquisitive young fellow, who was coming in just behind the two friends.

"He's going to make mince-meat of his grandmother," replied Tom gravely, and went in without another word.

"Paul," said Jack, as the boys were dispersing after school, "are you coming home with me?"

"No," said Paul, "I am going up with Ward."

These were the first words which the two had spoken to one another since they had parted in the morning. But when Mrs. Granger, who had planned an early errand to the village for the purpose of walking over to the school with her boy, had parted with him, she had entreated him to make friends with Paul, if possible; and Jack was endeavoring to fulfill the promise which he had given her to bring about reconciliation between them, if he could do so honorably to himself.

He stood looking at Paul now rather wistfully; and after a moment, he said, "Suppose we run up home first, and you can go there afterward. You know mother likes to have us come directly home; and besides, I want to speak to you."

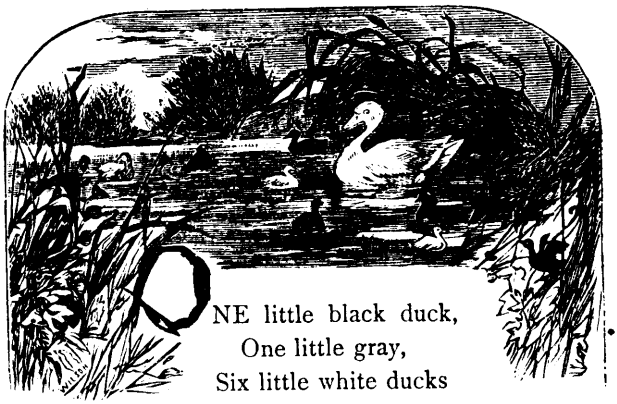
Paul's already pale face grew perceptibly paler. His first impulse was to refuse; but what if Jack suspected something, and wished to speak to him alone, first. It would be like him to do so, Paul acknowledged to himself. At any rate, he was afraid, on second thoughts, to seem unwilling to be alone with him.

"Very well," he said not very cordially. "I will be ready in a moment."

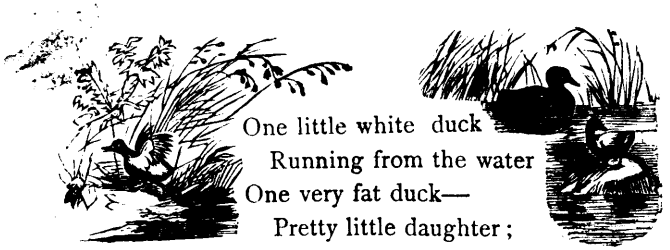
The moment was occupied in informing Philip of his change of purpose, and in receiving from him another urgent entreaty to keep his secret, which Paul was indeed, quite as ready to hide as he; and then he rejoined his cousin, and the two set off together towards home.

(To be continued).

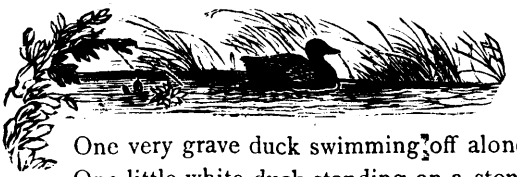
TEN LITTLE DUCKS.



ONE little black duck,
One little gray,
Six little white ducks
Running out to play;
One white lady-duck, motherly and trim,
Eight little baby-ducks bound for a swim.



One little white duck
Running from the water
One very fat duck—
Pretty little daughter;



One very grave duck swimming off alone,
One little white duck standing on a stone.

One little white duck
Holding up its wings,
One little bobbing duck
Making water-rings;
One little black duck
Turning round its head,

One big black duck—guess he's gone to bed.

One little white duck
Walking by its mother,
Look among the water-reeds,
Maybe there's another;
Not another anywhere?
Surely you are blind,
Push away the grass, dear,
Ducks are hard to find.

Bright little brown eyes,
O'er the picture linger;
Point me all the ducks out,
Chubby little finger;
Make the picture musical,
Merry little shout!
Now, where's that other duck?
What is he about?

I think the other duck
Is the nicest duck of all;
He hasn't any feathers,
And his mouth is sweet and small;
He runs with a light step,
And jumps upon my knee;
And though he cannot swim, he is very dear to me.

One little lady-duck, motherly and trim;
Eight little baby-ducks bound for a swim;
One lazy black duck taking quite a nap;
One precious little duck, here on mamma's lap.

—*Our Baby.*

PUZZLES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

I

Double Acrostic.

My first is an alloy of copper and zinc ;
My second is part of a circle, I think ;
In using the eye, my third you enjoy ;
My forth is the nickname of many a boy ;
When night falls, the pilgrim my fifth strives to gain ;
My sixth is a coxcomb, to tell you it plain ;
My seventh you can drink, but 'twill do you no good ;
My eight is a queen, I should see if I could ;
My ninth means to regulate, bid or direct ;
My tenth is a number, less than ten I expect ;
The finals read downwards will give you the name
Of a poet whose works are well-known to fame ;
The initials (if taken in the order I've shown),
The title by which he has always been known.

II.

Hidden Furniture.

1. The Greek letters, alpha and omega, signify the first and last.
2. Some said I should have an unpleasant time ; but it was not so.
3. Mr. Crowell, which establishment, of the two, is the larger ?
4. I still hold to my saying, that March air is wholesome.
5. "John, you must oversee the work to-day," said his father.
6. All amphitheatres are circular edifices, used for public sports.

III.

Cross-Word Enigma.

First is in talk, but not in sing ;
Second is in wrath, but not in love ;
Third is in fetch, but not in bring ;
Fourth is in mouse, but not in dove ;
Fifth is in Troy, but not in Bath ;
Sixth is in stout, but not in slight ;
Seventh is in turn, but not in lath ;
Whole can be seen on any clear night.

IV.

Spring Flowers.

1. A title of a modern poem.
2. An American author.
3. A fop and a wild animal.
4. An article of food and china dishes.
5. A covering for the head belonging to a church dignitary.
6. A fluid and a part of a plant.
7. More than a spice.
8. Part of a long-legged bird.
9. Belonging to the Emperor.
10. A Hollander's clothing.
11. Characteristic of young children.
12. The sun.
13. A shabby bird.
14. A wise man's signet.

V.

Metagram.

Change head of a fall, have lowly ; again, have a loud noise ; again, have to feel ; again, have to mutter.

VI.

Drop Letter Puzzle.

"G-V-M-L-B-R-Y-R-I-E-E-E-T-."

VII.

Avec Pieds.

1. Annex a weight to a period of time, and make a city.
2. Annex an article to a kind of bed, and make a girl's name.
3. Annex earth to useless burden, and make a river.
4. Annex to gain by conquest to an idol, and make a man's name.
5. Annex a piece of land to wisdom, and make a fool.
6. Annex a valley to a bird, and make a general's name.

VIII.

An Old Charade.

(Inserted by request).

T'was whispered in heaven, t'was muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell :
On the confines of earth t'was permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed,

T'will be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
T'was alloted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death,
It presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
T'will not soften the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
T'will make it acutely and instantly hear,
But, in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
Or, breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

1.—Light.
2.—Cabinet (cab-eye-net).
3.—Sole—Oval—Lass—Else.

4.—Beat, feat, heat, meat, neat, peat, seat,—bead, beak, beam, bean, bear, beau.

5—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

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6.—ABBREVIATIONS. 1. Canto, ant. 2. Crumb, rum. 3. Crape, rap. 4. Court, our. 5. Clown, low. 6. Shame, ham. 7. Stripe, trip. 8. Tramp, ram. 9. Swine, win. 10. Stare, tar. 11. Flour, Lou. 12. Ledger, edge.

The Home.

LOTTY FARWELL'S DUTY.

BY NELL GWYNNE, AUTHOR OF "ACORN LEAVES," ETC.

(*Continued.*)

Sunday morning found the Farwells wending their way to church in the same muddy spring waggon that had conveyed Lotty from the railway station.

"Here we are at last," said Mr. Farwell, pausing to rest his horses on the summit of a steep hill, which it seemed to Lotty they had been ascending ever since they left home, a distance of four miles.

"Poor Gray and Fan, how tired they must be!" said Katy, looking compassionately at the horses, and, then, seeing her sister's eyes fixed upon the village of Afton, which nestled in the valley below, she said,

"This is the very worst season of the year to see Afton; it is quite pretty in summer."

"I can imagine its looking very pretty," answered Lotty, as her eyes wandered over the square wooden tower of the church which reared itself above the tall pines on the hillside, the tall stone mill in the distance, the wide, brawling stream, which wound through the village, the straggling village street which wound high up over the hillside, and the straggling farmhouses which were scattered here and there among the hills, which shut in the village on every side. The Afton world and their wives were wending their way to church, all in their Sunday attire, which gave the place a lively appearance, notwithstanding the sombreness of wood and hill and sky. On entering the church porch Lotty was surprised to see a richly dressed elderly lady, and two young ladies, who proved to be her daughters, standing at the door.

"Good morning, Katy; we saw you coming over the bridge, and we thought we would wait till you came up," said the elderly lady, holding out her hand.

"Why, Mrs. Crickmore, I am so glad to see you!" said Katy, rushing forward in her impulsive way, and Lotty felt her cheeks mantling with a hot blush of shame as her eyes fell upon her sister's poor alpaca dress, her scuffed and ill-made jacket, coarse woollen gloves and shabby hat, all of which stood out in bold relief against Mrs. Crickmore's black satin dress and black silk velvet mantle, heavy with real lace and all a-glitter with jet bugles. After greeting the whole party with the greatest warmth Katy turned and introduced her sister.

"You seem quite like an old friend, Miss Farwell," said Mrs. Crickmore, kindly, as she shook hands with her. The young ladies, Miss Fanny and Miss Amy Crickmore, were then introduced. They would call when the roads got better, they said, and then they discussed the weather and the season as people invariably do—how rainy it had been and how cloudy it was looking, and how our Canadian springs always dragged so at the beginning of the season, and how the breaking up of the roads after the intense winter frosts made it so disagreeable getting about. The tolling of the last bell put an end to further confabulation, however, and the little party

entered the church, where they found a large congregation assembled, and Lotty was quite struck by the earnestness and ability of the young clergyman who officiated. At the conclusion of the service Lotty arose to follow the congregation out of church, when Katy whispered to her to sit still as they would have to wait till Mr. Orde, the clergyman, had changed his gown. Lotty stared at her in mute surprise. Seeing she did not comprehend her meaning, Katy went on to explain to her that Mr. Orde was in the habit of coming home to dinner with them every Sunday, and then holding service during the afternoon in a school-house near by. Lotty groaned inwardly. "How many more humiliations shall I be subjected to before I get away from this place!" she thought.

In a few moments Mr. Orde walked out of the vestry with his coat and gloves on and his hat in his hand. Some of the congregation had lingered to speak to him, and they all walked out together. Another mortification awaited Lotty: there stood their countrified conveyance in the shadow of the pines near the church-gate, where it had evidently stood on exhibition before the whole congregation. Mr. Orde tried to draw Lotty into conversation as they drove along the road, but she was in no talking humor; her thoughts were too busy with the dinner that awaited them. She thought of the soiled tablecloth, the cracked, mismatched dishes, the dingy, untidy dining-room, the still more dingy and comfortless drawing-room, and worse and worse, the rude fare!—it seemed as if she could smell the fried pork already.

"There is smoke coming out of the chimney,—Mrs. Best has been over setting the kettle boiling," said Mr. Farwell.

"Yes, she said she would see to the fire if I went to church; she knew I wanted to go because it was Lotty's first day here," said Katy.

Though Lotty really felt sadly in need of her dinner, she made up her mind before entering the house to affect a severe headache and thus escape the mortification of sitting down to dinner with Mr. Orde. She accordingly walked straight up to her room and laying off her hat and mantle lay down on the bed, covering herself with a plaid shawl, and thus Katy found her when she entered the room a short time afterwards with flushed cheeks and panting breath to tell her that dinner was ready.

"She had a bad headache,—Katy must not bother about her; she never could eat a mouthful when her head ached; all she wanted was perfect quiet for at least a couple of hours."

Katy was very much distressed and all sympathy for her.

"Could not she bathe her head? as there nothing she could do for her?"

"No, nothing," Lotty said, and so Katy left her and descended with a troubled spirit to attend to her guest.

Katy did not attend afternoon service, and notwithstanding her violent headache Lotty made her appearance below stairs as soon as the gentlemen had taken their departure. Though the tablecloth certainly was soiled, the dinner table was much more presentable than she expected to find it, it being set with the remains of an ancient but very handsome dinner set, cut glass goblets, and spoons and forks of solid silver, though of clumsy, old-fashioned make. The potted meat which Lotty had heard discussed the day before, with a dish of hot mashed potatoes which Mrs. Best had left under cover in the oven, with celery and bottled tomatoes and with Mrs. Best's pie for dessert, did not make a bad dinner for hungry people.

Katy lit a fire in the drawing-room after dinner, and Lotty felt thankful it was late enough to light the lamps by the time Mr. Orde returned, as the

room did not really look so very bad by lamp-light. Katy had got tea early for Mr. Orde's accommodation, but as the roads were very bad, and the night threatened to be very dark, Mr. Farwell persuaded his guest to remain until the following morning. They all assembled in the drawing-room after tea, and Katy opened the old cracked piano which stood in the corner. She and Mr. Orde united in trying to persuade Lotty to sing some of the beautiful church hymns, but she was not to be persuaded. Katy had a fine musical talent, and a voice of rare sweetness and power, and she sang several hymns with Mr. Orde and played several sacred pieces in a manner that took Lotty by surprise, as she knew she did not know one note from another.

When Lotty awoke the next morning the rain was coming down in torrents and she rejoiced.

"The house will not look nearly so bad as it would on a bright morning," she thought, as she brushed her hair and looked up at the streaming window panes. Katy had pancakes and toast, fried potatoes, fried ham and eggs, tea and coffee and hot rolls, all steaming on the breakfast-table when she got down stairs, and the family were just sitting down to breakfast.

"I did not wake you, Lotty, because I was afraid your head was not better," said Katy, placing a chair for her sister.

Lotty answered that her head was better, and took her place at the table. The storm abated after breakfast, and Mr. Farwell drove Mr. Orde home, but it came on with redoubled fury in the afternoon, and poured unceasingly all day and all the next day.

Lotty was sitting at the drawing-room fire in the afternoon engaged in retrimming her travelling hat, when Katy entered and said, "Lotty, Miss Hicky is in the kitchen drying her feet, and if you don't mind I will bring her in to stay with you while I get tea."

"Miss Hicky, who is that?"

"She is the school-teacher, and we always ask her to stay when it is very stormy."

"Oh, bring her in by all means," said Lotty with a little inward annoyance.

"And Lotty, if you won't mind very much," Katy went on hesitatingly, "I would be glad if she could sleep with you, as mine is a single bed and——"

"Oh, I should not mind it in the least!" said Lotty, flushing hotly, and breaking off her thread with a jerk.

But Katy still hesitated and looked troubled, and then suddenly brightening up, she said, "Oh I know what I can do: I can make up a bed for myself in here and she can have my bed. How stupid of me not to think of that before!"

"I am sure there is no necessity," said Lotty, feeling very much relieved, however.

But Katy carried out her plan with the greatest cheerfulness.

Miss Hicky was a small, prim-looking woman who sat bolt upright in her chair, and who dealt out her words when she spoke as if she was afraid they would become entangled in some way, and their meaning be misconstrued. Lotty could not get on with her, and their *tête-a-tête* was getting to be very oppressive when Katy entered the room with a crochet-needle and a spool of thread in her hand.

"I have been waiting for a storm to learn that new pattern, Miss Hicky," she said, seating herself on a stool at Miss Hicky's feet.

"Indeed, Miss Katy, if I had imagined for a moment that you wished to learn the pattern, I would have only been too happy to have called any afternoon and taught it to you," said Miss Hicky in her precise way, as she began to work the needle in and out of the thread in a stiff, clear sort of way. "She crochets just as she speaks," thought Lotty as she watched her.

Katy made rolls for tea, and Miss

Hicky went out and set the table for her, and they were quite chatty and friendly together. "I don't see how Katy can take to such an odd little stick of a thing,—but she seems to take to everybody," thought Lotty again, as she stitched the last velvet bow on her hat.

The next day, though very wet, brought another of Katy's friends, whose name Lotty began to think were legion.

"This is Effie Pierce, Lotty," said Katy, simply, as she ushered her friend into the drawing-room where Lotty sat at her embroidery. Effie Pierce was a tall, slender girl, about fourteen years old; she wore a pink and yellow striped home-spun dress and a coarse linen apron braided with faded red braid, and had her hair cropped about her ears like a charity girl. This was the most decided piece of vulgarity Lotty had seen yet, and she regarded her with a supercilious stare that brought the ready carmine into poor Katy's cheeks. Effie Pierce carried a large calico bag with a broad pattern on it, over her arm, and after seating herself in the low rocking-chair which Katy had placed near the fire for her, she held the bag upside down, causing it to disgorge its contents into her lap, the said contents consisting of a heap of patches of all descriptions, which she and Katy immediately began to sort. The girls were each patching a quilt and took it in turns to help each other.

"Effie always comes over on a rainy or a stormy day, because she knows how lonely it is for me," said Katy, addressing her sister, as she arranged some patches on the faded carpet.

"I would not have come to-day, if I had known you had company," said Effie, a little apologetically, having an intuitive feeling that Lotty did not want her.

"Oh, I am sure it was very kind of you to come out in such a storm," said Lotty, quickly, feeling ashamed of her ill-concealed chagrin at having such an uncongenial visitor thrust upon her. This little speech raised a cloud which had been weighing upon Katy's spirits, and the patchwork went on with much chattering and laughter till tea-time.

The end of the week brought an answer to Lotty's letter to Madame Lebrun. There was no vacancy in the academy at present nor was there likely to be one for a year to come, but, if by any chance or accident there should happen to be one, the preference would of course be given to Miss Farwell. This was cold comfort for Lotty, and she immediately began to augur all sorts of disappointing news from the Gralys.

