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BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

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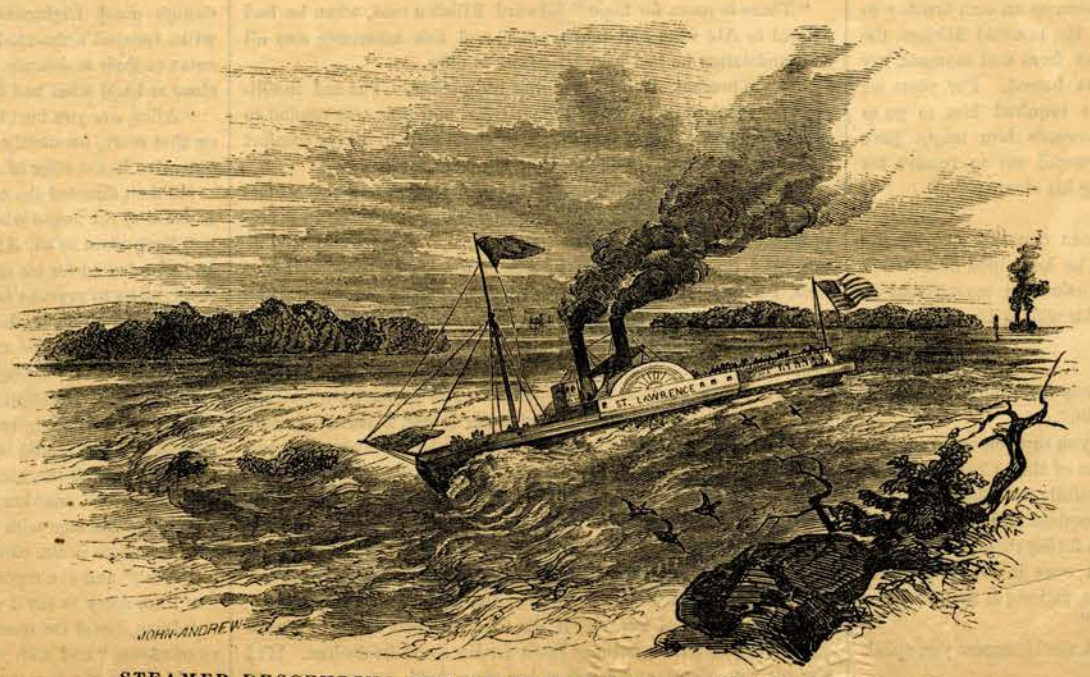
A TRIP TO CANADA.

