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ASA WESTOVER, ESQ.

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SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

CHAPTER I.

The readers of *Good Words* have enjoyed frequent treats from a facile pen, depicting the lives and characters of real worthies, under the caption of "Our Indian Heroes."

Canada must hold humble rank, as compared with the rich, populous and vast region of India, and her heroes take form proportioned to the limited sphere of a new and undeveloped country.

Still, we can boast of men who truly earned renown, and they deserve to be had in everlasting remembrance, in the history of this great nation yet to be. Among the number might be named the discoverers of the country, and those who first ascended its rivers, passed over its great lakes, and mapped the outlines of its geographical character. Another class claims notice as the defenders of the soil. Holding not their lives dear unto themselves, they fought, bled and died to retain in their integrity the bounds and government of the country. Nor yet has been wanting the true patriot who has struggled, and not in vain, in the political arena to secure enlarged and enlightened civil and religious liberty. Then we have the industrial heroes—lion-hearted men with strong arms, who fought the battle of the wilderness—who went up and possessed the land, and bore their part in redeeming the earth from the dominion of the forest, making the desert places fruitful as a garden, and aiding to usher in the time when the earth shall yield her increase.

Yet another class, though last not least, stands out demanding our gratitude and admiration. These are the moral heroes—men who have combated the evil habits of society—worked to educate the masses, and preached the everlasting Gospel, whilst enduring the toil and self-denial incident to a backwoods ministry. From all these classes pleasing and interesting pictures might be drawn, characteristic of real life in Canada, and calculated to inspire its rising race to emulate the actions of departed worthies, and thankfully benefit by the legacy of their examples and labors.

The foregoing remarks are introductory to presenting to the reader's attention some fragmentary sketches from the life of a man entitled to rank among the industrial and moral heroes of Canada. The writer will briefly trace his history in the land of his birth, his journey hitherward, and life in the backwoods of Canada.

John Edwards was born in Morayshire, Scotland, about the year 1780, of parents in humble circumstances, but possessed of that pearl which rich men cannot buy. He was trained to the labors of the farm; but, on nearing man's estate, conceived the idea of learning a trade. With this view he left home for Edinburgh. The parting advice of his father evinces Scotland's deep veneration for the day of rest, and seemed, in the mind of the anxious parent, the safeguard against temptation. The advice was: "Jack, be sure and remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Arrived at Edinburgh, he engaged with

a Leith ship-builder, being bound for a term of years as apprentice, and continued to follow this occupation as a journeyman, both in England and Scotland. About the time of his going to Edinburgh, at the beginning of the present century, the Haldanes were making no little stir by their "new-fangled" preaching, and the pulpits of the land rang with fulminations against "wolves in sheep's clothing." Their only answer was a blameless life. They will stand through all time ranked among Scotland's greatest benefactors, and they lived to enjoy the esteem of all classes and churches in the land. Thousands owned these men as their spiritual fathers. Drawn by curiosity, the subject of our story listened to the words of eternal life proclaimed by James Haldane, in the circus of Edinburgh. These words proved effectual to a change of views and purpose, and were followed by his joining the church under the care of Mr. Haldane. Men of no little distinction were connected with this church at the time. Dr. Patterson, who went to Denmark, and subsequently to Russia; Dr. Henderson, who went to Iceland, and afterwards was principal of a college in England, and Dr. McClay, who came to America, were all champions in the interests of religious truth; and yet another man of mark, who went to Africa, John Campbell, known to everybody.

Not only were men of mark in this church, but it enjoyed the occasional services of some other distinguished preachers of the day. Among the number was Rowland Hill. The quaint sayings and doings of Mr. Hill have given birth to extravagant anecdote; yet the reality was very novel to the minds of sedate Scotchmen. The youthful shipwright was present in the circus when this Episcopal clergyman effected a change of posture in praise, that has prevailed among dissenters ever since. Mr. Hill gave out a hymn, and, to his surprise, the whole people kept their seats and commenced singing. He called out in tones of thunder to stop, and every voice was hushed. An earnest lecture followed on the impropriety of worshipping God in a sitting attitude. Then the church membership arose, and the song of praise proceeded. Again Mr. Hill's voice silenced the united volume

of several thousand tongues, and a second lecture brought the entire congregation to their feet.

The Calton Hill was then, as it is now, a favorite resort for open-air preaching. Thousands, at the time of which we write, congregated there to listen to Gospel truth from the lips of Mr. Hill. On one occasion, when passing up to the spot from which he spoke, he observed a long row of well-dressed ladies comfortably seated. He stopped short, turned to the ladies and said: "Ladies, you look very fine and appear very comfortable. I hope you will not allow a poor person to pass your door."

Connected with the Haldane Church at this time, were four other apprentice shipwrights, besides the subject of this sketch, all of whom were converted under the ministry of its pastor.

The five youthful artisans were of one heart and one mind, and a sanctified friendship ripened into a bond of union broken only by death. Having tasted themselves of the heavenly manna, their souls were fired with desire that others might be made partakers of like precious faith. To this end they met for mutual improvement, and study of the Divine Word. They also sought out destitute localities, and told, to all who would listen, the story of the cross. At length the days of their servitude were ended, and the question of future duty engaged grave attention. John Edwards was senior in years, and, being under a matrimonial engagement, decided to follow his avocation as a shipwright; but to continue at the same time his loved employment of preaching the Gospel.

The others, Hercus, Wilson, McNeil and Hasty, entered the class of Robert Haldane, and pursued studies to qualify them more fully to be preachers of the Word. Three of the number became men of some note. Mr. Hercus became the highly-respected pastor of a church in Grenock; Mr. Wilson settled in Glasgow; Mr. McNeil went to Elgin, where his memory is still fragrant for worth and usefulness. Mr. Hasty carried the Gospel to the Far West in America. All have gone from the busy stage of life; and the Haldanes, too,

have long since entered into their rest.

During his lifetime, Mr. Edwards maintained epistolary correspondence with the Messrs. Haldanes, and also with his shipwright associates. Distance and time abated not the ardor of the first love of these friends.

CHAPTER II.

British history, during the earlier years of the nineteenth century, was written in gore. Bloody conflicts by sea and land followed in quick succession, from the battle of Canopus in Egypt, under Abercrombie, in 1801, to the memorable battle of Waterloo, under Wellington, in 1815. Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, the bombardment of Copenhagen, the Iron Duke's Indian and Peninsular Campaigns, and the second American War are conspicuous among the national events that tried the prowess of England, swelled the volume of her debt and filled the land with mourning for the slain, which alternated with frequent and loud rejoicings for triumphs achieved. The arsenals and dockyards of England at this period were intensely active. Even the Sabbath Day saw men building vessels to supply the demands of war. Shipwrights in sufficient numbers could not be obtained in England.

A Government official visited the Scottish yards, and eloquently pleaded the claims of the country in her necessity for mechanics. A large number from Leith and other yards responded, and a man-of-war was sent to convey them to the different dockyards as allotted.

Patriotism was a ruling principle with Mr. Edwards. He became one of the number of volunteers, and was designated to Portsmouth, then the greatest naval arsenal of the world. A residence there for a few months was followed by a settlement for many years, and many circumstances concurred to develop his character and enlarge his usefulness. Many hundreds of shipwrights were employed in this dockyard. The nature of the work was arduous and dangerous, and many accidents occurred, often attended with fatal

result. These casualties pointed to the necessity of provision being made for families thereby deprived of support. A few of the leading workmen, including the subject of our narrative, devised a scheme of creating a fund by weekly contributions to meet the necessity of the case. A general meeting adopted their views, and a highly successful and beneficial "Widows' and Orphans' Fund" was established.

The bakers of Portsmouth took advantage of the demand for bread by the large numbers of dockyard men and their families. This advantage affected both the quality and price of the staff of life. The cupidity of these men of the oven overstepped moderate bounds, and resulted fatally to their own interests. The shipwrights arose in their might, and determined, if they could not be better served, to serve themselves. Mr. Edwards took a prominent part in the deliberations that resulted in a society being formed to carry out the project, and afterwards in carrying on the operations of this society. Land was purchased, a wind-mill erected in sight of Southsea Beach, steam power was added for use in case of emergency, and all necessary buildings and conveniences provided to constitute a first-class establishment. Grain was imported from the Continent, and the whole machinery set agoing, and continued with success and profit. Sir George Gray, the Commissioner of the yard, patronized the enterprise by becoming a member of the society and receiving his bread from the Shipwrights' Mill.

While secular efforts of usefulness engaged much of Mr. Edwards' spare time, he felt more at home when employed in promoting the religious interests of his fellow men. With him religion was an every-day business. His tool-chest contained a canvass-covered Bible, and all available seasons at meal-time were filled up in drawing supplies from the fountain of living water. On the Sabbath he occasionally preached for absent ministers in Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. Going to fill appointments in the latter place, he passed over much of the scenery made memorable by the pen of Leigh Richmond

in his charming sketches of the "Dairyman's Daughter," "Young Cottager," and "Negro Servant."

Instant in season and out of season was, with him, matter of solemn obligation. The Sabbath was more fully occupied than week days. After being engaged as leader or listener at morning and afternoon worship, his evenings were usually devoted to preaching in some thoroughfare or in the barracks. He was the devoted friend of soldiers, and travelled many miles on dark nights to carry them the news of salvation. Believing an addition to the ministers of the place was much needed, Mr. Edwards wrote to his friend, Robert Haldane, Esq., urging him to send a graduate of his class. This request was responded to, and Mr. Neive came to Portsmouth, where he proved himself to be a workman not needing to be ashamed. Mr. Neive chose, in the matter of support, the independent plan of supporting himself. He opened a first-class academy, and gave evidence of being an educator of no mean rank, and, withal, a most acceptable preacher.

The British Government having long felt the lack of educated shipwrights in the official departments of dockyards, determined on establishing a superior class in Portsmouth, where boys should receive scientific training and learn practical ship-building. Candidates for this class, not over thirteen years of age, were examined annually, and a certain number, who passed the ordeal, were accepted and educated more fully at the public expense. Lucrative situations rewarded the successful competitors; hence, the schools of England were ambitious of their pupils' success. Mr. Neive's academy distinguished itself by sending a larger number of boys to the superior class than any other school in the land.

There is much in the surroundings of a naval seaport to awaken feelings of deep sorrow in the bosom of every enlightened lover of humanity. How terrible are the horrors of war! and what a drain on the resources of a nation! Yet these are but secondary to the immorality superinduced by the manner of life of the brave men engaged to fight their country's battles. Mr. Edwards' heart was deeply stirred in

witnessing daily the bitter fruits of the system. He pondered long and anxiously on the question: Why cannot national quarrels be adjusted as private differences best are, on principles of arbitration? Meanwhile, might not the unbounded licentiousness of the army and navy be abated if Governmental provision were extensively made to enable the men to enter wedlock? Another source of pain to him was the severity of the punishment then inflicted on shipboard. Shipwrights occasionally worked afloat. At such times they were cognizant of all capital cases of using the "cat,"—the rule being that every man on board must witness the punishment. Mr. Edwards in one instance, at Spithead, looked upon the mangled body of a poor fellow who was being flogged through the fleet for desertion, and was horrified to see him whipped to death before the allotted lashes were laid on. The inanimate body received a portion of the penal strokes after the soul had flown to witness against this foul blot on the glory of a Christian nation.

It has been already remarked that fatal accidents occurred frequently to shipwrights. Mr. Edwards had many hair-breadth escapes; but a work in Canada awaited him, and his life was preserved to accomplish it. On one occasion he was passing on a narrow plank from one man-of-war to another. His hands were encumbered with his breakfast-kit, and, by some means, his foot slipped, and he fell headlong from the giddy height into a rushing tide. The alacrity of sailors is marvellous. With lightning speed one tar sent a coil of rope after the man overboard, which reached him as he rose breathless from the plunge. Another flung himself into a boat astern, judging it likely the luckless shipwright would be carried past. Although the first saved the man, Jack in the boat secured the traps—sugar-bowl, coffee-pot, bread and all were picked up, and, in almost no time, were with their owner safe on board. Mr. Edwards regarded such escapes as crowning mercies, claiming grateful aspirations of praise to Him who numbereth the very hairs of our head. Their tendency also fired his soul to greater consecration in efforts to serve his Divine

Master while the day lasted, knowing that the night must come wherein none could work.

Our next chapter will describe him bidding adieu to Old England, bound for the backwoods of Canada.

CHAPTER III.

Waterloo sealed the fate of Napoleon, and blessed Europe with peace. Long and loud were the rejoicings in Britain. Portsmouth was the scene of magnificent sights. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, and our own Prince Regent, by their presence added *eclat* to the triumphs that celebrated an era of rest after weary years of strife and slaughter.

Among the rope-makers men light of foot were chosen. These, in uniform, forming a goodly company, went forth to meet the approaching mighty ones, and, as was done of old, ran before their chariots, singing, as they ran, anthems prepared for the occasion. There, too, were the conquering generals. "The hero of a hundred battles," was the idol of the hour. The presence of Wellington awakened uncontrollable plaudits from the excited people. The sailors took special fancy to Blucher: detaching his horses, a string of the brave fellows impelled his coach rapidly through the crowded streets, while a tar on top danced with fury in honor of the captured veteran.

In a brief time this frenzy of delight passed away, and a sober aspect was presented by the change from war to peace. Commercial and industrial interests were disturbed. The demand for shipbuilders, in common with that for other craftsmen, slackened. The remuneration for labor was reduced. As a consequence, multitudes sought new fields for employment. Emigration to America became a favorite scheme. Mr. Edwards intended to make England a permanent home. With this view he had built a residence. Himself, wife and three sons constituted his family. His two eldest boys were preparing, with good promise of success, under Mr. Neive, for the superior class. Thus,

strong inducements to remain were not wanting; but thoughts of America had seized his mind, and resulted in the determination to seek a home in the New World. Strongly British in feeling, Canada was, from the first, the chosen place, backwoods farming to be the secular employment, while he anticipated a wider field of usefulness in his loved work of preaching the Gospel.

In April, 1819, with his family, he bade adieu to loving friends, and started for the land of the setting sun. How dissimilar the manner of reaching Canada then, compared to what it is now,—dissimilar both as to time and convenience, as well as cost. The roundabout way of this intending settler reminds one of the journey of Israel from Egypt to Canaan. He crossed the Channel to France, waited four weeks at Havre for a vessel to New York, was six weeks reaching that city, remained there some time, sailed up the Hudson to Albany, thence by waggon to Sackett's Harbor, and then across the lake to Kingston.

On shipboard Mr. Edwards sought opportunities for usefulness, and every Sabbath preached in the steerage and fore-castle. In after years he met persons in his travels, who dated their religious life from impressions received at the services held by him on board the "Comet."

Having letters of introduction to Mr. Buchanan, British Consul at New York, that gentleman took special interest in Mr. Edwards and others of his craft, who accompanied him. About the time of his arrival, a British ship came into port disabled, and requiring extensive repairs. Mr. Buchanan secured the job for the newcomers, and the subject of our tale superintended the work. No sooner was the vessel made seaworthy than another arrived in need of repairs, and was disposed of by the same parties.

The summer of the year thus passed, and its close found Mr. Edwards at Kingston, Canada, engaged to follow, for a time, his occupation in the naval yard at that place. To labor with the hands during the week, he, as of yore, added the work of preaching on Sabbath, and frequently preached in the town, which was then indifferently supplied with ministers.

The Kingston Naval Yard, at the period of which we write, was the scene of considerable activity,—an immense drain on the Imperial purse, without any earthly good, further than giving employment to men for works which would never be put in requisition. A number of war ships lay in the bight between Point Henry and Point Frederick. Two of these, the "Montreal" and "Charvel," lay anchored from the shore, and were occupied by officers and sailors. The "St. Lawrence," (a three-decker) "Kingston," "Psyche" and others lay by the wharves untenanted. To keep this useless fleet afloat was the chief work of all the sailors, and it was, day in and day out, for years, pump, pump, pump. The shipwrights, carpenters, painters, blacksmiths and laborers were as profitlessly employed. Red-tapeism eventually gave way to common sense, and, in 1822, an extensive reduction took place, and the leaky ships were got rid of. One feature in the establishment, infinitely more hurtful than inutility, was its immoral character. Commodore Barry was a family man, and an example of propriety. A previous commissioner had set a different example, which was freely followed, and concubinage, and licentiousness became common in all ranks. Several bright exceptions to this picture existed, but, as a rule, vice reigned with brazen face. Intemperance, too, was a crying evil. Dockyard men, as well as seamen, received rations, and a half-pint of "Jamaica" daily was allowed each man. Too many were not content with even that, and drinking and drunkenness prevailed generally. The bitter fruits of inebriety were fearfully plain; but none thought of abstinence. Mr. Edwards raised a warning voice against the sin of excess; but partook moderately of the accursed thing, and gave God thanks. Deaths and accidents were of common occurrence; but the warnings went unheeded, and survivors drank away.

At the reduction, many connected with the yard were dispatched to England. While descending the St. Lawrence, two of the number, excessive drinkers, met sudden deaths. A little below Kingston, one of them, a mechanic, maddened by drink, flung himself from the Durham boat and

sank to the bottom. Further down, an officer, in *delirium tremens*, sprang from the steamer before the paddle-wheel, and met a similar fate.

Early in 1822, Mr. Edwards decided on preparing to begin life in the bush. In search of a resting place he travelled much of Western Canada, preaching as he went. Returning, without deciding fully on a locality, his attention was directed to the Ottawa River by some officers who themselves wished to select lands in that direction. Again leaving Kingston, he went to explore the back region of the Ottawa. To do so then was widely different from the pleasure trip of a day or so as at present. Embarking in a Durham boat, the St. Lawrence was descended to Cornwall; thence, after a journey of about sixty miles on foot, he reached L'Orignal, ascended the River in a batteau about thirty miles, and landed at Fox's Point, Township of Clarence and County of Russel. After tramping through the woods of Clarence for some time, the decision was made to cast anchor within its bounds, and fight the battle of life in the wilderness of the Ottawa Valley. By the next ascending batteau, Mr. Edwards proceeded to Richmond Landing. It was not then imagined that beside that humble spot should arise a city to be selected by a future sovereign as the political capital of a vast dominion. From the Landing the hardy explorer turned his face towards Kingston, and walked the whole way over roads at that time by no means the best. A selection of lots for several officers had been made, and much interest was taken in the establishment, regarding the outfit of Mr. Edwards and party for reaching the Ottawa.

A Government batteau, fully equipped, was placed at their service. The only condition attached to the surrender of this vessel was, that she must be returned when required by His Majesty's service. The service never required her, and she and all the adults who embarked for the Ottawa have long since mingled with the dust.

The party consisted of three families, and, after getting their stuff all on board, they hoisted sail and turned their tiny craft from Navy Yard, Kingston, bound for the Ottawa. The descent of the rapids:

in a heavily-laden boat, manned by persons unaccustomed to the work, and piloted by a Frenchman, whose language they did not understand, was a somewhat hazardous undertaking. The perilous descent was, however, accomplished in safety, and, after reaching the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, the prow was turned westward and the ascent of the Ottawa commenced. The Long Sault was a formidable barrier to overcome, even with an empty vessel,

the cargo being sent past in carts. This difficulty surmounted, these pilgrim fathers again set forward, slowly impelled by force of muscle, till they arrived at Fox's Point, two weeks after their departure from Kingston.

The aspect of things on the Ottawa at that time, and some pictures of the early pioneer life of the subject of our story, will supply matter for the succeeding chapter.

(To be continued.)

WHENCE AND WHY?

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK, ANNAPOLIS, N. S.

The solemn ocean on a summer's day,
When hushed was ev'ry sound of wind and wave,
And sportive breezes, in their fitful play,
Their gifts from Flora's myriad bowers gave,
In plaintive voice, and with a weary sigh,
As if by some strange impulse it was stirred
The question asked, and I the words o'erheard,—
"Ah, whence?—ah, why?"

"Ah, whence? ah, why?" cried listless solitude,
Reclining idly on her forest throne,
Where noisy industry dare not intrude
Her busy presence and imperious tone;
And from her depths there came a thoughtful sigh,
And sturdy mountain height and spreading plain,
The words repeated o'er and o'er again—
"Ah, whence?—ah, why?"

The clouds which hide the glorious orb of day,
And mass their forms above the list'ning earth,
Their lightnings flash with ever lurid ray,
And quench the sounds of revelry and mirth;
While crashing thunders rudely rolling by
From shore to sea, from sea to wond'ring shore,
In fearful accents ask the question o'er—
"Ah, whence?—ah, why?"

The ancient mother, earth, by fields and flowers.
By purling streams and heaven-aspiring mountains,
And lordly forest trees, and sylvan bowers,
And nestling lakes, and overflowing fountains,
And whisp'ring leaves and overarching sky,
The query putteth o'er and o'er again,
In eagerness and hope, but yet in vain—
"Ah, whence?—ah, why?"

The glowing stars, whose sapphire eyes look down
Through all the black abyss of cheerless night,
Regardless of its ever threat'ning frown;
And comets blazing with eccentric light,

And sun and moon, great guardians of the sky,
Forever call from their supernal thrones
In wonder's half articulated tones—
"Ah, whence?—ah, why?"

The hidden universe of life that dwells
Unseen, except by microscopic power,
In secret space its tale of wonder tells,
And, suppliant, calls on ev'ry pressing hour
To give these ceaseless questionings reply;
But ever calls in vain, while echo flings
The question back upon aerial wings—
"Ah, whence?—ah, why?"

And man, the culminated work of God,
Yea, man, the master of all meaner things,
Whose feet most perfect reason's path have trod,
What answer is it he with wisdom brings?
What answer to the universal cry?—
Oh, heart be still; alas! alas! again,
His voice repeats the often said refrain,
Of "whence and why?"

Yea, man doth own his felt incompetence
By reason led the answer to reveal,
And sighing length, with desire intense,
To solve the problem of his woe or weal;
Must he then raise the agonizing cry,
Which ever filletth wisdom's wakeful ear,
And never read the curious riddle clear,
Of "whence and why?"

Nay, cometh One whose feet are shod with light—
Oh, praise forever to his wondrous name—
Who rends the veil of darkness from our sight,
And with the clearness of electric flame,
Reveals the secret o'er the world abroad;
And to the nations gives the sure reply
To all that man can know of "whence and why?"—
"From God,—for God."

THE HAND.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND, ONT.

Has anyone ever considered it in its proper light, or paid due attention to the subject of the hand? Every feature of the face has been said and sung, has had its separate admirers, and odes chanted in its praise; lips, and eyes, and cheeks, and even noses, "sensitive" and otherwise, eyebrows and chin have all had their share of notice; swan-like throat and glossy hair have not been neglected; but who has devoted his own mind, much more directed those of others, to the study of the hand?

And yet the subject affords ample scope. What else is so true an index to the character as the hand? What single member can express so much, or give so true an impression of the owner? Eyes are all very well; they flash with anger, they beam with kindness, they melt with love; but, after all, much of their expression depends on that of the other features with which they are united; and the same with the mouth—indeed, mouth and eyes may be said to work together. The brow may be either complacently smooth, or contracted in a frown; the cheeks pale with fear, or suffused with the rosy blush of pleasure; but these are only the outward signs of passing emotions, not to be taken as permanent evidences of the nature below.

But in the hand we see character, age, disposition, pursuit, all written legible and clear. Cover every feature in the face but the eyes, and we might find some difficulty in deciding with certainty to whom those eyes belonged; but who could experience such difficulty with the hand? Would not the first glance tell us whether it were the hand of shaking old age, or the round plump member of youth, the dainty limb of the spoiled beauty, or the bread-winner of the hardy son of toil? Surely. And

hands are as different from each other in expression as in form.

"Never done much work by the look of the hands," is a common and homely, but most expressive phrase. Clearly enough are the traces of labor discerned. Usefulness stamps itself on the hand in characters never to be mistaken, from the sun-browned fist of him familiar with the plough-stilts and the axe, to the thin, slender fingers of the poor sempstress, whose punctured forefinger shows the long continuance of her toil. This hand belongs to one who never touches anything more delicate than a hay-rake. You might cut pretty deep before the feeling was reached in that horny finger; and here is one in the other extreme, fingers soft and white, and yet supple and plastic, as if used to work,—a watchmaker, probably, or one otherwise accustomed to delicate instruments and fine tools.

This is the hand of a *gentleman*. I need to see no more to tell you almost every particular concerning him. He is young, the flesh is firm and the bones are well and strongly knit; Saxon complexion, blue eyes, light hair. This hand would naturally be white; turn back the cuff a little. I thought so. Look at the wrist; tall and well made. The hand is not very small but symmetrical, and what perfect nails! So much for appearance; now for character. In those perfectly-trimmed nails I read order and regard for appearances; in the free play of the fingers, the open palm and the honest hearty clasp I see bravery, generosity and fearlessness; in the steady gripe of which those same open fingers are capable, I perceive determination. Pursuits? Certainly. He does not work hard, but he is not idle. The hand is brown with exposure to sunshine and breezes,

but is not coarse with labor. I should say it was no stranger to the gun and fishing-rod; and let me see the palm. Yes, the oars,—a hand not unfitted either to clasp a little white one, and decidedly not one in which the little white one need have any objection to lie.