Sunday came and passed almost the same as the previous one had done, and Monday and Tuesday dragged wearily along and then came a letter from Hatty Graly. Lotty was surprised to find that it contained a letter from Mrs. Graly, written before Hatty had received her letter, which contained money sufficient to defray her travelling expenses to and from Gracourt. Mr. and Mrs. Graly had suddenly been called to England by the death of a relative of Mr. Graly's, who had left him a considerable sum of money, and Mrs. Graly wrote to ask Lotty, as a great favor, to spend the next two months with Hatty. Lotty was delighted, and angry with herself for having written. Hatty's letter contained a gushing welcome to Gracourt.

"Everything has happened so beautifully, I was half afraid you would not be able to come when mamma wrote for you," she wrote.

"I can go to the station on the stage on Friday morning and there will be no necessity for telling papa or Katy anything about it till then," she thought as she folded her letters and thrust them into her pocket, as it flashed through her mind that the stage which conveyed the mail from Afton to the first town on the Grand Trunk passed the house every Friday morning. "I am not going to be deceitful or make any pre-

tension about it, I will tell them I am going to stay at Gracourt till I get a situation in some school; I can afford to go on a small salary," she reflected as she gathered the little nothings together that lay about the dressing-table and packed them away in her trunk.

Katy was struck with surprise on seeing Lotty come down to breakfast in her travelling dress on Friday morning, and the first thing that struck her was that she intended going to the village to mail some letters after breakfast. The tale was soon told, however, and Lotty noticed that though neither her father nor sister ate a mouthful after she had made known her intentions, neither of them offered a word of expostulation, Katy regarding her with a sort of blank wonderment which made the anxious expression in her eyes more noticeable than ever. The stage was just making its appearance over the nearest hill-top, and Mr. Farwell went out and stood on the roadside for the purpose of hailing it, while Lotty ran upstairs to dress, and in a few moments her trunk was bundled out, good-byes were said, and she was on her way to Gracourt.

Lotty had gained her object, the song of the early spring birds vibrated on the clear morning air, the woods were purple with spring buds and the grass was springing up fresh and green on the wayside, but her heart was not at rest. As her eyes wandered from the misty, purple hills in the distance to the lake now covered with floating ice and all a-glitter with white and blue and silver, she thought it seemed an age since she had driven over that road with her father.

On entering the drawing-room at Gracourt, the evening of her arrival, the influence of the elegant surroundings fell like balm upon her spirit. Everything was in the most perfect taste, from the lofty frescoed ceiling to the rich delicately tinted carpet. A coal fire glowed in the grate and a soft subdued light fell from the dome of glittering crystals that composed the chandelier; as her eyes wandered about they lit here and there upon some rare work of art in bronze or marble, and, as she sank into a large crimson easy chair with her feet pressing a cluster of white lilies in the hearth-rug and her eyes resting upon a dreamy Italian landscape which hung over the fireplace, she forgot her miserable, comfortless home among the Afton hills. Her eyes were still resting upon the landscape which represented a peasant girl of rare lovliness in the act of lifting her full, red lips and soft, lustrous eyes to the face of a dark eyed youth, with jetty locks and a rich tawny complexion, who was handing her a cluster of luscious purple grapes which he had evidently just plucked from an overhanging vine, with a background of hazy mountain peaks and soft, glowing skies, when Hatty Graly entered the room with a little enamelled box in her hand.

"Here are the beads, Lotty, if you will persist in working by lamp-light," she said, placing the box on a marble topped table beneath the chandelier, and then walking over to a grand piano which stood open on the other side of the room.

Lotty moved over to the table and after lifting the shimmering clusters of beads out, one by one, she proceeded to thread them in a listless sort of way. Hatty was working a bead screen for a bazaar and she had volunteered to help her and as the shimmering leaves formed beneath her fingers on the soft velvet her thoughts wandered over the hills to Katy.

"I wonder what she is doing now," she thought, "sewing on her quilt maybe, or darning those horribly coarse socks, or mayhap sitting in the musty drawing-room playing on the cracked piano for the edification of Mrs. Best or some of the rest of the neighbors."

As the days went by and Lotty and her friend lounged, or practiced, or toyed with their bead-work or drove about in

the Graly's fine carriage to return the calls of their numerous friends, Lotty grew more and more discontented with herself. The second Sunday after her arrival at Gracourt she and Hatty drove to church in the family carriage, and as they bowled along, Lotty's thoughts reverted to Afton village with its piney odor and its noise of rushing water, and she thought that just then Katy and her father and brother would be wending their way up the hill to the little grey church among the pines and exchanging friendly greetings with the villagers and country people as they went. Lotty was not a religious girl and she went through the service in a mechanical sort of way. When the clergyman thundered out his text in a voice to awaken the dead, she looked at him in a listless sort of way and wondered why he did not part his hair more to one side as she knew it would be much more becoming to him. As the sermon went on her eyes wandered over the stained glass in the chancel, and, as she was trying to settle in her mind which of the tints she would like best for a neck-tie, the words "And to do thy duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call thee," rang out loud and clear from the pulpit. She started like a guilty creature and her cheeks crimsoned, for she imagined that the eyes of at least half a dozen of the congregation rested suspiciously upon her, though in reality not one of them had so much as glanced at her. She fixed her eyes upon the clergyman and tried to take in what he was saying, but she could not get the drift of it, and the words: "And to do thy duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call thee" rang in her ears and recurred to her again and again as she drove home and as she sat at the dinner table, and again as she put on her wrapper and slippers and lay down on the couch in Hatty's dressing-room to finish a novel she had commenced during the week, while her friend Hatty lay on the bed in the next room engaged in a like manner.

Lotty tried to fix her attention upon her book, but Randall and Katy and a most outlandish looking patched quilt would keep getting mixed up with the heroine. Gradually these fancies faded away and the room darkened till it grew black as night, when a pale shadowy figure, which Lotty knew to be the spirit of her dead mother, appeared at the foot of the couch.

"Lotty, are you doing your duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call you?" asked the spirit, fixing its eyes mournfully upon her.

Lotty essayed to speak, but she felt deprived of the power of speech. The spirit faded away and she saw Katy, pale and drooping, standing like a faded lily in its place, while the words, "You have taken all the good things and left Katy all the evil things—the burden weighed too heavily upon her, and you took no share in it," came wafting towards her in the voice of the spirit.

She started up with a cry that brought Hatty into the room with a bound.

"Why, Lotty, you have been dreaming or something—I thought some person had broken into the house and was trying to murder you," she said, laughing at her friend's frightened look.

But Lotty could not shake off the horror of the dream.

"I am afraid my sister is ill or something has happened at home—oh! I am sorry I ever left Katy to come here!" she said, beginning to sob hysterically.

Hatty talked soothingly to her and reasoned with her on the absurdity of being influenced by a dream, but in spite of all she could say, Lotty packed her trunk before going to bed that night, and started for home on the first train on Monday morning.

Katy was standing at her ironing-board when she heard the stage stop at the gate, and she stepped over and glanced out of the window. Her heart

gave a great bound—could it be—yes her eyes did not deceive her, it was Lotty. She sprang towards the door and opened it, and Lotty ran joyfully towards her and kissed her again and again.

"Did you come back again, Lotty?" said Katy, staring at her in a bewildered sort of way.

"Yes, I came back again, Katy," said Lotty with a laugh that very little would have changed into a cry.

"Did you come back to stay with us because you wanted to, Lotty," said Katy again.

"Yes, dear, I came back because I wanted to, I have been a wicked, selfish girl, and, instead of helping you and papa, I thought of nothing but getting away where I could enjoy comforts that you had not,and live at my ease, but my eyes have been opened and I am thankful I have been enabled to see myself as I am."

Katy essayed to answer her but tears choked her utterance and, laying her head on the ironing board, she had a good little quiet cry which seemed to relieve her immensely.

"Lotty, you cannot think how disappointed I was when you went away, I had counted so much upon your coming home, and I thought everything would be different. Of course, I did not expect you to get into the ways of the house in a few days, but I thought you would make it different after a while when you would get to feel at home with us," said Katy, between her sobs, while Lotty stood tearfully over her, but, as Katy's tears were tears of joy, they passed away like a tiny thunder cloud sweeping over the summer sky.

When Mr. Farwell and Randall came in to tea, what was their surprise to find Lotty standing at the kitchen stove with one of Katy's big aprons on, frying pancakes for tea, while Katy stood by waiting to enjoy their surprise, and they were quite surprised enough to satisfy her.

"How was it Lotty? did you change your mind and think you would give us another trial?" said her father, kissing her and then holding her at arms' length to get a better view of her.

"Yes, papa, I could not rest for thinking of Katy and you all after I had gone away, and at last I began to see how blinded I had been by my own selfishness and—and—"

"Well, well, my dear, all is well that ends well," said her father, kindly, seeing that her eyes were filling with tears.

Lotty found the pancakes and maple molasses delicious, and they were all very merry over the tea-table.

The first thing Lotty did after breakfast next morning was to write a letter to Hatty Graly: "My sister is much in need of change,she has had too much to do and too much care for one so young, and as she has grown very quickly she is rather delicate, and, if it would be all the same to you, I would like to send her to finish out my intended visit with you," she wrote.

The return of mail brought a letter from Hatty Graly, who was delighted with Lotty's proposal, thinking that the next best thing to having Lotty with her would be to have Lotty's sister.

Katy was quite taken aback when the matter was laid before her, and she naturally did not feel much inclined to start out alone to make her *debût* among perfect strangers, but her father sided with Lotty, and Lotty was determined she should go, so to Gracourt she went. Lotty having made an equal division of her wardrobe, gave half of it to Katy, packing the clothes in her trunk after making such alterations in them as were required.

"I think it is so strange, Lotty, that you never told me how sweet and pretty your sister was, every person admires her so much ," wrote Hatty Graly to Lotty a short time after Katy's arrival at Gracourt. When the excitement of Katy's departure had subsided Lotty tied on one of her aprons and took a

cursory view of the premises. Something must be done to make the place habitable that was certain, but how to go about it was the question, as her eyes wandered over the kitchen walls all begrimed with smut and smoke; her thoughts reverted to Mrs. Best.

"Mrs. Best would know, I heard her saying something to Katy about whitewashing the other day," she observed mentally, and even as the thought crossed her mind the kitchen door opened and Mrs. Best entered with a cloud tied over her head and with her hands under her apron.

Mrs. Best entered into her project heart and soul. If there was anything in the world she had a *penchant* for it was house cleaning. The first thing to be done was to clear the kitchen into the woodshed, she said, and give every nook and corner in it a thorough sweeping and then a thorough whitewashing, Lotty could have all the lime she wanted from her and she would come over and show her how to go about her whitewashing. "There was nothing wrong about the house," she said, as she made a tour of the premises with Lotty, "all it wanted was a good house cleaning and things mended up a bit and it would be very comfortable."

Lotty commenced operations immediately by "clearing the kitchen into the wood-shed" as Mrs. Best expressed it, in which Mrs. Best lent her a helping hand. It was not long till the broom was in full operation in the hands of Mrs. Best, while Lotty stood by awaiting her turn with a towel pinned over her head and her face full of interest.

Mrs. Best had no sooner taken her departure then Lotty discovered that she had left half a dozen fresh eggs in a dish in the pantry, and, on Lotty's thanking her for them when she came over in the morning, she put on an air of mystification and affected to know nothing about them much to the amusement of Randall who was lending a hand in the slacking of the lime.

"Oh, you will soon find Mrs. Best out," he said laughing, he having only lately found his tongue in the presence of his sister, whom he had hitherto made it the object of his life to avoid while in the house, but, as the house cleaning progressed, they became fast friends.

"Lotty I used to think you were so funny when you first came home, you used to seem as if you didn't like anything, not a bit nice like you are now," he would say sometimes.

Lotty thought the whitewashing the easiest thing imaginable as she watched Mrs. Best sweeping the brush over the wall with so much ease, but, when she came to take it in hand herself, she found it required a good deal of skill on her part as well as a great many hints from Mrs. Best to keep her from spattering the whitewash into her eyes, or from letting it trickle down her arms. She soon got into the way of it, however, and the whitewashing, went on swimmingly. Mrs. Best dropping in from time to time to "give her a lift" as she called it, and as the work went on, Lotty was surprised to find how interested she became in it.

"Now Miss Farwell, you may rest contented, for the neck of the house-cleaning is broken and, if you finish up as you have commenced, you will do very well," said Mrs. Best, as she stood in the middle of the kitchen, with her hands on her hips on Saturday evening, contemplating the snow-white walls ornamented with rows of bright tin pans, the glistening cooking stove, the spotless floor, the well polished wood work and the snow-white window blinds that shaded the glistening windows.

"How sweet and clean the lime does make a place smell," she continued, sniffing at the grateful odor which pervaded the kitchen, much to the amusement of Lotty and Randall, who could not forbear having a little fun at her

expense, though they appreciated her none the less.

"I have been telling Lotty we will have to turn the kitchen into a drawing-room you have been making it so smart between you," said Mr. Farwell, entering the kitchen with the weekly paper in his hand, and looking proudly about him.

"Oh, never fear, we will have the drawing-room fine enough one of these days, if I am not mistaken," said Mrs. Best, tying on her cloud preparatory to starting for home, she having come over to make some arrangement about Sunday's dinner. She had been in the habit of going to church Sunday about with Katy during the winter, and to-morrow would be her Sunday, but she came over to say that, as her husband was ill of a cold she would not be able to go out, and that she would have a fire on and the kettle boiled for dinner, if the family went to church.

Lotty set the dinner table in the kitchen before starting for church on Sunday morning, and when she looked at the glistening table-cloth, the old china, and clumsy silver, all of which she had polished to the highest degree of perfection, she felt quite proud of it, though of course it did not look anything like the table at Gracourt, or anything like she thought it ought to look.

"I smell something!" said Randall, sniffing the air, as Mrs. Best had done the evening previously, as he entered the kitchen after church. The something proved to be a pigeon pie which Mrs. Best had left in the oven with her usual dish of mashed potatoes, which was highly appreciated by the hungry church goers.

"We have been cleaning house and have only commenced at the dining-room, so I thought we had better have dinner in here," said Lotty, thinking it necessary to make some apology to Mr. Orde for having dinner in the kitchen.

"Yes, Lotty has been sprucing up the kitchen at such a rate that the rest of the house has got ashamed of itself," said Mr. Farwell.

The next day the house cleaning went on. Mrs. Best advised Lotty to whitewash all the ceilings in the house before doing anything else.

"Then the whitewash will be out of your way and the most disagreeable part of the work will be over," she said.

The whitewashing over, Mrs. Best assisted in taking up the carpets in the dining and drawing-rooms, and when they were thoroughly shaken she directed her to spread them on the floor and give them a good wash with soap and water.

"If it does not freshen them up it will at least make them smell sweetly," she said, but it did freshen them up wonderfully. As Lotty intended repapering the walls Mrs. Best directed her to damp the paper, which had become so begrimed that the original pattern was scarcely discernable, when it peeled off with the greatest ease.

"That is better than plastering the clean paper over the dirty, and they do say it is dreadful unhealthy besides," said Mrs. Best.

Lotty had made up her mind to expend ten dollars of her own money in renovating the house and she was perfectly amazed to find how far it went. Heavy maroon curtains which were much faded and heavy with dust hung over the drawing room windows.

"Never trouble yourself about these, my dear, I will doctor them," said Mrs. Best rolling them into a lump and throwing them to one side when they were taken off the windows, and in a few days she brought them back washed and dyed a beautiful rich crimson. In the mean time Lotty had discovered an old set of lace curtains rolled away in a drawer which she had washed and mended and hung up in their place.

"That's it, that is just the thing, Miss Lotty," said Mrs. Best, "now you can put those away and they will make

the room look cosy and comfortable in the winter, but they are nasty hot things for summer."

The drawing room contained several old fashioned, but handsome, pieces of furniture, which, when brought out from their corners and polished up added much to the appearance of the room. Among a heap of rubbish behind one of the sofas Lotty found a glass case containing several curious stuffed birds, some shells and various other curiosities, the glass of the case was shattered to pieces and everything in it was covered with dust, she polished the case and had new glass put into it, dusted and arranged its contents, putting beautiful fresh mosses among the shells, when the glass case was voted the greatest attraction in the room, The pictures next came under her supervision, the frames were dusted and polished, the glasses washed, and, in many instances the pictures taken out and remounted and then hung with fresh crimson cords, in such becoming lights, that Mr. Farwell himself scarcely recognized them.

"Well, Mr. Farwell, what did I tell you?" said Mrs. Best in a triumphant tone as she stood on the threshold of the drawing room, on the following Saturday evening, with a little stone pitcher in her hand, "it takes Miss Lotty to make things fly, Mr. Farwell."

"Yes, with the aid of Mrs. Best," chimed in Lotty mischievously. Mr. Farwell smiled, and nodded at them both as his eyes wandered about the room. A fire blazed and crackled in the fire place shedding a glow over the garlands of forget-me-nots and clusters of white morning-glories which wreathed themselves all over the wall paper. The fire place had been closed for many years, and when Lotty proposed moveing out the stove and putting a fire into it, as the weather was getting very mild, her father said "It is impossible my dear, the chimney smokes," but on investigation she discovered that it was choked with some fallen bricks, which her father immediately had removed when it drew beautifully.

"Now papa, I have done all this for your comfort, and I want you to enjoy it," said Lotty, drawing her father's easy chair towards the fire and placing his slippers and the evening paper beside it."

"Ah, Miss Lotty that is what I like to see, I like to see folks fix up their places to make their family comfortable and not to make them uncomfortable," said Mrs. Best.

A few days after this Mr. Farwell entered the kitchen, where Lotty was engaged in baking some bread, with a letter in his hand.

"Well, Lotty, it never rains but it pours," he said, "I have just had a debt paid me which I had given up as lost, and, as you have set the inside of the house laughing at the outside, I think I shall have to go down to the village and send Wilton up to cover the imperfections of the exterior of our castle with a couple of coats of white paint."

"Oh! papa, that would be splendid," said Lotty, clapping her hands though they were all stuck over with particles of dough.