Until within a few years the intercourse between Canada and the United States was limited to commercial and trading men, very few mere tourists penetrating into the interior and exploring the broad northern region beyond the chain of lakes and rivers, in search of novelty and interest in manners and beauty and peculiarity of scenery. It was partly owing to the lack of cheap and rapid means of travel that we were so unneighborly, not because in Canada there were not abundant objects of attraction. The want having been remedied, a tide of pleasure-travel flows annually northward, and the reflux brings us friends and visitors from the great British colony. We enjoy now not only a reciprocity of trade, but a reciprocity of feeling, and exchange courtesies and products with equal frequency. As the season for pleasure-travelling has now arrived, we have thought a word or two respecting Canada might not be amiss, accompanied by a series of illustrations of the scenery. These will serve, perhaps, to induce many of our readers who are wavering as to what point of the compass they shall direct their pleasure-seeking steps to elect in favor of the region under notice. Canada is of vast extent, one and is of the brightest of the colonial gems that deck the crown of Queen Victoria. It was formerly divided into the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, but the whole country is now united politically, distinguished into Canada East and Canada West, which are separated from each other by the river Ottawa. The entire length of both Canadas is from 1200 to 1300 miles, and its average breadth (from north to south) from 200 to 300 miles, comprising an area of about 357,822 miles. Canada West (formerly Upper Canada) is somewhat uneven in its surface, but presents few of the romantic features which particularly distinguish Canada East (Lower Canada), where nature has spread a banquet for the eyes of the lovers of the picturesque and striking. In Canada East are vast forests, wide-spreading meadows, immense lakes, deep, broad and rapid rivers, mountain ridges, and rich pasturages. An endless succession of charming or romantic scenes woo the eye of the traveller as he wanders through these regions of enchantment. And even in winter these scenes are not without their charm. "After a heavy fall of snow, succeeded by rain, and a partial thaw, a strong frost coats the trees and all their branches with transparent ice, often an inch thick, weighing on them so heavily that in a tempest whole forests are laid prostrate, with tremendous noise and uproar. Nothing, however, can be imagined more brilliant and beautiful than the effect of sunshine, in a calm day, on the frozen boughs, where every particle of the icy crystals sparkle, and nature seems decked in diamonds." This phenomenon is often exhibited by our New England woods in winter, but it is neither so brilliant nor so common as in Canada. The province is named from the Indian word *Kanata*, signifying a collection of huts, which the early European discoverers mistook for the name of the country. Sebastian Cabot has the credit of having discovered it in 1497, but the first European settlement was made by Jacques Cartier, a Frenchman, at St. Croix Harbor, in 1541. Cartier sailed up the river St. Lawrence and bestowed on it the name it still bears. In 1608 the French made a permanent settlement at the spot on which Quebec now stands, the country being called New France. From this period till 1759 the French continued to occupy the country though terribly harassed by the hostility of the Indians, particularly by the fierce and warlike Mohawks. Then came that splendid military achievement, the capture of Quebec, by the English general, Wolfe, fully described in our last number. This was followed, September 8, 1760, by the surrender of the entire country to the British. During the American Revolution, our troops made a gallant though unsuccessful attempt to capture the strongholds of the British in Canada. In 1794, by an act of the British parliament, a legislative council of twenty-three members was appointed to assist the governor. Seventeen years after, the division of Canada into two separate provinces took place, and the first parliament of Upper Canada met at Niagara, September 17, 1792. In 1820, dissensions, chiefly of a political and financial character, began to arise between the house of assembly and the executive government in Lower Canada, which went on from year to year, increasing in intensity and malignity, deepened by the natural prejudice of the French and English colonists, the former considering their interests opposed to those of the latter, until finally a crisis arrived. The spirit of discontent extended to Upper Canada, where it began to manifest itself in 1834, the causes being substantially the same as those of Lower Canada. At last matters were brought to an issue in the latter country, by the arrest of two popular leaders in 1837. They were rescued by their friends and adherents. Warrants were issued for the arrest of others; the peasantry in the districts of Chambly and Grand Brulé took up arms, and after some sharp fighting, were defeated by the military. Similar scenes were simultaneously enacted in Upper Canada, where the British government were in bad odor. The insurrection here, also, was suppressed, but not until martial law was proclaimed. As these events are of comparatively recent occurrence, they are doubtless familiar to the majority of our readers. The result of these proceedings was the reunion of the provinces, which took place in 1840, under the title of the United Provinces of Canada. The upper province, or Canada West, is settled principally by emigrants, and the descendants of emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland. There are also large numbers of loyalists from the United States, who sided with Great Britain during the revolutionary war, a mixture of all nations and their descendants, and in particular localities there are large settlements of Pennsylvania Dutch, and other persons from the United States scattered over the country. In Lower Canada, or Canada East, the majority of the inhabitants are of French origin, mostly descendants of settlers from Normandy, established in the colony previous to 1759, to whom they still bear, in many respects, a close resemblance. The population of Canada West, in 1851, was 952,004, that of Canada East, 890,261. In the total population there were 695,945 Canadians of French origin. We have spoken of the attractive scenery of Canada. Tourists should by no means omit to visit the Carillon falls of the Ottawa, a series of rapids twelve miles in length. Then there are the Chaudiere, which are six miles in length. Les Chats is another striking series of rapids or falls, formed by the river breaking, at high water, over the rocks in thirty-three distinct shoots, spreading across the river to a width of four miles. We present on page 357, a striking view of the Falls of Montmorenci. The grandest water scenery in Canada, is on the Saguenay River, which enters the St. Lawrence about a hundred and thirty miles below Quebec. The last sixty miles of its course exhibit some of the most sublime scenery in the world, and no one who has a true love of nature in his heart should fail to visit it. The banks vary in height from 500 to 1500 feet, frequently perpendicular, and in many cases even overhanging the stream. It is a remarkable feature of the river that in such places it is nearly as deep in the vicinity of the shore as in the middle. Near its mouth its depth is over 3000 feet. The Indian name, "Chi-coutimi, (deep water)" is strikingly correct. In the summer, excursions are frequently made to this river from Quebec in steamboats, and it is a jaunt which the tourist in Canada should by no means omit. In this rapid summary of striking features we have not mentioned Niagara Falls, because every one visits them as a matter of course, who has a soul to appreciate the grand and sublime, and because they belong as much to the United States as to Canada.