Who does not know the miser's hand, the grasping fingers, the clinging touch, as if to part with anything within its hold were a pain? There is the doctor's hand, with firm yet light touch, gentle yet decided fingers, with a woman's tenderness for woman or child, and the strength of a giant at need; there is—who is so happy as never to have known it?—the dentist's hand, under which we shrink and shudder; there is the sailor's hand, hard with rope-hauling and with a wholesome scent of tar about it, and there is the dandy's hand, white and slim and sparkling with gems, as often false as real; there is the fashionable's lady's hand, soft and dimpled; there is the matron's hand, firm and decided, with the impress of household occupations; there are the hands of our wife and mother—ah! what hands like those to smooth the bed of sickness, or cool the fevered, aching brow; there is the sempstress aforesaid, with the punctured finger and the bones showing, alas! so plainly; there are the little, rosy, chubby fists of childhood, and the wasted transparent fingers of the invalid. What is there not from the dreaded hand of the instructor of your early years, out of which you in your terror believed grew the awful rod, down to the tender, trembling little darling you pressed so fondly in the dim corner last night, when, with a kiss upon its whiteness, you asked leave (did you obtain it?) to make it your own.

And this opens another train of thought. How much is conveyed in that expression, "giving the hand?" Do we not utterly refuse to touch the hand of an enemy? Is not the "right hand of fellowship" proverbial? Do we not sue humbly, as for our chief good, for some fair hand? and do not we bestow everything else as well when we give our own?

Again. It is the symbol of power—we speak of overcoming "with the strong

hand." Of generosity—a man is accounted "open-handed," or "close-fisted," according as he is liberal or otherwise. And if we wish to express perfect trustworthiness and our dependence thereon, how can we do so better than by speaking of anyone as our "right hand?"

And in what is there greater variety than in the manner of shaking hands? In what other way can we express so well the differences of feeling, proportion the cordiality, as it were, and mark off its degrees by almost imperceptible and yet keenly-distinguished shades? A speech may mean much, a nicely-discriminated bow perhaps more; but both must yield to a shake of the hand, if given by the hand of a master. It might be an interesting inquiry and research into its many gradations, from the cold touch of finger tips dropped as soon as taken, to the hearty grasp of friendship, which says plainer than any words, "Glad to feel your palm, old fellow," and seems as if it would never let you go.

It is, after all, a matter of contrast. I have known some people to shake hands with whom was a penance; others again whose touch did you good for the whole day afterwards. I have had my arm almost pulled from the socket by a friend of powerful biceps, who apparently took my wrist for an unanswered door-bell; and I have felt—ah, who that has felt ever can forget!—the soft caress of tiny, baby hands.

Not mine? Ah, no! not mine. "The children of Alice call Bartrum father." Shall I tell her story here? It is long ago, and she is far beyond all reproach or care. It may, perhaps, convey a moral and a warning in the story of one hand I have not mentioned yet.

There is no need to say I loved her, nor shall I tell her name. She was my cousin; I used to call her "little wife" in play, until I found how dear she was to me and called her so no more.

She did not love me, never thought of loving me, save in the gentle, sisterly manner, in which, thank God, she loved me to the last. Her heart, given as women do sometimes give them, wholly and forever, was not mine. I shall not name him. He loved her, I believe, better than anything

but himself; but that self was his first love, his best love and his last. The first time I ever saw him, when she, in her happy pride and love, introduced her "dear cousin" to her betrothed, I read him, and, though, for her sake, I tried hard, disliked him, too. There was an unpleasant nervousness in the hand with which he smoothed his soft moustache, and, when he wished to draw her attention, he closed his fingers with altogether too rude a grasp upon her arm.

They were married. I suppose no one felt a fear for their happiness, and for a time they were happy. She told me to remark one day how plump and rosy she had grown, and laughingly declared she could not move the tiny, golden circlet so lately placed upon her hand. Ah, me! it fell from her wasted finger the day before she died.

I was with her one evening; she was otherwise alone. She went out little, but he was seldom at home. She seemed anxious, and sometimes leaned her head upon her hand, and sometimes nervously twisted the rings round her fingers, which, looking at, I fancied were not so plump as a little time before. He came at last; the unsteady step told something, the sparkling eyes and thick voice more; but all was plainly seen in the trembling, shaking hand. Her own fluttered wildly as she bade me good night. Was this the first time he had so come home to her? God knows.

It was not the last. I never saw him again without dread. In that quivering hand I read his doom and hers. And she? She never complained,—never uttered a word by which I could have known she had a grief to bear. She smiled and talked to me as of old; she could command her eyes and lips; she did not know I read her history in a clearer type than these.

Her hand grew pale and thin, and the once rosy fingers had a nervous trembling that cut my heart to see—only steady when busied about her child. After a time the

rings disappeared one by one, and the delicate finger was marked by the needle she used now—more, alas! from necessity than pleasure. Still the hand was active and performed its duties, and could return my hearty pressure. But, as time went on, as I saw him less and heard of him more, so she faded. She could still smile, but she could not deceive me. I did not need to see the gradual outward change. Every removal to a poorer lodging, every lost comfort, every additional pang of want and shame, was written in the shrunken fingers and the large blue veins.

At last she sent for me for the first time. Though she had always welcomed me when I voluntarily went, she could not invite me to be a witness of her husband's shame. It was over now. His misspent life—whether ended by himself was never known—had closed that morning. I stood beside the bed where he lay in the last sleep, and touched the passive hand. Steady, now, ah! very steady now.

Hers was hot and wild with fever as she took mine. "Take care of me," she whispered, and I did care for her to the last. It was not for long; day by day its touch grew hotter and more trembling, until the day when she folded them in prayer for a moment, and then, with one pressing her child to her heart and lips, gave the other to me. It was dark and very quiet, and only the coldness of the hand at last told me she was gone. I kissed them reverently for the first and only time as I crossed them on her breast.

Well, it is all long past, and I did not mean to be betrayed into so sad a story when beginning this disquisition on the hand. It is a wide subject, and I feel that I have but entered on it, that I have but opened the field of research for others to labor in, and only acted as pioneer for more worthy discoverers who are yet to follow; and I trust that the hand, with its manifold claims, may at some not distant time receive due attention, and form the theme of an abler pen than mine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SEWING-MACHINE.

BY ALICIA, AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE," "WILLING HEARTS AND WILLING HANDS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

I am not a sewing machine of much pretension, my friends—not one of those elaborate creatures encased in richly carved black walnut, and ornamented to the highest degree—the occupant of some wealthy lady's boudoir, carefully covered up from the children's busy fingers. I boast of no such grandeur. Though it is true I don't like to be roughly handled, yet here I stand, my most intricate machinery open to all beholders—my most delicate wheel exposed to any prying hand. May I ever, to save my nerves, be carefully put away when a little season of rest is allowed me.

I am not ashamed of my parentage. My grandfather was as fine an old machine as ever vibrated to the foot of man, rough, perhaps, in exterior, for in his time fashions were not so extravagant as now, but perfect in working, as even my old master would allow when surrounded by his highly finished "Wanzers," "Whealers and Wilsons," "Howes," and other representatives of aristocratic families. My forefathers were, and many of my contemporaries are, doubtless, much larger and more strongly built than myself; but it is often the case that little people do the most in the world whether of good or evil, and I always say are much cleverer. Large body, little brain, is my maxim.

Sometimes when an interval of rest is allowed me, I muse as to where and how the several portions of my frame were made and put together. Visions occasionally rise before me of the "Black Country," where all night long the fierce hot flames dart up from the deep mouths of a hundred furnaces, lighting up the midnight sky and throwing out in dark relief the smoky, grimy human figures that flit back and forth like the dark spirits of Dante's

terrible dream. Don't smile, my fair readers, and wonder what a little sewing-machine knows of the gloomy Italian poet. I have a quick ear, a fertile imagination, and have had the privilege of living among refined and educated people. To many a long romance, touching poem, and thrilling history have I listened when my mistress believed me fast asleep.

And why should I not muse from whence I came, and what I am? Why not obey the command flaming over the portal of great Jupiter's Temple—"Know Thyself?" I am a Canadian, and proud I am of the land of my birth; but may not my heart be of British steel, my frame of British iron? And may I not glory in that too?

Oh! ye Canadians, children of a noble parent, never forget your mother country—never cease to honor and love her! Never cease to feel proud of your allegiance to her, that glorious Queen, over whose dominions the sun never sets!

Even I, an insignificant hand machine, feel my pulses throb with pride when I think that my very love and service (if I may speak thus figuratively) emanated from the great heart of the British Isles!

CHAPTER II.

Where and when I first opened my eyes (or more properly speaking *eye*, for I am not allowed to use more than one of my four optics at once) is of little consequence to the reader. It was in a large and populous city, in one of whose elegant mansions I spent the early months of my existence; but my life was not a happy one, and when returned by my whimsical mistress to my original owner, my feelings were rather those of relief than regret. To other homes was I despatched on trial, but

again sent back. To do myself justice, I must explain that my unsuccessful efforts to please were not owing to my own incapability, but rather to the ignorance or impatience of my respective owners. So when one day my master brushed me up, packed me away in a snug little box, and said I was to be sent off with a number of other machines to a town some miles away, where, he said, such a perfect little worker had never been seen, I felt my spirits rise. There, I thought, I shall be appreciated, valued according to my worth, and right glad was I to go; but when I reached my destination and was introduced to my new home, an involuntary check was given to my bright hopes. Around me I saw as handsome and elegant machines as had graced my former abode. The number was, perhaps, not so great, but the varieties just as fine; but, puffed up by conceit, and elated by a card being hung over me on which blazed in golden letters the words "Latest Improvement," I held my head high and looked complacently round the room. It presented much the same appearance as my former home,—the shelf all about me was covered with little pieces of cloth stitched in all styles and patterns; books of directions how to treat us machines; bottles and tins of oil wherewith to smooth our ruffled tempers when we get justly annoyed at being overworked. On all sides were connections of mine; some tall, handsome enough fellows, I acknowledge, but proud as Lucifer, looking down at me with the greatest scorn, as much as to say: "Are not we thankful we can stand on our own legs, and hav'nt to be dandled about like you, you little pigmy." But of course I took no notice of their impudence. But what astonished me most was a knitting machine. What a rum looking fellow he was, to be sure, with a great scarlet stocking hanging from his toes, which toes worked in such an intricate manner that even with my knowledge of machinery it quite baffled me.

But soon I grew tired, and heartily wished some purchaser would come; and when, towards evening, a beautiful lady entered, my heart beat quickly, and I was all excitement when she came up to me.

Bending her beautiful head to look at me, she said to my master, who stood near:—

"Why, this is something quite new, isn't it, Mr. Harris?"

"Quite new, Madam; just come in to-day; an excellent worker, preferred by many to the lock-stitch. One of the best articles of the kind I have ever seen."

"Ah, indeed! Do you recommend it more highly than one of those forty dollar machines you showed me the other day?"

"Well, Mrs. Lyons, I can hardly say that; but you have an objection to a machine worked by the foot, I believe, ma'am." (Knowing well the objection was to the price.)

"Indeed I have, Mr. Harris. My nervous system is not strong enough to undergo any regular motion of the kind. But this is a little beauty—what is the price."

"Eighteen dollars, ma'am, and cheap at that."

"Eighteen! I should think not. Why, I can get as good a one for ten."

"Very well, ma'am" returned my master a little stiffly.

"Hardly as pretty though," continued the lady as if not heeding the interruption. "Perhaps you would be kind enough to let me have it for an hour or two to try?"

I heard suppressed laughter from my friends on all sides; they had nearly all been "tried," and my next neighbor, a chatty little fellow, glanced at the lady's elaborate mantle and whispered, "I made that!"

My master frowned and hesitated. At length he said:—

"I have no objections to bringing the machine over to your house, and showing you its workings, if that will suit."

Mrs. Lyons looked rather black at this, but was obliged to accede, and naming eight o'clock as my trial hour, sailed out of the shop.

As the clock struck eight I was wrapped up in brown paper, tucked under Mr. Harris's arm, and marched off with. We were not long reaching Mrs. Lyons, where after various explanations on my master's part, and a good deal of coaxing and flattering on that of the lady, Mr. Harris

was induced to leave me until morning. Hardly had the sound of my master's receding footsteps died away than Mrs. Lyons produced an immense pile of work, and set me to hem and tuck and bind at such a rate it fairly took my breath away. After working hard for about two hours, I determined to stand it no longer. I can assure you I tried the good lady's patience not a little when I arrived at that determination. I drew my tension so tight, snap went the thread. I let it slacken so much, round and round twined the thread about my hook; in fact, I used all my efforts to annoy and provoke. At last, when Mrs. Lyons had broken needle number three, her patience gave way, and unscrewing me she almost threw me on a side table, and went off to bed flushed and angry. Next morning she sent me back, saying she could do nothing with me; and I went home chuckling at my success, and yet feeling less impatient and more willing to sit on the shelf and amuse myself with my comrades.

CHAPTER III.

Yet, notwithstanding my satisfaction, it was with interest I looked up when, about four o'clock, the shop door opening announced a visitor. The day had been a sort of holiday and very quiet, so the new comer roused us all. It was a young man of perhaps seven and twenty, tall, dark, and well built, with a face that was not handsome, that was even repelling in its *hauteur*, but still one that awakened an unaccountable interest even in me, whose preference always leaned towards the fairer sex. This peculiar individual did not look as if any particular object had drawn him to the shop. He walked slowly about among the machines, his hands in his pockets, his mouth drawn up in a sort of low whistle. He took little notice of Mr. Harris, who stood obsequiously waiting orders, beyond turning to him now and then to make some enquiry concerning a machine. With all my ingenuity I felt puzzled as to what could be the object of this gentleman's visit. He was evidently no trader in machines—my first glance told me that. My curiosity was all awakened.

This must be the clue to the mystery, thought I, as, while meditating, the door opened and a young lady entered. Very small and slight she was, of middle height, with fair hair, scarcely pretty, yet possessing that nameless grace some women are blessed with—that engaging manner that entices, yet seems to forbid too near an approach.

But I am mistaken. She passes the gentleman with a shy, timid glance, as if she wished she had not entered while he was there. Mr. Harris smilingly accosts her as Miss Merton. She hesitates, as if waiting till he should depart; but of such a thing my lord seems to have no intention, for he seats himself at a knitting machine and begins to work it with his foot. I notice that he selects one seated at which he has a view of Miss Merton's face. I am glad I can see it too, it is a fair sweet face, the face of a good true woman.

After a moment's pause, the lady, in a low voice, said:—

“Has that new machine come yet, Mr. Harris?”

“Just one arrived, Miss. I expect a case next week. I have been just afraid it would be carried off, Miss, and I knew that you would like it, such a beauty and so cheap;” and, taking me up, my master began pointing out my excellencies, my superiority to other machines, &c., &c.

“And the price?” asked Miss Merton, in so low a voice I could scarcely hear, and yet the words did not escape my young gentleman. He was evidently an earnest observer of all that was passing.

“Eighteen dollars, and cheap at that,” returned Mr. Harris.

I noticed Miss Merton give a little start, but she said quietly enough:—

“I think it is a good deal for so small a machine, though it is very nice and seems to work well. However, Mr. Harris, I will let you know in the morning if I decide to take it. Good evening,” and, with a slight bow, she turned and went out.

I turned to observe the first comer. He was standing at the large, low window of the shop looking out. Some moments he stood there, then resumed his leisurely survey round the room, his hands in his pockets, his mouth pursed up. He began

with my chatty neighbor, and examined each machine in turn until he came to me.

"Why, this is a nice little machine," he exclaimed in a tone of well-feigned surprise. "What do you call this? Something new, isn't it?"

"Decidedly new, sir," returned Mr. Harris in his blandest way. He had, I could tell, begun to feel some suspicion of this pertinacious visitor; but now he was all smiles again. "This is the 'Princess Alexandra,' a splendid little worker, sir."

"Ah! indeed. Seems a nice little thing. What do you ask for it?"

"Eighteen dollars, sir, as I asked the lady for it. We have no two prices here, sir."

"Well, I think I'll take this one. Send the thing round to my rooms, No. 16 North street."

"All right, sir; it shall be sent round immediately."

"All the belongings go with it, I suppose?" enquired the purchaser, fumbling in his pockets and producing a somewhat bulky roll of bills, from which he drew forth a ten and two fours, and threw them nonchalantly on the shelf beside me.

"Everything shall be complete, sir," returned Mr. Harris, as he counted the bills. "Much obliged, sir," and he bowed the young man out and closed the door behind him. Then he turned to me and wrapped me carefully up with all my "belongings," as the young gentleman termed articles he knew nothing about; and, while being stowed away, I mused as to what a young fellow like that could possibly want with a sewing-machine. I wondered if he was going to do his own tailoring, and I shuddered, for if there is anything I hate, it is to have to groan and crack over a thick piece of cloth, and let me inform my readers I had once been tried pretty well on a pair of stout corduroys.

But for my comfort I recollected that my new master did not look like an individual who would care to manufacture his own "continuations," or, indeed, do anything he could persuade another to do; so I consoled myself as I was hurried along the busy streets by a boy who had not the slightest consideration for my nerves, but would run and shake me till my very wheels clattered together.

I was very glad when No. 16 North street was reached, I can assure you. Now, as my master's landlady took upon herself to make a hole in my wrapper for her own private edification, as she took me upstairs, I was able to inspect my young gentleman's room when I reached it, though it was some little time before I could get over my amusement at the various exclamations of mine hostess as she peeped into the brown paper.

"Lor's a' mercy! whatever is this he's got now? Sure now its an apple-parer! Troth it isn't though! What in the name of St. Patrick is it? I'd be affther making a bigger hole only I darsent, and if I untied the thing sure I'd never get him together again! Bless me! yes it is—it's a sewing-machine as I am a living woman! What now can the likes of him want wid such a machine? Maybe it's for his sweetheart it is?" (I must confess this last idea sent a gleam of light upon my own mind.) Apparently satisfied, the good lady laid me down, and so, when my fit of laughter had subsided, I began to look about me, and a precious untidy place it was my eye wandered over—such a curious conglomeration of articles as is seldom seen, I fancy.

There was but one window to the room, and that so small, so dingy, so begrimed with dust and cobwebs, no sunshine and but little of the glorious light of day could shine in even in the brightest noontide; and now that the shadows were lengthening, the apartment was gloomy indeed. Opposite the door was a grate. Now the very name of grate is generally resonant of light and warmth and cheerfulness; but what a contrast was this, choked with ashes and cinders, dusty, dirty, cold and rusty—it was the very picture of desolation.

The mantel-piece above bore a strange collection of articles,—a jar of cut tobacco, two or three well-colored pipes, a pair of lavender gloves, a cane, some old nails, a few dried-up crackers, a dirty French novel, and a pack of cards. Over the mantel-piece hung a loaded revolver, an old midshipman's dirk, and, strangest of all, an exquisite oil-painting of a middle-aged lady,—a dark-eyed, noble-looking lady, with a calm, placid smile and a broad open brow; yet there was an expression in those

dark, sad eyes as if they might have known days when they could gleam and flash with pride and anger.

In one corner of the room stood a small table well-laden with books. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson were there. Books, too, deeper than these, that proved their owner's mind of no common stamp. Law-books, too, in their solid bindings were scattered about, and books there were that made me fear lest the fine mind should be degraded, corrupted, vitiated.

Over the window hung a cage, in which a canary was warbling his sweetest notes and peeping down at the bright blossoms of a scarlet geranium beneath it. Both seemed to flourish in spite of want of light and sunshine. "I like that at all events," thought I as I looked at the bird and the flower and portrait, and the fine old books. There is surely hope for him yet if he has fallen from the purity that was his as he knelt at that mother's knee—for I never doubted who the dark-eyed lady was; the wonder was how her son could allow those signs of a degraded life and degrading company to lie there under the glance of those sad, reproving eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

Quickly now the short winter's day faded; deeper and deeper grew the shadows in the dim little room until twilight melted into night. Still my master came not, and I lay unheeded on the table. During the evening a little girl came in and lit a fire in the grate—so it was not quite so dull as before. A great clock somewhere near chimed out the hours as they slowly passed; "eleven," "twelve," "one"—that one terrible vibration, how solemn it always sounds in the still midnight air!

Still I am alone. Again all is silence, save the occasional movement of Dick on his perch, or the patter of mice as they chase each other through the decaying walls. It must have been nearly two when a noise below broke the awful stillness that had reigned in the house for the last two or three hours; the rickety stairs creaked under a man's heavy step; the door of the room opened, and the same tall figure entered that I had seen in my old home a

few hours before,—but how changed the young man was! No air of careless nonchalance now. Even the imperious, haughty look seemed lost in an expression of utter dejection and weariness.

What a pitiable home for a weary man to come to! Perhaps it was no wonder he stayed away from it so long.

The poor, miserable fellow threw himself into a chair with something very like a groan, and pushing the dark curling hair from his damp forehead, he rested his aching head on his hands.

Some moments he sat thus, lost in the profoundest meditation, then rising with a quick impatient sigh he kicked off first one boot and then the other, and lifted his candle to leave the room when his eye fell on me.

"Ah! the little machine" he said, half aloud. "For her—for her. Well, thank God, it was not bought with any of this," and involuntarily he poured out on the table a handful of silver, which made me shudder when I thought what it might be the price of.

"Detestable!" he exclaimed, as he pushed it from him.

Almost tenderly he removed my wrappings, and looked at me.

"And this is for *her*," he went on musingly. "*Ma belle* with the deep blue eyes, and yet not *mine*. Will she ever, ever be?"

Ah! no. Above my chamber door
Croaks the raven—"Nevermore!"

And her fingers will touch this—her sweet face bend over it; and as she uses it will one thought of me ever come? Will I ever sit by her and watch her small, quick fingers guiding this wheel? I verily believe Poe's *Raven* does haunt me!" Laying me hastily down, he turned away, and entering a smaller apartment, opening off the one I was in, he closed the door with a quick, sharp bang.

I was right then. This was not to be my home. I was destined for fairer hands, perhaps for a brighter home. I hoped so, and yet I felt half sorry at the thought of leaving my poor, comfortless young master. I saw little of him the following day; he seemed never to notice me, and I lay unheeded, wondering if he had forgotten

his fair lady that he could be so unmindful of me. Thoughts and dreams that are vivid and life-like when night has shed her sweet influences over the soul, oft-times flee away like the morning dew when the sun arises and floods the world with light. Longings and aspirations that fill men's hearts when alone in the solemn midnight, too often seem but sickly or foolishly enthusiastic fancies when they recur to the mind during busy working hours. Perchance my master felt something of this when, standing near the feeble fire drawing on his gloves, he cast one glance at me—at all events he passed hurriedly out.

He was not so late that night, and he looked much brighter and happier when he came into the room and began putting together the fast-dying embers in the grate. He even sang softly to himself as he worked. I could scarcely catch the words. The refrain seemed to be

"There is none like her, none!"

and I wondered if it was she of whom he had been speaking. I think it must have been, for while he was yet singing he came up to me, and began collecting my "belongings" together; then he laid out a sheet of strong paper on the table and proceeded to wrap me up, thereby confining my powers of observation too much to be agreeable to an active machine like myself. I must confess I could not feel regret when, in spite of caution, my tension protruded through the paper, thereby making an opening through which I could see my master's annoyed face.

"Too bad," growled he, "and not another piece of paper have I. Well, it will have to do. I wonder if *ma belle* will guess who sent her Christmas box. Will she ever think it was Reginald Leigh, the poor fellow who haunts her whenever she goes out? and will she care any more for it if she does guess? Idle questions, Reginald, worse than idle! It won't do, my boy!" He laid me gently down, and, drawing near the fire, he put his feet on the fender, his hands in his pockets, and, leaning back, looked up earnestly at his mother's portrait.

I watched for the reaction. I knew it would come after such a flow of spirits. The change did not come quickly. Gradually the shadows deepened on the fine face, until a faint mist stole over his eyes, and he closed them wearily, with a long-drawn sigh. It was a delicate, sensitive face I gazed on; worn and old it looked now; and very sad when the proud, haughty expression had quite left it. I pitied the lonely, homeless man on that Christmas Eve, when so many happy families were gathered together.

Perhaps in that busy town there were few as lonely as Reginald Leigh. Was he thinking of happy Christmas Eves spent with his mother long ago? or was he dreaming of still happier ones he longed for? A ghost of a smile came settling across his face; it faded, but calm settled on the worn features. He had fallen asleep like some tired child.

(To be continued.)

THE LONELY HOUR.

BY FRANK JOHNSON, ASCOT.