"The house does look desolate from the road, and how pleased Katy would be," he said. The house was forthwith painted and the shutters mended, and painted bright green which added to the effect. The front door had been nailed over with rough boards because the storms from the east beat against it, and consequently the rain or sleet beat into the hall. On Mrs. Best's suggestion, Mr. Farwell discovered, that with very little expense he could have a tasteful little porch erected, which would both protect the door and add to the appearance of the house, when the porch was completed Lotty had two pretty green trellises made and placed on either side of it and during

the spring she planted some climbing roses at the foot of each.

"Now the house is laughing at the garden," said Mr. Farwell, when all these improvements were completed, and without more ado he and Randell went to work and made a general clearance of the garden, and Lotty and Randell spent two or three days raking the grass and clearing up the small litter of rubbish left behind, piling all the superfluous rubbish from house and garden in a heap to be burnt.

"Now, papa, both the house and the garden are laughing at the fence," said Randell when he had wheeled the last barrow full of rubbish into the back yard.

"That is true, my boy," said his father laughing, "that fence certainly ought to be respected for its age, and rather then have it laughed at by any upstart spring grass or upstart white paint, I shall have it torn down and a new picket fence built in its place," so before very long the passers by were gazing in admiration at the new picket fence which had sprung up so suddenly about the Farwell's much improved premises.

"Lotty, you have imbued me with new life with your generous helping hand, I felt that I was down, down, down, and every day seemed to bring something to crush me lower and lower till I felt that all the heart and spirit was crushed out of me," said Mr. Farwell, one evening, as he stood watching his daughter sowing some flower seeds in a little circular flower bed beneath one of the windows.

"Well, papa, I am glad I have been able to do my duty," answered Lotty, softly, as she stuck a cedar stick into a little circlet of sweet peas she had just sown, and then patted the loose earth with her hand.

"And truly the day was darkest before the dawn, Lotty, when I thought you had left us to struggle on through the mire alone; I felt that my cup was full," he continued, and as the glowing clouds paled in the west and the silver rim of the moon appeared over the budding woods, they talked on, laying plans for the future which seemed to brighten in the dim distance.

In the meantime, Katy had written home regularly giving glowing accounts of the bright new world which the Graly's golden key had opened before her, and yet was longing for her home among the hills. And there was always a message for Mrs. Best which delighted the recipient exceedingly. And in the meantime, Mrs. Crickmore, who lived half way between the Farwells and the village, had called, with her daughters, and as the roads dried up, several families in and about Afton followed in her wake. Miss Hickey had spent several rainy nights at the Farwell's since Katy's departure, and Lotty was surprised to find how companionable she became, and how her primness and precision of manner melted beneath the sunlight of a little kindness, and Lotty even made friends with Effie Pierce, who sometimes came over with her bag of patches on her arm to sow for a while on Katy's quilt in which she was very much interested.

A new and glorious page in Dame Nature's book was unfolding itself, day by day, before Lotty's enchanted eyes, for she was witnessing spring in the country for the first time. Many sunny afternoons, when her household work was done, she would take a basket on her arm and sally forth into the budding, blossoming world, and come home laden with delicately tinted wild flowers and tall, feathery ferns which she had gathered among the sun-flecked shadows of the woods, while she listened to the jubilant song of the birds. Snowy clouds of fragrant spring blossoms mingled with the yet tender budding foliage of the woods, and glittering streams, whose mossy banks were dotted with blue violets, babbled through the valleys. And what won-

ders the woods revealed ; in the deep shadow beneath the spreading hemlock boughs, Lotty found clusters of bell-shaped, leafless, snowy flowers, which looked as if they had been cast in wax or carved in ivory and which she discovered to be "Indian pipes," and dotting the damp mossy banks, she found toad stools of the most brilliant scarlet and orange mingled with others of pearly white or rich shades of brown. Sometimes, her flowers were discarded for the mosses, which she found in every shade of green, some tipped with scarlet and so bright that they seemed covered with a golden sheen, and others silvery white ; and growing in the crevices of old mossy stumps, she found fungi in the form and color of pink coral ; verily it was a fairy world of wonders.

"Papa, I should not wonder if Katy would light down upon us unawares one of these days," said Lotty, one afternoon, as she watched a golden oriole flirting its brilliant wings among the leaves of a currant bush in the back garden, which was all flecked with sunlight which fell like a shower of gold from among the overshadowing boughs of a blue beech.

"I should not wonder," returned her father as his eyes wandered over the fresh green landscape all streaked with a shimmering golden mist.

Lotty was sitting at the open kitchen window darning stockings, while her father was seated on a bench outside mending some farm implement, she glanced at the stove, it would soon be time to make a fire to boil the kettle for tea. The sound of a vehicle driving along the road caused her to raise her eyes to the window, but the vehicle did not pass, it had stopped. Lotty started up and upset her stocking-basket on the floor. It was the stage !—Katy, grown fat and rosy and with her great eyes filled with delighted wonder came bounding in.

"Oh, Lotty ! to think of you and papa making everything so lovely and you never told me !" she said, when the first joyful greetings were over.

"Well, my dear, we wanted to surprise you," answered her father.

The anxious expression, which had struck Lotty on first seeing Katy, had gone out of her eyes, and the care-worn look which had aged her fair young face had also disappeared. Lotty busied herself getting tea while Katy skipped about the house like a delighted child, to the amusement of her father. There were a thousand questions to be asked about the Gralys and their numerous friends and Katy had many things, both grave and gay, to tell about her visit and her journey home, in the midst of it all, Randall, who had been over at the village in quest of a letter from Katy, walked in. More joyful greetings were exchanged and then they all sat down to tea.

After a busy happy summer, the sisters entertained their friend, Hatty Graly, for a month. She was delighted with their cosy house, which had all the charm of novelty for her, and still more with the hills, and the brilliant autumn woods, all aglow as they were with a thousand sunset tints. They picked apples, and gathered the gayly tinted leaves, and bright autumn ferns, and drooping yellow grasses to decorate the drawing-room for winter, and were as happy as the day was long.

Lotty, having given the money intended for her last year's tuition at Madame Lebrun's to her father in the spring, he had been enabled to improve his land, and to pay an able man to work it for him, and consequently, the Farwells had such an abundant harvest that it was the wonder of the whole neighborhood, they having hitherto been able to grow very little more than what they ate off it.

All Lotty's spare time during the winter was spent in instructing her brother and sister, and at Mrs. Crickmore's earnest solicitation, she received three

of her younger children as weekly boarders, which was quite an assistance to the family.

Shall we leave them thus, or shall we go on to tell how, in time, Lotty married Mr. Orde and went to live in a pretty cottage among the pines near the church, and how Katy married a nephew of Mr. Graly's, who bore his fair young wife across the Atlantic waves to his ancestral home. After going through a course of study with Mr. Orde, Randall entered Upper Canada College, and subsequently became a professional man of some note. In the meantime, he always spent his holidays at the homestead, where Mrs. Best and her husband had been domiciled ever since Katy's marriage. Mr. Best, who was a superior farmer, rented the Farwells' farm and worked it with his own which joined it. As Mrs. Best was such a queen among housekeepers, and such an old and dear friend of the family, Mr. Farwell's daughters felt no uneasiness for his welfare. He passed the greater part of his time at the cottage among the pines, however, and went regularly to the village post-office for Katy and Randall's letters, which never failed to come at the time expected.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

In these days of elaboration and extravagance in dress, children are too frequently seen dressed out in imitation of grown-up persons, like miniatures reproducing on a small scale each detail of puff, frill, furbelow, and manufactured protuberance that is seen on the costumes of their mothers and aunts. This is a mistake, not only as regards the fostering of self-consciousness in the small wearer, but from an artistic point of view. Children's clothes should be of simple material, simply made. Brilliant coloring is more than allowable, and the mother may indulge in this direction the love of color which she must curb and confine as regards her own garments. On dark children, especially, bright tints are most advantageous, and on blonde, the lighter shades of blue, pink, or rose, are almost prettier than on their elder sisters, so exquisite is the texture of the skin, and the tints of that and of the hair in early childhood. But the beauty of the coloring is often marred by the want of simplicity in the form of the garments, and the extreme sophistication of the materials. Silk, velvet, and satin, for instance, are most unsuitable for children's wear. There is a good maxim that tells us never to buy anything we could not afford to replace, if broken or worn out. It is to be regretted that the principle conveyed in this is not more constantly adhered to. One of its effects would be that easily spoiled materials would never be made up into a dress for a child, for if the parents were among the wealthiest in the kingdom, they ought not to be able to "afford" to give their child a garment that will probably be ruined after one day's wear.

It is not, however, as a rule, the wealthiest people who dress their children most elaborately. It is the *nouveaux riches* whose principal pleasure in the possession of their new wealth is to flaunt it in the eyes of all men. Their children, as well as their houses, their gardens, their carriages, and their horses, must serve to prove it, and their dress is chosen with that end in view. Mrs. Biscuit, late of the High Street, in some prosperous town, now of Dough Castle, Flourshire, dresses her children in silks and velvets, has their hats trimmed with feathers and flowers, and tells all her friends what their costumes cost, while she holds up wondering hands when she sees the children of a wealthy Countess dressed

in plain hollands and sailor hats, and enjoying themselves at their play, as her children, in the consciousness of their grandeur, never can do without the fear of nurse before their eyes.

For summer dresses, hollands trimmed with bright colors are the most suitable for children's morning wear, and for evening, thick white muslins or colored batistes, prettily, but not elaborately made. Batiste is an excellent material for children. It washes well in most colors, and does not tear so easily as muslin. For winter wear, serge is perhaps the most useful material, both for girls and for young boys. The thicker qualities are always the best value in the end, and serge is one of the materials that should be bought at a good and reliable house, and should consist entirely of wool. If there be any cotton in it, it will shrink and cockle in the damp or wet, and also lose its color in an appreciable degree, in a very short time. Cashmere is not quite so good a material for children as for grown-up people. It contracts stains more readily than serge or homespun, and though they may generally be sponged out with a little clean cold water, yet constant sponging is not advisable where a child's dress is concerned.

Braid is the best trimming for both summer and winter frocks. It should always be "shrunk" before being put on the dress. This may easily be done by throwing the braid into the copper while the water is boiling. It can be taken out in a few minutes, and if necessary ironed, before it has completely dried. Care must be taken not to use for trimmings braid of any color that will "run" into that of the material. Red braid is one of the safest in this respect, and harmonizes well with holland.

Navy blue is not quite so safe a color; pink is better, though not nearly so pretty, for out-door wear at least.

The simpler the mode of making, the more suitable is it for the childish wearer. A difference must, however, be made with children of different ages. For a child of two, three, four or five years of age, the dress may be made quite plain. After six, if the girl be tall, a little trimming is necessary; otherwise the figure looks too long and slim. When a slight child of ten wears a dress without any trimming, it usually clings too closely to her figure to be graceful. To remedy this, a flounce may be placed all round the hem of the dress. Round the neck and cuffs, there should also be frills, and the skirt should not be so much gored, as to be cut away and tight below the waist. A girl who is growing quickly is generally slim, and a dress of the present exaggerated mode makes her appear even painfully so.

But for the rounded limbs of small creatures of from two to five, nothing can be prettier than plain garments confined at the waist with a belt or sash. The princess shape is scarcely suitable for children, especially as it is usually finished off with an irrevelant bow placed in some impossible position. Nor is a basque bodice a comfortable form for a child. The little skirt, being unattached, twists round, and the bodice, having no skirt to keep it down, gets up on the shoulder and "pulls" uncomfortably under the arms.

Some years ago little girls always wore short sleeves, but fortunately for the present comfort and future symmetry of the arms of the rising generation, this fashion has quite gone out. Their legs are also better clad than was usual in older times, when open-worked stockings and thin shoes with sandals were the "correct thing." Even now, however, there is room for improvement in the matter of the costume of growing girls. The extremities are not yet sufficiently protected. Blue hands and cold feet are too often the portion of girls whose sleeves are unlined and whose dresses end too soon.

Another matter in which the modern costume of very young girls greatly errs is that of the arrangement of the hair, which may really be called a portion of the costume, since the effect of the whole depends so much upon it. It is now the fashion to crimp the hair by plaiting it tightly at night. This is, in a sense, drawing on one's capital instead of using only the interest, since the hair suffers irremediably from crimping; and the maiden of eighteen, whose flowing locks ought to be both long and thick, owes their scant and shabby condition to the short-sighted pride of the mother who wished her child's hair to be arranged in the fashion at any cost. To say nothing of the suffering of the child whose hair has to be plaited closely every evening, when she is more sleepy than at any other moment of the day, the fashion is an unnatural one, and is not even pretty. There are good reasons against it: one is, that all but the straightest hair falls into pretty waves when uncrimped, and the straight hair keeps the curves from the crimping only a very short time after being released from the plaits.

Ticking is an excellent material for children's

ear. It is in blue and grey, brown and grey, and black and grey. It is equally suitable for boys' knickerbockers and for girls' dresses. It wears excellently, and is very pretty when trimmed with collar, cuffs, and pocket of the positive color. For instance, a knickerbocker suit, made of blue and grey ticking, and trimmed with sailor's collar of dark blue and bands of the same on the sleeves and knickerbockers, would be pretty, durable, and easy to wash. A girl's dress of the same, with bands of the dark blue round the skirt, cuffs of the same on the sleeve, and a pretty pocket on the dress, would possess the same qualifications.

It is desirable that children should be put into mourning dress as seldom as possible; only, in fact, for the very nearest relatives. The little creatures do not understand it, and it is absurd to invest them with the signs of a grief they cannot feel. Absence of positive color is quite sufficient mourning for children: greys may be worn, but crape on no consideration whatever. It is simply cruel to put so destructible a material on children's dresses. They cannot protect it from injury, and yet mothers are sometimes so unreasoning as to be angry with the little wearer when this and other equally fragile materials become injured. Too often—and not with regard to dress only—the punishment awarded to a child is proportioned to the effect of its fault and not to the fault itself—an injustice which disturbs all the ideas of right and wrong which have been painfully instilled into the child's mind.—*From "How to Dress Well on a Shilling a Day."*

PAPA AND BABY.

BY MARY BLAKE.

In spite of all the statements to the contrary, there are men who help take care of their children. They are the kindest and best husbands in the world. They do not wish to see their wives overburdened with care and worry, and they intend to help them a great deal, and actually do. Yet it cannot be denied that their opinion concerning the value of their services, and their wives' opinion on the same subject do not exactly coincide. One of these good husbands will help dress the children for breakfast, and speak of it with a grandly virtuous air, while the fact is that he only washed the face of one while his wife washed and dressed the other three. He helps get the children ready for church; that is, he buttons up Dick's boots, and helps Jenny put on her gloves, after he has leisurely and comfortably dressed himself, while his wife ties sashes, and hunts up odd gloves, and puts on collars, and curls one child's hair, and washes another's hands, and in the intervals "does up" her own hair, and saves the baby from the razor, and Jenny's best bonnet from the baby. He stands patiently (?) in the hall, as the bells begin to toll, and mildly calls, "It is getting late, Maria." Which fact Maria knows as well as he does, for her hands are trembling so with nervousness and haste that she can hardly put a single pin in its right place. Just as the last strokes of the bell are sounding, they hurry off to church, losing entirely the calming influence which comes from a leisurely walk on a fine Sunday morning. He takes the opportunity to remark, with just a shade of reproof in his gentle tones, "I can't understand why it takes you so long to get ready. It really does seem as if, with so much as I do to help you, we need not be obliged to hurry so at the last minute. I don't like to see you go up the aisle with your face as red as a lobster,"—which, of course, is very soothing to Maria's irritated nerves.

The father cares for the baby at night in very much the same fashion. The mother has lifted the child into her own bed, and back into its cradle again, in the vain hope that in one place or the other he will go to sleep, has brought "drinks of water" for him, rocked the cradle

and sung to its uneasy occupant softly and sleepily for an hour, till finally, she thinks that if she is to be in this *semi-amphibious* state, half out of bed and half in, the air from the open window is too cool for her. She knows if she tries to shut it herself the little tyrant will instantly miss her presence, and be ten times wider awake than ever, and all the hour's singing and rocking will be labor lost. So, with much regret, she softly asks John to get up and close the window. He has lain remarkably still and breathed rather heavily, and is somewhat difficult to arouse for a man who afterwards declares he was wide awake all the time. But, like the good husband he is, he cheerfully closes the window, and gets an extra blanket for the baby, and pleasantly asks, as he settles down into the pillows again, "What makes the baby so uneasy to-night?" He manifests a strange indifference to his wife's reply, and in fact nothing more is heard from him till morning, while his wife sleepily and painfully works away for an hour longer. But at breakfast, with what calm complacency does he speak of the trouble the baby made us last night, with an "us" fairly editorial in its comprehensiveness. The next night he goes into a room by himself to sleep. He "can't stand it to have his rest broken so," but adds generously, "I'll take care of him the next night." And so he does till about twelve o'clock, when the baby wakes and cries. For ten minutes he tries faithfully to get him to sleep again, and then ignominiously retreats and calls for "mamma."

But it is in travelling on a hot summer's day, with a year old baby, that the husband's virtues shine brightest. Mamma is tired and needs rest. They are going to spend a week with some friends, a day's journey in the country. *She* is half inclined to leave the baby at home. Her mother will "come over" and look after him, and, "it's only for a few days after all." But *he* says decidedly, "Oh! no, take him, by all means. Our cousins will all want to see him, and he is such a good little fellow. I'll help you to take care of him on the way, and there will always be somebody there who will want to amuse him."

She being young and inexperienced, has not yet learned that *nobody* ever takes care of a baby, to any extent, so long as its mother is near, for both mother and baby have notions of their own as to what "taking care of" means. Besides, she has a mother's instinctive desire to keep her child with her, and so says no more about it.