[*Continued on page* 356.]

BATISTE, AN INDIAN PILOT, STEERING A STEAMER DOWN THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.



STEAMER DESCENDING ONE OF THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

A TALE OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

UNSUCCESSFUL APPEAL TO MRS. ELLISTON IN BEHALF OF ABI.

EDWARD ELLISTON was at a loss to decide as to the manner he could best redeem the promise he had made to protect the friendless and beautiful Abi. He had several times almost come to the conclusion to beg his mother to afford her a temporary asylum, which, when he recalled to mind the intolerance with which she regarded those who belonged to any religious sect differing from her own, he was induced to abandon. Something must be done, however, and that quickly, for the morning was rapidly wearing away.

"My mother must consent to receive her; common decency demands it. It will only be paying a debt of gratitude for the protection afforded to Alice," he said to himself, after once more revolving the matter in his mind.

He knew she was in her room, and he at once sought an interview. He was a little discouraged by seeing that she looked very pale, and that her countenance bore the stamp of a stern and rigid composure, which, judging from former experience, he knew indicated a mood most unfavorable to his suit. Having a kind of vague suspicion as to what caused this state of mind, he was convinced that argument or reason would be alike lost on her, and decided at once to appeal to her feelings.

"Alice," said he, "has told you how kindly she was treated by those who gave her shelter?"

"She has," and she compressed her pale lips, after the utterance of these two monosyllables, more tightly than before.

"There is now an opportunity to return their kindness," said he.

An impatient gesture of the hand, which he understood as a signal to say no more on the subject, was the only answer she deigned to make. He had, however, made up his mind to do what he believed justice and humanity demanded, and was not one, more than his mother, to be readily turned aside in his endeavors to perform a deliberately formed purpose.

"Mother," said he, "you *must* hear me. Jeduthun the Jew—"

"Speak not of him. I could have almost prayed that Alice Dale might die, rather than she should have been placed under obligations to him, or any one connected with him."

"Jeduthun the Jew," said he, having waited calmly till she had finished speaking, "has this morning been arrested on a charge of murder. The accusation is a false one, as I am fully persuaded, and Abi, his grand-daughter, whom Alice has doubtless described to you, being deprived of a protector, I promised to see that some safe and honorable retreat was provided for her, till he, to whose protection she has a natural claim, is at liberty. Unfortunately, I know of no such place as I have mentioned, except beneath this roof."

"Edward Elliston, how dare you even hint at such a thing?"

"Common humanity emboldens me."

"A blight and a curse would fall on me and mine, should I suffer Abi Rushton to enter my dwelling."

"I can see no reason for its being productive of so disastrous a result."

"It may be best," said Mrs. Elliston, after remaining silent a few minutes, "to give you an explanation. You remember a gentleman who called on me six or seven years ago, whose name I refused to tell you?"

"I do."

"It was Charles Rushton, Abi Rushton's father. He was the son of my step-mother, and had ever been as an own brother to me from the time when we first met. He married Miriam, the only daughter of Jeduthun the Jew, and from that moment, my sisterly affection for him was turned to hatred. For years we never met. After a time, his business required him to go to France, and thinking that my anger towards him might have passed away, he called on me, and requested me to receive his wife and daughter into my family, during his absence."