There is an hour of loneliness;
 'Tis not when evening's zephyr sighs,
 But ere the breath of morn has breathed,
 And all around still silent lies;
 Save when the watchdog's sullen bay,
 Or clarion cry of chanticleer,
 Breaks on the stillness but to make
 The dreariness around more drear:
 Or saving when from yon bell'd tower
 Goes forth the accomplished hour of night,
 So dully, moaningly, as if
 The expiring hour's sepulchral rite.
 All nature mopes,—the hooting owl
 Hours since has sought its ivied home,—
 The warblers still their hedge haunts keep,
 Still nothing cares abroad to roam.
 The air that stirr'd the drowsied leaves
 With them is slumb'ring overhead;
 The lovely flowers hang drooped and drenched
 With their petals folded, as if dead.
 The very stars seem wearied with
 The long, long watching through the night;

The mist of morning mingling with
 The darkness breeds a sickly light.
 Too well, in turn, the sigh that waits
 On memory's pains attests its power;
 Will no one wake to share with me
 The loneliness of that same hour?
 Beneath the coverlet of my couch
 I, saddened, shrink, and sighing, pray
 Forgetfulness again to shroud
 And tomb me till the dawn of day.
 'Twas at that hour, that dreaded hour
 I rose of old to cross the main,
 And, parting, pressed a mother's lips
 Never to press those lips again.
 'Twas at that hour, that sickening hour,
 I grasped a father by the hand—
 His words remain, "Good bye, my boy;"
 But where is *he*?—*you understand!*
 And at that hour the dearest child,
 The dearest from his day of birth—
 His last words whispered, "cover me,"
 And so I did—*beneath the earth.*



MAHONE BAY.

BY J. A. BELL, HALIFAX, N. S.

The peninsula of Nova Scotia—very nearly an island—is remarkable, among other things, for the number of bays and harbors with which its coast line is indented. Perhaps, on the map of the globe, there is not to be found another strip of sea-side territory with so irregular a coast line, particularly on the southern and south-eastern shores. The entire length of the district referred to, including Cape Breton, is about three hundred and seventy miles, the whole lying in a direction nearly east and west, with an average breadth of seventy or eighty miles.

As a general rule, the aspect of the southern sea-board of Nova Scotia is hard and forbidding. Frowning walls of rock, bleak and bare, guard the entrance of every inlet,—the dangers of navigation being immensely increased by the numerous reefs and ledges, which, all along the coast, extend far out into the ocean, and, treacherously hiding their heads beneath the water, seem to lie in wait for prey.

The fogs which prevail on these coasts make them hazardous almost at all seasons; but in the dark nights of winter, and when the ocean is roused to fury by a southerly or south-easterly gale, hapless, indeed, is the lot of the mariner caught among the breakers upon the fearful reefs. Destruction, under such circumstances, is all but certain, and escape to be regarded as something miraculous. Vessels from abroad, if not fortunate enough to pick up a good pilot, are, of course, the most exposed to peril; but the annual loss of our own vessels, manned by our own countrymen, though by comparison less than in former years, is still very considerable. Good charts and accurate soundings, aided by a thorough and systematic lighting of the coast, will have a tendency, it is to be hoped, to make the hazard less every succeeding year; yet the seaboard of Nova Sco-

tia will ever continue to be a rough one for navigators,—just as the coasts of Britain still remain dangerous, in spite of all that experience and science have done to make them otherwise.

It is scarcely a matter of surprise, consequently, that in all the older geographical books, Nova Scotia should be described, invariably, as a land of sterility and perpetual fogs, or that, being so described, it should have failed, hitherto, to attract the notice to any considerable extent, either of emigrants or tourists. Never, at the same time, it must be asserted, was a country more maligned and misrepresented. Fortunately, it is not now necessary to meet past misrepresentations by counter statements. Events are doing more for the Province than could possibly be done for it by books, and it will not be long before its great resources and varied natural beauties will be known and appreciated.

Setting aside the rich valleys of the western and eastern counties, some of which are not surpassed in loveliness or fertility in any part of America, there are spots here and there on the iron-bound southern coast, which pleasingly relieve the monotony of crag and cliff—the haunts of the sea-mew and the gull. Those who are versed in geological science will find the rocks of Acadia made the subject of exhaustive description in one or more bulky volumes by our learned countryman, Professor Dawson; but the present sketch does not pretend to speak upon such matters with scientific discrimination or accuracy, nor is it necessary.

For all practical purposes of description it is sufficient to say—and a very remarkable fact it is—that while the southern coast of Nova Scotia is, for the most part, a continuous belt of rock, the northern side of the Province is, to a large extent, the reverse. On the shores of the Basin of

Minas, in what are called the agricultural counties, there are few rocks except the soft gypsum or plaster of Paris—in some parts of those localities the inhabitants finding it difficult to get material for the foundations of their buildings. Nova Scotia may be roughly compared to a long ship which had shifted her ballast in a gale and thrown it all to one side—that side being the southern coast.

Still, as has been intimated, there are exceptions to universal sterility, even on the southern seaboard; and the dangers of navigating in these waters are not without some counterbalancing offsets. The sea is always open and free of ice; the tides and currents are regular and not violent; and as for the fisherman or mere coaster, he seldom ventures out in a fog or allows himself to be caught in a gale. Behind every headland, he knows full well, there is a harbor, or, at least, a friendly cove where his bark may ride securely in the fiercest storm,—some of these ports of refuge being, in fact, so broad and safe as to give them a claim to rank among the finest havens in the world.

In delightful contrast with the grim uniformity of the general coast line, the interior scenery of some of the larger bays is charmingly soft and picturesque. Nor is it always foggy on the coast of Nova Scotia even in winter—whatever geographers may have said to the contrary. Seas dreamily tranquil, skies of intense blue, an atmosphere balmy and invigorating, and of a luminous transparency, are physical phenomena in Nova Scotia, as certain, and quite as frequent, as her more celebrated fogs. Summer is the season, nevertheless, when tourists ought to visit the Acadian land.

Among the numerous inlets of the southern coast, it will be conceded that Mahone Bay, in the County of Lunenburg, is entitled to pre-eminence on the score of natural beauty. Commercially speaking, Chebucto or Halifax Bay is much more important, being bolder in the entrance, and terminating in that noble harbor of Halifax, which, taken in connection with Bedford Basin beyond, is not to be surpassed for convenience, spaciousness or security on the Continent of America. Those who have seen much of the earth's

surface say it cannot be surpassed any where the world over.

Then there is the next inlet, to the westward of Chebucto Bay, called St. Margaret's Bay, very beautiful also, and at one time celebrated for the excellence of its mackerel fishery,—a branch of business, which, for some reason or other, has died out entirely of late years, leaving many families destitute, who were formerly in most comfortable circumstances. A bold headland or two separates Margaret's Bay from Chebucto Bay on one side, and from Mahone Bay on the other; the highlands between Margaret's Bay and Mahone Bay, known as Mount Aspotogon and Crown Point, rising to an elevation of six hundred feet, and forming a landmark of great value to mariners.

Singular to say, the atmosphere is often bright and clear within these large bays, when outside of them, seaward, the fog is so dense that one cannot see a boat's length ahead. Such was the experience of the writer during a recent visit to the locality in question. Up to one or two o'clock, on a day in August, the little packet steamer groped her way through banks of fog, dreary and cheerless as can be imagined; but the Cape at the entrance to Mahone Bay once fairly turned, the fog soon began to lift, and the whole fairy scene burst at once into bright sunshine.

Popular arithmetic, always fond of coincidences, makes the number of islands in Mahone Bay three hundred and sixty-five—one for every day in the year—but whether this enumeration be exact or not, no doubt the islets count by hundreds. Many of them being small, are not considered worth the trouble of clearing and cultivation, and are, consequently, left to stand with their little forests of wood untouched. Those of any size are, for the most part, wholly or partially cultivated, being owned and occupied as separate farms by the descendants of the early settlers.

As in other parts of British America, the natives of this portion of the Dominion are a mixed race; but Lunenburg County, being settled chiefly by Germans, bears the impress of the fact very visibly. You see it in the visages both of men and women;

in their sturdy limbs and constitutional gravity; above all, in their Christian and surnames, which leave no room for doubt.

The old-fashioned virtues of cleanliness and industry, imported from the dear old Fatherland, still flourish among these good people unimpaired, their houses and their domestic arrangements being generally models of neatness and thrift; but they are charged—perhaps not always justly—with want of enterprise and disinclination to adopt the more modern ideas of social improvement.

In many families the German language continues to be spoken, at least by the older members; German customs are preserved at weddings, births and funerals; in every family there is an old German family Bible, and German is not unfrequently the language of the pastor at the Lutheran church on Sundays.

If you spend a night in the winter time with any of these most hospitable folk, the good wife will see that you are comfortably arranged for rest between two feather beds. If your visit should be in the summer months you will see the cows working in the fields with the oxen, both being fastened in a peculiar fashion by the horns. Their agricultural implements, particularly their ploughs, would probably excite un-mixed admiration at a county fair in Ontario.

Upon the whole, the land, which is generally good in Lunenburg County, is very fairly cultivated. Standing on the deck of a vessel anywhere in Mahone Bay, on a bright day in July or August, the spectator will be charmed with the number and extent of the beautiful farms and pretty homesteads adorning the sides of the hills for a great distance in every direction.

Flax is more cultivated in Lunenburg than in any other county of Nova Scotia. In former years it was quite the custom for farmers' wives, in this locality, to raise and manufacture sufficient flax for their own house-linen, and very excellent material it was. One cannot but regret that this species of home industry is said to be less in favor with the present generation.

A marked relic of Old World, and particularly of German, manners in this county, is the employment of women in the fields, and, in fact, for all sorts of out-door work.

It by no means shocks the sensibilities of residents in these parts to see some sturdy old fellow, the owner of a fine farm, sitting down in the shade of a tree on a summer day, or possibly extended at full length upon the grass, enjoying a nap, or the luxury of his pipe, while his better-half, his faithful *wrow*, is toiling patiently in the hot sun, driving the oxen or loading the cart.

An acquaintance of the writer upon one occasion felt it his duty to condole with an old Dutchman, who had been so unfortunate as to lose his wife.

"I am sorry for your affliction, my good friend," said the sympathizing visitor. "You have, doubtless, sustained a very great loss."

"Ah! yes," said the old man, deeply touched. "She was a great loss; she was petter to me as a yoke of oxen."

In former times considerable quantities of wheat were raised in this district; but the ravages of the weevil and other discouraging circumstances of late years have caused the farmers to give more attention to barley and oats, and to their root crops, which are almost always abundant and excellent. It is scarcely necessary to add that cabbage is a favorite vegetable hereabouts, and that the manufacture of sour-kraut is all but universal.

Mahone Bay should be the very paradise of sea-side visitors, of bathers and yachtsmen. The locality has all the conditions requisite for aquatic enjoyment, seclusion, gentle tides, fine beaches and limpid waters.

The Dutchmen, as the Lunenburgers are invariably called, by no means follow the traditional model of the Dutch craft in the construction of their vessels. On the contrary, the schooners and shallops built in this county for the purpose of coasting or of carrying on the deep-sea fishery—particularly those sailing out of the port of Lunenburg—as a general rule, will bear comparison with the best American vessels engaged in the same line of business.

There is no lack of first-rate boats here, for rowing or sailing in any part of the Bay. If not yourself competent to manage a boat, you will have no difficulty in obtaining the services of an able-bodied Dutchman, patient, good-natured and thoroughly acquainted with every island and "pint"

in the Bay, far and near. Starting on a fine morning for a cruise, you may take formal possession of one or more uninhabited islands, and, with your Dutchman to act the part of Man Friday, consider yourself and friends as so many Robinson Crusoes, monarchs for the day, at least, of all you survey.

Perhaps you have a scientific turn, are given to conchology or some other "ology," preferring to paddle or stroll along the beach watching or catching lobsters and other *crustacea*, or to gather rare specimens of marine grasses and plants. There is abundant opportunity here for the gratification of any or all of these fancies, and you may vary them and refresh yourself occasionally by loitering at the shore-edge of a meadow to have a friendly gossip with some cheery old Dutch matron and her sun-browned girls at work among the hay.

Mention has been made of the tides. Now, there is something very remarkable about the tides in Nova Scotia. The rivers of the Province, none of which are very large, take their rise, in most instances, in high ridges of land, running through the country lengthwise, or in a direction from east to west. Some of the rivers, consequently, run in a northerly, and others in a southerly course, the distance across the peninsula, from sea to sea, being, as has been said, seldom more than seventy or eighty miles.

The tides, however, on the southern coast have but little effect on the bays or rivers, the ordinary rise being not more than six or seven feet; while the rivers and basins emptying into the Bay of Fundy have an ordinary rise and fall of thirty to forty feet, and occasionally of fifty and even sixty feet.

The rivers and shores of the Basin of Minas and the Bay of Fundy—beautiful as they are in some respects—are not the places for persons who wish to visit the sea-side. In addition to the turbulence of the tides, which makes the waters eminently dangerous, the waters themselves, being impregnated with the yellow mud and sands of the shores, are by no means attractive to look upon.

Had the poet Longfellow but visited Acadia before writing "Evangeline," he might have avoided the commission of some

slight errors—not of literary composition, but of local description. There is no sea-beach, properly speaking, at the mouth of the Gaspereaux; nothing, when the tide is out, but a dreary and treacherous expanse of mud and yellow quicksands. Nor could the boats ply "all day long between the shore and the ships"; the tide recedes as rapidly as it rises, and soon leaves a vast space between the mouth of the river—reduced almost to a rivulet—and the distant salt-waters of the bay.

One is tempted, while upon this subject, to add a word or two further on that Acadian story, which the poet has immortalized.

The historian Bancroft, no doubt the authority for the poet's facts, in referring to this passage in colonial history, has worked up a thrilling narrative of British harshness and cruelty inflicted upon an innocent and unoffending community.

Living in the calm security of modern times, we are all apt to forget the position of the early settlers in Acadia and other North American provinces more than a century ago. The times were violently out of joint in those days. Constant wars between England and France; the frequent transference of territory from one power to the other; the hostility of the Indians, and the many hardships and dangers attendant upon a life in the wilderness, all conspired to give to the English emigrants who sought a home in Acadia, a sense of insecurity of which their descendants happily know nothing except by tradition.

That the Micmacs, abstractly speaking, had rights of primal ownership, and that the Acadians, also, had rights of possession, it were folly to deny; but the Great Powers contending at that time for supremacy in North America had neither leisure nor inclination for nice disquisitions on original rights.

Historical proofs of undoubted authenticity are not wanting to show that some of the Acadians were by no means so simple and unsophisticated as has been represented; that they were often leagued with the Indians against the English, as against a common enemy, cannot be denied.

As for the English settlers, scattered here and there in the wilderness, with their unprotected families nightly exposed to the

possibility of the torch or the tomahawk, they might certainly be excused if self-preservation was to them a spring of action more potent than the dictates of sentimental philosophy; and it is hard to condemn them if they failed to discriminate very nicely between the murderous Indian and the French Acadian who supplied him with ammunition and shelter.

At all events, whether the removal of the French Acadians was justifiable or otherwise, it should in all fairness moderate the indignant Anglophobism of the American historian to remember that the whole enterprise was planned and matured in the New England States; that it was only sanctioned by the British Government upon the urgent request of the Provincial officials; and that the troops to whom the execution of the affair was entrusted, were raised and officered in Massachusetts.*

But who expects a poet to be accurate in his facts? The shade of Goldsmith, doubtless, derives a conscious satisfaction from the assurance that carping critics have not yet annihilated "Sweet Auburn," though they may have disproved its existence. Nor will the story of *Evangeline* and her faithful Gabriel be affected in coming years by the dull recital of prosaic truth. Like the incident of *Jessie Brown* at the siege of Lucknow, it is too pretty to die.

Mahone Bay is not without its objects of local or historical interest, one of which, connected with the myths of buccaneering times, is so remarkable, and so little known out of Nova Scotia, that possibly a somewhat detailed account of it may not prove uninteresting to the readers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*.

The palmy days of buccaneering in the vicinity of the West Indies and the Spanish Main, extended from the beginning until towards the close of the seventeenth century, and may be said to have reached their culmination about the year 1670, when the city of Panama was sacked and plundered by a regularly organized band of desperadoes under the command of Henry Morgan, or, as he delighted to be called, Sir Henry Morgan.

Halliburton's account of this transaction is evidently and avowedly drawn from French sources. It is altogether one-sided.

Long after this event, the Caribbean sea and the Gulf of Mexico continued to be infested with hordes of rovers, many of whom made their headquarters in the island of Manhattan, or New Amsterdam, as it was then called.

The genial author of the "Sketch Book" and "Tales of a Traveller," tells some capital stories of these piratical ruffians; of their extravagant, rollicking habits and swaggering manners; how they scattered their money about like water; how they passed their time on shore, drinking, gambling, and brawling, night and day; and with what astounding impudence they jostled and elbowed honest *mynheers* and their wives from the pavement into the gutter.

The exploits of these gentry became at length so serious a hindrance to the trade of the British colonies, that the Home Government determined to take active measures for the suppression of the nuisance, and the duty was entrusted to Lord Bellamont, the English governor of the colonies.

A suitable ship was accordingly fitted out, manned and armed, partly by private speculation, but partly, also, at the expense of the Imperial Government; and, upon the recommendation of certain influential merchants of New York, Kidd was appointed commander, duly authorized and commissioned by the highest authority to pursue and capture pirates in the North American seas.

Kidd, as is well known, repaid this confidence by appropriating the vessel to his own purposes, and turning pirate himself. He had the audacity to return to America after a long and successful cruise, and, it was said, buried a portion of his treasures on Long Island, after which he sailed further east, and made similar deposits on other parts of the coast.

Cooper, in his "Naval History," states that the greater part of this buried treasure was afterwards recovered; but the story had got abroad in the meantime, and public curiosity was stimulated accordingly. Kidd was arrested by the order of the Governor, Lord Bellamont, in Boston, in the year 1699, and immediately sent to England, where he was tried, condemned, and finally executed in the month of May, 1701.

As Annapolis, Louisbourg, and others of

the older settlements in Acadia, had been in the habit of constant intercourse with the New England States for nearly a century previous to Kidd's death, it is reasonable to suppose that wild tales of pirates and their doings, such as were then popular in the New England States, found eager listeners and fervent believers among the settlers of the colonies further east.

It is matter of fact that traditions of this kind are common in many parts both of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, and that parties provided with divining rods and other mysterious implements, have frequently been detected searching for hidden treasures in secluded places along the coast and elsewhere.

The neighborhood of Lunenburg and Mahone Bay had experiences of its own in the way of piratical adventure, some seventy or eighty years later than Kidd's time; though the freebooters on those occasions were of a class somewhat more civilized than the ruffians of the Kidd and Morgan order. In the month of March, 1782, a piratical sloop carrying six guns captured a schooner in Mahone Bay, and carried off eighty pounds in money, besides a part of her cargo of produce. A few months afterwards, five or six privateers, the largest mounting sixteen guns, made a descent upon the town of Lunenburg, plundered the inhabitants of everything deemed worth the trouble of carrying away, and were only prevented from burning the houses by a bond for one thousand pounds which they extracted from the principal people of the town. *

These events, doubtless well enough understood by the more intelligent, as the natural results of the lawlessness incident to a time of war, would probably be confounded in the minds of an illiterate peasantry, with the regular piracies of earlier years, and would no doubt serve to strengthen the popular belief that Mahone Bay had always been a favorite resort of freebooters of the sea.

Somehow or other the conviction at length seems to have become pretty general, that Oak Island in Mahone Bay was one of the spots selected by Kidd in which to

deposit his ill-gotten wealth, and there is no doubt of the fact that such a belief was of very long standing. The alleged origin of the tradition is somewhat shadowy; though it rests upon as solid a foundation, probably, as most other tales of a similar class.

It is proper for the writer of this paper here to state, that he is indebted for the main facts of the Oak Island affair to a minute and detailed history of the whole transaction published anonymously, in a local newspaper some few years ago, and evidently prepared by one who was well acquainted with all the circumstances connected with the undertaking.

At the close of the 18th century, three men named Smith, McInnis and Vaund, emigrated from the New England States to Chester, in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia. These persons brought with them a story to the effect that, some years before they came to Chester, an old man had died somewhere in the Northern States, who had confessed on his death-bed that he had been one of Capt. Kidd's crew, and that he had assisted the pirate to bury a large amount of treasure on a small island to the eastward of Boston.

The three emigrants had in the meantime taken up land, at that time in a wilderness state, upon Oak Island. Rambling over the locality one day, McInnis discovered a spot which gave evidence that the wood had been cut down at some time long previous, and the stumps of ancient oak trees were still visible. Further search revealed the fact that the ground in the neighborhood of these stumps was sunk and hollow, while from the forked branch of a large oak growing near the spot there hung a block and tackle—the leather articles rotten with age.

Putting all these circumstances together, McInnis and his friends, fully believing they had fallen upon the spot alluded to in the "last dying speech and confession" of Kidd's colleague, brought their shovels and picks over from the main land, and set to work in a very confident spirit. They found the hollow place mentioned to be the closed mouth of an old pit, about seven feet in diameter, protected at a distance of two feet from the surface by a layer of flag-

* Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia. Vol. 3, p. 4.

stones. Ten feet lower, they came to a tier of logs, which had evidently been imbedded in the pit for a very long time. They continued the excavation to a depth of fifteen feet further, but finding the labor very severe, and the results in a pecuniary sense rather unsatisfactory, they decided for the time to abandon the work.

Fifteen years were allowed to elapse, and the enterprise was resumed; this time by a number of persons from the neighborhood of Truro, Colchester County. Clearing out the pit to the point where their predecessors had stopped, the new company worked downwards, and soon discovered a second tier of logs, corresponding with those found by McInnis and his associates. Ten feet still lower down, they found a layer of charcoal, and at the distance of another ten feet, still downward, a layer of putty. Below this, they discovered a flagstone about two feet long and one foot wide, with a number of figures and letters upon it, rudely cut. This remarkable stone, which, however, threw no light upon the main object of the search, is still preserved, it is said, by the descendants of Mr. Smith.

At the distance of ninety eight feet from the surface, the operators struck "a hard impenetrable substance," which some supposed to be wood, "but others called it a chest." Night coming on, the workmen now desisted, in the full conviction that the next day they would be rewarded for all their toils and anxieties, by the possession of untold riches. Alas! for the vanity of human calculations and hopes. The dawn of the next morning found the pit flooded with water to the depth of sixty feet.

It would be tedious to recount, in detail, every event connected with the Oak Island affair. The narrative already alluded to informs us that the company, nothing daunted by the sudden flow of water in the pit, proceeded, shortly afterwards, to erect a pump ninety feet long; and that before the water reached the surface of the ground, the pump burst. Work was then abandoned for the winter, but in the following spring, the same company returned, and at the distance of ten feet from the first pit or shaft, sank another, to the depth of one hundred and ten feet. From the bottom of this second shaft they proceeded to tunnel

towards the first, or what they called the old pit; but when within two feet of it, the sides gave way and the water rushed in so rapidly that the workmen narrowly escaped being drowned.

The results so far described, seem to have exhausted the patience and the pecuniary resources of the Oak Island adventurers of that day, and during an interval of fifty years, nothing further in the way of exploration was attempted.

Fifty years constitute an important period in the history of any part of North America. During the time now referred to, the country in the neighborhood of Oak Island had been cleared, new settlements had sprung up in every direction, and the greater part of those who had been actors in the transactions narrated, had passed away from the turmoil of earthly pursuits.

The traditions, however, still lived, and in the summer of 1848 a second company of persons left Truro, fully as hopeful and sanguine as their predecessors; and destined, it appears, to be not a whit more successful. They cleared the old pit, only to find that it filled up with water as fast as they pumped it out; the operation being quaintly described by the narrator as equivalent to taking "soup with a fork."

Resolved not to be baffled, the workmen now obtained a set of mining augurs and commenced boring the bottom of the pit—the augur passing down through a box constructed for the purpose.

Some curious results followed. At a depth of 98 feet from the surface, an augur attached to a chisel, cut through a square log about six inches, when it dropped a foot and struck a piece of oak timber, four and a half inches thick. After this, the augur passed through some unknown substance for about twenty inches, at which time, says the historian of the enterprise, "a sharp metallic sound" resembling the "worming of a bar of iron through a cask of nails," greeted the ears of those employed. Twenty inches lower down, wood was again found, and after that, the same kind of mineral obstruction, and of corresponding thickness.

Whether the unknown substance was "metallic" or otherwise, the operators did not succeed in bringing any of it to the

surface. Instead of metal, they drew up, what was supposed "by persons likely to know," to be a grass peculiar to the Spanish Main. In addition to this curiosity, they succeeded in bringing up part of the head of an oak cask with the marks of the cooper's knife plainly visible upon it. They worked on for a while longer, but nothing having been discovered, except the tuft of grass and the oak stave, at length, says the narrative, "they grew weary of the work."