Then comes the usual ordeal of "getting ready," on which her husband makes the criticisms customary to men, who cannot understand why women do not find a clean pocket-handkerchief and an extra collar sufficient additional wardrobe for a week, as they do. However, at last, they are ready to start. There is the large travelling bag, with all sorts of mysterious appurtenances for the baby's toilet, the little traveling bag with the lunch, and some crackers and a silver cup for the baby, the shawl-strap bundle enormously swollen by a small pillow, also for the baby, for "he might go to sleep in the cars, you know." (Alas, how the best-laid schemes o' mice and mothers gang aft a-gley!) And lastly, the baby, the largest and liveliest bundle of all.

The father sets out with the best of resolutions. *He* is going to take care of that baby all day. His wife needs the rest, and she shall have it. How little we realize what it will cost us to execute our good intentions! How different they look to us, when we are actually "under fire," from what they did when in peace and quietness we made them! He places his wife in the most comfortable seat he can find, a bag at her feet, a shawl at her back, takes the baby in his lap, and the day's campaign begins. An hour goes by very pleasantly. The baby is amused by the novelty of the situation, and his father silently congratulates himself on the wisdom of his management. "Women wouldn't have half the trouble they do if they only knew how to manage," he says to himself. Just here, the newsboy appears with the morning papers. Secretly glad of a diversion, he buys a paper, and the baby goes to his mamma. The young rascal, by this time tired of sitting still, and missing too the steady support of his father's strong arms, begins to wriggle and twist. He slips down on the floor, his mother lifts him up again. He sits still two seconds and a half, and attracted by something outside, slips down again and stands tottering half a minute. Then she drags him back into her lap. Great, heavy fellow! how he pulls on her arms and shoulders. But she is used to it, and only wonders what ails her arms and back that they get so tired every day. She is sure she doesn't do much but take care of that baby. Next, he "flops" over upon the opposite seat, in a few minutes "flops" back, slips down on

his mother's lap, wriggles and twists awhile, gets a drink of water from the water-boy, and spills it on his mother's clean cuffs and his own white dress, slips down again, and again she lifts him back. All this time, papa is calmly reading his paper. Having finished it, and become convinced that the country is going to hold together a little longer, he hands the paper to his wife. (Did you ever see a man offer the paper to his wife before he had read it himself, especially if it was near election?) Yes, she would like to look at it, if he will see to the baby.

"Certainly," with the slightest shade of injured innocence in his tones, "haven't I done so all the morning? Besides, the baby will take care of himself, he is big enough."

Mamma is wisely silent, and begins to look over the paper. The young scamp, who never thought of touching it so long as his father had it, now begins a series of indiscriminate dashes at it, which combined with the motion of the cars, makes reading a matter of difficulty.

"Let him have it," says the mother, "I am too sleepy to read."

"Why don't you take a nap? It would do you good," exclaims the husband. "Let me arrange a place for you."

And in a few minutes the shawls and bags are arranged into a very tempting resting-place for the tired mother. She, who rose at five o'clock to get ready, willingly lays her head back on the shawl and closes her eyes. Just as the "chug-chug" of the cars begins to be a continuous "hum-m-m," she is startled by a scream from the baby who has a suspicious-looking red spot over his eye. Papa looks a little confused and explains:

"Why, you see, he sat so still, that I thought I could read the President's message, and the first thing I knew, he had tumbled off the seat."

But from the "big bag" mamma produces arnica and an old handkerchief, while papa wonders how she could have known he was going to get bumped, and thinks it is not such a bad thing to "get ready" after all.

"Never mind, he is all right now. You go to sleep again, and I'll devote myself to him."

So, once more, the weary eyes close, and this time everything fairly fades out of sight, and she is in that delightful state when one is asleep just enough to be conscious of the comfort of it, when her husband says:

"Maria, I am sorry to disturb you, but really I think this child is hungry, and I can't find his bottle of milk."

So she raises herself and feeds him. Of course, she has slept only enough to make it impossible for her to go to sleep again, but not enough to rest her very much.

By this time they have reached Springfield. Papa gets out, buys a cup of tea for mamma, walks up and down the platform, exchanges a hearty word or two with some one, jumps on again as the train moves off, and leisurely walks into the car just as she has worked herself into a frenzy of apprehension for fear he is left. The recollection of the fact that he has the tickets and the checks in his pocket, and that she has but fifty cents in hers, does not tend to calm her nerves. The possession of a little extra money is a wonderful sedative on such occasions, but men do not always think of that.

"What a rest it is to stop awhile!" says he, as he settles himself down into the seat again. She, shut up in the stifling car in the dingy and smoky depot, with the restless baby crawling into and out of her lap all the while, wonders why it has not seemed pleasant to her, but only wonders. A woman's mind is not generally given to analyzing sensations. Neither of them thought what a relief it would have been, to both mother and child, if he had taken the baby up and down the platform a few times.

"Now, let us have our lunch," he continues, and the lunch bag is opened. Mamma eats hers in the intervals of feeding the baby and rescuing her own food from his reckless grasp. As it is, he manages to tip over a cup of milk upon the only thing she really cares much about. Papa eats his with a vigorous appetite, and then says:

"Well, now, you have had your nap, and I guess I'll take mine," and forthwith he proceeds to sleep a good hour.

Meanwhile, mamma tries to get the wriggling baby to sleep. But no, the condensed quintessence of forty eels could not be livelier. He is on the seats, down on the floor, and up again all at once, and her back and arms and shoulders ache again and again with lifting him. Presently, papa shows signs of returning consciousness. In sheer desperation, mamma says:

"Don't you believe you could take this child in your arms and get him to sleep?" adding with a spice of worldly wisdom,—"He will be so cross when he gets there, if he loses his nap."

Papa's fatherly pride is touched; he does not want his baby to make a poor impression on his

new friends. Besides, mamma looks tired, and isn't he taking care of that baby? So, with great cheerfulness, he takes the restless boy. The father's strong arms and broad chest are a pleasant contrast to mamma's unsteady grasp, and the child nestles close up to him. The tired little head leans heavily on his shoulder, the white lids drop over the blue eyes, and, in a little while he is fast asleep. Papa enjoys holding the precious bundle for a while. There is a slight tinge of complacency in thinking of the ease with which he put him to sleep, after mamma had tried so long in vain. Presently, however, even his stout arms begin to ache, and he proposes to use the pillow which has made the shawl-strap bundle so bulky.

So mamma prepares a tempting bed, but no sooner does his lordship's pretty head touch it, than his eyes fly wide open.

The father feels as if he had done so well, that he deserves a little rest, and so says:

"There's a man in the next car I want to see. I guess I'll step in there for a few minutes."

So off he goes for half an hour, and talks politics and trade and the hard times till he feels quite refreshed. The baby is crosser than ever, slips down and is pulled up, bumps his head against the window and cries for water, but the water-boy has apparently gone down to the bottom of the Red Sea with Pharaoh, after it, for he comes no more. Just as the mother's patience and temper are worn threadbare, the smiling father appears with an old army friend, whom he has just discovered, and whom he wishes to introduce to his wife and baby.

Mamma instinctively feels, though she cannot see, that her bonnet is awry, her "crimps" all out, that the marks of baby's smutty fingers are on her cuffs and collar, neck-tie and bonnet-strings. As for the baby himself!—hair all sticky and standing, milk around his mouth, dust on his sleeves, cracker-crumbs in his lap, cinders sticking all over his moist little hands and face, and on every spot on his white dress where he has spilled milk or water,—he is a very different little fellow from the sweet-looking baby in his fresh white dress and brown sack who came into the cars in the morning. Mamma is so uncomfortably conscious of the baby's soiled dress and her own dilapidated appearance, and so vexed at John for bringing a stranger to see them, when they are in such a plight, that she is not very entertaining. John is dimly conscious that his family do not appear at their usual good advantage, and wonders where the baby got such a dirty face. The old army friend, being a bachelor, is a little surprised at his comrade's enthusiasm over either wife or baby, but praises the child, more or less, according to the elasticity of his conscience, and does not prolong the interview beyond the demands of politeness.

However, everything must have an end, and this journey is no exception. Already, passengers are beginning to gather up bags and parcels, and soon our travellers are seated in the coach which is to carry them up the "log hill" to the pleasant farmhouse.

"I am so tired!" gasps the poor mother, and her face confirms the truth of her words. The father feels distressed, but only says:

"I am very sorry; but never mind, we are almost there," while he thinks,—"How little these women can endure! Here I have taken care of that child all the way up, and feel as fresh as can be, and she is all tired out with the journey! What a pity our American women haven't more stamina!"—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Literary Notices.

LA COMPAGNIE IRLANDAISE. Reminiscences of the Franco-German War. By M. W. Kirwan, Formerly Captain Commanding the Irish Contingent in the French Service, and late Lieutenant in H. M. 44th Glamorganshire Light Infantry. Montreal, Dawson Bros. 75 cents.

Captain Kirwan has written a very interesting account of the adventures of the Irish company which volunteered for the French service after the fall of Sedan. The book is full of incident, while in occasional digressions we find soldier's tales worthy of repetition. One of these will be found in our first extract, a story told by one McIver who had assisted in the war for Cuban Independence.

MCIVER'S STORY.

"Ten minutes later we were at our destination. The company had stacked their arms about a hundred paces from the mountain, and had spread themselves through the village. The drummer alone, a boy of fifteen, stood guard over the arms under the protection of some old soldiers, who, cooler-blooded than their comrades, walked leisurely about smoking their pipes.

"I rode straight to the drummer, and without dismounting, said: 'Beat the recall, drummer; I am in haste.'

"The smokers," continued the Colonel, "at this order, approached us, and stared at us with an abashed air. The most insolent of them gave the military salute, through force of habit, apparently. But they seemed thoughtful, and twisted their moustaches without speaking.

"The drummer, uneasy as to the others, rose, hooked on his drum, and replied by a prolonged roll, which did not cease until the whole company stood behind their stacks.

"'What is all this noise about? Are you a fool, drummer?" cried the Lieutenant, coming up last of all, at a run, from the further end of the village, and carrying a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other.

"The sight of two horsemen caused him to redouble his speed, and when he reached us he could scarcely gasp, in his astonishment and want of breath.

"'You, Colonel McIver! You here! Glad to see you, *caro mio*. Welcome! We scarcely expected so agreeable a surprise. What can we do for you, Colonel? Will you take a glass of rum?"

"I spurred my horse toward the Lieutenant, and, with a sudden blow breaking the glass and bottle he held, said briefly and sternly:

"'Your sword, Lieutenant.'

"The Lieutenant turned pale, and recoiling a couple of paces, said in a husky voice:

"'My sword! Was it to demand my sword that you came from Cespedes?'

"We come to decimate you. Cespedes has ordered it."

"And I dismounted, placing myself in their power, to prove to the mutineers the fixedness of my resolve to carry out my orders or die in the attempt. The idea seemed, however, to excite their mirth," said McIver, with a smile.

"'Decimate us!' cried one.

"'Beautiful!' laughed another.

"And cries of 'Prodigious!' 'What a farce!' 'Whom will he do it with?' 'He hasn't even a corporal's guard!' rang on every side. The men left the stacks of arms, and began to gather round us with menacing looks and gestures. My friend threw himself among the most furious, but his words availed nothing to restrain them. The situation was becoming critical.

"Suddenly a thought struck me. I signed to the drummer to beat his drum, so that its continued roll might drown their voices, and the more desperate be thus prevented from urging on those who hesitated.

"Anything which brings the habits of discipline to the minds of old soldiers acts with wonderful power. Before the roll of the drum ceased, every man had regained his place—the tumult was ended, and quiet reigned.

"'We are come to decimate you,' I continued, coldly and sternly as before, 'and we are alone. Do you ask why? Because Cespedes wishes the execution to be secret; he would not have the company dishonored before their comrades—dishonored for having turned their backs when all was ready to march upon your enemy and the enemy of 'Cuba Libre.''

"But we did not do so,' cried one of the men.

"'Silence! The Colonel is right,' replied several.

"'Then the Lieutenant deceived us; he told us the Colonel would protect us,' said a young soldier.

"Their tone had already changed. It was no longer hostile," said McIver, sipping at his punch.

"'I!' cried the Lieutenant. 'Did I ever say aught to make you doubt the Colonel's honor?'

"'No! no!' cried voice after voice. 'It is our fault. Let us suffer the penalty! Decimate us, Colonel!' cried several, 'and let us have it over as soon as may be. We are ready!'

"'Lieutenant,' I continued, advancing, 'I demand your sword.'

"He moved his hand to the buckle of his belt, as if to take it off, but the struggle was too great for his proud heart; his youthful blood was in arms, and carried away by passion, he shouted hoarsely:

"'Then come and take it!'

"And drawing it from his sheath, he threw himself on guard.

"'Bravo, Lieutenant! Let him come and take it,' cried a voice at his side.

"There was no time for consideration; I at once fell on guard myself. The Lieutenant awaited my attack with his blade low, after the manner of the Cubans, but at my first lunge, breaking down his guard before we had even crossed swords, whether it was that remorse for his act prevented his exerting his usual skill or through unlucky mischance on his part, I disarmed him, catching his guard on the point of my sword and forcing his weapon from his hand.

"'Curses!' he exclaimed, angrily, and then, pale with shame and despair, he sobbed out, 'Shoot me first, Colonel, I implore you.'

"All this while my friend was writing the names of the men upon slips of paper, which were put into a hat.

"'But this is not the way it is done,' cried the Lieutenant, in a desperate tone. 'Permit me to instruct you.'

"'Silence in the ranks,' I cried.

"'But we will never get through at this rate, Colonel.'

"'I am not responsible to you, sir. It is the order of Cespedes. Now come hither,' said I to my companion, 'and draw four names for the firing party.'

"It was an old man's name that he drew.

"'Sampierri!'

"'I never had any luck,' growled Sampierri, stamping angrily upon the ground.

"He took up his musket.

"'Nicolo, Mordini, and Ruspone!' continued my companion.

"Meanwhile a party of men was silently digging a trench to our left, about two hundred paces from the mountain, where the earth was soft and offered but little resistance.

"'Come—attention, firing party!' said the Corporal.

"He marched to the trench at the head of his four grenadiers.

"Nine slips were successively drawn, so that the suspense continued to the end. The tenth he held up.

"'The Sergeant Gasparini!'

"Gasparini bent over the drummer, and the tears, spite of his proud endeavors to restrain them, dropped on his gray mustache.

"'Here, take this for thy trouble, my boy,' he said, giving the drummer his silver watch; then, dashing the tears from his eyes shamefacedly, with a steady step marched to the edge of the trench.

"'Ready!' cried the Corporal.

"'Aim! Fire!' cried Gasparini.

"A flash and report followed, and the old sergeant fell dead on his face in the trench, where he was pushed to the place where he was to rest.

"The drawing continued from eleven to nineteen. Twenty reached, my companion took the slip, lifted it above his head, and sobbed, rather than spoke, in his endeavors to conceal his emotion:

"'The Sergeant-major Miemo!'

"He was the best instructed under-officer, perhaps, in the regiment; calm, knowing well his duties, laborious—so useful, in fact, in the humble post he held that his superiors, through pure selfishness, had never proposed him for his promotion.

"'Ah! poor Gasparini,' he cried, with a sort of mournful merriment; 'if to-day is the day of the old growlers, it is also the day of sergeants.'

"He crossed himself devoutly, and walked to the trench, his hands in his pockets, bent one knee to the earth, and gave the word 'Fire!'

"We heard a report; Miemo, his head shattered by the bullets, rolled like a lump of lead into the trench.

"'Will those beggarly Spaniards never appear?' said I to my companion, aside. 'I have had more than enough of this.'

"'Hush!' he replied. 'You do not know them yet as well as I, who have been fighting them for some time. I have just discovered a whole detachment in the declivity yonder before us. They are climbing along above us, so as to attack us in front and on both flanks at once. I have counted two hundred muskets and carbines. We will have hot enough work in a few minutes.'

"'God grant it! Continue, but more slowly, so that we need not kill any more.'

"Slowly, however, as he proceeded to tear up the names drawn, slowly as the drawing went on, number thirty at length came forth. He lifted it up to read the name, but remained for an instant silent.

"'Who? who?' resounded on all sides.

"'To the devil with it! Let whom it concerns read it,' cried my companion, flinging it upon the ground.

"'I will wager it is I,' said the Lieutenant, springing forward to pick it up. 'Yes, it is, indeed. The Lieutenant Polidoro!'

"'Did you not make a mistake?' asked I. 'I think it is only twenty-nine.'

"'Yes, yes, Colonel, it is only twenty-nine,' cried a soldier. 'Don't, for heaven's sake, decimate an officer.'

"'Do you take me for a fool?' shouted

Polidoro. 'I counted them, and it is thirty. Come, come! Every one in his turn! No joking! Your hand, Colonel! You forgive me?'

"He had scarcely spoken when a signal shot was heard from the mountain, and following upon it two fierce blazes of fire crashed on our right and left, and concealed our assailants in their thick smoke.

"It was indeed the Spaniards, who had filed toward the mountain. Learning that a company of Cubans was near, they halted on their way in the hope of capturing us.

'At the crash of the discharge, Polidoro sprang forward like a lion. The smell of battle seemed to intoxicate him. His eyes flashed fire, and his face glowed with ardour. His was a true warrior soul.

"'Colonel,' said he 'it is through my fault that the company is brought into this danger; let it be mine to extricate it. Give me twenty men. I know the country round, and this morning I discovered a little by-path opening on a level space, from which we can turn the enemy's right. You attack him in front, and in less than a quarter of an hour all that rabble will be cut to pieces or dispersed. If I remain alive, I will return and place myself at your disposal.'

"If you return alive," I replied, "Cespedes will decide upon your case. Here is your sword, Polidoro, but be not rash; Cespedes will not deprive himself, for any whim, of an officer with such a future as yours before him."

"'I have no future, Colonel,' he returned, gloomily. 'I do not deceive myself with false hopes. Preferment is closed against me. I will die, at least, with honor, for *Cuba Libre*, and bear with me the regret of my chief.'

"Five men for the advance and fifteen more for the Lieutenant," I cried out.

"'All right, Colonel. You hold the centre and I the right, deployed as skirmishers—is that it?'

"Right!"