"And you refused?"

"Yes, and with a bitterness and scorn equalled only by my hatred to the accursed race with which he had allied himself. I did more. I invoked Heaven's malediction on myself, and on those dearest to me, if I ever permitted his wife or his daughter to have a home beneath my roof."

"What was his answer?"

"He had none to give. He turned away from me, sorrowfully, and in silence, and I never saw him again."

"If you would avert the malediction, you say you invoked, how can it be better done than by the exercise of that Christian spirit which teaches us to deal kindly and mercifully with the erring, and to speak comfortably to those who are despised and oppressed?"

"The words have been spoken, and to forfeit them would cause the curse to fall on me and mine. Even were it not so, it would be of no avail to recall them with my lips, as long as the bitterness which caused them remains in my heart."

"You surely would not seek to cherish the bitterness you speak of?"

"I might, were it a fitting time, point out to you why I *should* do so, but you might not see it, if I did. Your mind has not yet arrived at a state to see clearly what appears plain to me and others."

Edward thought it best not to reply to this, lest it should be in a manner less reverent than he thought was consistent with the respect due from a child towards a parent. Before leaving the room, he merely remarked, that since she denied Abi an asylum, he must seek for one elsewhere. At first, he had intended to represent to his mother that there was every reason to believe that Abi's religion was the same as her father's had been; but when he came to hear the peculiar nature of the objection to receiving her, which influenced her most, he knew it would be of no avail.

When the immediate excitement produced by the refusal of his request had had time to wear off, he felt that it would be almost impossible for him to accomplish his purpose. To the few with whom his mother was on terms of intimacy, he concluded that it would be worse than in vain to apply. The coldness and austerity assumed by them from a sense of duty, their intolerance towards those whose religious opinions differed from their own, strengthened by the wild, not to say fierce enthusiasm of the speakers at their secret conventicles, who did not hesitate to cite the cruelties practised by those of old under Joshua, and other warlike leaders, against the Assyrians and Moabites, as worthy of imitation, would leave little scope for the exercise of true Christian charity.

Meanwhile, the gentle and beautiful Abi lay in the calm, unbroken sleep which, some hours previously, had stolen over her. One arm was almost hidden beneath the profusion of her coal-black tresses, while the other, the hand still clasping the opal, looked like a piece of exquisite sculpture, as it rested on the rich purple cushions. A rich color tinged the smooth, oval cheeks, aad from the lips, red and fresh, and slightly parted, the breath stole as softly as perfume from a rose.

Suddenly she started from her recumbent posture, and listened. She could not, she thought, be mistaken, for though all was then silent, it certainly was the sound of loud and strange voices which had roused her from sleep. Without moving from the place where she was, she still continued to listen. It was not long before she heard some one speak close to the door which opened into her apartment, though in a voice so low she could not distinguish what was said. She thought it must be Aseneth, and was about to rise and open the door, for she found she had slept a number of hours, when she was prevented by hearing some one utter a fierce imprecation, which was immediately succeeded by the report of a pistol. Then followed what appeared to her a violent, though short struggle. She neither dared speak, nor open the door, when a voice, which she was certain was Edward Elliston's, pronounced her name.

"Is it Edward Elliston who speaks?" she ventured to say.

"Yes," was the answer. "Open the door. You now have nothing to fear."

She obeyed, and beheld Edward Elliston and Clarence Harleigh.

"What has happened?" she inquired. Then adding quickly, in a startled voice, she said to Elliston: "You are wounded?"

"Very slightly," he replied, looking at his hand, which was partly covered with blood. "One of the villains fired at me, but missing his aim, the ball only grazed my hand. Unfortunately, he, as well as his associate, made his escape, which, had Mr. Harleigh arrived a minute sooner, might have been prevented."