A few, nevertheless, of the more determined spirits remained. Having observed that the water in the pit generally stood at about the same level as the tide, and that it was salt and brackish, the idea occurred that a connection existed between the pit and the sea. A thorough search was now made along the shore of the island, which resulted in the discovery of five small and well-made drains entering the bank at low-water-mark, and connecting with one of larger dimensions,—the stones forming which had been prepared with a hammer, and were mechanically laid. On the top of this larger drain, they found a layer of the same description of foreign grass as has been already noticed, and over that a layer of blue sand, of a kind not known in the locality.

Further examination showed that the larger drain was carefully constructed, and as it evidently ran in the direction of the old pit, it was determined to intercept it by a shaft sunk midway. At the depth of seventy-four feet, accordingly, the drain was struck and found to be perfect, and in the position anticipated. Had the ground not been hollow where this shaft was sunk, the depth would have been more than one hundred feet.

But operations of this kind require money to sustain them, and the money expected from the bottom of the pit having been kept there by Old Nick, who was supposed to be the guardian of the treasure, and none forthcoming from other quarters, the enterprise again collapsed.

Nine or ten years later, in the winter of 1861, a public meeting of parties interested in the undertaking, was held at Truro. After full discussion of all the *pros* and *cons*, it was decided that it would be folly to abandon the work finally without mak-

ing another effort. A further and vigorous effort was consequently resolved upon. Another joint-stock company was started; the sum of five hundred pounds was raised in shares of five pounds each; a competent foreman engaged, and work once more resumed.

The results were not strikingly different from those of previous efforts; hard work, abundance of water, plenty of mud, but no money. To the catalogue of curiosities discovered years before, the operators now added another piece of oak four feet long, a plank of cedar, and part of a spruce slab "mill-sawed." These were found at a great depth. At this stage of the work, persons of more scientific knowledge were consulted, a steam-engine was set up for pumping, and several new shafts were sunk. Tracing the course of the drain spoken of still further, they found a layer or top-dressing composed of husks of coconut, and over that another layer of the blue sand already alluded to as unknown in those parts.

For a time considerable excitement was kept up, and Halifax newspapers teemed with reports detailing the daily progress of the workmen, whose confidence in ultimate success appeared to be unabated. The "metallic" chest, or whatever it was, according to accounts, was reached again and again, but, by some mysterious fatality, the water always rushed in, or the bottom of the pit dropped out, in the very moment of triumph. Finally the excitement abated; the adventurers, losing heart as well as money and time, gave up Kidd and his infernal colleagues as a bad job, and returned to other, and it is to be hoped, more profitable pursuits.

It does seem incredible that persons possessed of common sense could be so deluded. The fact remains, nevertheless, that many business men in the City of Halifax and elsewhere—men known to have means, and reputed to be shrewd and sagacious—did venture very considerable sums in this wild undertaking. The whole history of the affair, now extending at intervals over a period of a century or more, forms an exceedingly interesting episode in our local annals, and will, no doubt, be referred to in future times as a

remarkable chapter in the voluminous records of human folly.

It may be some consolation to the parties who have followed up this enterprise with so much of commendable, though of ill-bestowed patience and perseverance, to know that others have been similarly deluded.

About twenty-five years ago, a citizen of Halifax, well known at the time, produced some plans which were said to describe a locality in South America, where a large amount of money had been buried by his father-in-law some years previous. The locality named was Cumana—a town on the southern shore of the Caribbean Sea—and the story was to the effect that the party owning the money, and at one time living in Cumana, had for some cause or other been obliged to leave the country; but, being unable to carry his treasures with him, he had, secreted them in his garden, taking the precaution afterwards to kill his black slave, who had assisted in the burying operation, and who, excepting himself, was the only person cognizant of the fact.

Living or dead, there always appears to be a black man mixed up with these money-digging adventures.

The Cumana story was improbable enough, one would think, to stagger even unusual powers of credulity. It found believers notwithstanding. No less a personage than the Naval Commander-in-Chief at that time on the North American station, actually provided a ship-of-war, and a resident gentleman of respectability was sent out as a sort of agent to superintend the proceedings. The ship arrived at the place named in due time; the spot indicated on the plan was found, or believed to have been found; the jolly tars—no doubt liking the fun—set to work with a will, and speedily dug up the whole neighborhood.

It is needless to add that nothing was discovered—not so much as the bones or the ghost of the black man. The ship returned to Halifax; but the parties interested felt the absurdity of the expedition so keenly that it was quietly hushed up, and very few at this day know anything about the story.

If treasure was ever buried at all on Oak

Island, the secret, we must suppose, would be entrusted to three or four, or at most to five or six persons only. How these five or six persons, therefore, in the course of a few hours or even days, could manage to dig a pit and construct works under ground which strong gangs of laborers could not re-open or remove in several months; or what possible motive pirates, or any other persons, could have in burying treasures at such a depth, or in such a manner, are questions which do not appear to have occurred to the Oak Island speculators.

On the other hand, the fact that certain underground works were discovered, being admitted, how is the origin or the object of these works to be rationally explained? To construct the drain so frequently alluded to, the ground must have been opened for a considerable distance between the shore and the old pit, and to the depth of one hundred or more feet,—an excavation, by the way, requiring both means and skill to accomplish it. The tropical grass and husks of cocoa-nut, though minor matters, yet, taken in connection with other circumstances, undoubtedly add to the mystery which at present hangs over the whole affair, and invest it with a strange interest. In older countries such matters would be referred to antiquarian societies, and historically accounted for in some way or other; but in the case of Oak Island, it must be remembered that the whole surrounding country, a century ago, was an unbroken wilderness of "forest primeval." Upon the whole, sufficient interest attaches to Oak Island*to make it one of the lions of Mahone Bay, which tourists must not fail to visit and examine.

There is no difficulty in reaching Mahone Bay from Halifax, either by land or by water. Should the day be fine and the sea smooth, you may run down by steamer in six or seven hours, enjoying the sea breeze and getting pretty views as you coast along of the fishing coves, with their white cottages nestling under the bold headlands which shelter them from the gales of the Atlantic.

Those who prefer land travel will find a well-appointed stage-coach, a good post-road, and a comfortable half-way inn, which is always a thing to be prized in

travelling by coach. A very pleasant drive it is from Halifax to the Bay in summer—in the month of June particularly so. The first portion of the road runs through a region of lakes, alternating with patches of forest, odorous with the fragrance of fir-trees, and in the early summer gay with the snowy blossoms of the wild cherry and the feathery bloom of the withrod. The remainder of the road follows the winding curves of St. Margaret's and Mahone Bays, giving the traveller charming pictures both of sea and land at every turn.

There are no monster hotels as yet in Mahone Bay, such as are to be found at Saratoga or Newport; no gambling saloons, no race courses, very few fast horses, and not many fast men or women. All at present is very simple and primitive; but there is no lack of respectable accommodation, and quite enough of creature comforts, both in quality and variety, to make a visit eminently enjoyable. Taking the village of Chester—where there are at least two capital inns—for a base of operations, you may drive out every day in some new direction; now to Blandford, along the shore till you come to Deep Cove—a very remarkable inlet, which you must not omit to examine. Arrived at this romantic spot, fail not to climb Aspotogan. It will cost you some effort, and, perhaps, a few

scratches to reach the summit; but once there, should the day be clear, you will be rewarded for your exertions by a view that will linger in memory. On another day you may drive to the westward through the settlement on to the pretty town of Lunenburg, and still further to Lahave, which is one of the finest of our rivers. The roads are excellent, and good horse-flesh at all times available.

If angling be your speciality there are lots of lakes and streams hereabouts. Gold River, two or three miles from Chester, is a famous locality. It would be too much to promise you plenty of fish, for the best of sportsmen are disappointed sometimes; but in the first months of summer you are certain to have lots of bites, and of a kind you will be apt to remember.

When the railroads now in course of construction come to be completed, one might hazard a prediction that Mahone Bay and its vicinity will become a favorite and, perhaps, fashionable place of resort. There is no good reason, at all events, why it should not be such to our countrymen and countrywomen of the Dominion. For a sea-side residence during the months of June, July, August and September, there is no spot in North America that combines a greater variety of attractions and advantages.

THE AGE OF LIGHT.

BY ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Yonder comes the promise of a better, brighter morn,
Yonder comes the ages of a higher freedom born;
Yonder comes the dawning, and, behold, its light
appears,
Bursting o'er the fetters and the slavery of years.
Lo! the light comes up upon the ancient world of war,
But the sun glitters on the sheen of streaming steel
no more.

Hark! the ringing water in the cheerful underwood,
Singeth out its pleasure in a raptured solitude;
Singeth that the voice of wrong shall be forever
dumb,
That the hosts of hate are banished, and the reign of
Peace has come;
Blessed, 'mid these ages, are the nations that they live,
Blessed is the heritage their children shall receive.

The captive, in his dungeon, is no longer in the dark,
He hears the rush of waters, and the singing of the
lark;
And the rusty doors are open; and the sun-set is
unrolled,
And his gates with amber flooded are like bars of
burning gold;
And he standeth up, and knoweth that his guilt hath
gone away,
And his cell is left behind him ere the darkening of
the day.

Yonder comes the promise of a better, brighter morn,
Yonder comes the ages of a higher freedom born;
The glowing soul of Nature hath the prophecy
revealed,
Her priest, the poet, heard it and his fount of joy was
filled—
For the very joy is floating from the spirit in his eye,
That rushes in the river, and that warbles in the sky.

No longer in the morass treads the weak and weary
slave,
Nor sinks in fields of cotton, nor upon the drifting
wave,
And dreaming of his freedom in the forests far away,
No more he starts or shudders at the hound's pursu-
ing bay;
For the winds upon the mountains have less freedom
now than he,
And the winds upon the mountains have been forever
free.

Yonder comes the promise of a better, brighter morn,
Yonder comes the ages of a higher freedom born;
Freedom that shall heart to heart with chains of love
unite,
Freedom that shall demonstrate a universal right.
Yonder comes the dawning, and the battle-flags are
furled,
And peace is on the nations, and its glory on the
world.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY REV. S. T. RAND, NOVA SCOTIA, MISSIONARY TO THE MICMAC INDIANS.

All the legends of the Indians are filled with extravagant accounts of the exercise of magic. Animals are endowed with human powers, and men can assume the form and habits of beasts, birds and fishes at will. Certain tribes are named from the animals. We hear of the Whales, the Bears, the Beavers, the Porcupines, the Crows, the Eagles, the Birch-partridges and the Spruce-partridges, &c. ; and when these tribes, or individuals of them, are referred to, there is a constant confusion of natures—the parties being one moment spoken of as animals, and immediately after as human beings.

One of the strangest ideas conceivable is that of the parties being able at will to hide their lives, the soul or animating principle, and in this way to render their bodies invulnerable. In this way one of Longfellow's heroes in the "Song of Hiawatha" escapes being killed, even after his body has been pounded to pieces.

"Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and branches,
Bore the body of the Beaver;
But the ghost, the *Jeebi* in him
Thought and felt as *Pau-Puk-Keewis*,
Still lived on as *Pau-Puk-Keewis*."

So in the Micmac legends. Two *Boo-owins* (magicians, *powows*) may be together apparently on friendly terms, but very suspicious of each other. They sleep together in the same wigwam; but one is so distrustful that before going to sleep he takes the precaution to hide his soul—the *Jeebi* in him—out in some secure place and then goes to sleep. Meanwhile his adversary watches, and when the other is soundly asleep, he quietly cuts off his head, and, to make sure work of it, he chops him into fine pieces. In due time the murdered man awakes, and finding himself scattered about, picks himself up and puts the pieces together, and brings in the

mchejakunuch, which makes all right again, though he may feel a little sore for a time. To all of which nonsense a figurative meaning may be easily attached, and even a distorted view of the scripture doctrine of the Resurrection.

In the legend that follows, all these points are strikingly brought out. We have a "man-whale," a "man-sheep" and a "man-goose," and an ugly "ogre," who steals all the newly-married young women, carries them off to a cave, which is guarded by whirlwinds and tempests, and who keeps his soul hidden in a sevenfold iron chest at the bottom of the sea; but who is finally overcome and vanquished.

It may be objected to the tale that the principal actors in it are evidently white men, and that we have a king and a queen, soldiers, silver, horses and carriages, and that the "sword of sharpness," the "invisible coat" and the "shoes of swiftness" are so manifestly of European origin as to spoil the interest of the story as a purely Indian fiction.

I would observe, in reply, that no one, it seems to me, would think of palming off as a genuine Indian legend, a story of his own invention, which abounded in these references to civilized life. The only plausible supposition is, that the Indians originally heard the tale from the white people. This question I cannot decide; but if any one will produce the story, that will satisfactorily settle the point—and settle it, too without essentially injuring the interest of the fiction. I can affirm positively that I am not the author, but simply the translator of the story. I wrote it down from the mouth of an intelligent Indian, and wrote it down in Micmac as he related it, and he assured me that it was one of their old *ahtookwokun*, and, as he supposed, of genuine Indian authorship.

Nor can it be deemed strange that

Indians should occasionally weave the white people into their tales. They have been acquainted with us exactly as many years and centuries as we have been with them, and they were in our eyes, when first beheld, no greater wonders than we were in theirs. If we have made ourselves merry at their expense; if we have deemed them capital subjects for romance, fiction, and all kinds of exaggeration—why should not they, according to the same natural promptings, deal with us after the same fashion? what can be more natural and just?

The tale which follows does, indeed, acknowledge the existence of a king, of money, of soldiers, &c.; but the notions entertained of these appendages of civilization are just as crude and absurd as an untutored Indian may be supposed to form. The author evidently knew but little of what these things meant.

Then the fiction of the "coat," "shoes" and "sword" are certainly not so strange and difficult to conceive of, that they need to be ascribed to one astonishingly inventive mind. They are exceedingly natural. It seems to me a little reflection will convince any one that they would be likely to occur to believers in magic of any age and place, and may, therefore, have had a thousand independent origins. The same may be said of many other ideas connected with the legends of all races, and even in this view they are confirmatory of the unity of the human race.

With these introductory remarks we may proceed with the story.

A very rich king lived in a large tower. He had so much money that a separate building had to be provided to keep it in, and this building was guarded by soldiers night and day. The king had a wife, a queen, and three daughters. He lived in luxury and drank freely of intoxicating liquors. At length he became a notorious drunkard and rapidly wasted his treasures.

His queen became alarmed. She feared he would spend all, and that they would be reduced to poverty. So she contrived to save a part. She gained over the soldiers and got them to tell the king when he applied for more money, after having recover-

ed from one of his drunken sprees, that it was all gone—*kakayak*.

Upon receiving this intelligence he walked out and strolled about in his fields, ruminating upon his sad condition. There he is met and accosted by a fine-looking, well-dressed gentleman, who asks him for one of his daughters in marriage. The stranger offers a large sum of money as a "dowry," and the bargain is immediately struck. The eldest daughter is given him for a wife. He takes the girl and carries her off home with him. But no one can tell who he is, whence he came, or whither he goes.*

The money received for the girl the king expends in intoxicating drinks, and keeps himself soundly drunk as long as it lasts. But it is exhausted after a while. He is then compelled to become sober and keep so for a season. But, strolling in his fields again one day, he meets a second gentleman, (*sakumow*, lord, chief), who solicits the hand of his second daughter, and offers for her a large sum of money. To this the king agrees, receives the money, delivers the girl over to the stranger, who carries her off no one knows whither. The king indulges in another spree, which continues while the money lasts.

The third and last girl is disposed of in the same manner. But the third gentleman, for elegance of form, beauty of countenance and abundance of wealth, far outstrips the others. He has with him literally a cart-load of money, and offers it all to the king, whom he meets in the field as the others did, if he will bestow upon him the third and only remaining daughter. The offer is accepted, the bargain concluded, the girl delivered up, and, like the others, is carried off no one knows whither, and no one knows by whom.

The king again indulges freely in his

* This is perfectly Indian, and in harmony with all the legends. The father disposes of the girl. She, poor thing, has no say in the matter. And something is to be paid for her—usually some feat is to be performed, which shall cost the suitor some labor and trouble, and perhaps his life. The readers of the Bible will readily recall the cases of Jacob and David, &c., where the same custom obtained. It is manifestly Eastern and Jewish, as well as Indian. Nor is it confined to the age of fiction. Even among our Indians it is not wholly abolished yet.

potations. But his money does not last forever. It is soon all gone and perforce he is obliged to become sober and keep so.

Some time after these events the queen presents him with a little son. The child grows, displays good abilities and an excellent disposition. He becomes large enough to go to school, and play with the other boys. By and by his playmates begin to tease him and to twit him with his father's faults. "Your father was a great drunkard," say they. "You had three sisters, but your father sold them for rum and drunk them up, (*wegoopsibunegu*," a word defying translation, but indicating that the article referred to was spent in intoxicating liquors, and that these were drunk to intoxication). These reproaches he boldly repels. He does not believe a word of them. But they sting him to the quick. He goes home and tells his mother, and enquires if the story has any truth in it. She tells him "No, it is all a lie. The boys only want to tease you. Don't you mind them."

This satisfies him for a while; but his curiosity is aroused, and after a while he receives such straightforward statements respecting the matter that he strongly suspects it is true; and, finally, his mother tells him all.

"You had three sisters—*kúmeesk*—older than you, and your father drank them up."

"But where do my sisters live?" he enquires.

"That is what no one knows," she replies.

"I'll go and search for them," says the boy.

"Alas! my son, you can never find them," answers the mother.

"Indeed I can," he answers, "and I will too."

So, revolving this great scheme in his mind, he finally matures his plans. He has become a large boy, but has not yet attained to manhood. He is allowed to drive about in his own carriage, and has a servant to attend him and take care of the horses.

One day he directs his servant to harness up two horses, as he intends to take a

long drive. This is done, and they proceed on until they reach a river, over which there is no bridge, but which is shallow and can be easily forded. They pursue their course across the river until they reach the opposite bank. Here the prince directs his servant to return with the horses and carriage, and he goes on on foot.

He has not proceeded far before he meets with an adventure. He comes suddenly upon three men, who are so absorbed in some mysterious and complicated affair that they do not notice him as he approaches. They are robbers, and are trying to divide their plunder. He enquires what the trouble is, and learns that they have taken a coat, a sword and a pair of shoes, and they are puzzled how to divide them, so as to satisfy all hands. He enquires respecting the qualities of these goods, and learns that they contain "great magic." The coat will render the wearer invisible, the shoes will enable him to run with incredible swiftness, and the sword will enable its possessor to obtain or do whatever he desires. But the three articles are difficult to divide, so as to satisfy each of the three.

"Oh," says our hero, "I can assist you, and divide them so that all parties will be satisfied."

So they agree to let him try, and place the articles in his hands.

"Now," says he, "you must stand in an exact line before me. You must not move and you must not look round until I give the word." So they arrange themselves accordingly.

Thereupon the prince slips off his own shoes and claps on the others, pulls off his coat and puts on the magical prize, then seizing the sword he wishes himself at the residence of his eldest sister. No sooner said than done. He seems, as it were, to awake from a sleep, and lo! he stands before a large and splendid mansion.

The three robbers stand perfectly still, and do not turn their heads nor speak a word until the sun goes down and it begins to grow dark, when they get out of patience and look round, and find to their dismay that they are "sold."

The prince walks up to the door of the mansion at which he has arrived and

knocks. A lady comes and opens the door, whom he immediately recognizes as his eldest sister. He salutes her as "*numees*," "my sister older than I." But she looks at him coldly and says:—

"I am not your sister. I have no brother."

"But you have though," he replies; "but I was born after you left home."

He proceeds to relate their family history, and she is soon convinced that he is not an impostor. She is overjoyed to meet him, and asks him to come in.

"But where is my brother-in-law—*numaktem*?—" he enquires.

"Out at sea hunting," she answers. "whither he constantly goes, and when he does so he assumes the form of a whale. But he knows you have come, and he will be here in a minute. There, see! he is coming."

Sure enough, he sees the water flying up as the whale spouts, and approaches with lightning speed. The young man is alarmed, and looks round for some place of concealment.

"Oh, you needn't be frightened," she tells him. "He won't hurt you," and lo! he sees a well-dressed gentleman walking up from the shore, who immediately salutes him as *numaktem*—"my brother-in-law"—and gives him a very cordial reception.

Here he remains for a few days, and then proposes to go in quest of his second sister. His friends endeavor to dissuade him from the attempt, as the way is long, difficult and dangerous. He does not let them into the secret of his magical armor, but persists in his design. His brother-in-law finding him determined to go, offers to supply him with money; but this he declines—it would only be an encumbrance. But after he has started his brother-in-law calls him back for a moment, and gives him a fish-scale, carefully wrapped up, and tells him: "Should you ever get into difficulty and need my assistance, just warm this a little, and I will be immediately at your side." Having received this magical "medicine" the young man departs.

As soon as he is out of sight, he arrays himself in his magical coat and shoes, and grasping his sword, wishes himself at the

residence of his second sister. Again he seems to faint, his head reels, and forthwith he awakes as it were out of sleep, and there he stands at the door of a rich and splendid mansion. He knocks and his sister comes to the door, and the same hesitancy, the same explanation, and a similar result to what occurred at the former house takes place. Being convinced that he really is her own brother, the sister is overjoyed to see him, and eagerly invites him in.

"But where is my brother-in-law," he enquires.

"Yonder," says the lady, pointing to a distant field, where he sees quietly grazing a ram with twisted horns. "His sheepship" is no sooner pointed out than he throws up his head, makes a dash towards the house upon the full jump, and *instanter* he walks up to his friend in the form of a fine-looking, well-dressed gentleman, and accosts him as his brother-in-law, and says pleasantly:—

"Have you got here to see us?"—*Alaju laa*.—he answers "yes."

Whereupon there is great and mutual rejoicing. The young man remains there a number of days.

After a time he proposes to go in quest of his youngest sister. His brother-in-law offers him money as the other had done, since he persists in his design, though they used all their arts of persuasion to deter and detain him. They know where their sister resides; but the way is so long, so difficult and so dangerous that they are persuaded he will never reach it. He declines their proffered aid; but he accepts a charm which his brother-in-law gives him. This is a lock of wool, carefully wrapped up. "Should you get into any trouble at any time," he tells him, "just warm this a little and I will be instantly at your side." He pockets the charm and departs.

Away by himself he again arrays himself in his magical means of locomotion, and is at his destination in a twinkling. This time he is recognized by his sister, who is, as were the others, overjoyed at seeing him. When he enquires for his brother-in-law he is pointed to a grey, tame goose in the distance, which instantly rises on the wing and strikes the threshold as he rises into a

man,—a splendid-looking fellow, one of the noblest he has ever seen. He addresses him as the others had done, as his brother-in-law, and "*weledahsooltjik*—they are all mightily pleased."

After a time he intimates to his sister that it is about time for him to look after his own private affairs, and that he is going to look for a wife. He enquires if she can give him any information on the subject that may prove of service. She informs him that she can; that she knows of a town, but it is very far off, where a king resides, who has several marriageable daughters, and where he would be likely to succeed to his liking. But the way is difficult as well as long, and she cannot recommend him to undertake the journey. He determines to attempt it, however. (What are distances, difficulties and dangers to a man who can travel by telegraph!) But this time he accepts his friend's proffered assistance. He will be a stranger in a strange place, and will need money. So he fills all his pockets and starts, but not however, until he is furnished with an additional charm, which, upon being warmed a little, will call his winged friend to his side in an instant, should any emergency require his aid. This time, in harmony with the other cases, the charm consists of a feather. Thus fully equipped for the expedition, he starts. He intends to appear "at court" in humble guise, and he wishes himself at one of the meanest cottages in the outskirts of the town, and there, of course, he arrives in "no time."

He enters the hut. Two old women are there, who welcome him with a greeting of cordiality, and give him the best provisions that the house affords. But when he arrived at the door, the two women were engaged in a very animated conversation, they seemed to be discussing some very abstruse and difficult subject, and on enquiry they tell him all about it.

They inform him that there is to be a royal wedding next day. One of the king's daughters is to be married.

"But," they remark, "the bridegroom will not see his bride long."

"Why not?" he enquires.

"Because she will be carried off," they reply.

"But who will carry off the bride?" he asks.

Then they point to a very high bluff on the opposite side of the arm of the sea upon which the town stands, and inform him that within those rocks, in a secluded cave, guarded by magic, and around which rain, winds and storms continually rage, dwells a magician—a *boo-o-in*, an "ogre"—who cannot be killed, as he keeps his soul hidden in some distant and inaccessible place, who invariably carries off every newly-married girl, and takes her to his cave, and she is never seen again. This scourge has already continued for some time, and there seems but a small prospect of its coming to an end.

Our young hero listens to the strange tale and meditates deliverance. Here will be a fine chance for him to display his prowess and rise to fame.

Next day the wedding came off as arranged. Our stranger friend is at the celebration. The couple are married after the Christian form, and the magic words are no sooner pronounced that make them no more twain but one flesh, when, presto! the bride is gone—no one has seen whither or how; but all know who has done it, and the place is filled with grief and mourning.

The poor old king is particularly sad. This is the second daughter he has lost, and he weeps bitterly.