"The Spanish commander, not having perceived our movement, and there being only fifty men at most before him, pressed confidently forward, never doubting that he could easily compel us to lay down our arms. We waited until part of his men had reached the foot of the mountain, and then we fell upon them in solid column; some of the men, being employed as skirmishers, attacked and drove back their left, and Polidoro, having gained his position, forced their right to retreat, shooting down all who had not rejoined the main body. Suddenly I heard the drums beat the charge behind me. It was a company led by Cespedes himself, who fearing that I might be unable to enforce discipline, had come to my assistance.

"The Spaniard is brave, obstinate, and sober; inured to privations and fatigues. He will fight long and well behind a rock or wall, but in the open field he generally lacks steadiness, and is easily discouraged if he meets an unforeseen resistance in an attack. He will disband, to meet his fellows at some other point and plan some new surprise—the only species of warfare he conducts well. This, indeed, is the result of that provincial spirit of independence, of that character of individuality, which so deeply penetrates the masses, and forms the distinguished characteristic of the nation.

"The panic soon became general, and the village was filled with wounded and dead.

"Those who fled from the fire of one party of our men were received on the bayonets of another, finding no outlet through which to make their escape; about a hundred of the Spaniards, however, succeeded in forcing their way, scattering as they went, and giving us a few parting shots. All the rest were taken. Cespedes forced his way to us, pitilessly shooting down all who refused to yield. He soon joined us, and cast his eyes towards the open trench.

"'Aha he cried, darting a look of intelligence to me; 'you are cautions, Colonel. You would not have the enemy know the number of your dead. How many?' asked he, in a low tone.

"Two, General; the lot unfortunately fell upon Sergeants Gasparini and Miemo.'

"Cespedes could not restrain a gesture of vexation.

"'And Polidoro?'

"My General, he escaped well! we were just going to shoot him when the skirmish commenced. He is now upon the mountain, where I can vouch he gave us some famous help."

"'He is here,' said my companion, 'and in a sad condition. Here are his men bringing him in upon their muskets.'

"When he reached us, Polidoro raised his head, not without great pain, and lifting his still bantering glance to the face of Cespedes, who stood grave and motionless, he said, with an attempt at his old gaiety:

"'Hit, General, hit! I am sorry, my General, that you can no longer break or even put me under arrest.'

"'I will have chance enough to do both yet,' replied Cespedes, with an affected roughness which betrayed his anxiety to encourage the wounded soldier.

"'Oh, General! my account is closed this time,' returned Polidoro. 'Six bullets through the body, and two of them, at least, through the lungs. 'Tis enough for one, General.'

"'*Sancta Maria, mater Dei*,' he continued, in a tone still tinged with a sort of sorrowful gaiety, '*ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostre. Amen.*'

"Cespedes threw himself from his horse, and pressed a flask of brandy to the lips of the wounded Lieutenant, holding him up in his arms for a moment to help him, to swallow a few drops.

"'How kind you are to me! You seem to think that, in spite of my follies, I was not so bad an officer, after all. Keep, I pray you, my General, my sword in remembrance of me; only unfasten the sword-knot, and give it to Colonel McIver.'

"A fit of coughing interrupted him, and

then a bloody frothing appeared upon his lips. His features were pinched with pain—he gasped—his eyes grew glassy, and after a few slight convulsions, all that remained of Polidoro fell back in the General's arms.

"Cespedes took the Lieutenant's sword, pulled the knot off and hastily handed it to me; then springing into the saddle he rode off at full gallop, without speaking a word or even turning his head.

"I have done," said McIver, "but the recollection of that event forms one of the little chapters in my life which, somehow, appears hard to forget even for a day. Since then some months have passed—I have become a soldier of fortune—but that event is always crowding upon my memory wherever I go."

CAUSES OF FAILURE.

The following morning was the 17th of December, 1870. It was somewhat warm too, and the sun's rays melted the patches of snow into pools of water, and the tramp of 20,000 men had made the encampment a sea of mud. The men had no straw the night before, and were compelled to lie upon the muddy earth, with their little blankets under them, and nothing but a miserably small tent to secure them from the freaks of atmospheric nature. Like many other things in the French army, the equipment of the troops was in every way unserviceable. The *kepi* looks neat and jaunty in garrison. It sets off a soldier to perhaps the best advantage, so long as it is kept in order, but on campaign the *kepi* is neither neat nor serviceable. It loses shape, fits badly, and the peak droops and goes out of form. It is, too, an uncomfortable night-cap—an adaptability that should by no means be lost sight of in a soldier's forage head-dress. In the German army the forage-cap is serviceable but unsightly. It cannot lose shape, because it has no shape to lose. It never looks badly, because it never looked too well. The forage-cap of a German soldier is in every way more suited for a campaign than the French *kepi;* still the latter sits more jauntily, and looks more graceful on the boulevards, or "during the piping time of peace." The great-coat of the French soldier, too, has nothing to recommend it but its color, which is admirably selected, and, perhaps, the least distinguishable at a given distance of any in the armies of Europe. But the material is bad and thin, and it gives but little warmth or protection to the famished soldiers. The coat of the German soldier is, on the contrary, warm and serviceable. The material is thick, and tolerably good. Then, too, the Germans go on campaign with their tunics under their great-coats; while the French troops take only their shell-jackets. There are no flannels served out in the French army, while in Germany under-flannels are one of the essential requisites of a soldier's kit. The French carry small patches of canvas about five feet square, and by joining four of them together a little tent is made, which, if it were better regulated, would become a really serviceable portion of their equipment. But, above all, the Germans had the advantage in their method of shoeing their men. Every German was provided with boots, into which the pantaloons were put, and which almost effectually secured the feet from frost and pebbles. In France the soldiers are not even provided with socks, and many of the soldiers of *La Compagnie Irlandaise* were compelled to suffer all the hardships of the campaign, in an atmosphere fifteen degrees below zero, without a pair of stockings upon their feet, and, too often, the shoes worn into shoddy. The Germans very often encase their feet in the folds of a long thin stripe of greased calico, carefully wrapped around the member, and which I believe to be the best of all safeguards from the effects of frost. It would appear, indeed, from the respective equipments of the combatant armies, that the one had studied the art of war in all its details—that the other had not. Through this means the war became a war between rival organizations, as much as a war between men. It became a war of boots, of clothing, of provisions, and of internal regimental economy. Place a regiment of Prussian infantry in our place at Bourges on the 17th of December, 1870—let them be almost shoeless, and the keen air penetrating through their shoddy garments, after a restless night spent on the clayey ground—and place the *Regiment Etranger* for one night in a town, give them boots, add good clothing, and one meal of Liebig's extract of meat, and an encounter might result in disaster to the usually victorious Germans.

But still another night had passed. The *reveille* had sounded once more, and the smoke from hundreds of camp-fires gave notice that the morning meal was in preparation. The hurry of the coming *en route* was again on foot, for we had another day's march before us. Beside our encampment, the soldiers of *La Compagnie Irlandaise* had surrounded and vigorously hacked at the hindquarter of a dead charger, like a swarm of bees over a bunch of honeysuckle. Huge steaks were cut off from the still warm carcase, and the sword-bayonets, of the men rattled against the ribs and flanks of the dead *cheval.* It was a sight for an artist's pencil. Famine appeared to give vigor to the men's arms, and the prospect of a meal traced an expression of joy over their countenances.

QUI VIVE.

It was often a matter of considerable trouble to teach some of the soldiers of *La Compagine Irlandaise*" the necessary challenge and counter-challenge in French. Some of the men honestly confessed that it "bothered them entirely." Amongst the latter there was one giant Cork "boy," whose rotundity had been sadly diminished since he became a soldier. He was fond of showing his companions his gradual decay as he would clutch his great-coat in folds, and appealingly say, while he gave an ominous shake of his head, that he was "going,

going, going." He had the form and build of a huge man, but he was as simple as a child, could cry for a lost companion, or lose his life for a friend. But Timothy Larkin had, like everybody else, to do his sentry go, although he could not master his *ralliment*. I was told a good story of this man-child. Tim was a *factionnaire* on one of the outposts, to which an unfortunate French peasant too nearly approached. Tim made a vigorous attempt at the "*qui vive*," which in cooler moments he could, no doubt, have remembered, but the excitement of the instant drove everything out of Tim's head but his native brogue.

"*Qui, qui, qui*—who's there?" challenged Tim, bringing his Chassepot promptly to the charge. To this there was no reply, the poor Frenchman standing as still as St. Paul when he was afflicted with the loss of speech.

"*Qui, qui*— what's there?" again demanded the persistent Tim. To the Frenchman the mixed jargon was confounding, and, as he afterwards explained, he thought somehow that he had strayed into the German lines.

'*Qui* who's there—what's there?" roared the now aroused sentry, at the same time fixing a cartridge in his gun. The peasant heard the "click," as the *garde mobile* of the chassepot was drawn back to open the breech, and, in the descriptive words of Timothy himself, "the Frencher bolted." But he wasn't quick enough for Tim, who was by his side in a second, and almost transfixed him with his bayonet, when the terrified peasant threw himself into a half melted snowdrift, and lay on his back, kicking up his heels, like a fly pierced with a needle. The sentry was in no good humor, for he believed that he had surely caught a German spy, and, while he shouted for the "corporal of the guard," he kept tickling the Frenchman with the point of his bayonet, and swearing that if he attempted to stir "one inch" he would "skiver" him. The peasant roared, the sentinel shouted, the whole post was under arms, when Tim was found by the corporal of a French post close by, who arrested the peasant, and clapped Timothy on the back, telling him that he was "very good *soldat;* very good *Irlandaise.*"

WHERE'S IRELAND?

Our host treated us with marked kindness when he heard we were Irish Volunteers. He was singularly intelligent for his class, and understood that Ireland was washed by the Atlantic. To men who went to France full of sympathy for her misfortunes, and who had thrown their lives into the contest—we, who conjured up the history of the past—the stories of the Old Brigade—of Clare at Ramillies—of that heroic dash on the slopes above Fontenoy —of the stand at Cremona, or of the efforts of our fathers at Ypres, where the ramparts yielded to the charge of the Irish Volunteers and covered them with glory—to us who remembered all these, who treasured them as gems in the history of our people—and who expected similar recollection of them by the French—it was often mortifying to hear some mawkish Frenchman ask—"*Ireland! Ireland! Where is Ireland?*"

But our host was an intelligent man in his way. He had a vague idea that Ireland was somewhere on the west coast of England, and made an amusing effort to trace its geographical position with the point of M'Alevey's walking-cane. He appeared to think that Ireland was, geographically, a hump upon the shoulders of Great Britain, and the poor man looked amazingly satisfied as M'Alevey acquiesced, or at least hesitated to contradict his charming innocence.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

"Ten sous on this," said the sergeant of the week, holding a well thumbed letter in his hand; "Timothy Marks," repeated the sergeant, reading the name of the soldier to whom it was addressed.

"That's me," said Timothy Marks; "but where am I to get ten sous? Is it to save it on a sou a day I am? Sure a month's pay wouldn't pay toll for a ramrod."

"Marks," said Lieutenant Cotter, "I'll have to put you under arrest if you use such language."

"I can't help it, sir," seriously replied Timothy Marks. "I havn't broken fast today, except with a mouthful of bad coffee and a hard biscuit, my feet are almost to the ground, and you see my uniform in rags; and then to want ten sous for my letter! I can't help it, sir! I can't help it!"

I was glad to see Lieutenant Cotter tolerate the poor fellow's plea, and I was, also, pleased to see Timothy Marks receive his letter, and ravenously devour its contents.

A SENSATION.

Noon came again, and the *sac-a-dos! sac-a-dos!* was shouted along the line. Down comes the colonel, his hardy grey Arab bespattered with mud. "*En avant—marche!*" and off we went, the Irish Company leading the way. We passed in rear of the exposed battery, behind which we had stood in the morning, and then skirted a wood that lay before us, keeping well under the shadow of the trees. Inside the wood a road, or rather a footpath, ran in parallel line to the course we were walking along its outer edge, and why the movement was made in full view of the German lines, instead of moving under cover of the trees, I never could understand. But whatever was the cause, many a life was lost by the exposure. I often think it a pity that officers are not in some degree more responsible for useless bloodshed, whether caused by incapacity, indifference, or neglect. Sir Charles Napier said than an incapable general was a murderer. But the enemy appeared to allow us to march on till about 2000 of us were fairly exposed to their fire, and then they brought a couple of batteries to play upon our line, and opened upon us simultaneously, throwing their shells amongst the men with precision,

and driving some of the soldiers like crushed frogs against the trees beside which they walked. Then the *Commandant* indeed shouted, "To the wood, to the wood." I stood beside an opening in the timber while I allowed the men to pass through, and as I looked along the line I saw shell after shell plunge into the ranks, and scatter the limbs and bowels of the soldiery about the place as effectually as if the poor wretches had been blown from the mouth of the cannon. At that moment, I experienced the most sickly sensation I had ever felt under fire. As I stood with my *back* to the enemy, while the men were passing into the wood, a cold sensation, as if a bar of iron was passed down my back, appeared to creep along my spine. To turn about and *face* the bursting shell was easy, but even a few seconds of coolly standing with one's back to the fire while the particles were bir-r-r-ing past our ears in flocks, was, to avoid the extravagant, excessively unpleasant. But it was only for a few seconds, the men passed under the shadow of the trees, and as the ground sloped downwards, the position was one of shelter and security to all.

Once again we were ordered to the front, and again the inspirating "*en avant—marche!*" greeted our ears as we stepped forward once more, expecting to meet the enemy at close quarters.

RECOGNITION.

Le Franche Comté is one of the most influential journals in that part of France, and one morning we were flattered by noticing the following paragraph in our favor:—

"Amongst the volunteers who have come from all parts of Europe to place their swords at the service of France, when she was invaded, and her independence threatened, we cannot forget the Irish Company, which formed part of the army of the East. Officers and soldiers, sons of green Erin, they remembered in the hour of our danger the ties of strong sympathy which have for a long time united Ireland and France. Having been the first to come to us, they are the last to leave us, after having borne a brilliant part in the different combats of the East. At Montbelliard they were the last to leave the field of battle. At Bussy they were complimented by General Rebillard. In the name of our poor France, thanks, once more thanks to our Irish brothers, we shall take care faithfully to remember their courage and their devotion."

Other journals were equally complimentary, and showered praises upon our heads with prodigal profusion. But all this had its results. Visitors occasionally enquired for our whereabouts, and demonstrated their friendships in some neighboring *cafe*, into which they generally invited the not unwilling soldiers.

* * * * * * * * *

Our time was drawing to a close. We were volunteers *pour la duree de la guerre*, but the colonel generously asked us to remain in the service, all ranks holding their position. I declined, and Mr. Cotter was the only one who accepted service. For my own part, I was much pleased at the unanimous determination of the men to return to Ireland. It proved to the French officers that the soldiers of the Irish Company did not go to France as mercenaries. When their work was done they desired to return home, and it was easy to detect that the spirit which evinced itself in the ranks of *La Compagnie Irelandaise* contributed to their elevation in the opinions of the colonel and the officers of the regiment in general.

"We would like to have you with us in Africa, *Capitaine*," said the colonel to me as I informed him of the men's decision, "but I suppose your men are too comfortable at home, to wish to serve in such a country."

"It is not that, *mon Colonel*," I replied, "we Irish always give our sympathy when France goes to war, but many of these Irish soldiers have professions to follow, and then there is no glory in your African campaign to compensate for its trials and its hardships."

SCIENCE NOTES.

ACCORDING to RECENT official statistics the total power of all the steam-engines existing in France is 4,500,000 horse power, representing the actual labor of 4,500,000 horses or 31,590,000 men, which last aggregate is equal to ten times the present industrial population. *La Nature* compares these data with the condition of affairs in 1788, before steam engines were introduced in France. Just ninety years ago in every $200,000,000 worth of French products, sixty per cent of the value represented labor and forty per cent raw material. To-day this ratio is exactly reversed, although labor has increased forty per cent. If the same proportion as existed in 1788 applied now, taking into account the increase in labor noted above, no less than eleven-twelfths of the value of manufactured articles would be the cost of handiwork. Roughly, then, steam-engines and improved tools have produced an economy of $1,200,000,000; but more than this, if they were suddenly swept out of existence and forgotten, there are not enough men and animals in the country to supply an equivalent amount of power, and even if there were, there would be no way of procuring the necessary food for their support.

IT IS stated that five per cent of the people of England, Germany and France are color-blind, and the result of thirty years of careful examination of candidates for employment on one of the great French railways is that ten per cent. of the applicants were found deficient in this respect. Such persons, however, up to a certain point are very clever at concealing this defect. It is therefore important to find an accurate test. This has been furnished by Dr. Stirling of Cassell who has just published a valuable set of charts for the use of railways and shipping companies for this purpose. These charts are skillfully printed in small squares of different colors and the candidate is asked to count the number of these from point to point. If color-blind, he will of course be unable to do so. The investigation of this subject in the United States, says the *Scientific American*, might possibly bring to light the causes of many collisions of the past, both on land and water. In testing for color-blindness, it has been suggested that objects should be placed not only a few feet from the person but also at greater distances up to two miles, as many who are not absolutely color-blind are unable to distinguish colors at a distance.

ONE OF the tusks of the famous Bear Tooth Mountain, Montana, has recently disappeared in a singular manner. A party of hunters, according to a Montana paper, were chasing game a few miles north of the mountain when they were startled by a rumbling sound accompanied by the quaking of the earth. Supposing it to be an earthquake they took no further notice of it, but when they came to the mountain they found to their amazement that the eastern tusk was gone. This peak was three hundred feet in circumference at its base, one hundred and fifty at its summit and five hundred feet high, and when it fell it entirely levelled a forest of large trees through which it swept. The country around is now covered with broken trees and huge masses of rock many of which are as large as an ordinary house.

SAMUEL J. HOFFMAN an American telegrapher who died recently, having lost his hearing a short time after learning telegraphy nevertheless continued the practice successfully, occupying important positions as long as he lived. He used a sounder of his own construction and received by placing his hand over it in such a way that he could feel distinctly every vibration of the armature. He could receive thus by the hour without "breaking," and experienced no difficulty except when the wire worked hard or the circuit changed frequently. This he obviated by placing his fingers on the binding screws of the relay distinguishing the characters by the variations of the current. He died in Florida having gained the reputation of being a most thorough operator and electrician.

PROFESSOR WRIGHT of Yale College is said to have discovered a new method of plating silver which is much less dangerous as well as more expeditious than the old process. He inserts the poles of a powerful "Grove's battery" in a hollow vessel, from which the air has been

nearly exhausted, and attaches a small piece of silver to the negative pole. A sheet of the metal to be plated is then suspended between the two poles and the battery set to work. The electric spark thus generated causes an intense heat which immediately volatilizes the silver. This silver vapor as soon as it comes in contact with the cool surface of the metal suspended between the poles, becomes condensed and deposits itself upon it in the same manner as the moisture in a room will condense on the colder surface of the window. Similar results are obtained when any other metal is used.

THE LONDON *Lancet* has recently called attention to the fact that it is almost impossible to find among the painted toys for children a single one that does not contain substances that are either positively poisonous or else injurious to the health. A French chemist, Mr. Turpin, has, however, shown to a recent meeting of the "Society for the encouragement of National Industry," a series of perfectly harmless colors, which will probably soon be used instead of the poisonous ones. The colors are principally derived rom eosine or from fluorescine, and may be used in either oil, varnish or water, or even caoutchouc as they resist the temperature at which the last is prepared. Some of the colors are said to be incomparably more beautiful than those now in use.

A KENTUCKY INVENTOR has patented an apparatus for receiving without injury persons or goods falling from the windows of burning buildings. The body of this apparatus is very much like an ordinary express waggon. At the corners are upright, tubular posts in which springs are placed. On these springs rest standards which support a frame, and on this frame is fastened an elastic air cushion with a thick rounded edge and an opening in the centre sufficient to admit the body of one person. When needed, this car is drawn underneath the window from which the escape is to be made and the person jumping alights without injury and goes through the opening into the car below.

A GERMAN doctor states that the monoliths of Egypt decay very rapidly in European climates. The Luxor obelisk in Paris has, during the last twenty eight-years, suffered considerable change. Its red color has gradually become duller and lighter and now the whole surface is covered with a white film of kaolin which is the last product of the decay of granite The stone has received more damage from the atmosphere of Paris in thirty years than during the same number of centuries in Egyptian air. It is feared that Cleopatra's Needle will suffer even more in the moist atmosphere of England.

PROF. BARFF has discovered a process by which iron is made impervious to rust. Hot iron is placed for a few hours in a chamber containing superheated steam which causes a black coat to form upon its surface. This coat, which is magnetic oxide, is extremely hard and resists the action of the atmosphere, consequently rust will not form upon it. If the iron is left in steam of twelve hundred degrees for seven hours it will resist a file. It is easy to see that iron prepared in such a way will be invaluable for plates for boilers and ships, or anything where great strength is required. Copper kettles will no longer be considered superior to iron ones.

IT IS PROPOSED to hold in Ballarat, Australia, next year, a Juvenile Industrial Exhibition under the auspices of the Victoria Government. It will be similar to the International Exhibition, but its exhibitors are to be under 21 years of age, or those not yet out of their apprenticeship whatever their age may be. The *Scientific American* suggests that this might be copied with advantage in America, for boys often do good work but get very little public encouragement as they are generally in the employment of persons who take all the credit of it to themselves.

IT IS STATED that insanity in London is greatly on the increase. The Board of the London Metropolitan Asylums have purchased 100 acres of land on which they are building an asylum to accommodate 500 idiot boys, and they will also consider a proposal to erect a building to hold the same number of imbeciles. Altogether the space devoted to the mentally afflicted of London is equal to the whole area covered by that city. Drunkenness, violent tempers, and business anxieties are the most frequent causes of insanity.

IT HAS been suggested that Mulberry juice may be valuable as a substitute for lime juice, as it contains when not quite ripe 26.83 grains of citric acid and 3.26 grains of potash per litre.

MR. W. SAVILLE Kent, is endeavoring to organize a company in London for the purpose of establishing a museum and laboratory at the Island of Jersey for the study of marine zoology.

Correspondence.

MORE ABOUT THE BIRDS.

A little chatty article of mine, in the NEW DOMINION in September 1876, about the "Birds of the Parsonage," has brought me into more agreeable correspondence, and afforded me more information about birds, than anything so trifling in itself ever did for me before. I begin to feel quite cosmopolitan; for I have half a dozen threads of correspondence, with as many different sets of people, and on as many different subjects; and when these are all twined together in the weft of one's life, it is like a silken thread among the "hoddin gray"—a touch of beauty, with utility unimpaired.

I had been interested in a bird which I took from its looks to be the American Cuckoo; hatched by a Sparrow, and carefully fed by its small foster parents. But when James Dougall, Esq. of Windsor, saw my article, he noticed where I was wrong, and wrote as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—I was interested in your 'Birds of the Parsonage,' in September DOMINION MONTHLY. The bird you supposed to be the Cuckoo, is the Cow Troopial, commonly called the *Cow Bunting*, *Cow Blackbird*, and many other names. They are plentiful here, and never make a nest, but lay their eggs in other birds' nests; commonly in the Chipping Sparrow's, (the one you describe as its foster-mother, I think,) the Song Sparrow, and several other insect-eating birds. Usually only one egg to each nest; blue—not so large as the Robin's. The Yellow-Billed Cuckoo is more than double their size. They build nearly every year in my grounds—make an almost flat nest of sticks; and lay four or five bright green eggs. The Cuckoo of this country never lays in other birds' nests. One would have supposed that the Cow Troopial would be a solitary bird like the English Cuckoo; but it is not. Their wonderful instinct after being brought up singly by foster-parents causes them to leave these parents, and gather together in small flocks of a dozen or more. They can be seen often in the pastures, following cows, picking up flies between their legs—hence their name."

If there is one thing more than another I envy such cheery souls as Dougall of Windsor or Vick of Rochester for, it is the chance they have—among their shrubs and trees and flowers—of getting the birds round them!

Everything seems to go in cycles; I had but few birds about the Parsonage last summer—they must have been visiting somebody else! And especially, though I kept an open eye for the free and easys that lay in other birds' nests, yet I saw none this time. The Robins must have chosen a place where fewer mishaps awaited their house-building. I hope their anticipations were all realized—mine have not always been!

Having seen so many English Sparrows in Philadelphia and New York last year, and having long had the idea that it would be a graceful and patriotic thing to introduce British song-birds to Canada—yet, doubtful as to their thriving here—I wrote to the Smith-

sonian Institution of Washington, asking to be informed of any steps that had been taken to acclimatize European song-birds or wild-flowers. The savants there could not give me any information directly; but they put me in the way of communicating with the Acclimatization Society of Cincinnati. As the efforts of this Society are unique, and little known on this side the Lakes, I will transcribe the letter of Julius Dexter Esq. the President of the Society:—

CINCINNATI, March 15th., 1877.

My Dear Sir,.....The idea of attempting to introduce European song-birds to this neighborhood was long ago entertained by Andrew Erkenbrecher. I believe he imported a number of varieties at his own expense; and after keeping them in a large cage-house on his country place for a few months, he turned them loose in the spring. I may be mistaken as to the charge of the first importation having been wholly borne by Mr. E——. Subsequently, a small Society of Acclimatization was formed. I send you their printed constitution, and some circulars. Several importations of birds were made between the years 1869 and 1873. In all, some $9,000 were spent; and several thousand birds were released in the Parks and gentlemen's country-places, where some sort of protection was possible. The placard or poster I send you was put on fences, &c., to warn hunters and boys against shooting birds. These posters were printed on cotton, to be better preserved, and have had considerable effect. More than one man daily in winter spreads a table at his country-place for his birds.

Among the birds introduced were the Sparrow, Nightingale, Thrush, Starling, Meadow and Skylark, &c. Some of these, as the Meadow Lark, have been seen every year since their release. Accounts are frequent of strange birds being noticed by persons who do not know them. It is fair to presume some of these birds are some of those the Society let fly. Another evidence—but not very satisfactory—is the disappearance of some of our native birds; driven away, I fear, by some of the intruders; for birds fight terribly among themselves—and our greatest loss among the imported birds while in large cages, arose from their own battles.

Time must elapse before the results of Mr. Erkenbrecher's attractive experiment can be tested. Word has come here of strange song-birds being seen fifty or sixty miles from here. If natural conditions were not right near Cincinnati, there is no improbability of the birds, or some of them, seeking and finding more congenial homes hundreds of miles away from the spot where they first received liberty.

I have not yet seen the person to whom I shall show your letter with regard to wild-flowers. I am unable myself to answer that part of your enquiry. But if I can be of further service to you, I shall be glad to render it.

Very respectfully yours.

JULIUS DEXTER.

No Skylarks have ever been given their liberty, that I know of in Canada. It is altogether likely that if they were, they would migrate to the south in winter; though many of them winter in Britain. It would be an interesting experiment to try it. Many persons have had them caged; though it seems too bad to cage such birds. Like Rob Roy, when he exclaimed, "My foot is on my native heath, and my name's MacGregor!" they only seem to be happy when in the meadows or heath, or in the air. Sir Francis Bond Head, tells of a lark a shoemaker gave him in Toronto, which had sung at the cobbler's door every fine day for years; but which would not sing in the old lath-and-plaster Government Honse. And when

it died, his ornithological legatee sent him its skin, nicely stuffed; which he had, many years after. Sir Francis, hints that the bird was too *British* for the evil days it had fallen among; and that he broke his heart and died over Poulett Thompson's goings on in Kingston, in regard to the union of Upper and Lower Canada! A more potent cause of heart-breaking would be, I fear, the scarcity of food during the winter, if they did not learn to migrate. A few years ago, I drove to Weston, eight miles, purposely to see and hear an English lark said to be at a hotel there. The poor bird had died at the first blush of spring, a fortnight before I went.

Immigrants sometimes bring birds with them. It would seem a thing not impracticable at all, to bring out half-a-dozen larks, and set them adrift in the spring. Our very mildest climate is about Windsor, opposite Detroit; and the very best locality in Windsor, to give them a good chance, is no doubt Mr. Dougall's nursery grounds. Everything that comes from Paisley thrives in Canada—weavers who turn farmers, cotton thread to join our garments, nurserymen whose life becomes a sort of flower-bloom, editors who cultivate tulips—and why not Paisley larks? I will guarantee Mr. Dougall knows the very spot where they could be got, on some "Gleniffer" or other "braes," not far from his own busy town! The following lines, in which these longings were made to take a certain shape, might be dedicated to the genial nurseryman of Windsor. They were inserted in an Edinburgh newspaper, last spring.

SEND A WHEEN LAVEROCKS!

W. W. S.

The wind-flower wakens from Winter's sleep,
  On the verge of the vanishing snow;
And the robin and oriole came to see
  The red maple and hawthorn blow.
And the south wind, far from over the lake,
  Seems babbling of bygone years,—
And the purple sky is bending low,
  All smiles and happy tears.

And I stalk afield, a Scottish Bard,
  To reel the rustic rhyme,—
When in a moment I seem to be
  Where Teviot's waters chime!
And high above the gowany lea
  The laverocks soar and sing,—
And Jeanie, I wad that they were here
  To glorify our spring!

We have meadows where he'd make his nest,
  And skies where he'd like to sing;—
As sweet and pure as ever felt
  The beating of his wing!
And friendly eyes to follow fond
  His lessening form in air,—
Then swimming, turn to bless the hand
  That brought the birdie there!

O, ye who leave your native land
  (Howe'er sae little your gear),
To follow the shine o' the setting sun,
  O bring a wheen laverocks here!
And gie them their liberty, fair and free—
  'Tis the Land of the free and the true!—
And the Laverock will sing to our bairn's bairns
  A blessing for me and for you!

We've wandered away to Western skies,
  And planted in precious soil
The love and the lear, the true and the fair,
  That bloomed in our forefathers' Isle!
But the sweet, sweet harp of the groves and fields
  Has ever some silent strings,—
For we miss the blithe spirit that early soars
  With the dew on his flittering wings!

So I live in hope to hear a Syklark in Canada yet! Why not? We have done more difficult things than introducing and acclimatizing a few British song-birds; and our energy is not exhausted yet. If Mr. Vennor, perhaps our best authority on Ornithological subjects, was better acquainted with our Western Ontario winters, and did not judge too much by Ottawa and St. Lawrence weather, I would like to ask what the prospect would be for the hardier British song-birds living in Ontario? And whether they would readily get into the way of migrating in autumn? The opinion of such a man as James Goldie Esq., of Guelph, is of some value; and it is not favorable. Mr. Goldie is a born bird-fancier. He has one hundred birds; representing forty different varieties and species. They are not in cages, bnt in a room built specially for their use; with a further "out-door room," so to speak,

made with wire-gauze. Here a number of cedar trees are stuck in the ground for them, and renewed twice a year or so. The fluttering of the gorgeous paroquets, and the piping of the small English birds, is something to be enjoyed only at that quiet river-side! But, since Eden had Satan, we need not wonder that once upon a time two cats found their way into this birds' Paradise! "When I went, in the morning," said Mr. Goldie, "to feed and tend my birds, I noticed with surprise, the two cats there, quietly lying in a corner. So gorged, as I afterwards found, that they could scarcely move." "And had they eaten many of the birds?" "Well, I found wings and feathers lying about; and when I came carefully to count the birds, and compare notes, I found they had gone with *sixteen*. And some of them were rare birds I have been unable to replace since." "And did you kill the cats?" I asked. "Well, they escaped out, at the time; and were not seen for two or three days again. And by that time my anger had cooled. One of them is about the place yet. It was a couple of years ago." He thought however nothing could be gained, in the way of giving foreign birds their liberty. Thought it "would be money thrown away." And it doubtless would, without they got into the way of migrating; or without exceedingly good shelter. But it has been observed of encaged wild-birds, that an autumnal fever of excitement comes on them; as Shelly says

A spirit in their feet,

that will not let them rest; and which, if they were at liberty, would take them across the Lakes, and two-thirds the way to the Gulf of Mexico, before ever they paused. This instinctive "flitting time," lasts ten days or a fortnight. Then the bird calms down again.

Certainly, for those which *do* remain over, the British hedgerows give a shelter on every estate, which we here can only furnish on some. I refer to our cedar-swamps. But if Peter Patterson, M. P. P. for West York had many imitators, they would not want for shelter. Twenty or twenty-five years ago, Mr. Patterson began to beautify his grounds in Vaughan. He planted hedges of native cedar, and steadily trimmed them into shape. And his evergreens, set in his lawn, are perfect pyramids of dark green foliage. I was surprised to find that the very prettiest trees he had, and those he valued most, were the ordinary hemlock of our forests. The trees were twelve to twenty feet high, with lower branches of a wide sweep, and resting on the ground. The only secret about it was, that as he kept year by year shortening in the upper branches, the lower ones kept extending out, until the beautiful pyramidical form was attained. And in these almost impervious masses of foliage, the most perfect shelter for the birds existed. I arrived there immediately after a terrific rain-storm; having taken shelter a mile or two away, till it was over. But inside the shelter of some of these evergreens, the branches were dry! Mr. Patterson *allows no cats* about the premises! And he has his reward. He said, sometimes two or three different kinds of birds would be nesting in one tree! No hawk or owl could ever reach them there. I said last year that I believed I had more birds than any man in the township; but I am not now sure of it, since visiting Mr. Patterson!

Some little light might be thrown on this subject by the Australian experiments that have been made. As a general rule I believe it may be said that whatever thrives in Europe will thrive there. And they have done much, and latterly in a somewhat systematic manner, by way of introducing wild-flowers and plants, and song-birds from Britain. The story is now an old one—and sweeter every time—of the English *primrose* carried up a street in proces-

sion; while hundreds of owners of moist eyes lined the street, and lifted their hats as it passed! As I write, I look at an English primrose lying before me, well preserved between a sprig of holly from Burns's grave and some brackan from Flodden Hill. Some of the Australian "importations" have not been blessings, however. Witness the rabbits somebody brought in, and which are now burrowing the whole country, and defy all attempts at extermination! Or witness the broad-leafed Scotch thistle, which some "auld Blue-bannet" had planted in his "yaird," and which are now bringing down curses on his head from every part of the land.

Some inquiries I addressed to the Acclimatization Society of Sydney, I have not yet had answered. I was anxious to have their experience in various particulars, in order that where the surrounding circumstances might be similar, we might have the line of success indicated to us. The aspect of the world has been much changed by making one country, both in its flora and fauna, contribute to another; and I have no idea that we have any way nearly reached the limits of possibility in this interesting particular.

W. W. SMITH.

Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. Ascher, Montreal.)

To Correspondents.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the "New Dominion Monthly," Box 37, P. O., Montreal.

"Miron."—Yours received and read with much pleasure. Will reply personally very soon.

J. W. Shaw.—Much obliged for latest matter. You are certainly identifying yourself with Canadian Chess.

J. H. Gorden.—Shall be most happy to exchange.

M. G.—Solution to Problem 21 correct.

XX.—Procure a copy of Staunton's Hand book.

B. J. C.—Shall be happy to furnish any information as soon as we are in a position to do so.

A. E. P.—Quite correct.

H. W. Palmer.—Will reply personally.

Game 33.

Dash lately played at the M. C. Club.

White.	Black.
Ascher.	*G. Barry.*

Remove White's Queen Knight, (K. B. opening).

1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 4.
2. B. K. B. 4.	2. P. K. B. 4. (a).
3. P. Q. 4.	3. Kt. K. B. 3.
4. Q. P. takes P.	4. Kt. takes P.
5. Kt. R. 3.	5. B. Q. B. 4.
6. Castles.	6. P. Q. 3.
7. Kt. B. 2.	7. P. K. Kt. 3. (b).
8. P. Q. Kt. 4.	8. B. takes Kt. P.
9. P. Q. B. 3. (c).	9. B. takes P.
10. P. K. B. 3.	10. B. takes K. P.
11. P. takes Kt.	11. B. takes R.
12. P. takes P.	12. B. takes P.
13. Kt. Q. 5.	13. Kt. Q. 2. (d).
14. R. takes B. (c).	14. P. takes R.
15. Q. R. 5. (ch).	15. K. B. sq.
16. B. R. 6. (ch).	16. K. Kt. sq. (f).
17. Kt. K. 7.	double check and mate.