Our hero attempts to console him. He offers to destroy the magician and restore the captives; but only upon condition that the king's only remaining daughter shall be bestowed upon him as his reward,—and he must be paid before the work is done, as he will need the assistance of his wife in order to carry out his designs. The king agrees to the terms, and the next day is fixed upon for the consummation of the nuptials.

Having made this arrangement, the young prince returns to the humble cot where he was first received. He informs the inmates of what is about to transpire.

"I am to be married to-morrow to the king's youngest daughter."

"And you will lose your girl," they reply, "the instant you are married."

"Yes, I shall," he coldly answers; "but I will recover her again."

They doubt it.

So next day, as arranged, the wedding comes off, and, as was expected, the bride was instantly spirited away by the terrible ogre. Very calmly the prince returns to his lodging and relates what has happened, and informs them that he intends next day to go over and fetch her home.

Next day he prepares for the expedition. He has got an ugly customer to deal with, but he is well equipped. He puts on his magical coat and shoes, and grasps the sword. He then wishes himself at the entrance of the magician's den. He is there in a jiffy; but there is no door. The bluff is high, smooth, and presents not the slightest appearance of an entrance; but the magical sword can cut an entrance or find the door. With this weapon he makes a mark on the face of the rock down the two sides, across the top and across the bottom of what would be about the size of a door. Out swings the massive door, and displays a spacious apartment filled with women, who are seated in rows on each side of the room. Among them he recognizes his own bride, by whose side the magician is seated, leaning his head on her bosom. The prince walks up and down the apartment unseen, as he is shielded by his magical coat.

Suddenly the magician starts up and, exclaiming, "There is a wedding in the town," is off in a flash, and instantly returns bringing another captive, to be added to the number already there. But during his brief absence the prince has made himself known to his wife and directed her to ask the magician where he hides his "soul." As soon as he has returned and seated himself again she puts the question to him—

"Where do you keep your soul?"

"Well, now," he replied, "you are the first one that ever asked me that question, and I will tell you. I keep it locked up in seven iron boxes, one within another, and my soul in the seventh, and all at the bottom of the sea, exactly in a line with this cave."

All this was repeated in the hearing of the prince, who stood by, all unseen, and to whom the information was exceedingly

interesting. He has now learned where the boxes are, but every one is locked, and he must obtain the *keys*, or he cannot reach the magician's "seat of life;" and unless this is reached even his magic sword would be used in vain. Magic would be pitted against magic, and the ogre would remain unscathed. So, waiting till he had darted off again, he says to his wife; "Ask him where he keeps the keys." This question is put on his return, and the prince learns that they too lie at the bottom of the sea, and in a direct line between the cave and iron boxes.

Having obtained this information our hero is now ready to commence operations. So, stepping out into the open air, he takes out charm number one, given him by his "whale" brother-in-law, and warms it between his hands. Instantly his friend is at his side, who enquires what is wanted? He is informed of what has happened and requested to find and fetch the iron boxes and the keys. This is done, and they begin to open the boxes. They proceed without any difficulty or mishap until they reach the seventh box. In attempting to unlock this, they break the key and are baffled.

Now then charm number two comes in play. The small lock of wool is produced and warmed, and instantly the second brother-in-law is at his side, who enquires what the matter is. He too is informed of the state of affairs, and he is requested to "butt" open the box. He accordingly goes into it with all his might, and soon the iron yields, the box flies open and, whizz! away flies the magician's soul and escapes.

Now, then, the powers of the "grey goose" magician, the brother-in-law number three, come in play. The feather is warmed, the grey goose is on hand, and directed to give chase to the fugitive spirit and bring it back. This feat is soon performed, and now all hands commence operations on the life of the terrible ogre. They pay no attention to his body. That is in the cave; but they hold the vital spirit outside, and pierce and hack and pound it with the magical sword. And they succeed.

Meanwhile the monster in his cave gives signs of febleness and decay. He slowly

raises his head and says in a low feeble voice, "There's a wedding in the town," but he cannot go. Soon he tumbles down on the floor and dies. The prince has triumphed.

He now goes into the cave and shows himself to all, and directs them to throw the horrid carcase out and pitch it into the sea.

He then crosses over to the town and announces the joyful news. He directs a large building to be prepared, and all the women to be brought over and arranged within that building. All whose wives have been stolen away are directed to come and select them. This is done, and there is great joy in the city. The young prince takes possession of his own bride and goes with her in triumph to the palace of the king her father.

Here the story rather abruptly terminates. It was written down in Micmac from the mouth of an intelligent Indian, a subordinate chief, who rejoices in the title of "Capt. Jo Claude." I have not confined myself to a strictly literal translation, but I have added nothing essential to the story. It is a pretty good specimen of an Indian's ideas of magic.

A TRIP TO ANTICOSTI.

(Concluded.)

Hunters say that there are two sorts of bear, viz., the long-legged and the short-legged, but this is not the case; there is but one species of bear in all these provinces, the *Ursus americanus*. Individuals of this species differ much in appearance; some are round, plump, and short-limbed; others gaunt, leggy, and scraggy. This depends upon age and condition. The Anticosti bear is famed for the beauty of its fur, which is at its prime in the months of April and May. The muzzle and ears are yellower than those of the bears on the mainland. On the south shore of the St. Lawrence bears den in hollow trees; here there are no trees large enough for the purpose, so Bruin retreats under the thick scrub, which, when covered with snow, is doubtless a warm and comfortable den. They retire in November, and come out again in April, at which time the females have cubs, generally two, sometimes three. The cubs stay with the mother till the following spring, and then shift for them-

selves. The young females have cubs on the third year, though they have then by no means attained their full size. In spring and early summer they feed entirely on fish and fish spawn, which is thrown upon the beach by the sea. A large ugly fish, called by the French *poule du mer*, is Bruin's favorite tackle, though he is very fond of capelin and herring spawn, both of which are cast up in immense quantities. After a storm, I have walked along the beach for half a mile up to my ankles in herring spawn. Bears are very fond of digging and scraping in the kelp and seaweed, where they pick up grubs and insects. When Bruin is hungry he comes out of the woods, and strung along the beach a little above high-water mark. When he finds a *poule du mer* he carries it off into the woods, there to devour it at his leisure, crouching over it the while as he holds it between his paws. His action looks awkward—short shuffling steps wide apart, and head wagging from side to side; but for all this, he gets along pretty fast—picking his steps too, for the water is cold in spring, and he does not like to wet his feet. Neither does he like the cold sea breeze; but in fine warm weather, particularly in the mornings and evenings, he spends a good deal of time on the beach rambling about, licking up the spawn, and grubbing and rolling in the kelp. His food he finds more by nose than by sight. Young bears are as playful as kittens, and when two or three of them meet they play high jinks in the seaweed. The best chance to shoot them is in the morning and the evening, when the tide is on the ebb. Paddling along the coast of Anticosti, it is quite the exception not to see one or two bears in the course of the day. I have seen as many as seven in one day. There are two ways of approaching them. When the wind is blowing on shore, the sportsman must stalk them from the land side; when the wind is off shore, the better way is to paddle up to them.

After losing two or three bears through ill luck and bad shooting, I managed to bag a very fine one on the 29th of May. We saw him from the canoe, and, as there was a very heavy swell on, we landed, and stalked him from the shore side. The noise we made scrambling and forcing our way through the bushes was great, but the noise of the breakers was even greater, and we stalked him to within thirty yards. When I fired he fell down, and moaned for nearly a minute, when we finished him. When a bear moans, he is a gone coon; but I always make a point of hammering away at them until they are stone dead. By neglecting this precaution I lost a fine old she-bear and three cubs on the following day. It happened that my man Donald had cut his hand so badly that he

could not carry my smoothbore as usual. We saw the bear and her cubs approaching along the beach, and, sitting down behind a rock, awaited them. When about forty yards off she stopped, half facing me, half broadside on, and I fired at the near fore shoulder. The bullet struck precisely where I aimed, and rolled her over like a log. Thinking she was dead, I fired the other barrel at a cub, and missed. As I was leisurely re-loading, I heard Donald sing out, "Shoot him again, Mr.—, shoot him again!" Looking up I saw the old lady dancing about in the most eccentric way, and pursuing the wound in her shoulder as a dog hunts his tail; and before I could get a cap on my rifle she disappeared into the thick bush. I followed for 100 yards or so, not ten yards astern, guided by the crackling of the bushes; but she escaped—to die, of course. I behaved like a muff in not making sure of her with the second barrel, as I might have known that the cubs could easily have been killed afterwards. I deserved to lose her; nevertheless it was very heart-breaking at the time. To this day I have a bit of her shoulder blade, two inches long, that was knocked off by my bullet. The Indians use buck shot for bear shooting, in preference to bullets; and at short distances, say thirty yards and under, I believe a charge of shot is the more deadly, and without doubt the more certain.

Another day, as I was turning round a point with my rifle under my arm, I met a bear face to face fifteen yards off. I hardly know which was the more surprised of the two. I fired at his head, but the jawbone, which was smashed to atoms, turned the bullet from the vitals, and I only managed to give him a flesh wound with the second barrel as he scuttled into the bush. I felt quite ashamed of myself. Poor bruin ate no more *poules du mer* for many a day; a light and wholesome repast of herring spawn was probably more in his line. It will thus be seen that it is essential for the sportsman in Anticosti to shoot his bears dead in their tracks—if they have any life in them they crawl into the bush, where it is impossible to follow them; and if I were restricted to one weapon, I would choose a smoothbore, with heavy shot in one barrel and a bullet in the other.

Shooting bears out of a canoe requires some practice on the part of the shooter, and considerable skill on that of the canoe-men. Bruin does not mind a canoe in the least, so long as the wind is in the right direction, and he can see no sudden movement of the paddles. Wary in the extreme about any unusual appearance or sound on the land side, he never expects danger seaward. He looks back over his shoulder along the beach, peers into the bush, and

now and then stops for a good sniff to windward; but he is so accustomed to see seals, floating ice, and drift wood, that he never looks out for an enemy in that direction, and takes no notice of a skillfully handled canoe. Crouching down, with nothing visible but our heads, I have been paddled to within thirty yards of a bear. The canoe men never take their eyes off him. When he feeds or looks away, with noiseless but vigorous strokes they propel the light craft swiftly towards him. When he looks up, they are still as statues. A charge of buck shot at 30 yards is always fatal. I cut down two bears in great style with a large No. 6-bore single-barrel that I brought with me for goose shooting, charge 8 drachms powder and 30 buck shot—one at a distance of 55 yards. In bear shooting, even more than in other large game shooting, the sportsman should always wait for a broadside shot, and aim 6in. or 8in. behind the shoulder, and rather better than half way up. Ordinary prudence ought to prevent a man from going too close to a crippled or dying bear, or indeed to any other powerful animal; but I have always looked upon *Ursus americanus* as a most shy and timid animal, and from what I have seen of him in Anticosti I have no reason to change my opinion.

The thick hedge of spruce, which I have spoken of before as lining the coast, though almost impervious to men, is not so to the bears. They have paths all through it. On one occasion, as I was sitting at the entrance to one of these paths, which came out on the top of a high and steep bank, I saw a bear coming down wind, and advancing towards me. When about 40 yards distant, he fancied he heard some suspicious noise behind him, and starting suddenly into a gallop, scampered up the bank, and came up to me. This was all the work of a second or two, and he never perceived me till we almost touched each other. There was just room on the narrow path for us to pass, each one taking a short step aside out of the other's way, and as he passed I bowled him over, touching his coat with the muzzle of my rifle. He fell barely clear of me—in fact, his hind foot brushed against my coat as he toppled over the bank. Had he fallen on me, no doubt he would have clawed me, as he did claw the earth in his death struggle, and one more story of the ferocity of the bear would have gained credence.

Before I have done with the Anticosti bear, I must mention one more little incident illustrative of the curiosity of his disposition. As we were paddling along the north shore of the island, we saw a bear run up a little gully in a precipitous cliff, carrying a *poule du mer* in his mouth. I immediately landed, and, posting myself right under the cliff, twenty yards or so to

leeward of his road, or rather stairs, I told my men to shove off and watch. I never stirred for twenty minutes, expecting to see him come down again where he went up; but, as I heard subsequently from my men, who almost split their sides with laughing, "Mooym" (as the Micmacs call him) came to the top of the rock twenty feet or so straight above my head, and, putting his head over, watched me intently for nearly a minute. Eventually he winded me, and made off. My men tried to attract my attention by telegraphing, but all to no purpose. They imitated the cries of loons and of seals so well, that neither "Mooym" nor I took any notice of these not unusual sounds.

It is only in the spring of the year that bears frequent the sea coast. In the summer and fall they go back to the interior of the island, and live on berries. In fact, they only come to the beach when hard pushed by hunger. They know well enough that they are safer in the woods. They are so easily scared away from one particular place, that I found it best to move my camp every night. They are generally trapped in Anticosti by means of rope snares set in their paths. The skins are very easily saved in the spring of the year, as the animals are then lean. The method I adopted was to sprinkle the hide with salt, and roll it up for twenty-four hours. I then stretched it, fur down, on a dry bank, and in three or four days the sun thoroughly dried it.

Seals, as might be expected, are very numerous on this coast. In the early part of June I camped for two or three days at a place called Lac Le Croix, where a long strip of rocks that make out into the sea is a favorite haunt of the seals. At this season they have their cubs with them, generally three, and they are as playful as kittens. I have watched the old woman playfully knocking the young ones off a rock with her fore flipper. The little fellows would then swim round and come up on the other side of the rock, when the operation would be repeated. The poor little fellows cannot dive, they are so fat that they won't sink; so they put their heads under the water, and fancy they are all right. Donald always carried a gaff in the bow of the canoe, with which he secured many a young seal, which we killed for the sake of the skins. Besides the common round seal, there is another sort in Anticosti, that my Indians called "horse heads." They are immense speckled monsters, as big as a heifer. I shot a few of them in the following manner. Donald, gracefully robed in a dirty blanket, would lie flat on a rock in a conspicuous position, whilst I concealed myself a short distance off. When a "horse-head" appeared above the surface, Donald grunted, bel-

lowed, rolled about, and kicked up his heels, to attract the animal's attention. These pantomimes seldom failed to allure the animal within thirty or forty yards, when a bullet just at the butt of the ear generally did for him. Seals are wary, but very inquisitive. They will follow a man walking along the beach, or a canoe, for ever so long, popping up their shiny heads every now and then, but they dive wonderfully quickly when they see a gun pointed at them. I have seen them following a bear; the bear did not pay the least attention to them. Bruin dearly loves a fat seal, but he knows that he cannot catch them in the water. In sunny weather their delight is to bask on the rocks. I have seen twenty or thirty on one surf-washed rock, grunting and rolling about in an absurd way. A round seal in good condition yields five gallons of oil, and a "horse head" about twenty or thirty. They are the best in May, and are also very easily killed at that season, as they come on shore to cub. The Indians stealthily approach the poor beasts from behind, and kill them with a single blow on the head. They are very easily killed by a blow on the right spot; but a muff may cudgel a seal for half an hour without killing it. The Indians are very fond of the hind flipper roasted, and they also cut the flesh into long strips and dry it in the sun. I think it very nasty; but everyone to his taste. I see the following "memo" in my note-book as regards seal shooting: "If ever you go to Anticosti again, don't shoot seals. The temptation is no doubt great; but the Indians *will* make oil. What of that? Why every cooking utensil you possess is pressed into the service, and, although seal oil pancakes (flour and oil) are well enough once in a way, the flavor this oil imparts to tea is simply abominable."

I do not think there is any better place in America for wildfowl shooting than Anticosti. In the fall and spring, geese and many different kinds of ducks swarm along the coast and in the lagoons. I have seen bays black with the sea duck of different sorts (*Fuligulæ*), and flights of these birds at least half a mile in length. The ducks (*Anatidæ*) and the geese divide their time between the beach and the freshwater lakes and lagoons contiguous to the beach. Not being harassed by gunners, the birds are comparatively tame, and the wildfowl shooter in Anticosti can for once in his life glut himself with his favorite sport. There is but one drawback, and that is that he cannot share the contents of his bag amongst his friends.

I found that many of the waterfowl, including the geese and the divers, were of a very inquisitive turn of mind, and I used often to decoy them within shot by

waving a colored pocket handkerchief. The geese, mistaking my dog for a fox, would often approach quite close to him in a defiant way. But more inquisitive even than a woman is the red-throated diver. These birds are sometimes a positive nuisance, coming in from miles round to look at a canoe, and then circling, chattering and shrieking around it. On the plains I have brought them up from a great distance by standing on a tummock and shouting and waving my hat. Although there are great numbers of them, I could not find a nest. They are called "wobbies" by the fishermen, who often catch them in their nets. On the high rocks on the north shore of the island, incredible quantities of sea birds hatch—cormorants, gulls, puffins, paroquets, and pigeons. These birds all live sociably together. Hundreds of them lay their eggs side by side on the same ledge of rock, and may be seen seated in front of them in rows like soldiers. On one occasion, when I fired a shot to alarm them, the number that rose was so great that for a minute or two I could hardly see the sky, and their droppings in the water resembled a heavy shower of rain or hail.

Great numbers of geese hatch in the island in the lagoons and ponds. On the 27th of May I was barbarous enough to put a goose and her four eggs all in the pot together, and when eating them could not help thinking of the following line in "The Dead Shot" descriptive of the pot-hunter; "Despicable and despised, the inflictor of torture, he has no music in his soul." In the hatching season I observed several small flocks of geese, who were unincumbered with families, and evidently intended to remain in that happy condition. I shot a good many of these birds, and found them, unlike the hatching ones, fat and plump. On the 18th of June I came across a flock of bachelor and maiden black duck. I shot three or four of them, and I never tasted better ducks in my life. Brant do not hatch in the island, and, except in a couple of bays in the western end, they do not seem to like it even as a resting place.

Black duck are very abundant. They are always good birds to eat, but late in the fall they are best. I think there is no bird or animal on this continent so wary as the black duck. They are always on the *qui vive*, they can even wind a man. Here, where in all probability they have never heard a shot fired, it requires almost as much caution to get a shot at them as in inhabited districts. The best way I found to shoot them was, at low water, to sit down on the beach behind a heap of seaweed, or a log, and send some one to stir them up above and below. I never had any trouble in keeping our larder supplied with black duck. In the spring they seem to live entirely on herring spawn and small shellfish,

and feed amicably on the beach along with the gulls and crows. The latter birds are in clover here at this season. I could not at first account for the number of urchin and other shells which lay scattered about the plains, but I soon found out that they had been carried there by the crows. I saw a crow one day fly up in the air with an urchin and drop it on the rocks, and repeat the operation two or three times before he managed to get at the interior.

The rivers in Anticosti are small, some of them almost dry in midsummer; but in most of them there are deep pools just above the tide mark, which teem with sea trout. These pools are capital little harbors, and charming places to camp. I don't know that I ever saw a prettier little place in my life than the mouth of "Fairy River." Flocks of ducks and geese continually visit these pools for fresh water, seals pop their heads up a few yards off in the salt water, and Bruin once in a while comes sneaking down to the shore, so that gunning, and angling, and some interesting little studies of natural history can all be combined. The salmon on this coast are small, seldom weighing more than 10 lb. Where rivers are small, I have always remarked that salmon are small. On a coast where the rivers are deep and rapid salmon attain the largest size. The largest river on the island is Jupiter, and, in comparison with the rivers on the mainland, it is little better than a brook.

The varieties of sea fish are so many that I cannot pretend to enumerate them all. Of whales there are at least two varieties, viz., the Greeland whale and the grampus. One of the latter rose close to my canoe as we were paddling along the north shore. I imagine he was following the capelin. My rifle being ready in my hand, I put two bullets into him in the region of his back fin. The commotion he made was so great, that for a moment I thought it was all up with us. The water was colored with blood and oil. We never saw the monster again, but his carcase was found by some fishermen two or three days after I left the island.

In the month of June the capelin come in shore to spawn, followed by all the hungry monsters of the deep. Each tide leaves thousands of these little fish high and dry on the beach. After a storm I have seen cartloads of dead capelin on one little strip of beach, and I have fished up enough live ones out of the water with one scoop of my kettle to do for breakfast. They are the best bait for cod fish.

On the 23rd of June we met a schooner cod fishing close in shore, and I went on board for a short time. They were fishing in about three fathom water, and we could see the bottom actually paved with cod fish. I caught a dozen for ourselves in about fifteen minutes; my next neighbor on the deck

of the schooner caught three times as many, grumbling all the time that it was the worst fishing season he had ever known, that fish were scarce, and did not take the bait well. Each man fishes with two lines, two hooks on each line, bait one capelin. Between every two men a large box is placed, into which they put their fish, and the rapidity with which they haul up their fish, unhook them and put on a fresh bait, can hardly be believed by a landsman. In a 30-ton schooner there are generally eight hands; in smooth water four of them fish in the schooner, and the remainder in boats alongside, two in each boat. They fish on the "half line" principle, *i. e.*, each man keeps half the fish he catches as his pay. Each schooner has a drying stage on shore. The livers are exposed to the sun on boughs; the oil runs out into puncheons placed underneath, and the cod liver oil thus procured pays for the salt.

About 10 miles from the East Point a vessel had been lately wrecked. Her cargo, empty bottles and bricks, lined the shore for some miles. I regretted that the former were not full; old B. would then have drunk himself into a state of torpor, and saved me a great deal of trouble. The suspicious old gentleman was afraid we should steal copper out of the wreck, and bag some barrels of flour that he had hidden in the neighborhood; so he dogged our steps night and day. He had never seen an honest man before, evidently, and (as far as empty bottles and the baser metals are concerned) I flatter myself that I am one. I called at his house early one morning, and saw what I took to be Mrs. B. asleep on an arm chair; but it was merely her shell—she had slipped out of her clothes, as a caddis bait slips out of his husk. There was the portly form, and all the clothes, even to the slippers of Mrs. B., on the chair. The natural Mrs. B. was snoring tranquilly in bed under a pile of feathers, the while her restless lord was prowling the beach like a bear.

At the very extremity of the East Point stand the lighthouse and provision store. The prospect from the top of the former is uninviting enough—on three sides water, and on the fourth a great brown plain miles in extent, as flat as a table, and dotted over with lakes and ponds. The only occupants of the lighthouse were Mons. D. and a servant girl. When we saw him in the middle of June he had not a letter or a paper, nor had he seen a soul, since the previous autumn, when his son (who is the paid lighthouse keeper) and his daughter-in-law went off to Quebec. At the time I thought, what a capital place Anticosti must be to bring a refractory old governor to his bearings. The old gentleman was half glad to see us, and half afraid of us, and I am bound to confess that our appearance was against

us. Elsewhere I am often taken for a lumberman or an Indian, but in Anticosti (I say it with no small pride) I pass for a "boss"—of a fishing schooner. My boots, socks, and moccasins were all worn through by the sharp pebbles, and this caused me to walk in an unsteady and nautical manner.

It is easy to perceive from the behavior of the domestic animals in these places that visitors are rare birds. The dogs growl and slink into corners; even the cow and the horse were much startled at our approach—the former especially behaved just as a wild deer when he catches sight of a man. The people at these out-of-the-way posts eat nothing from one year's end to another but salt food, and, strange to say, they do not care about fresh meat. I thought that fresh cod fish would have been a welcome dish to them; but they never ate them until they had been two or three days in salt. From their appearance, I should not say that their food agreed with them.

I must now ask permission to revert to my diary again.

22nd June, East Point.—I am waiting here for the Government steamer. Provisions nearly done, and the black flies have commenced to bite. Our pork is done, and the flour and tea are at a low ebb. We live on codfish and hatching ducks. Mons. D. has lost his cow, and suspects that we made beef of it. In consequence, he visits my camp in great wrath. The cow turns up in the evening.

23rd.—No sign of the steamer, and I began to think that I am destined to be Robinson Crusoe. Flies, which appeared for the first time yesterday, bite venomously to-day. I stroll along the beach, with my rifle on my shoulder, musing in this wise: Why did I start on a Friday? why did I come to Anticosti at all? and how am I to get away from it? As I put these questions to myself the loons seemed to laugh at me, the gulls screamed, the wobbies chattered, and the black flies pastured on my emaciated form. When things are at the worst they soon commence to mend, and on the way home I shot a seal and two loons with three consecutive bullets, greatly to my satisfaction. The seal I swopped away with Mons. D. for the balance of his pork. The poor man is loth to part with his last mouthful, but I explain to him that he has the Government provisions to fall back upon; and, further, I hint that if we get very hungry I cannot answer for the safety of the cow.

24th.—A fishing schooner touches at the lighthouse and informs us that there is no news of the expected steamer. How lucky that I got the pork yesterday! Gold would not buy it to-day. The flies are unbearable on shore—so we pack up our traps, and paddle to Bel Bay. This is a good harbour for small craft, and a very pretty little place; but the stench of fish is dreadful. There

are nine fishing schooners at anchor in the bay, and acres of cod fish drying on the beach. In the afternoon I tar myself, and fish for sea, trout. Tar is a great institution, either with or without pork fat. The black flies cannot stand it.