Notes to Game 33.

(a). This is considered a good defence.

(b). To prevent (ch) at R. 5.

(c). It was necessary to sacrifice this second pawn : if not the after move of White, viz : P. to K. B. 3. would have been impracticable, owing to Black being able to give a deadly check with his Bishop at Q. B. 4.

(d). Ill considered; the proper move was K. R. to B. sq.

(e). Now all is lost.

(f). If B. to Kt. 2., then White plays, Q tks. P. (ch), &c., &c.

Game 34.

Game by correspondence between Mr. M. J. Murphy, Quebec, and Mr. J. W. Shaw, Montreal, commenced April 26th, 1877; finished April 9th, 1878.

Petroff's Defence.

White.	Black.
Mr. Murphy.	*Mr. Shaw.*
1. P. to K. 4.	1. P. to K. 4.
2. K. Kt. to B. 3.	2. K. Kt. to B. 3.
3. P. to Q. 4.	3. Kt. takes P. (a).
4. B. to Q. 3.	4. P. to Q. 4.
5. P. takes P. (b).	5. B. to K. 2.
6. Castles.	6. B. to K. Kt. 5.
7. Q. to K. 4. (c).	7. Kt. to Q. B. 4.
8. Kt. to Q. B. 3.	8. P. to Q. B. 3.
9. P. to K. R. 3.	9. B. to R. 4.
10. B. to K. B. 5.	10. Q. Kt. to Q. 2.
11. B. to K. B. 4.	11. Kt. to K. 3. (d).
12. B. takes Kt.	12. P. takes B.
13. Q. to K. 3.	13. B. to B. 4.
14. Kt. to Q. 4.	14. P. to Q. R. 3. (e).
15. P. to Q. Kt. 4.	15. B. to R. 2.
16. Q. to Q. 2.	16. Q. to K. 2.
17. Q. Kt. to K. 2.	17. P. to B. 4.
18. P. takes P. (f).	18. Kt. takes B. P.
19. P. to K. B. 3.	19. Castles (K. R).
20. B. to Kt. 5. (g).	20. Q. to K. B. 2.
21. K. to R. sq.	21. Q. R. to K. sq.
22. P. to K. Kt. 4.	22. Q. B. to Kt. 3.
23. Kt. to B. 4. (h).	23. P. to R. 3.

24. Kt. takes B.	24. Q. takes Kt.
25. B. to R. 4.	25. Kt. to Q. 2.
26. Q. R. to K. sq.	26. B. takes Kt.
27. Q. takes B.	27. Q. takes B. P.
28. R. to B. sq.	28. Q. takes P.
29. R. to B. 7.	29. Q. to K. 7.
30. R. to K. B. 2.	30. Q. takes K. P. (i).
31. Q. takes Q.	31. Kt. takes Q.
32. B. to Kt. 3.	32. Kt. takes B. P.
33. R. takes Q. Kt. P.	33. Kt. to Kt. 4.
34. R. to Q. B. 2.	34. R. to B. 2.
35. R. to Kt. 6.	35. Kt. takes P.
36. R. takes R. P.	36. Kt. to Kt. 4.
37. K. to Kt. 2.	37. R. to Q. 2.
38. R. to K. 2.	38. P. to Q. 5.
39. B. to B. 4.	39. P. to Q. 6.
40. R. to Kt. 2.	40. P. to K. 4.
41. B. to K. 3.	41. P. to K. 5.
42. R. to R. 4.	42. Kt. to B. 6.
43. R. to Kt. sq.	43. R. to K. B. 2. (j).
44. K. to Kt. 3.	44. Kt. to Kt. 4.
45. R. to K. sq.	45. R. to B. 6. (ch).
46. K. to Kt. 2.	46. R. takes B. (k).
47. R. takes R.	47. R. to Q. sq.
48. R. to R. sq.	48. K. to B. 2.
49. K. to B. 2.	49. K. to K. 3.
50. K. to K. sq.	50. K. to K. 4.
51. K. to Q. 2.	51. K. to B. 5.
	And White resigned.

NOTES TO GAME 34.

A. P. BARNES, ESQ., NEW YORK.

(a) 3 P. takes P. is considered rather better.

(b) Kt. takes P. is the regular move, and certainly seems better than the one made. I presume Wht. had in view B. takes Kt. P. takes B, Q. takes Q (ch)., K. takes Q., Kt. to Kt. 5., winning a Pawn, but this is so easily frustrated by Black's reply that it was not wise to attempt it. White's P. becomes a source of embarrassment.

(c) Having rather compromised his game, I think White should have followed up his intention, if such it were, of

B. takes Kt.	P. takes B.
Q. takes Q. (ch)	B. takes Q.

Kt. to Q. 2., and Black will have some trouble to avoid losing a pawn. If this be correct, Black's last move was not as strong as it looks.

(d) I am rather under the impression that this should rather have been played on the preceding move.

(e) The game having been played by correspondence, I presume Black examined the consequences of 14. Q. to Kt. 3., and there may be objections to it which have escaped me, but it looks like a winning *coup*.

	14. Q. to Kt. 3.
15. Kt. to R. 4.	15. B. takes Kt.
16. Kt. takes Q.	16. B. takes Q.
17. Kt. takes R.	17. B. takes B.
	&c.

(f) Black's last move gave his opponent an opportunity of which he fails to take advantage; he should have attacked the Queen and, it appears, obtained a winning game.

18. B. to Kt. 5.	18. Q. to B. 2.
19. Kt. takes K. P.	19. Q. takes Kt.

20. Kt. to B. 4. and whatever Black play, White recovers the piece with a splendid game.

(g) All too late now.

(h) From this point, White's game goes all to pieces, the rest of the game calling for little comment.

(i) White's resignation would be quite in order here; the ending can only be a question of time.

(j) Why not P. to Q. 7, and R. to Q. 6 &c.?

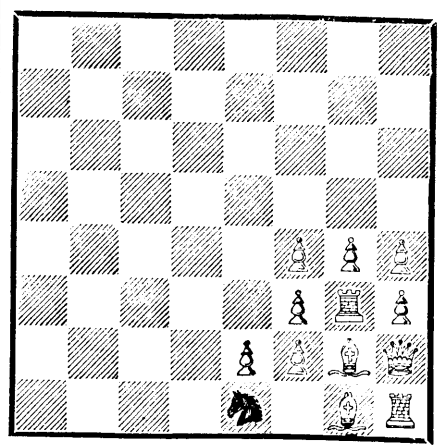
(k) Probably the shortest way to break White's resistance.

PROBLEM No. 22.

BY W. A. SHINKMAN.

From the St. John, N.B., "Torch."

BLACK.



WHITE.

In how many moves can White King capture Black Knight?—The Knight and White Pawns being stationary.

GAME 35.

Brief and brilliant, between Captain Mackenzie and the President of the Boston Chess Club.

Remove White's K. Kt.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Capt. Mackenzie.	*Mr. X——*
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 4
2. B. B. 4.	2. Kt. K. B. 3.
3. P. Q. 4.	3. Kt. × P.
4. P. × P.	4. Kt. × P.
5. Castles.	5. Kt. × Q. ! !

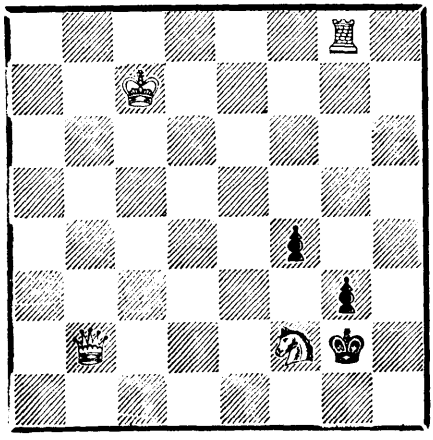
White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 23.

BY S. LOYD,

The celebrated American composer. Another example of Mr. Loyd's remarkable power as a Chess strategist.

BLACK.



WHITE.

To play and mate in 3 moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 20.

1. Q. Q. R. 8. 1. Any move.
2. Mates.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 21, OF PROBLEM "R" BY JACOB ELSON.

1. Q. takes P. (ch) 1. K. takes Q.
2. Kt. to K. 3. (ch) 2. P. takes Kt.
3. R. to R. 5. Mate.

CHESS WAIFS.

The *Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney* is in active progress.

Mr. John Henderson has had the honor of winning the first game played against Mr. Boivin (of St. Hyacinthe.)

The game (match) for telegraph between Hamilton and Toronto is we believe still unfinished.

Miron T. Hazeltine, of the N. Y. *Clipper*, and one of the representatives of American Chess, will shortly celebrate his silver wedding—commemorating the day of his union with "Phania," his wife, whose name is also familiar to the lovers of the poetic spirit of caïssa and which was evidenced so brilliantly lately in her beautiful poem, "The Final Mate," reproduced in our May Number. Chess has ever been linked with the deepest thought and profoundest calculation, but seldom has it ever been the handmaiden of the devine afflatus. The auspicious occasion will be marked by a gathering together of American chess lights at the residence of "Miron" to pay homage to him and his fair consort in their supremely happy-mated state.

Canadian Chess Association of all Caanda meet in August this year in Montreal. The prospectus will be issued in a few days. Prizes for games and problems will amount to about $150 to $200 if the subscriptions are liberal enough.

DISTINGUISHED CHESS-PLAYERS: — Chess has included among its votaries the following celebrated men:—Burton (Anatomy of Melancholy), Earl Chatham, Helvetius Commenius, the grammarian; Condé, the French general; Cowley, Denham, Lydgate, poets; Sir W. Jones, Leibnitz, Charles XII. of Sweden, Sir Walter Scott, Raleigh, Rousseau ("Jean Jacques") Voltaire, Frederick the Great, S. Warren, Warton, Benjamin Franklin, Buckle (the historian); Tamerlane, Richelieu, Edmund Burke; Wollaston, Chamfort, St. Foix, Marmontel, Grimm, Marshal Saxe, Philidor, the musical composer; Dr. Roget, the mathematician; Ferdinand of Agragon, Holback, Diderot, D'Alembert, A Janbert, Duc de Bassano, Murat, Marshal Berthier, Eugene de Beauharnais. Most of Napoleon's marshals were chess-players.

In philosophy, science and art, the royal game has claimed such representatives as Lord Bacon, Euler, Schumacher, Wolff, and Tomlinson.

The eminent astronomer, Mr. R. A. Proctor, is known as a chess problem composer.

Robespierre, the French revolutionist was very partial to the game. Henry I. of England was a chess-player. So was each of the following list: Charlemagne; Sebastian, King of Portugal; Philip II. of Spain, and his favorite prelate the celebrated Ruy Lopez the chess Bishop, the inventor of the famous opening of the game which bears his name; the Emperor Charles V. Catherine de Medicis; Pope Leo X; Henri Quatre; Queen Elizabeth; Louis XIII, Louis XIV; James I of England; William of Orange; the witty Sydney Smith; General Haxo; Méry, the poet; Lacretéle, the naturalist; Flaxman, the sculptor: Sir W. Jones, poet and linguist; Vida, the Latin poet.

The late eccentric Duke of Brunswick, was a strong player, and a liberal patron of the game.

The late Howard Staunton whose knowledge of Shakespeare and Elizabethan literature was as great as that of chess.

The late Mortimer Collins, poet and novelist; Cunningham, the historian, the author of a well-known defence to the opening familiar to chess players as the King's Gambit. Kempelen, the mechanician; Staudigl, the opera singer; Hyde, Dance, Barrington, Sir F. Madden, Professor D. Forbes, the Orientalist;

Admiral Tehichakoff, who opposed Napoleon's passage of the Beresina; Sir John Harrington, the learned and brilliant god-son of Queen Elizabeth.

The late Lord Lyttleton was a strong chess player, and was President of the British and Counties' Chess Association. Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, one of the wealthiest men in the world, is a lavish supporter of chess; and so was the late American millionaire, Commodore Vanderbilt.

Mr. Grévy, the eminent French statesman and late President of the Versailles Assembly, is a skilful chess player. Coming nearer home, we find that the Hon. Graham Berry, the protectionist Premier of Victoria, is also the premier player of Geelong.

Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India, has a strong liking for the game; and the two Princes Ouronssoff, of Russia, are players of the first grade.

The Duke of Wellington was a chess-player of more than the moderate skill of his great rival —Napoleon.

The late lamented Prince Albert cultivated the princely pastime. Her Majesty, the Queen, also plays chess, and H. R. H. Prince Leopold distinguished himself at Oxford as a player.

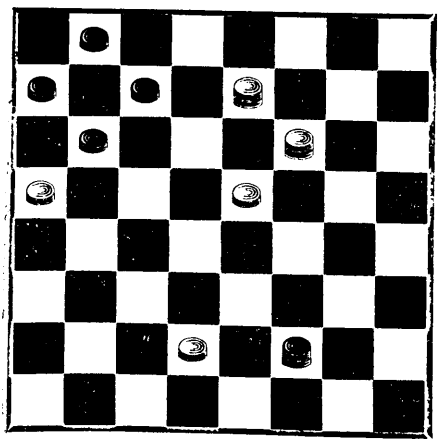
The late Napoleon III. patronized the game, and gave a trophy, known as the "Emperor's Prize," at the Chess Congress in Paris in 1867. The Emperor, Francis Joseph, imitated his example at the Chess Congress in Vienna in 1873.

—Adelaide, Australia, *Observer*.

Draughts.

PROBLEM No. 9.

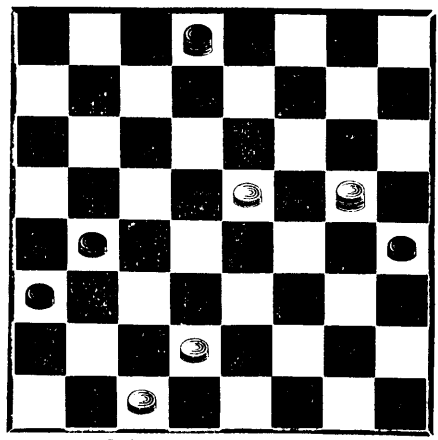
End Game between A. BRODIE and N. BEDARD, of Quebec.



White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 10.

BY J. G. TRELEAVEN, LUCKNOW.



White to play and Win.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Andrew Whyte, Draughts Editor of the "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," *Bolton Forest, Que.*

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 7.

32.27	27.31	30.26	20.16	26.23
a 14.17	17.22	22.25	12.19	White wins.

(a) If 14.18 White wins by 30.26.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 8.

Exercise on "First Position" arranged for CHELSEA PUBLIC, from published play, by F. W. Drinkwater of Cardiff, Eng.

31.27	15.11	32.27	3. 8	16.11
1. 5 (1)	24.19	15.18	18.15	23.19
27.23*	14. 9	27.32	27.23	11. 8

5. 9 19.23 18.23 28.32 28.32
10. 6* 9. 6 32.28 8.12 8.11
9.14 23.18 23.27 32.28 32.27
6. 2 6. 1* 28.32 23.27 11. 8
14.17B 18.23 19.23 15.18s 27.23
2. 6 1. 6 32.28 12.16 (5) 8.11
17.22 (2) 23.27 27.32 28.32 23.18
6.10 6.10 28.24 27-24 (6) 11. 8
22.26 Dr. Brown 32.28 18.15A 18.15
23.18 27.23 24.20 16.20 (8)
26.31 10.15 23.19 15.18
18.14 23.27 20.24 24.19 (7)
31.27 (3) 15.19 19.15 32.28
10.15 27.32 24.27 19.16 W. wins.
27.24 (4) 11.15 15.18 18.23P Anderson.

(1).

3. 8 7. 3 5. 9 27.24 18.23
10. 7* 8.12 7.11 14.18 24.20
1. 5 3. 7 9.14 11.15 W wins.
Dr. Brown.

(2).

3. 8 8.11 17.22 W wins.
6.10* 10.14 23.19 Dr. Brown.

(3).

31.26 3. 8 26.22 22.17 W wins.
14. 9 10.15 9. 6 6. 2 Dr. Brown.

(4).

27.23 3. 8 8. 12 23.27 W wins.
14. 9 9. 6 6. 2 15.19
Dr. Brown.

(5).

27.32 18.23 12.16 28.24 W wins.
Drummond.

(6).

27.31 18.15 31.26 32.27 W wins.
Drummond.

(7).

24.28 18.23 20.24 23.19 W wins.
Drummond.

(8).

24.28 16.19 (9) 28.32 32.28 19.23
15.11 32.27 27.31 11.16 16.19
W wins. Anderson.

(9).

16.20 28.24 24.28 (10) 28.24 W wins.
11.15 15.18 18.23 32.28
Drummond.

(10).

24.19 20.24 19.16 W wins.
32.28 or 18.23* Drummond.

*Same as P in trunk.

*This position (Black 1, and 3, White 10, and 31 White to move and win) is one of the many forms of the first position, and was we think, first published in the *Bristol Draught Player* by Dr. Brown, of Limerick, Ireland.

A.

32.28 16.19 28.32 24.27 18.15
24.20 22.18 19.24 28.32 W wins.
18.22 20.16 32.28 27.31 Dr. Lucas.

B.

3. 8 8.12 3. 8 23.27 32.28
2. 7 15.19 32.28 28.32 24.27 (17)
14.17 31.26 8.11 19.23 15.18s
7.10 16.11 28.32 32.28(11)
17.22 26.31 11.15 27.32
10.15 11. 7 32.28 28.24(12) W wins.
22.26 31.27 15.18 23.18 { 13 Same as
23.19* 7. 3 28.32 24.28 { 14 trunk
26.31 27.32 18.23 18.15 { 15 at s
19.16 Dr. Brown 32.28 28.24 (16) Anderson

(11).

12.16 27.24 16.20 28.24 W wins.
Drummond.

(12).

12.16 28.32 (18) 32.28 W wins.
32.27 27.24 24.20 Drummond.

(13).