25th.—As none of the schooners are going to sail, and there is no sign of the steamer, I make a bargain with a Gaspé fisherman to put me across in his whale boat. The wind is fair, and he is in a great hurry to start, and so am I; but I have to wait until he sharpens up an old razor and shaves himself. He does not wash, not he—dirt is a trifle; but evidently a beard is not according to Cocker. Whilst he makes an Adonis of himself we load the boat, and in the evening sail from Bel Bay.

26th.—We reach Chaloupe river in the morning; raining hard, and blowing great guns. Old B. tells us we have had a narrow escape; we just managed to make the land near his house after the hardest pull I ever had in my life. Five minutes after we landed it blew a perfect hurricane. When every thing else fails in an open boat, the best plan is to lash the rigging, sail, oars, &c., to the anchor or grapple, and let them out over the bows with about fifteen yards of line. A whale boat with this arrangement will live in almost any sea; but, had we been compelled to adopt this course, we should have been driven so far out to sea that we might not have been able to make land again.

27th.—Still weather-bound. B. commissions me to purchase rum for him in Gaspé to the amount of £5, and instead of coin he gives me 1cwt. of copper bolts, which appear to be a legal tender in Antscosti. Good sea-trout fishing.

28th.—Dead calm. We pull straight out to sea, about sixty-five miles from land to land, and on the following day arrive at Gaspé, where we find everybody "tight," and my Indians immediately conform to the custom of the country. This is a great country—gin two shillings a gallon; but I am sorry to say that I have to wait a week for the Lady Head steamer.

30th.—As nobody is sober yet, I take my rod and stroll off to the Douglastown river. I find a pretty pool, and, putting up a small dark fly, rise four fish and kill two ten-pounders; also a 4lb. trout. I forgot my tar bottle to-day, and as I trudge homewards, with a fish in each hand, the black flies torture me terribly. Fishing here is not only very good, but very accessible; so I do not find the time hang heavy on my hands. Three capital little rivers run into Gaspé basin. My best day was three salmon and twenty whopping big sea-trout. On Sunday I was amazed at the number of well-dressed people that turned out. The ladies were simply gorgeous. I contented myself with viewing the gay crowd through a win-

dow, as I was not provided with black pants, lace tie, square-toed patent leather boots, &c., &c.. My dog Tim, unused to civilization, made a raid upon a brood of young chickens, and shook two before I could interfere. Fortunately, no one saw the deed, so I interred them.

Next morning I was awakened by a terrific row. The housekeeper, a widow, having quarrelled with the landlord of the hotel, leaves, bag and umbrella, at a minute's warning. Everybody joins in the quarrel; even Tim takes advantage of the confusion to worry the cat; the shrieks of the females are appalling. The cause of the rupture is curious and instructive. It seems that there were an odd number of females in the house, who all slept two in a bed, except the widow, who had one to herself. This was her grievance. People dislike to sleep by themselves in this country, and I am looked upon as an eccentric, not to say unmannerly, individual, when I refuse to share my solitary couch with a wandering sailor or a "bushwhacker." Another of these "ladies" gave warning because her mistress rang the bell for her: "She was not going to be rung for, not she!" The free and independent young lady had evidently never seen a bell, except on a cow's or horse's neck.

July 5.—The steamer Lady Head touches here from Quebec to Pictou, and I say good bye to Gaspé.

In conclusion I would say that any tourist who is also a bit of a sportsman, and does not mind going a little way out of the beaten track, might do worse than take a trip to Anticosti. It would be a most interesting place to a geologist. The island is a seigniorship belonging to some gentlemen in Quebec, who lease the rights of furhunting and fishing to other parties; but I imagine that no difficulties would ever be thrown in the way of a sporting excursion.—"*Cariboo*," in *The Field*.

APPARENT DEATH.

Very lately, the present writer was requested to attend on a Monday morning, the funeral of a lady sixty-seven years of age, the wife of the mayor of a small French town, who had died in the night between the Thursday and the Friday previous. On the company assembling, the curé informed us that the body would remain where it was for awhile, but that the usual ceremonies (except those at the cemetery) would be proceeded with all the same. We therefore followed him to the church, and had a funeral service without a burial. It transpired that the body was still quite warm, and presented no signs of decomposition.

In the ordinary course of things, this circumstance might not have prevented the

interment; but the poor lady herself had requested not to be buried until decomposition should have begun beyond the possibility of mistake; and the family remembered, and regretted, that her brother had been put into the ground, three days after his death, while still warm, and with his countenance unchanged. They had occasionally felt uneasy about the matter, fearing that they *might* have been too precipitate in their proceedings. So in this case they resolved to take no irrevocable step without the full assurance of being justified in doing so. The corpse was kept uninterred long after every doubt was set at rest. Certainly we manage *some* things better in England than in France; amongst them being the interval allowed to elapse between death and interment. Still, there are circumstances and cases which, even here, afford matter for serious reflection.

It will easily be supposed that the dangerous briefness of this interval has been urged upon the attention of the French Legislature, and been ably discussed by the French medical press. In 1866, a petition was presented to the Senate from a person named De Cornol, pointing out the danger of hasty interments, and suggesting the measures he thought requisite to avoid terrible consequences. Amongst other things, he prayed that the space of twenty-four hours between the decease and the interment now prescribed by the law should be extended to eight-and-forty hours. A long debate followed, in which Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, took a leading part. He was decidedly of opinion that the petition should *not* be set aside by the "order of the day," but that it should be transmitted to the minister of the interior for further consideration and inquiry. Some of the venerable prelate's remarks produced so great an effect on his auditors as to merit particular mention. He said he had the very best reasons for believing that the victims of hasty interments were more numerous than people supposed. He considered the regulations on this head prescribed by the law as very judicious, but unfortunately they were not always executed as they should be, nor was sufficient importance attached to them. In the village where he was stationed as assistant curate in the first period of his sacerdotal life, he saved two persons from being buried alive. The first was an aged man, who lived twelve hours after the hour fixed for his interment by the municipal officer. The second was a man who was quite restored to life. In both these instances a trance more prolonged than usual was taken for actual death.

The next case in his experience occurred at Bordeaux. A young lady, who bore one of the most distinguished names in the department, had passed through what was

believed to be her last agony, and as, apparently, all was over, the father and mother were torn away from the heart-rending spectacle. At that moment, as God willed it, the cardinal happened to pass the door of the house, when it occurred to him to call and inquire how the young lady was going on. When he entered the room, the nurse, finding the body breathless, was in the act of covering the face, and indeed there was every appearance that life had departed. Somehow or other, it did not seem so certain to him as to the bystanders. He resolved to try. He raised his voice, called loudly upon the young lady not to give up all hope, said that he was come to cure her, and that he was about to pray by her side. "You do not see me," he said, "but you hear what I am saying." Those singular presentiments were not unfounded. The words of hope reached her ear and effected a marvellous change, or rather called back the life that was departing. The young girl survived, and in 1866 was a wife, the mother of children, and the chief happiness of two most respectable families.

The last instance related by the archbishop is so interesting, and made such a sensation, that it deserves to be given in his own words.

"In the summer of 1826, on a close and sultry day, in a church that was excessively crowded, a young priest who was in the act of preaching was suddenly seized with giddiness in the pulpit. The words he was uttering became indistinct; he soon lost the power of speech, and sank down upon the floor. He was taken out of the church, and carried home. Everybody thought that all was over. Some hours afterwards, the funeral bell was tolled, and the usual preparations were made for the interment. His eyesight was gone; but if, like the young lady I mentioned, he could see nothing, he could nevertheless hear; and I need not say that what reached his ears was not calculated to reassure him. The doctor came, examined him and pronounced him dead; and after the usual inquiries as to his age, the place of his birth, &c., gave permission for his interment next morning. The venerable bishop, in whose cathedral the young priest was preaching when he was seized with the fit, came to his bedside to recite the *De Profundis*. The body was measured for the coffin. Night came on, and you will easily feel how inexpressible was the anguish of the living being in such a situation. At last, amid the voices murmuring around him, he distinguished that of one whom he had known from infancy. That voice produced a marvellous effect, and excited him to make a superhuman effort. Of what followed I need say no more than that the seemingly dead man stood next day in the pulpit, from which he had been taken for dead. That young

priest, gentlemen, is the same man who is now speaking before you, and who more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones, in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

A remarkable pamphlet, *Lettre sur La Mort Apparente, Les Conséquences Réelles des Inhumations Précipitées, et Le Temps Pendant lequel peut persister L'Aptitude à être Rappelé à la Vie,** by the late regretted Dr. Charles Londe, records accidents which are more likely than the preceding to occur in England. Even were the bathing season not at hand, deaths by drowning are always to be apprehended. We therefore cite the following:

On the 13th of July, 1829, about two o'clock in the afternoon, near the Pont des Arts, Paris, a body, which appeared lifeless, was taken out of the river. It was that of a young man, twenty years of age, dark-complexioned, and strongly built. The corpse was discolored and cold; the face and lips were swollen and tinged with blue; a thick and yellowish froth exuded from the mouth; the eyes were open, fixed, and motionless; the limbs limp and drooping. *No pulsation of the heart nor trace of respiration was perceptible.* The body had remained under water for a considerable time; the search after it, made in Dr. Bourgeois's presence, lasted fully twenty minutes. That gentleman did not hesitate to incur the derision of the lookers-on by proceeding to attempt the resurrection of what, in their eyes, was a mere lump of clay. Nevertheless, several hours afterwards, the supposed corpse was restored to life, thanks to the obstinate perseverance of the doctor, who, although strong and enjoying robust health, was several times on the point of losing courage, and abandoning the patient in despair.

But what would have happened if Dr. Bourgeois, instead of persistently remaining stooping over the inanimate body, with watchful eye and *attentive ear*, to catch the first rustling of the heart, had left the drowned man, after half-an-hour's fruitless endeavor, as often happens? The unfortunate young man would have been laid in the grave, *although capable of restoration to life!* To this case, Dr. Bourgeois, in the Archives de Médecine, adds others, in which individuals who had remained under water as long as six hours were recalled to life by efforts which a weaker conviction than his own would have refrained from making. These facts lead Dr. Londe to the conclusion that, *every day drowned individuals*

are buried who with greater perseverance might be restored to life.

Nor is suffocation by foul air and mephitical gas, a rare form of death in the United Kingdom. It is possible that suspended animation may now and then have been mistaken for the absolute extinction of life. Dr. Londe gives an instructive case to the purpose. At the extremity of a large grocer's shop, a close narrow corner, or rather hole, was the sleeping place of the shopman who managed the night sale till the shop was closed, and who opened the shutters at four in the morning. On the 16th of January, 1825, there were loud knocks at the grocer's door. As nobody stirred to open it, the grocer rose himself, grumbling at the shopman's laziness, and proceeding to his sleeping-hole to scold him, he found him motionless in bed, completely deprived of consciousness. Terror-struck by the idea of sudden death, he immediately sent in search of a doctor, who suspected a case of asphyxia by mephitism. His suspicions were confirmed by the sight of a night-lamp, which had gone out although well supplied with oil and wick; and by a portable stove containing the remains of charcoal partly reduced to ashes. In spite of a severe frost, he immediately had the patient taken into the open air, and kept on a chair in a position as nearly vertical as possible. The limbs of the sufferer hung loose and drooping, the pupils motionless, with no trace either of breathing or pulsation of the heart or arteries; in short, there were all the signs of death. The most approved modes of restoring animation were persisted in for a long while, without success. At last, about three in the afternoon, that is after *eleven hours'* continued exertion, a slight movement was heard in the region of the heart. A few hours afterwards, the patient opened his eyes, regained consciousness, and was able to converse with the spectators attracted by his resurrection. Dr. Londe draws the same conclusions as before; namely, that persons suffocated by mephitism, are not unfrequently buried, when they might be saved.

We have had cholera in Great Britain, and may have it again. At such trying times, if ever, hurried interments are not merely excusable, but almost unavoidable. Nevertheless, one of the peculiarities of that fearful disease is to bring on some of the symptoms of death, the prostration, the coldness, and the dull livid hues, long before life has taken its departure. Now, Dr. Londe states, as an acknowledged fact, that patients, pronounced dead of cholera, have been repeatedly seen to move one or more of their limbs after death. While M. Trachez (who had been sent to Poland to study the cholera) was opening a subject in the deadhouse of the Bagatelle Hospital

* Paris, chez J. B Baillièrre, Libraire de l'Académie Impériale de Médecine.

in Warsaw, he saw another body (that of a woman of fifty, who had died in two days, having her eyes still bright, her joints supple, but the whole surface extremely cold), which visibly moved its left foot ten or twelve times in the course of an hour. Afterwards, the right foot participated in the same movement but very feebly. M. Trachez sent for Mr. Searle, an English surgeon, to direct his attention to the phenomenon. Mr. Searle *had often remarked it*. The woman, nevertheless, was left in the dissecting-room, and thence taken to the cemetery. Several other medical men stated that they had made similar observations. From which M. Trachez draws the inference: "It is allowable to think that many cholera patients have been buried alive."

Dr. Veyrat, attached to the Bath Establishment, Aix, Savoy, was sent for to La Roche (Department of the Yonne), to visit a cholera patient, Thérèse X., who had lost all the members of her family by the same disease. He found her in a complete state of asphyxia. He opened a vein; not a drop of blood flowed. He applied leeches; they bit, and immediately loosed their hold. He covered the body with stimulant applications, and went to take a little rest, requesting to be called if the patient manifested any signs of life. The night and next day passed without any change. While making preparations for the burial, they noticed a little blood oozing out of the leech-bites. Dr. Veyrat, informed of the circumstance, entered the chamber, just as the nurse was about to wrap the corpse in its winding-sheet. Suddenly a rattling noise issued from Thérèse's chest. She opened her eyes, and in a hollow voice said to the nurse: "What are you doing here? I am not dead. Get away with you." She recovered, and felt no other inconvenience than a deafness, which lasted about two months.

Exposure to cold may also induce a suspension of vitality, liable to be mistaken for actual death. This year, the French senate has again received several petitions relative to premature interments. The question is serious in a country where custom (to say nothing of law) rules that burials shall take place within eight-and-forty, seventy-two, or at most ninety-six hours after death. And, considering the length of time that trances, catalepsies, lethargies, and cases of suspended animation have been known occasionally to continue, it is scarcely in England less interesting to us, though public feeling, which is only an expression of natural affection, approves, and indeed almost compels, a longer delay. The attention of the French government being once more directed to the subject, there is little doubt that all reasonable grounds for fear will be removed.

The petitioners have requested, as a pre-

caution, that all burials, for the future, should, in the first instance, be only provisional. Before filling a grave, a communication is to be made between the coffin and the upper atmosphere, by means of a respiratory tube; and the grave is not to be finally closed until all hope of life is abandoned. These precautions, it will be seen at once, however good in theory, are scarcely practicable. Others have demanded the general establishment of mortuary chambers, or dead-houses, like those in Germany. And not only the petitioners, but several senators, seem to consider that measure the full solution of the problem. Article 77 of the Civil Code prescribes a delay of twenty-four hours only; which appears to them to be insufficient. Science, they urge, admits the certainty that death has taken place, only after putrefactive decomposition has set in. Now, a much longer time than twenty-four hours may elapse before that decomposition manifests itself. Deposit, therefore, your dead in a mortuary chapel until you are perfectly sure, from the evidence of your senses, that life is utterly and hopelessly extinct.

In Germany, coffins, with the corpses laid out in them, are placed in a building where a keeper watches day and night. During the forty years that this system has been in force, not a single case of apparent death has been proved to occur. This negative result cannot be cited as conclusive, either for or against the system. In a country where a million of people annually die, an experiment embracing only forty-six thousand corpses, is too partial to be relied on as evidence. Moreover, mortuary chambers exist only in a few great centres of population; and it is especially in small towns and country districts, where medical men are too busy to inspect the dead, that premature interments are to be apprehended.

Out of Germany, as in England and France, there might be a great difficulty in getting the population to accept and make use of mortuary chambers. And even if favorably looked upon in large cities, the rich, as in Germany, would refuse to expose their dead there to the public gaze. In the country and in isolated villages the plan would be impossible to carry out. M. Henri de Parville, while announcing the existence of an infallible test for distinguishing apparent from real death, protests that to wait until a body falls into decomposition, is just as opposed to French habits, to hygiene, and to the public health, as mortuary chambers are unacceptable by the public in general. He holds that the legislature has already adopted the wiser and more practical measure. The permission to inter a corpse cannot be granted until the civil officer has gone to see the body of the deceased. When the Article 77 of the Civil

Code was under discussion by the Council of State, Fourcroy added: "It shall be specified that the civil officer be assisted by an officer de santé—a medical man of inferior rank to a doctor of medicine—because there are cases in which it is difficult to make certain that death has actually occurred, without a thorough knowledge of its symptoms, and because there are tolerably numerous examples to prove that people have been buried alive." In Paris, especially since Baron Haussmann's administration, Article 77 has been strictly fulfilled; but the same exactitude cannot be expected in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the country, where a doctor cannot always be found, at a minute's warning, to declare whether death be real or apparent only. It is clear that the legislature has hit upon the sole indisputable practical solution; the difficulty lies in its rigorous and efficient application.

It has been judiciously remarked that it would be a good plan to spread the knowledge of the sure and certain characteristics which enable us to distinguish every form of lethargy from real death. It cannot be denied that, at the present epoch, the utmost pains are taken to popularise every kind of knowledge. Nevertheless, it makes slow way through the jungles of prejudice and vulgar error. Not long ago, it was over and over again asserted that an infallible mode of ascertaining whether a person were dead or not, was to inflict a burn on the sole of the foot. If a blister full of water resulted, the individual was not dead; if the contrary happened, there was no further hope. This error was unhesitatingly accepted as an item of the popular creed.

The Council of Hygiene, applied to by the government, indicated putrefaction and cadaverous rigidity as infallible signs of actual death. In respect to the first, putrefaction, a professional man is not likely to make a mistake; but nothing is more possible than for non-professionals to confound hospital rotteness, gangrene, with true post-mortem putrefaction. M. de Parville declines to admit it as a test adapted for popular application. Moreover, in winter, the time required for putrefaction to manifest itself is extremely uncertain.

Although the French Government is anxious to enforce throughout the whole Empire, the rules carried out in Paris, it is to be feared that great difficulties lie in the way. The verification of deaths on so enormous a scale, with strict minuteness, is almost impracticable. But even if it were not, many timid persons would say: "Who is to assure us of the correctness of the doctors' observations? Unfortunately, too many terrible examples of their fallibility are on record. The professional man is pressed for time. He pays a passing visit, gives a hurried glance; and a fatal mistake

is so easily made!" Public opinion will not be reassured until you can show, every time a death occurs, an irrefutable demonstration that life has departed.

M. de Parville now announces the possibility of this great desideratum. He professes to place in any one's hands, a self-acting apparatus, which would declare, not only whether the death be real, but *would leave in the hands of the experimenter a written proof of the reality of the death.* The scheme is this: It is well known that atrophine—the active principle of belladonna—possesses the property of considerably dilating the pupil of the eye. Oculists constantly make use of it, when they want to perform an operation, or to examine the interior of the eye. Now, M. le Docteur Bouchut has shown that atrophine has no action on the pupil when death is real. In a state of lethargy, the pupil, under the influence of a few drops of atrophine, dilates in the course of a few minutes; the dilatation also takes place a few instants after death; but it ceases absolutely in a quarter of an hour, or half an hour at the very longest; consequently, enlargement of the pupil is a certain sign that death is only apparent.

This premised, imagine a little camera-obscura, scarcely so big as an opera-glass, containing a slip of photographic paper, which is kept unrolling for five-and-twenty or thirty minutes by means of clockwork. This apparatus, placed a short distance in front of the dead person's eye, will depict on the paper the pupil of the eye, which will have been previously moistened with a few drops of atrophine. It is evident that, as the paper slides before the eye of the corpse, if the pupil dilate, its photographic image will be dilated; if, on the contrary, it remains unchanged, the image will retain its original size. An inspection of the paper then enables the experimenter to read upon it whether the death is real or apparent only. This sort of declaration can be handed to the civil officer, who will give a permit to bury, in return.

By this simple method a hasty or careless certificate of death becomes impossible. The instrument applies the test, and counts the minutes. The doctor and the civil officer are relieved from further responsibility. The paper gives evidence that the verification has actually and carefully been made; for, suppose that half an hour is required to produce a test that can be relied on, the length of the strip of paper unrolled, marks the time during which the experiment has been continued. An apparatus of the kind might be placed in the hands of the minister or one of the notables of every parish. Such a system would silence the apprehensions of the most timid. Fears—natural enough—would disappear, and the world would be shocked by no fresh cases of premature burial.



Dinelli

Young Folks.



HOW TO READ.

Liston tells a story of a nice old lady—I think the foster-sister of the godmother of his brother-in-law's aunt—who came to make them a visit in the country. The first day after she arrived proved to be much such a day as this is,—much such a day as the first of a visit in the country is apt to be,—a heavy pelting northeaster, when it is impossible to go out, and every one is thrown on his own resources in-doors. The different ladies under Mrs. Liston's hospitable roof gathered themselves to their various occupations, and some one asked old Mrs. Dubbadoe if she would not like to read.

She said she would.

"What shall I bring you from the library?" said Miss Ellen. "Do not trouble yourself to go up stairs."

"My dear Ellen, I should like the same book I had last year when I was here. It was a very nice book, and I was very much interested in it."

"Certainly," said Miss Ellen; "what was it? I will bring it at once."

"I do not remember its name, my dear; your mother brought it to me; I think she would know."

But, unfortunately, Mrs. Liston, when applied to, had forgotten.

"Was it a novel, Mrs. Dubbadoe?"

"I can't remember that,—my memory is not as good as it was, my dear,—but it was a very interesting book."

"Do you remember whether it had plates? Was it one of the books of birds, or of natural history?"

"No, dear, I can't tell you about that. But, Ellen, you will find it, I know. The color of the cover was the color of the top of the baluster!"

So Ellen went. She had a good eye for color, and as she ran up stairs she took the shade of the baluster in her eye, matched it perfectly as she ran along the books in the library with the Russia half-binding of the coveted volume, and brought that in triumph to Mrs. Dubbadoe. It proved to be the right book. Mrs. Dubbadoe found in it the piece of corn-colored worsted she had left for a mark the year before, so she was able to go on where she had stopped then.

Liston tells this story to trump one of mine about a schoolmate of ours, who was

explaining to me about his theological studies. I asked him what he had been reading.

"O, a capital book; King lent it to me; I will ask him to lend it to you."

I said I would ask King for the book, if he would tell me who was the author.

"I do not remember his name. I had not known his name before. But that made no difference. It is a capital book. King told me I should find it so, and I did; I made a real study of it; copied a good deal from it before I returned it."

I asked whether it was a book of natural theology.

"I don't know as you would call it natural theology. Perhaps it was. You had better see it yourself. Tell King it was the book he lent me."

I was a little persistent, and asked if it were a book of biography.

"Well, I do not know as I should say it was a book of biography. Perhaps you would say so. I do not remember that there was much biography in it. But it was an excellent book. King had read it himself, and I found it all he said it was."

"I asked if it was critical,—if it explained Scripture."

"Perhaps it did. I should not like to say whether it did or not. You can find that out yourself if you read it. But it is a very interesting book and a very valuable book. King said so, and I found it was so. You had better read it, and I know King can tell you what it is."

Now in these two stories is a very good illustration of the way in which a great many people read. The notion comes into people's lives that the mere process of reading is itself virtuous. Because young men who read instead of gamble are known to be "steadier" than the gamblers, and because children who read on Sunday make less noise and general row than those who will play tag in the neighbors' front-yards, there has grown up this notion, that to read is in itself one of the virtuous acts. Some people if they told the truth, when counting up the seven virtues, would count them as Purity, Temperance, Meekness, Frugality, Honesty, Courage, and Reading. The consequence is that there are unnumbered people who read as Mrs. Dubbadoe did, or as *Lysimachus* did, without the slightest knowledge of what the books have contained.

My dear Dollie, Pollie, Sallie, Marthie, or any other of my young friends whose names end in *ie*, who have favored me by reading thus far, the chances are three out of four that I could take the last novel but three that you read, change the scene from England to France, change the time from now to the seventeenth century, make the men swear by St. Denis, instead, of talking modern slang, name the women Jacqueline and Marguerite, instead of Maud and Blanche, and, if Harpers would print it, as I dare say they would if the novel was good, you would read it through without one suspicion that you had read the same book before.

So you see that it is not certain that you know how to read, even if you took the highest prize for reading in the Amplian class of Ingham University at the last exhibition. You may pronounce all the words well, and have all the rising inflections right, and none of the falling ones wrong, and yet not know how to read so that your reading shall be of any permanent use to you.

For what is the use of reading if you forget it all the next day?

"But, my dear Mr. Hale," says as good a girl as Laura, "how am I going to help myself? What I remember I remember, and what I do not remember I do not. I should be very glad to remember all the books I have read, and all that is in them; but if I can't, I can't and there is the end of it."

No! my dear Laura, that is not the end of it. And that is the reason this paper is written. A child of God can, before the end comes, do anything she chooses to, with such help as he is willing to give her, and he has been kind enough so to make and so to train you that you can train your memory to remember and to recall the useful or the pleasant things you meet in your reading. Do you know, Laura, that I have here a note you wrote when you were eight years old? It is as badly written as any note I ever saw. There are also twenty words in it spelled wrong. Suppose you had said then, "If I can't, I can't, and there's an end of it." You never would have written me in the lady-like, manly handwriting you write in to-day, spelling rightly as a matter of mere feeling and of course, so that you are annoyed now that I should say that every word is spelled correctly. Will you think, dear Laura, what a tremendous strain on memory is involved in all this? Will you remember that you and Miss Sears and Miss Winstanley, and your mother, most of all, have trained your memory till it can work these marvels? All you have to do now in your reading is to carry such training forward, and you can bring about such a power of classification and of retention that you shall be mistress

of the books you have read for most substantial purposes. To read with such results is reading indeed. And when I say I want to give some hints how to read, it is for reading with that view.

When Harry and Lucy were on their journey to the sea-side, they fell to discussing whether they had rather have the gift of remembering all they read, or of once knowing everything, and then taking their chances for recollecting it when they wanted it. Lucy, who had a quick memory, was willing to take her chance. But Harry, who was more methodical, hated to lose anything he had once learned, and he thought he had rather have the good fairy give him the gift of recollecting all he had once learned. For my part I quite agree with Harry. There are a great many things that I have no desire to know. I do not want to know in what words the King of Ashantee says, "Cut off the heads of those women." I do not want to know whether a centipede really has ninety-six legs or one hundred and four. I never did know. I never shall. I have no occasion to know. And I am glad not to have my mind lumbered up with the unnecessary information. On the other hand, that which I have once learned or read does in some way or other belong to my personal life. I am very glad if I can reproduce that in any way, and I am much obliged to anybody who will help me.

For reading, then, the first rules, I think, are: Do not read too much at a time; stop when you are tired; and, in whatever way, make some review of what you read, even as you go along.

Capel Loftt says, in quite an interesting book, which plays about the surface of things without going very deep, which he calls *Self-Formation*,* that his whole life was changed, and indeed saved, when he learned that he must turn back, at the end of each sentence, ask himself what it meant, if he believed it or disbelieved it, and, so to speak, that he must pack it away as part of his mental furniture before he took in another sentence. That is just as a dentist jams one little bit of gold-foil home and then another, and then another. He does not put one wad on the hollow tooth, and then crowd it all in. Capel Loftt says that this *reflection*—going forward as a serpent does, by a series of backward bends over the line—will make a dull book entertaining, and will make the reader master of every book he reads, through all time. For my part, I think this is cutting it rather fine, this chopping the book up into separate bits. I had rather read as one of my wisest counsellors did; he read, say a page, or a paragraph of a page or two, more or less; then he would look across at

* *Self-Formation*. Crosby and Nichols. Boston. 1845.

the wall, and consider the author's statement, and fix it on his mind, and then read on. I do not do this, however. I read half an hour or an hour, till I am ready, perhaps, to put the book by. Then I examine myself. What has this amounted to? What does he say? What does he prove? Does he prove it? What is there new in it? Where did he get it! If it is necessary in such an examination, you can go back over the passage, correct your first impression, if it is wrong, find out the meaning that the writer has carelessly concealed, and such a process makes it certain that you yourself will remember his thought or his statement.

I can remember, I think, everything I saw in Europe, which was worth seeing, if I saw it twice. But there was many a wonder which I was taken to see in the whirl of sight-seeing, of which I have no memory, and of which I cannot force any recollection. I remember that at Malines — what we call Mechlin — our train stopped nearly an hour. At the station a crowd of guides were shouting that there was time to go and see Rubens's picture of —, at the church of —. This seemed to us a droll contrast to the cry at our stations, "Fifteen minutes for refreshments!" It offered such æsthetic refreshment in place of carnal oysters, that purely for the frolic we went to see. We were hurried across some sort of square into the church, saw the picture, admired it, came away, and forgot it, — clear and clean forgot it! My dear Laura, I do not know what it was about any more than you do. But if I had gone to that church the next day, and had seen it again, I should have fixed it forever on my memory. Moral: Renew your acquaintance with whatever you want to remember. I think Ingham says somewhere that it is the slight difference between the two stereoscopic pictures which gives to them, when one overlies the other, their relief and distinctness. If he does not say it, I will say it for him now.

I think it makes no difference how you make this mental review of the author, but I do think it essential that, as you pass from one division of his work to another, you should make it somehow.

Another good rule for memory is indispensable, I think, — namely, to read with a pencil in hand. If the book is your own, you had better make what I may call your own index to it on the hard white page which lines the cover at the end. That is, you can write down there just a hint of the things you will be apt to like to see again, noting the page on which they are. If the book is not your own, do this on a little slip of paper, which you may keep separately. These memoranda will be, of course, of all sorts of things. Thus they will be

facts which you want to know, or funny stories which you think will amuse someone, or opinions which you may have a doubt about. Suppose you had got hold of that very rare book, "Veragas's History of the Pacific Ocean and its Shores"; here might be your private index at the end of the first volume:—

Percentage of salt in water, 11: Gov. Revillagigedo, 19: Caciques and potatoes, 23; Lime water for scurvy, 29. Errata, Kanaka, *aner ana?* 42: Magelhaens vs. Wilkes, 57: Coral insects, 72: Gigantic ferns, 84:, &c., &c., &c.,

Very likely you may never need one of these references; but if you do, it is certain that you will have no time to waste in hunting for them. Make your memorandum, and you are sure.

Bear in mind all along that each book will suggest other books which you are to read sooner or later. In your memoranda note with care the authors who are referred to of whom you know little or nothing, if you think you should like to know more. Do not neglect this last condition, however. You do not make the memorandum to show it at the Philo-gablian; you make it for yourself; and it means that you yourself need this additional information.

Whether to copy much from books or not? that is a question,—and the answer is,—“That depends.” If you have but few books, and much time and paper and ink; and if you are likely to have fewer books, why, nothing is nicer and better than to make for use in later life good extract-books to your own taste, and for your own purposes. But if you own your books, or are likely to have them at command, time is short, and the time spent in copying would probably be better spent in reading. There are some very diffusive books, difficult because diffusive, of which it is well to write close digests, if you are really studying them. When we read John Locke, for instance, we had to make abstracts, and we used to stint ourselves to a line for one of his chatty sections. That was good practice for writing, and we remember what was in the sections to this hour. If you copy, make a first rate index to your extracts. They sell books prepared for the purpose, but you may just as well make your own.

You see I am not contemplating any very rapid or slap-dash work. You may put that on your novels, or books of amusement if you choose, and I will not be very cross about it; but for the books of improvement, I want you to improve by reading them. Do not “gobble” them up so that five years hence you shall not know whether you have read them or not. What I advise seems slow to you, but if you will, any of you, make or find two hours a day to read in this fashion, you will be one day accom-

plished men or women. Very few professional men, known to me, get so much time as that for careful and systematic reading. If any boy or girl wants really to know what comes of such reading, I wish he would read the life of my friend George Livermore, which our friend Charles Deane has just now written for the Historical Society of Massachusetts. There was a young man, who, when he was a boy in a store, began his systematic reading. He never left active and laborious business; but when he died, he was one of the accomplished historical scholars of America. He had no superior in his special lines of study; he was a recognized authority and leader among men who had given their lives to scholarship.

I have not room to copy it here, but I wish any of you would turn to a letter of Frederick Robertson's, near the end of the second volume of his letters, where he speaks of this very matter. He says he read, when he was at Oxford, but sixteen books with his tutors. But he read them so that they became a part of himself, "as the iron enters a man's blood." And they were books by sixteen of the men who have been leaders of the world. No bad thing, dear Stephen, to have in your blood and brain and bone, the vitalizing element that was in the lives of such men.

I need not ask you to look forward so far as to the end of a life as long as Mr. George Livermore's and as successful. Without asking that, I will say that any person who will take any special subject of detail, and in a well-provided library will work steadily on that little subject for a fortnight, will at the end of the fortnight probably know more of that detail than anybody in the country knows. If you will study by subjects for the truth, you have the satisfaction of knowing that the ground is soon very nearly all your own.

I do not pretend that books are everything. I may have occasion some day to teach some of you "How to Observe," and then I shall say some very hard things about people who keep their books so close before their eyes that they cannot see God's world, nor their fellow-men and women. But books rightly used are society. Good books are the best society; better than is possible without them, in any one place, or in any one time. To know how to use them wisely and well, is to know how to make Shakspeare and Milton and Theodore Hook and Thomas Hood step out from the side of your room, at your will, sit down at your fire, and talk with you for an hour. I have no such society at hand, as I write these words, except by such magic. Have you in your log-cabin in No. 7?—*Edward E. Hale, in Our Young Folks.*

W H Y ?

BY L. G. W.

"Tell me, little vine-berries,
If I may be so bold,
Why are you reddest and rarest
'Neath the tree that is bent and old?
And you, little downy spring blossoms,
And fair ferns graceful and green,—
Why do you cluster the sweetest
His gnarled old roots between?
And mosses, O shining mosses,
With your caps of scarlet and gold!
Why do you stay with his lichens,
So withered and grey and old?"—
They only clung closer and looked very wise
Out of their dewy-sweet woodland eyes.

But I came away home to the children,—
Elise and Winnie and Ned,—
And there was Grandfather, surely,
With his dear and wise grey head,
With his face all laughing wrinkles,
And his voice one shout of glee;
For high on his back rode Elise,
And the others were climbing his knee,
Pictures and toys all forgotten,
And mother quite out of mind too.
I stood and smiled at the frolic
And the wood-flowers' answer knew,—
Green leaves and blossoms with dew-drops pearly,—
"Grandfather's grandfather, all through the world"

ANSWER TO PROBLEM.

Solution of the problem that appeared
in the May number:—

Agent sold goods for cash.....	\$102.97	
" received " 	\$57.54	
" bought " 	59.91	
	\$117.45	
" returned " 	31.37	86.08
		<u>\$16.89</u>
	Profit on goods.....	\$16.89
Agent received cash.....		\$32.17
" " goods 	\$57.54	
" returned " 	31.37	26.17
		<u>16.89</u>
	Add profit on goods sold	\$75.23
	Allow Agent's salary.....	25.00
	Agent owes.....	<u>\$50.23</u>
	OR,	
Agent received cash		\$32.17
" sold for " 		102.97
		<u>\$135.14</u>
" bought goods.....	\$59.91	
" salary.....	25.00	
		<u>84.91</u>
	Agent owes.....	<u>\$50.23</u>

LITTLE SONGS.



On Monday
I wash my
dollies'
clothes,

On Friday
I play
they're
taken ill,



On Tuesday
smoothly
press 'em;



On Saturday,
something
or other;



On Wednesday
mend their
little hose,



On Thursday
neatly
dress 'em.



But when Sunday comes, I say "Lie still,
I'm going to Church with mother."

THE HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

"Tu whit, tu whit, tu whoo! An owl out in broad daylight, as sure as you live!" cried Dick Perkins.

Poor little Mittie Williamson shrank back; how could she pass that group of teasing boys!

"Ah, ha? The sun blinds her eyes," cried another of the boys; "she can't see which way to steer. Allow me to present you with some spectacles," he added, advancing with a pair of green goggles.

"Flat noses are handsome," cried another, but not at present in fashion; these slate-pencils, now, might assist you in improving its shape."

"Just wait a moment, madam, while I get a yard-stick to measure your mouth," added another.

"Or give me a lock of your most dazzling hair," said still another, "to light my cigar with. I've just used my last match."

But little Mittie was out of hearing now, having taken to her heels as soon as she had fairly passed the unmannerly boys.

"Oh, what a dreadful looking child I must be!" she kept saying to herself as she raced along. "An owl—O dear! Blind eyes—O dear! Flat nose, and a mouth a yard long—and then *my hair!* O dear, dear, dear!"

"Hey day! and what's the matter now?" cried cheery brother John, as Mittie's doleful face appeared in his room a few minutes after. "Something terrible has happened, I know. Tell me quick! Is the house on fire? Or have you broken your arm? Or is father threatened with tic-douloureux? Out with it, my dear!"

But Mittie didn't laugh, as John intended she should; she only took a low stool, and seating herself by his couch (he was a cripple), turned her face solemnly towards him and said, "There John, look at me, and tell me what I look like."

"Well, Mittie," said John, after a careful survey, "I really can't think at this moment. Something mournful; a widow at the grave of her third husband, perhaps, or 'Sorrowing Beauty,' or—"

"Now, John," interrupted poor Mittie, "you are only laughing; tell me, *truly*, do I look like an owl?"

"Well, 'truly,' Mittie," said John, very kindly, "I don't think you do. But tell me all about it, that's a dear," he added, drawing her closer. "You know I'm your confidante now Bessie Briggs has gone away."

So into the ear of good, kind brother John, Mittie poured all her woes.

"Now, Mittie," said John, when she had finished, "we'll look this matter over calmly. We are certainly not a handsome family. Look at me: see my crooked nose, and my freckles, and my red hair. I am not handsome, am I?"

"Well, perhaps you aren't," said Mittie slowly, after a long look, "but you are the best brother I have in the world if you aren't."

Which he certainly was, for she had no other.

"And you like me just as well!"

"O John," cried Mittie, with her arms around his neck, "*like* you!"

"The only one of our family," continued John meditatively—he was used to Mittie's caresses—"that could lay any claim to beauty was our dear mother, Mittie. Perhaps others might not have thought her beautiful, but I did; and you have her smile, large, so be comforted. But even she had a large mouth. Ah, I remember so well one day, when I was worrying about my looks just as you are to-day. She came and leaned over the sofa where I lay, and, smoothing my much-abused red hair, said: 'Well John, what is it?'"

"So I told her that I was such an ugly looking person that I wanted to choke myself."

"Well, John," said she kindly, "I know this seems like a great trial to you. I was troubled in the same way once myself."

"You," I cried. "Why, mother, you are a perfect beauty."

"She smiled an amused smile when I said that, but that was all, and then she went on:—"

"At one time, John, I went to a fashionable city church. I used to worry then about my looks, and about my dress; and as there were many ladies in church far more lovely and far more richly dressed than I, my Sabbaths were often spent in real misery. As I contrasted myself with them. One Sabbath, as I was about to enter the church, a poor little deformed girl pulled my dress."

"Can I go in there?" asked she.

"I looked at her a moment, before I answered. Such a fright as she was, John; her back so crooked, her face so sallow, her clothes so poor, that I hesitated; but there was such an eager look in her poor sunken eyes that my good spirit came to my aid, and I said: 'Yes dear, you can; come right along with me,' and I took her hand and led her into our pew. Such a look of delight came over her face as she gazed around the church, and took in one object of interest after another, that I was more than repaid for the slight sacrifice I had made."

"But the music seemed to be the chief charm; she sat and drank it in like so much elixir. I never should have known her face for the same one that looked up so piteously. They sang for the second hymn that one beginning,

'And must this body die,'

to a wondrously sweet tune. By that time I had forgotten to look at the child. A beautiful lady had just come in, and I was

watching and envying her, when, suddenly, I felt a vigorous pull at my dress again: 'O listen!' whispered the poor child, the tears rolling down her cheeks. The choir were singing these words:—

"Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face,
Look heavenly and divine."

"I looked at that poor little deformed girl in amazement. Could it be that she understood those words, and was so deeply touched, by the thought that her poor little 'vile body' should be 'arrayed in glorious grace,' or was it the sweet tune that so affected her? Whatever it was, she said no more, but sat perfectly quiet, apparently listening intently to the sermon, till the service was over. Then I said, for I must own I was curious, 'Did you like the hymn very much?'"

"Yes'm," said she, quietly.

"Will you tell me why?" I asked as kindly as I could.

"I shall look like her, up there," said she pointing to the lovely lady."

"In heaven do you mean?"

"Yes'm."

"Are you hoping to go there?" I asked wonderingly.

"She fixed her large eyes full on my face."

"The Lord Jesus died for just such crooked ones as me," said she. And before I could think what to say next she was gone. I had almost forgotten this circumstance, when over a year after, as I was walking out, I came upon a group collected on the sidewalk.

"What is it?" I asked of one of the people."

"A little hunchback run over and killed, would you like to see her ma'am?"

"I shrank back; but just at that moment, they raised the body upon a litter, to carry it away, and I saw it was the same little girl that went with me into the church a year before. And as I went on I found myself humming involuntarily—to the same sweet tune that the choir had sung a year before—the words;

'And every face and every shape,
Look heavenly and divine.'

And often and often afterwards, I thought of that poor little deformed child who had so early exchanged her crooked shape, and wan little face, for one heavenly and divine: and that sweet tune, and those beautiful words, were so much in my mind, that at last I came to take them as a sort of a watchword, so that when I found myself growing envious, and wishing for earthly beauty, they would almost always help me to think that if I could gain that heavenly

beauty, it would far excel anything on earth.

"That's the beauty *she* tried for, Mittie," continued John, "and now she is 'arrayed in glorious grace,' and I hope I've taken her watchword, and am trying by following in the footsteps of my master, to gain that same heavenly beauty. What if you should try with me, Mittie?"

"O John," said Mittie, "I'll try!" And so Mittie's ugly trial turned into a beautiful blessing.

AT GRANDMA'S BEDSIDE.

Is Grandma asleep? Never fear I shall wake her;
I'll sit by the bedside and speak very low,
And out of my lapful of buttercups make her
A bright little nosegay: 'twill gladden her so!

The days, since her sickness, are duller and longer,—

But then what a blessing, she suffers no pain!
Every night I ask God, "Please to let her grow stronger,
And be my dear wide-awake Grandma again!"

How queer it would seem if I slept through the day-time,

And never rose up when the birds had begun,
And cared not at all for this beautiful May-time,
Nor scented with blossoms and merry with sun!

Heigh-ho! I suppose as we all become older
We are wearier, feebler, more willing to die.
Nurse says it's the way of the world, and I told her
I hoped that the world's ways would mend by and by.

Nurse shook her head sadly; perhaps she was thinking
How I would be resting as Grandma rests there,
Nor know if the red sun were rising or sinking,
But darken my tired old eyes, and not care.

And perhaps nurse is right. Well, I think in those hours

Of slumber, that pleasanter dreams would appear,
If a child whom I loved brought a lapful of flowers,
And watched by my bedside as I'm watching here
—Our Young Folks.

THE BABY.

She is the blithest, brightest bird,
The sweetest, winsomest little fay,
That'er a loveless bosom stirred
To own affection's potent sway.

Her locks are sunshine softly curled
Above a brow they loved to kiss;
Her eyes, twin stars from other world,
Wandering in wonder over this.

Her cheeks are ruddy, sweet and fair,
Where dimples play at hide-and-peek;
Her lips bright stores of gladness, where
Rejoicing waves of laughter break.

For home she's one continued song—
A sunny dispellant of care;
A star, a joy where troubles throng;
To earth a heaven—to heaven a prayer.
—From "Xarifa."

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

Words by MISS HATTIE A. FOX.

Music by ARTHUR D. WALBRIDGE.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line in 6/8 time, starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked *Moderato*. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

*con sentimento.**rit.*

The piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The left hand plays a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked *con sentimento* and *rit.*

The vocal line for the first line of the song, consisting of a single staff with a treble clef. The melody is in 6/8 time and matches the piano accompaniment.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Tan-gled ring-lets, all smooth now,

And the blue eyes, dark and deep,
Looped back from the wax-en brow;

The piano accompaniment for the second line of the song. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The left hand plays a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

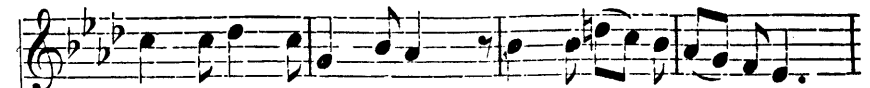
The vocal line for the second line of the song, consisting of a single staff with a treble clef. The melody is in 6/8 time and matches the piano accompaniment.



Let their snow - y cur - tains down, Edged with frin - ges gold - en brown.
Lit - tle hands, so dim - pled white, Clasped to - geth - er, cold to - night.



"All day long, the an - gels fair, I've been watching o - ver there;
Where the mos - sy, dai - sies sod, Brought sweet mes - sa - ges from God,



Heaven's not far, 'tis just in sight, Now they're call - ing me, good night;
Two pale lips, with kiss - es press'd, There we left her to her rest,



"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

Kiss me, moth - er, do not weep, Now I lay me down to sleep."
And the dew - s of ev - 'ning weep, Where we laid her down to sleep.

AIR

"O - ver there, just o - ver there, I shall say my morn - ing pray'r;
O - ver there, just o - ver there, List the an - gel's morn - ing pray'r;

ALTO.

TENOR.

"O - ver there, just o - ver there, I shall say my morn - ing pray'r;
O - ver there, just o - ver there, List the an - gel's morn - ing pray'r;

BASS.

Kiss me, moth - er, do not weep, Now I lay me down to sleep."
Lisp - ings low thro' fan - cy creep, Now I lay me down to sleep.

Kiss me, moth - er, do not weep, Now I lay me down to sleep."
Lisp - ings low thro' fan - cy creep, Now I lay me down to sleep.



SUMMER FASHIONS.

The Fashions.



SUMMER FASHIONS.

The great heat of the early part of June will have induced many families to make arrangements for spending the summer at the seaside; and even should the months of July and August prove cool, our cities are likely to be as empty and our watering-places as crowded as ever before. For the benefit of those who are making preparations for a trip down the river, we give this month several patterns for bathing-dresses. Blue, white or red flannel, of a heavy make, is the material most frequently used for this purpose; but old winter dresses, such as winceys, can be made over with the addition of a little braid, into very elegant suits, which have the advantages of being lighter and occupying much less space.

With regard to other toilettes, we may be thankful that the decrees of fashion are neither so extravagant nor so absolute here as elsewhere. Take the following from *Harper's Bazar* for an example:—

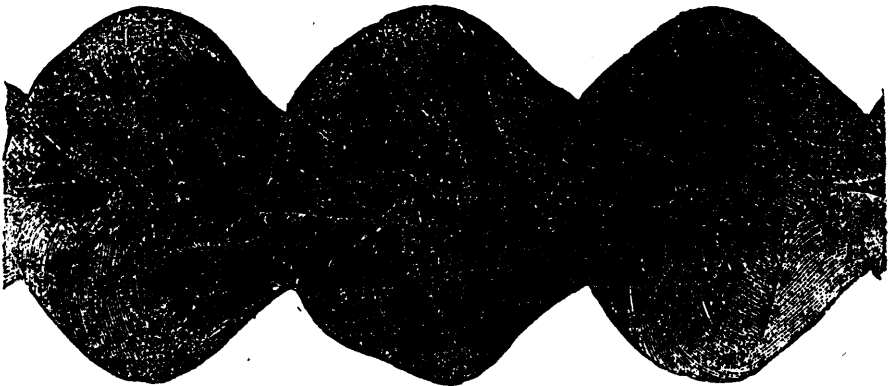
A black grenadine suit is considered necessary for a complete summer outfit. The lowest priced grenadine that we can commend our readers is the canvas grenadine, made of silk and wool in square meshes. It is serviceable and strong, is three-fourths of a yard wide, and costs from \$1.10 to \$1.60 a yard. Modistes require from twenty to twenty-five yards to make a fashionable suit, and, as it must be made over silk, it is a very expensive costume. It has been customary to make a separate gored under-skirt of black silk, and place over this a grenadine skirt of precisely the same shape; but with the long over-skirts and casaques now

worn, it is only necessary to put flounces of grenadine on a black silk skirt, always having them extend above the edge of the over-dress. Tight-fitting grenadine corsages and basques are lined throughout with thick, strong silk. This is cooler than the old plan of using grey linen lining and covering it with silk. It is entirely out of style to make grenadines with high blouse waists and low lining.

Modistes consider silk linings indispensable for grenadine. They use silks worth \$1.50 a yard, or the soft satin de Paris at the same price.

The sashes worn with grenadine suits are of black gros grain or Roman-colored ribbons. Roman sashes are of fine poult de soie ribbon, very soft, reversible, and wide enough to be used as a scarf. The widest sashes cost \$36. Very good widths are from \$10 to \$15.

\$60 to \$100 for a single summer dress is, fortunately, not a "necessary" expenditure here. Very pretty grenadine of various patterns can be had at from 12½ to 30 cents a yard. This, of course, will not last quite so long as the more expensive material; but the difference in wear is not nearly equal to that of cost. If the grenadine has a black ground, a silk skirt must be worn under it; but any old turned or dyed dress is good enough for this purpose. From 10 to 12 yards of grenadine is ample for a dress sufficiently trimmed not to be conspicuously plain, and that is all that any sensible woman desires. When every little girl, whose mother works for her living, has begun to think it necessary to have three frills on her Sunday frock, it is surely time for Christian women to consider the example they are setting in the matter of dress.