24.20 32.27 12.16 18.15 W wins.
Drummond.

(14).

12.16 18.15 24.20 32.27 W wins.
Drummond.

(15).

24.19 28.32 16.20 32.28
32.28 19.24(20) 15.18 20.24 W wins.
12.16(19) 18.15 24.19 18.23
Drummond.

(16).

12.16 16.19 28.32 19.23 32.28
15.11 32.27 27.31 11.15 15.19
W wins. Drummond.

(17).

24.20 28.32 19.24(21) 28.32
15.11 16.19 32.28 27.31 W wins.
12.16 11.15 24.27 15.19
Drummond.

(18).

16.20 27.32 28.24 32.28 W wins.
Drummond.

(19).

19.16 16.20 (a) 20.16 16.20 12.16
28.24 24.27 18.15 18.15 11.15
W wins. Drummond.

(a) 16.11, 24.20, 11.8, 18.15. W wins.

(20).

16.20 32.28 19.16 18.23 W wins.
Same as trunk at P. Anderson and Drummond.

(21).

19.23	15.24	23.26	19.24	W wins. Drummond.

The following two games were played in the match for the championship between Mr. Labadie, of Chatham, and Mr. Dykes, of Wardsville, Ont.

GAME No. 21.—BRISTOL.

5th Game, Mr. Labadie's Move.

11.16	22.17	3. 7	29.22	5.14
24.19	6.10	17.13	7.10	15.10
8.11	26.22	14.17	17.14	6.15
22.18	11.16	21.14	10.26	23.19
4. 8	18.15	10.17	31.22	16.23
25.22	1. 6	25.21	9.14	27. 4
10.14	22.18	17.22	18. 9	20.27
30.25	7.11	A 21.17	11.25	32.23
16.20	28.24	22.25	19.15	

Labadie wins.

A. We think 15.10 here would win for White.

GAME No. 22.—OLD FOURTEENTH.

6th Game, Dykes' Move.

11.15	21.17	11.16	10. 7	21.30
23.19	14.21	20.11	14.17	23.19
8.11	23. 5	7.16	7. 3	30.26
22.17	15.18	18.15	31.27	32.28
4. 8	26.23	10.14	11. 8	17.22
17.13	18.22	15.10	27.24	11.15
15.18	25.18	22.26	8. 4	26.23
24.20	10.15	19.15	24.19	28.24
11.15	19.10	26.31	3. 8	7.16
28.24	6.22	15.11	19.15	24.20
8.11	23.18	31.26	8.11	2. 6
26.23	7.10	23.19	15. 8	20.11
9.14	24.19	16.23	4.11	6. 9
31.26	3. 7	29.25	23.26	13. 6
5. 9	27.23	26.31	30.23	1.19

Dykes wins.

The two following games were played in Quebec between our contributor, A. Brodie, and N. Bedard.

GAME 23RD.—OLD FOURTEENTH.

BEDARD'S MOVE.

11.15	30.26	9.14	2. 6	23.16
23.19	14.17	13. 9	9.13	4. 8
8.11	21.14	6.13	23.19	16.11
22.17	10.17	15. 6	15.18	8. 3
4. 8	23.14	2. 9	6. 9	11. 8
25.22	9.18	19.15	26.30	3. 7
15.18	26.22	7.11	19.15	13 17
22.15	17.26	15.10	30.26	7.11
11.18	31.15	11.15	24.19	8. 4
17.13	7.10	28.24	26.31	15.10
9.14	24.20	13.17	20.16	17.22
29.25	3. 7	10. 6	31.26	10. 7
5. 9	27.23	17.22	16.11	
26.23	5. 9	6. 2	26.23	
1. 5	25.21	22.26	11. 4	White wins.

GAME 24TH.—"WILL O' THE WISP."

BEDARD'S MOVE.

11.15	5.14	5.14	2. 6	18.22
23.19	27.23	29.25	22.17	26.17
9.13	8.11	4. 8	13.22	11.15
22.18	26.22	30.26	26.17	23.18
15.22	6.10	11.15	3. 8	14.32
25.18	22.18	25.22	17.13	17.14
10.14	1. 5	8.11	15.18	10.17
18. 9	18. 9	32.27	31.26	19. 3

Drawn.

GAME 25TH.—"DEFIANCE."

Played between Mr. Ogden and L. W. Breck.

BRECK'S MOVE.

11.15	29.25	6.15	23.19	1. 6
23.19	11.15	22.18	14.18	17.14
9.14	24.20	15.22	19.16	7.11
27.23	15.24	26.10	12.19	28.24
8.11	28.19	7.14	26.23	12.16
22.18	4. 8	30.26	19.26	
15.22	25.22	8.11	31. 8	
25. 9	10.15	32.28	3.12	Black
5.14	19.10	2. 7	21.17	wins.

THE "SINGLE CORNER" WITH VARIATIONS.

GAME.

11.15	23.14	6.10	21.14	3.10
22.18	10.17	25.21	2. 6	27.24
15.22	21.14	10.17	26.23	16.20
25.18	11.15	21.14	6.10	23.18
17-8.11	24.19	1. 6	22.17	20.27
29.25	15.24	30.25	11.16	31.24
4. 8	28.19	6.10	32.27	11.16
18.14	8.11	25.21	7.11	
9.18	27.23	10.17	14. 7	Drawn. Anderson.

VA. (17).

12.16	23.14	8.12	14.17	16. 7
18.14	1. 6	25.21	21.14	2.11
9.18	18-31.26	20.24	9.27	26.23
23.14	16.20	27.20	32.23	11.15
10.17	29.25	6. 9	3. 7	23.19
21.14	8.11 { 19		19.16	
6. 9	24.19 { 20	14.10	12.19	
26.23	4. 8	7.14	23.16	Drawn.
9.18	26.23	30.26	7.10	

(18).

30.26	21.14	27.23	14. 7	14.23
6.10	8.11	20.27	3.10	19.16
29.25	26.22	31.24	23.19	12.19
10.17	4. 8	6. 9	8.12	24. 8
25.21	22.18	22-24.20	32.27	
2. 6	16.20	7.10	27.24	Drawn.

(19).

23.18	12.16	18.14	5.14	32.27
11.16	10. 6	3. 7	1. 5	26.31
20.11	9.13	30.25	14.18	
7.23	6. 1	23.26	5. 9	Black
21-14.10	16.19	14. 9	7.10	wins.

(20).

30.26	12.19	24.19	22.26	14. 9
9.27	23.16	2. 6	17.14	31.27
32.23	9.14	21.17	26.31	
5. 9	28.24	18.22	16.12	Black
19.16	14.18	26.23	6.10	wins.

(21).

28.24	6. 1	A 10.14	27.23	19.16
12.16	31.26	2. 6	30.25	23.19
24.19	1. 6	9. 2	22.18	16.12
16.20	9.13	18. 9	14. 9	19.15
19.15	14. 9	30.25	18.15	11. 8
20.24	5.14	9.14	25.22	9.14
15.10	18. 9	25.22	15.11	2. 6
24.27	26.22	23.26	22.26	15.18
10. 6	6.10	32.27	23.19	6. 2
27.31	22.18	26.30	26.23	13.17
				Black wins.
A. 9. 5, 2. 7, 10. 6, 13.17				Black wins.

(22).

24.19	3.10	18. 9	8.12	20.16
7.10	32.27	5.14	24.20	15.24
14. 7	9.14	27.24	11.15	Black wins.

The above variations are from the "*Gentleman's Journal*," by W. Reid.

Notice.

MERCEDES AT SCHOOL.

In January last Marie de las Mércèdes-Isabella Francoise d'Assisi-Antoine-Ferdinande d'Orleans, Princess of Montpensier, Infanta of Spain, was made Queen of Spain by marriage with Alphonso XII. de Bourbon, the King. She is in her eighteenth year, and in the matter of age her husband is not much her superior. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and the crown of Spain—that country of revolutions, of brigands, of incendiaries, and of ignorance—is not the easiest in the world. But the young Queen was crowned in the midst of great rejoicings, and we may hope that her reign will be a happy one, for all accounts agree in saying that she is not only beautiful, but loveable, gentle and sensible.

Some four years ago she attended a convent near Paris. She was a day pupil, but her presence was a source of great interest to her fellow-students. Amongst them was an American girl, like all girls—and American girls, particularly—full of life and inquisitiveness. Nothing could escape her eyes, and in her letters home the character of the budding Queen is minutely described, and her good qualities so set forth that she will bear with her the sympathies of thousands out of her own land who never saw and who otherwise might never have heard of her—for these letters have been published in *Scribner's Monthly*, and we purpose making free use of them.

As was to be expected, for a few days before the arrival of the Princess the school was in a ferment of excitement regarding her, and the day she was expected this representative of the western world, with another young lady, was charged with the honorable duty of arranging the desk she was to occupy, and the managing ability of the correspondent is evident from the announcement she makes, that "The Princess

will be just in front of me as we sit in class, so I shall have a good opportunity to observe her."

On Tuesday, October 21st, a day always to be remembered in that school, the princess arrived. "The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier came out with her to call on the superioress and see the school. It was just at the noon recreation and we were all out in the park, so they walked round and visited the play-grounds of the different classes and stayed sometime watching our games. We had been told that we had to stand still and courtsey as they passed, but the Duke and Duchess begged particularly that our game of prisoner's base should not be interrupted, as they wanted to see how well we could play. * * Of course we were all looking out eagerly for our new school-mate, and she soon appeared, walking with the governess, a little way behind her parents and the superioress. All we could see was that she was a girl of thirteen or so, still in short dresses, with a pleasant, dark face, almost hidden under a broad-brimmed straw hat. She had a very simple little suit of some purple and white striped stuff, and wore white cotton gloves and boots without heels. * * The princess was not formally introduced to us till after we had gone into class, when the superioress brought her in to show her her seat. She had taken her hat off and looked very shy and pretty as she came in. She seemed to be a good deal embarrassed at facing so many girls, and hung her head a little, and answered in a very low voice when she was spoken to, but her eyes looked up bright and full of intelligence. There is something very attractive about her; she is perfectly simple and unassuming. She took her seat at her desk, and Anne de G—— showed her about her lessons and the books she would need. I had a good chance to examine the princess as she sat directly in front of me. She is large and well formed for her age, and sits up very straight, though she droops her head a little. Her complexion is very fine and clear, with a healthy tinge, and her features are pleasing, especially the eyes, which are of a soft gray or hazel, with dark lashes, deep set, and very bright and full of expression. Her hair is jet black, and splendidly thick and glossy. She wears it brushed tight to her head and braided in two braids, which are fastened low across the back of her head. Then she has a very white throat and pretty shaped ears, and altogether promises to develop into quite a handsome woman."

For a time, until her character was better known, the princess was treated with somewhat the same clumsy consideration as a kind hearted miner would an infant. Thus, the day of the princess's arrival, when the pupils were at recreation, the girls out of consideration for her took a walk to show her the grounds, instead of indulging in their usual game of prisoner's base; but it turned out afterward that the princess was dreadfully disappointed at there "not being any games, as she was crazy to play with us." Then again, "we had such a shout at Louise R———. When the rolls were being passed for lunch she was told to put one on the princess's desk, and she looked up in such a surprised way and asked, 'But can she eat plain bread?' Madame stayed with us till six. We all like what we have seen of her. She tries very hard to fall into all our ways, and was quite distressed at having a chair when the rest of us sat on stools. The chair was not much to boast of, but she didn't like being different in any way from the other girls." In fact the chair referred to and the name she was called by her fellow pupils by order of the teachers, "Madame," were the only exceptional things in regard to her.

She was a modest, bashful little girl, as the following incident shows. "Madame was to study her English

lesson while we were upstairs; and it was decided that I should stay with her to keep her company, as I could help her with her English lesson if she wanted it. So downstairs I stayed. I had never spoken to Madame yet, and I suppose each of us felt a little shy, and there we sat for some time at different ends of the room, each pretending to study very hard and secretly eyeing the other. After a while I ventured to ask in English if I could give her any help. She refused, and we took to our books again and there was another silence. Pretty soon, however, she looked up and asked me if I knew her English teacher, Sister Mary of the Incarnation, and there a spring of sympathy was opened. This lovely nun, who is half worshipped by the girls, is to be sent on a mission to the little savages in New Caledonia, and in mourning her departure Madame and I grew quite friendly. She is rather shy at first about talking, but is quite animated after she gets started, and I fancy likes a little fun as well as anybody else." Of the last statement there can be no doubt for when the play hour arrived, "at first some of us undertook to instruct Madame in prisoner's base, but we soon found that she knew it as well as any of us; she is a fast runner and will make a capital player. Some of the girls were a little shy with her, and wouldn't chase her very hard at first, but she saw through it and seemed quite hurt by it, and would purposely put herself in their way, so that they couldn't avoid catching her, and we soon felt at ease all round. I think she is going to be a trump. Without losing the gentleness and simplicity of her manners, she is fast getting over her shyness, and though there is nothing rough about her, yet she is bright and gay, with plenty of spirit, and ready for all sorts of adventures."

Thus we are assured that the princess was a very good playfellow; but what about her studies? Like most girls of her age, "she is not very industrious; she works well a little while, and then waits for the teacher to come and correct her drawing, and meanwhile employs herself scribbling her name and initials, 'M. O.,' 'Mercédès d'Orleans,' 'M. O.,' on every corner of the paper. But she takes the slightest hint very nicely, just giving a good-natured little laugh and shrug and going right to work again." When this little princess became better acquainted with her schoolmates she grew communicative, and "she told us a little to-day about her ways at home. The Duchess of Montpensier brings up her children very sensibly, and they all have to get up at six and go to bed at eight. Madame was quite disappointed when she came here to find that our hours are even earlier than hers, for we get up at half-past five. However, her bed-time is earliest, which consoled her somewhat. Her playmate is the Prince Ferdinand, a year older than herself. They treat their parents with the greatest respect, and never dream of going to bed without their father's blessing. Mercédès says that sometimes when their father is off with the hunt he is delayed till nearly midnight; but, instead of undressing, the children stay down-stairs and take naps in chairs till he gets back. They are never allowed to lie on sofas when older people are present, but Mercédès says she can sleep very soundly in a chair. When the father comes home, they wake up enough to receive his embrace and blessing, and get off to bed as fast as they can."

"Madame" has evidently a mind of her own, and was guided by principles of justice. On a certain occasion the ghost scene from Hamlet was to be rehearsed in public. The night previous Alice De L——, who had one of the principal parts, misconducted herself and was condemned to remain separate until she was willing to beg pardon of the whole school for the bad example she had set them. She was obdurate, however,

and refused, believing that rather than spoil the rehearsal the teachers would release her. A deputation of scholars was formed to plead on her behalf before the superior-general, and Madame was chosen as the one who should lead it. "Poor little Madame was much urged and had a hard time of it. She refused at first; but the girls thought it was from shyness, so they teased her to go, painting our case, and the disasters that would ensue if Alice were not to act, in the most dismal colors, and reminding her that this was the first chance she had ever had to do anything for her school-mates. The poor child hesitated a long time, divided in her mind between her feeling that the superioress was right in punishing Alice, and her eager wish to be popular with her play-fellows. She colored, and the tears came into her eyes; but she was firm in refusing, confiding in Anne de G—— that she thought the nuns knew better than we what was good for Alice's character, and we ought not to interfere with their plans, and give them the pain of refusing us. Some of the girls were provoked with Madame, and muttered 'Little prig,' and 'She's afraid,' but most of the ribbons* came forward and supported her." After this triumph of principle, the reader will be pleased to learn that the ghost scene was a success, the audience being quite startled through the unprecedented addition of a phosphorescent blue flame playing around the ghost's mouth, while some of the "petites" were almost frightened out of their wits. Then, "Since the English play turned out to be a success, the girls seemed to have experienced a revulsion of feeling. I found them all saying that it was just as well that Alice had not been allowed to act; that she would learn that she was not all-important on such occasions, as she seemed to think herself; and they could'nt understand her being so obstinate; while Madame, the 'little prig,' had become quite a heroine in their eyes for taking the stand she did."

We have room for but one scene more in the school life of this amiable princess, in which she does not appear as dignified as in the one just described. At the grand "*lecture des notes*," which follows the Christmas examinations, the character of each scholar is commented upon before the whole school by each teacher. "Madame, it was said, had given perfect satisfaction in her behavior, and studied very well in class, but she did not make the progress they could wish in her private lessons. Also, her English teacher remarked an aversion on Madame's part to talk in any language other than her own, whereupon the superioress gave a little lecture on the necessity of conversing and becoming familiar with a language. That reminds me of a funny scene at the English examination, where Madame was called upon to recite something. She chose Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' and stood up quite bravely at first. She did very well till about half-way through, and then, all at once, she got stuck, and the first thing we knew she had utterly disappeared from view. The child had been so mortified at her failure that in her embarrassment she sat down; but so comic an effect had this sudden disappearance that the whole room burst out laughing. Nothing would persuade Madame to get up and face us again."

We cannot leave "Madame" thus sitting down in her confusion. In July, 1874, she was absent from school for a few days, and when she came back it was known that she had been formally bethrothed to the Prince Alphonso. The marriage, as we have said, took place in January last, and we this month present to our readers the portrait of Mercédès, Queen of Spain.

* The "ribbon" was an order of merit. Madame soon became a "Ribbon."

BY PRIVATE WIRE.

Mr. Basinghad (City Merchant).—"MOST CONVENIENT! I CAN CONVERSE WITH MRS. B. JUST AS IF I WAS IN MY OWN DRAWING-ROOM!—I'LL TELL HER YOU'RE HERE."—*(Speaks through the Telephone.)*—"DAWDLES IS HERE—JUST COME FROM PARIS—LOOKING SO WELL—DESIRES TO BE, &C., &C." "NOW, YOU TAKE IT, AND YOU'LL HEAR HER VOICE DISTINCTLY!"

Dawdles.—"WEALLY!"

DAWDLES *takes it, and does hear her voice most distinctly!*

The Voice.—"FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, DEAR, DON'T BRING THAT INSUFFERABLE NOODLE HOME TO DINNER!!"

—*Punch.*