RIBBON QUILLING.

This trimming may be made of ribbon of any width, according to taste. It is formed by three pleats made at intervals, and the middle parts which separate them

are fastened together both at the upper and lower parts of the leaf.

Domestic Economy.

CO-OPERATING.

When mother first read that article in the *Atlantic* she had said, right off,—

"I'm sure I wish they would!"

"Would what, mother?" asked Barbara.

"Co-operate."

"O mother! I really do believe you must belong, somehow, to the Micawber family! I shouldn't wonder if one of these days, when they came into their luck, you should hear of something greatly to your advantage, from over the water. You have such faith in 'they!' I don't believe 'they' will ever do much for 'us!'"

"What is it dear?" asked Mrs. Hobart, rousing from a little arm-chair wink, during which Mrs. Holabird had taken up the magazine.

Mrs. Hobart had come in, with her cable wool and her great ivory knitting-pins, to sit an hour, sociably.

"Co-operative housekeeping, ma'am," said Barbara.

"O! Yes. That is what they used to have, in old times, when we lived at home with mother. Only they didn't write articles about it. All the women in a house co-operated—to keep it; and all the neighborhood co-operated—by living exactly in the same way. Nowadays, it's co-operative shirking; isn't it?"

One never could quite tell whether Mrs. Hobart was more simple or sharp.

That was all that was said about co-operative housekeeping at the time, But Ruth remembered the conversation. So did Barbara, for a while, as appeared in something she came out with a few days after.

"I could—almost—write a little poem!" she said, suddenly, over her work. "Only that would be doing just what the rest do. Everything turns into a poem, or an article, nowadays. I wish we'd lived in the times when people did the things!"

"O Barbara! Think of all that is done in the world!"

"I know. But the little private things. They want to turn everything into a movement. Miss Trixie says they won't have any eggs from their fowls next winter; all their chickens are roosters, and all they'll do will be to sit in a row on the fence and crow! I thing the world is running pretty much to roosters."

"Is that the poem?"

"I don't know. It might come in. All I've got is the end of it. It came into my head hind side before. If it could only have a beginning and a middle put in, it might do. It's just the wind-up, where

they have to give an account, you know, and that they'll have to show for it, and the thing that really amounts, after all."

"Well, tell us."

"It's only five lines, and one rhyme. But it might be written up to. They could say all sorts of things,—one and another:—

I wrote some little books;

I said some little says;

I preached a little preach;

I lit a little blaze;

I made things pleasant in one little place."

There was a shout at Barbara's "poem." "I thought I might as well relieve my mind," she said, meekly. "I knew it was all there would ever be of it."

But Barbara's rhyme stayed in our heads, and got quoted in the family. She illustrated on a small scale what the "poems and articles" may sometimes do in the great world.

We remembered it that day when Ruth said, "Let's co-operate."

We talked it over,—what we could do without a girl. We had talked it over before. We had to try it, more or less, during interregnums. But in our little house in Z—, with the dark kitchen, and with Barbara and Ruth going to school, and the washing-days, when we had to hire, it always cost more than it came to, besides making what Barb called a "heave-offering of life."

"They used to have houses built accordingly," Rosamond said, speaking of the "old times." "Grandmother's kitchen was the biggest and pleasantest room in the house."

"Could n't we *make* the kitchen the pleasantest room?" suggested Ruth. "Wouldn't it be sure to be, if it was the room we all stayed in mornings, and where we had our morning work? Whatever room we do that in always is, you know. The look grows."

"I can think how it might be jolly-nificent!" cried Barbara, relapsing into her dislocation.

"*You* like kitchens," said Rosamond, in a tone of quiet ill-usage.

"Yes I do," said Barbara. "And you like parlors, and prettinesses, and feather dusters, and little general touchings-up, that I can't have patience with. You shall take the high art, and I'll have the low realities. That's the co-operation. Families are put up assorted, and the home character comes of it."

"If it only weren't for that cellar-kitchen," said Mrs. Holabird.

"Mother," said Ruth, "what if we were to take this?"

We were in the dining-room.

"This nice room!"

"It's to be a ladies' kitchen, you know."

Everybody glanced around. It was nice, ever so nice. The dark-stained floor, showing clean, undefaced margins,—the new, pretty drugget,—the freshly clad, broad old sofas—the high wainscoted walls, painted in oak and walnut colors, and varnished brightly,—the ceiling faintly tinted with buff,—the buff holland shades to the windows,—the dresser-closet built out into the room on one side, with its glass upper-halves to the doors, showing our prettiest china and a gleam of silver and glass,—the two or three pretty engravings in the few spaces for them,—O, it was a great deal too nice to take for a kitchen.

But Ruth began again.

"You know, mother, before Katty came, how nice everything was down stairs. We cooked nearly a fortnight, and washed dishes, and everything; and we only had the floor scrubbed once, and there never was a slop on the stove, or a teaspoonful of anything spilt. It would be so different from a girl! It seems as if we *might* bring the kitchen up stairs, instead of going down into the kitchen."

"But the stove," said mother.

"I think," said Barbara, boldly, "that a cooking-stove, all polished up, is just as handsome a thing as there is in a house!"

"It is clumsy, one must own," said Mrs. Holabird, "besides being suggestive."

"So is a piano," said the determined Barbara.

"I can *imagine* a cooking-stove," said Rosamond, slowly.

"Well, do! That's just where your gift will come in!"

"A pretty copper tea-kettle, and a shiny tin boiler, made to order,—like an urn, or something,—with a copper faucet, and nothing else ever about, except it were that minute wanted; and all the tins and irons begun with new again, and kept clean; and little cocoanut dippers with German silver rims; and things generally contrived as they are for other kinds of rooms that ladies use; it *might* be like that little picknicking dower-house we read about in a novel, or like Marie Antoinette's Trianon."

"That's what it *would* come to, if it was part of our living, just as we come to have gold thimbles and lovely work-boxes. We should give each other Christmas and birthday presents of things; we should have as much pleasure and pride in it as in the china-closet. Why, the whole trouble is that the kitchen is the only place taste *hasn't* got into. Let's have an art-kitchen!"

"We might spend a little money in fitting up a few things freshly, if we are to save the waste and expense of a servant," said Mrs. Holabird.

The idea grew and developed.

"But when we have people to tea!" Rosamond said, suddenly demurring afresh.

"There's always the brown room, and the handing round," said Barbara, "for the people you can't be intimate with, and *think* how crowsy this will be with Aunt Trixie or Mrs. Hobart or the Gold-thwaites!"

"We shall just settle *down*," said Rose, gloomily.

"Well, I believe in finding our place. Every little brook runs till it does that. I don't want to stand on tiptoe all my life."

"We shall always gather to us what *belongs*. Every little crystal does that," said mother, taking up another simile.

"What will Aunt Roderick say," said Ruth.

"I shall keep her out of the kitchen, and tell her we couldnt manage with one girl any longer, and so we've taken three that all wanted to get a place together."

And Barbara actually did; and it was three weeks before Mrs. Roderick found out what it really meant.

We were in a hurry to have Katty go, and to begin, after we had made up our minds; and it was with the serenest composure that Mrs. Holabird received her remark that "her week would be up a-Tuesday, an' she hoped agin then we'd be shootid wid a girl."

"Yes, Katty; I am ready at any moment," was the reply; which caused the whites of Katty's eyes to appear for a second between the eyelids and the iris.

There had been only one applicant for the place, who had come while we had not quite irrevocably fixed our plans.

Mother swerved for a moment; she came in and told us what the girl said.

"She is not experienced; but she looks good-natured, and she is willing to come for a trial."

"They all do that," said Barbara, gravely. "I think—as Protestants—we've hired enough of them."

Mother laughed, and let the "trial" go. That was the end, I think, of our indecisions.

We got Mrs. Dunikin to come and scrub; we pulled out pots and pans, stove-polish and dish-towels, napkins and odd stockings missed from the wash; we cleared every corner, and had every box and bottle washed; then we left everything below spick and span, so that it almost tempted us to stay even there.

Ruth brought home a lovely little spice-box as the first donation to the art-kitchen. Father bought a copper tea-kettle, and the sheet-iron man made the tin boiler. There was a wide, high, open fireplace in the dining-room; we had wondered what we should do with it in the winter. It had a soapstone mantel, with fluted pilasters, and

a brown-stone hearth and jambs. Back a little, between these sloping jambs, we had a nice iron fireboard set, with an ornamental collar around the funnel-hole. The stove stood modestly sheltered, as it were, in its new position, its features softened to almost a sitting-room congruity.

There was a large, light closet at the back of the room, where was set a broad, deep iron sink, and a pump came up from the cistern.

There were shelves here, and cupboards. Here we ranged our tins and our saucepans,—the best and newest; Rosamond would have nothing to do with the old battered ones; over them we hung our spoons and our little strainers, our egg-beaters, spatulas, and quart measures,—these last polished to the brightness of silver tankards; in one corner stood the flourbarrel, and over it was the sieve; in the cupboards were our porcelain kettles,—we bought two new ones, a little and a big,—the frying-pans, delicately smooth and nice now, outside and in, the roasting-pans, and the one iron pot, which we never meant to use when we could help it. The worst things we could have to wash were the frying and roasting pans, and these, we soon found, were not bad when you did it all over and at once every time.

Adjoining this closet was what had been the "girl's room," opening into the passage where the kitchen stairs came up; and the passage itself was fair-sized and square, corresponding to the depth of the other divisions. Here we had a great box placed for wood and a barrel for coal, and another for kindlings.

We had a Robinson-Crusoe-like pleasure in making all these arrangements; every clean thing that we put in a spotless place upon shelf or nail was a wealth and a comfort to us. Besides, we really did not need half the lumber of a common kitchen closet; a china bowl or plate would no longer be contraband of war, and Barbara said she could stir her blanc-mange with a silver spoon without demoralizing anybody to the extend of having the ashes taken up with it.

By Friday night we had got everything to the exact and perfect starting-point.

The bread-box was sweet and empty; the fragments had been all daintily crumbled by Ruth.

"Clean beginnings are beautiful," said Rosamond, looking around. "It is the middle that's horrid."

"We won't have any middles," said Ruth—"We'll keep making clean beginnings all the way long. That is the difference between work and muss."

"If you can," said Rose, doubtfully.

I suppose that is what some people will say, after this Holabird story is printed so far. Then we just wish they could have

seen mother make a pudding or get a breakfast, that is all. A lady will no more make a jumble or litter in doing such things than she would at her dressing-table. It only needs an accustomed and delicate touch.

I will tell you something of how it was. I will take that Monday morning—and Monday morning is as good for badness as you can take—just after we had begun.

The room was nice enough for breakfast when we left it over night. There was nothing straying about; the tea-kettle and the tin boiler were filled,—father did that just before he locked up the house; we had only to draw up the window-shades, and let the sweet light in, in the morning.

Stephen had put a basket of wood and kindlings ready for Mrs. Dunikin in the kitchen below and the key of the lower door had been left on a beam in the woodshed, by agreement. By the time we came down stairs Mrs. Dunikin had a steaming boiler full of clothes, and had done nearly two of her five hours' work.

Meanwhile, with a pair of gloves on, and a little plain-hemmed three cornered, dotted-muslin cap tied over her hair with a muslin bow behind, mother had let down the ashes,—it isn't a bad thing to do with a well-contrived stove,—and set the pan, to which we had a duplicate, into the out-room, for Stephen to carry away. Then into the clean grate went a handful of shavings and pitch-pine kindlings, one or two bits of hard wood, and a sprinkle of small shiny nut-coal. The drafts were put on, and in five minutes the coals were red.

Then—that Monday morning—we had brewis to make, a little buttered toast to do, and some eggs to scramble. The bright coffee-pot got its ration of fragrant, beaten paste,—the brown ground kernels mixed with an egg,—and stood waiting for its drink of boiling water. The two frying-pans came forth; one was set on with the milk for the brewis, into which, when it boiled up white and drifting, went the sweet fresh butter, and the salt, each in plentiful proportion;—"one can give one's self *carte-blancher*," Barbara said, "than it will do to give a girl;"—and then the bread-crumbs; and the end of it was, in a white porcelain dish, a light, delicate, savory bread-porridge, to eat daintily with a fork and be thankful for. The other pan held eggs, broken in upon bits of butter, and sprinkles of pepper and salt; this went on with the coffee-pot. It was Ruth who had set the table, and carried off the crockery things, and folded and slid back the little pembroke, that had held them beside the stove, into its corner.

Rosamond had been busy in the brown room; that was all nice now for the day.

After breakfast the little pembroke was wheeled out again, and on it put a steam-

ing pan of hot water. Ruth picked up the dishes. Mother sat in her raised arm chair, as she might sit making tea for company; she had her little mop, and three long, soft clean towels lay beside her.

After the china and glass were done and put up, came forth the coffee-pot and the two pans, and had their scald, and their little scour,—a teaspoonful of sand must go to the daily cleansing of an iron utensil, in mother's hands.

It was all dining-room work; and we were chatty over it, as if we had sat down to wind worsteds; and there was no kitchen in the house that morning.

Barbara and Rosamond were up stairs, making beds and setting straight; and in an hour after breakfast the house was in its beautiful forenoon order, and there was a forenoon of three hours to come.

We had chickens for dinner that day, I remember; one always does remember what was for dinner the first day in a new house, or in new housekeeping. William, the choreman, had killed and picked and drawn them, on Saturday; I do not mean to disguise that we avoided these last processes; we preferred a little foresight of arrangement.

We were tired of sewing and writing and reading in three hours; it was only restful change to come down and put the chickens into the oven, and set the dinner-table.

Then, in the broken hour while they were cooking, we drifted out upon the piazzas, and among our plants in the shady east corner by the parlor windows, and Ruth played a little, and mother took up the *Atlantic*, and we felt we had a good right to the between-times when the fresh dredgings of flour were getting their brown, and after that, while the potatoes were boiling.

"Mother," said Barbara, "I feel as if we had got rid of a menagerie!"

"It is the girl that makes the kitchen," said Ruth.

"And then the kitchen that has to have the girl," said Mrs. Holabird.

Ruth got up and took away the dishes, and went round with the crumb-knife, and did not forget to fill the tumblers, nor to put on father's cheese.

Our talk went on, and we forgot there was any "tending."

"We didn't feel all that in the ends of our elbows," said mother in a low tone, smiling upon Ruth, as she sat down beside her.

"Nor have to scrinch all up," said Stephen, quite out aloud, "for fear she'd touch us!"

I'll tell you—in confidence—another of our ways at Westover; what we did, mostly, after the last two meals, to save our afternoons and evenings and our nice dresses. We always did it with the tea-

things. We just put them, neatly piled and ranged, in that deep pantry sink; we poured some dipperfuls of hot water over them, and shut the cover down; and the next morning, in our gingham gowns, we did up all the dish-washing for the day.—

From "*We Girls: a Home Story*," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, in *Our Young Folks*.

SELECTED RECIPES.

LAMB PIE.—Cut the lamb into pieces, and season it with pepper, salt, mace, cloves, and nutmeg, finely beaten. Make a good puff-paste crust, put the meat into it, with a few lambs' sweetbreads, well seasoned with the same as the meat. Then put in some oysters and forcemeat balls, the yolks of hard eggs, and the tops of asparagus, about two inches long, first boiled green. Put butter all over the pie, put on the lid, and let it bake for an hour and a half in a quick oven. In the meantime, take a pint of gravy, the oyster liquor, and a little grated nutmeg. Mix all together with the yolks of two or three eggs, finely beaten, and keep stirring it the same way all the time. When it boils, pour it into the pie, put on the lid again, and serve it to table.

VEAL-LOAF.—Three pounds of veal-cutlet, one quarter of a pound of fat pork, chopped fine as mince, meat, add bread-crumbs till it is stiff, break in two eggs, add one tablespoonful of salt, the same of black pepper, a teaspoonful of cayenne, and one nutmeg. Work it all together in loaf-shape, break an egg on top and rub it all over the loaf, sprinkle bread-crumbs over it, put into a baking-pan with water and bake three hours, basting frequently. It is not good warm, but it is to be eaten cold as a supper-dish. The bread-crumbs are made of stale bread browned in the oven and rolled fine. They are better than cracker for scalloped oysters, and many other culinary purposes where cracker-crumbs are generally used.

LEMON PIES.—The juice and grated rind of three lemons, three cups of sugar, three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, whites to be added last; about two tablespoonfuls of corn starch mixed smooth and boiled a few moments in about one pint and a half of water; add a small piece of butter while hot; bake with bottom crust.—This receipt makes three pies.

VERY NICE ICE CREAM.—One quart new milk, three, four or five eggs, half pound sugar, small tablespoonful of corn starch, wet with old milk, Make into boiled custard, strain, cool, and flavor, then freeze.

Improvements on the Above.

Make the custard with the yolks only, reserving the whites until just before freezing, then beat them to a stiff froth and add to the custard, whipping them thoroughly through it; add a quart of sweetened cream, well-beaten in. This makes it very light and rich when frozen.

NICE CAKE.—“One cup of butter, two cups of pulverized sugar, one of sweet milk, one and a half of flour, the same of corn-starch, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one half the same of soda, the whites of seven eggs; flavor to taste.”

Literary Notices.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN SCUDDER, M.D.,

Thirty-six years Missionary in India. By Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D.D. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

When Dr. Scudder passed away, there was a very natural wish expressed that his memoir might be published. For some unknown reason, this wish was not complied with at the time, and it is only after fifteen years of delay that the record of his eventful life and many services has been given to the world. This memoir is compiled by his brother-in-law, who had, of course, a most familiar acquaintance with its object.

Dr. Scudder was born in 1793. His mother, a woman of devoted piety, dedicated him to God from his birth, and he seems to have been from his earliest childhood possessed of a remarkably devotional spirit. When he was at college his comrades would say of him: "That fellow is so religious one can hardly laugh in his presence." He chose the profession of medicine as a means of doing good, studied it enthusiastically, and settled in the eastern section of New York city, where a fine practice rapidly grew up around him. After some years' work, doing good to the souls as well as to the bodies of his patients, he met with a tract entitled: "The Conversion of the World, or the Claims of Six Hundred Millions." This was to him as a call from Heaven to go to the heathen, and, though it was hard to leave the hundreds that were attached to him as a Christian physician, and the wide circle of Christian influence which surrounded him, and take his beloved wife and child to live and die in a heathen land, yet his mind was soon made up. His wife—who proved, indeed, a help meet for him—fully concurred in this decision; and as, in the providence of God, the American Board of Missions at Boston just then advertised for a pious physician for India, Dr. Scudder offered himself for the position, and was accepted. He sailed, with a number of other missionaries, in 1819, and the voyage was marked by a great awakening on board the ship

among the sailors. He landed in Ceylon, and labored there until 1836, when he, with the Rev. Mr. Winslow, removed to Madras, where he worked in a new field with so much activity and self-sacrifice that his health soon broke down, and he was obliged to return for a season to America. Here, instead of resting, he devoted himself to the work of awakening an interest in missions among the children in the United States, and travelled about with unwearied energy to almost every important city and town in the Union, until he had addressed over a hundred thousand young people. This was, perhaps, the most important work of his life; wherever he went the children were wonderfully interested, and he must have been largely instrumental in raising up a generation alive to the importance of foreign missions. Dr. Scudder then returned to India and worked for eight years more, and at length entered into his rest in 1854. He had fourteen children, of whom four died in infancy; the rest all became active Christians, and some of them missionaries to India. Of Dr. Scudder's great work in India we have not space to give even a sketch; but all interested in it will find it eloquently and fully described in this volume.

THE LIFE OF BISMARCK, Private and Political; with Descriptive Notices of his Ancestry. By J. G. L. Heseckel. Translated and edited by K. H. R. Mackenzie, F.S.A., F.A.S.L. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The first hundred pages of this richly illustrated volume are occupied with a somewhat minute description of Bismarck's ancestry, which will probably interest but few readers. The rest of the work describes the life, both public and private, of the great statesman—from his childhood to the present day. It is largely composed of his letters, which are very characteristic, and gives, besides, much important information with respect to public affairs in Europe. The illustrations are by Diez, Grimm, Pietsch, and others.

Notices.

LT.-GEN. HON. JAMES LINDSAY, whose likeness appears on our title page and upon whom devolved the command of the Dominion forces during the present raid, is the second son of James twenty-fourth Earl of Crawford, eighth Earl of Balcarras, and Premier Earl of Scotland, and thus a descendant of that noble house of Lindsay which occupies such a prominent position in the history and legendary lore of the ancient kingdom of Scotland. He was born in 1815 and obtained at the age of 17 his first commission in the Army. During the political and insurrectionary troubles in Canada in 1837-38, he acted as Adjutant of the 2nd Batt. Grenadier Guards, which then served in Canada under Sir Jas. Macdonell, and

along with it was quartered during the winter of 1838-39 in the districts to the south of the St. Lawrence, which have since been the scene of the Fenian invasions. In 1842 he returned with his battalion to England, and in 1845 was elected member of Parliament for Wigan, South Lancashire, in the Conservative interest. During the same year he married Lady Sarah Elizabeth Saville, daughter of the third Earl of Meaborough in the Peerage of Ireland. He remained in Parliament till 1857, when he was defeated, but was again returned from the same borough in 1859, and continued to retain his seat till 1866. Then although re-elected by acclamation he felt it to be his duty to resign, owing to his prolonged absence in Canada at the

time of the Fenian troubles. In the army his promotion, if not rapid, has been steady, and his energy and judgment highly esteemed at the Horse Guards. In 1846 he became Lt.-Colonel, in 1861 he was raised to the rank of Major-General, and in 1867 when he returned to England, from service in Canada, he was appointed in place of Lord Frederick Paulet, General of Brigade of the Foot Guards.

In March of the present year, Gen. Lindsay was desired to proceed to this country to carry out the policy of the Imperial Government with respect to the withdrawal of troops, and received the local appointment of Lt.-General on particular service in Canada. And it is to this that we are indebted for his opportune presence in Canada during the recent crisis. The ability and energy with which he checked the Fenian movements, his appreciative estimate of the recent services of the Volunteers, and the interest he has ever evinced in Canadian affairs, have deservedly given him a high position in the esteem of all.

ASA WESTOVER, Esq.,

whose name has been brought so prominently before the public during the last few weeks, in connection with the gallant resistance made by the company of Home Guards against the Fenians at Pigeon Hill, is one of the wealthiest and most enterprising of the farmers of Dunham. From the great interest he has ever evinced in all agricultural affairs, and his zeal and straightforward conduct in the many municipal offices bestowed on him by his townsmen, he has deservedly become very popular throughout the whole district. After the raid of 1866, he, in connection with several others, who, like him, had been roused by a sense of their unprotected position, took steps to prevent a repetition of the indignities which had then been suffered. A meeting was called, and it was resolved that they should arm themselves with the best breechloading rifles that could be procured, the selection of which was left to Mr. Westover. After much inquiry, and many visits paid to the different rifle manufacturers, the Ballard rifle was finally decided on, and about sixty pieces ordered. So long as everything remained quiet, nothing was done, but at the first alarm this

Spring a more definite organization was formed and signed. Mr. Westover was elected Captain, F. Galer as Lieutenant, and J. Galer as Ensign; a red scarf was selected as their distinguishing badge, and so complete were their arrangements that no Fenian movement could take place within a circle of twenty miles but information of it was at once conveyed to Mr. Westover, and by means of mounted Sergeants the whole company could be assembled on the frontier in an hour's time. Thus organized, they were among the first to receive the news, and on the 23rd May scouts were sent out to patrol the country round. More alarming news afterwards coming to hand, the company were ordered out, and at eight o'clock the following morning assembled at Cook's Corners. There they remained till two, when they left this place and took up their position on a rocky wooded hill overlooking the line, and maintained it against the Fenians, many times their number, till four o'clock next morning, when they were reinforced by a company of the Dunham Volunteers, and still later by another company of the same, both under command of Col. Chamberlin. Such a brave spirit, with the glorious results which followed, deserves to be chronicled. We therefore in this number present our readers with a likeness of Mr. Westover, as a type of the noble men to whose promptness and energy, both on the Missisquoi and Huntingdon frontiers, Canada owes her immunity from the recently threatened invasion.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

After an interval of more than twenty years, the author of "Coningsby" and "Tancred" appears once more on the literary arena as a novelist. Yet, in doing so, he does not withdraw even for the time from the political contest to which his life is devoted. "Lothair," like its predecessors, is simply an expression of Mr. Disraeli's views on the questions of which it treats. Hence the diversity of opinion among critics with regard to it.

Benjamin Disraeli is descended from an ancient Spanish-Hebrew family, whose representative, two generations ago, settled in England. Isaac Disraeli, the father of the statesman, has left a name of some note in the literary world, and his son early gave promise of inheriting his father's