Leaving to Edward Elliston the melancholy task of informing Abi of the imprisonment of her grandfather and the two servants, it will be necessary to say, by way of explanation, that on entering the back door by means of the key given him by Aseneth, his attention was attracted by a noise which appeared to proceed from a small room used by the Jew as a counting-room. Cautiously unclosing the door, he saw a man endeavoring to force the lock of a small drawer. Through an opposite door, standing at the outside entrance of the shop, he could see another man, apparently on the look-out, for the purpose of giving the alarm should he see any one approaching. It was he who fired the pistol, and then darting into the street, ran; while Elliston, springing forward, endeavored to prevent the other's escape. In this he was unsuccessful, though he succeeded in wounding him severely in the arm with his rapier.

"There is room for hope," Edward Elliston said, when he had related to Abi what had taken place, and this assurance was all the consolation he had it in his power to offer.

For the present, it produced but little effect. The sad intelligence seemed to bewilder and stupify her, and time was needed to restore sufficient tone to her mind, to enable her to derive comfort from the assurance. Elliston drew Harleigh aside.

"I came here this morning," said he, "to restore the scarf belonging to Abi, which, through forgetfulness, I had retained in my possession. My doing so was providential, I think I may say, as otherwise I might not have known of the Jew's arrest. Since then, I have vainly been endeavoring to find some place where she can remain in honor and safety till her grandfather's release."

"Cannot such a place be found in some family among her own people?"

"It is hardly right to say *her* people. Her father wasn't a Jew, and Alice, from some remarks Abi made to her, is certain that he had taught her to believe in his own faith. If no other place can be found, I suppose they must be applied to."

"I think Mrs. Selwyn will be willing to receive her," said Harleigh, after a few moments' reflection.

"Mrs. Selwyn is your sister?"

"Yes. She has nothing of the Pharisee about her, causing her to hold at a distance all who do not agree with her in every point."

"I have heard of her, and if the friendless girl could be placed under her protection, nothing better for her could be desired. Will you see your sister, and speak to her about it?"

"I can, though I think the better way will be to take her by surprise, and let the girl plead her own cause. There will be more eloquence in one look of that beautiful face, and in a single tone of her sweet and musical voice, than in all I should be able to say, however earnest my appeal to her sympathies."

"I am afraid that she will think us too presuming."

"I don't believe there will be any danger of that. If there should be any blame, I shall take care that it is cast on me. Will you remain here while I go and procure a conveyance?"

"That will be unnecessary. The carriage I came in is close at hand."

What had passed between them, was now communicated to Abi, except that they forbore to tell her that Mrs. Selwyn had not been apprised of their intention. She had not, till thus reminded of it, thought of her friendless and helpless situation, so absorbed was she in the great sorrow which had fallen upon her; but now that her mind was directed to the subject, she thankfully and eagerly acceded to the proposition, and at once made preparation to leave, what no longer seemed a home.

Without entering into the details, we will only say that Harleigh did not over-estimate Mrs. Selwyn's benevolence and liberal mindedness, and that she took Abi by the hand, and welcomed her to her home as kindly as if she had been her own sister.

CHAPTER XXV.

A DANGEROUS ACCIDENT.

A HEAVY, lumbering coach, drawn by a pair of sleek, well-conditioned horses, which was moving slowly along one of the fashionable streets of the city, seemed to particularly attract the attention of two men, who for some time had been lounging at the corner of an alley by which the street was intersected.

"That's it," said one of them.

"Are you certain?" said the other.

"Yes. Don't you see that the body of the carriage is bottle-green,—that the horses are iron-gray, and that there isn't a speck of gilding about carriage or harness? Anybody might know that it belonged to a straight-laced Puritan."

"It is easy enough to tell that, but there's more than one straight-laced Puritan in the city who owns a coach and two horses."

"There—what do you think now?"

This question was elicited by the sight of a young and lovely face which for a single moment appeared at one of the carriage windows, apparently from having recognized some one in a house near by.

"I think you are right," was the answer. "Russet-Cloak's face is one of those which is not easily forgotten."

"You understand your part of the game?"

"Yes. I am [illegible] on the [illegible] in season to lend my assistance—that is, if you do your part of the business so that it will be needed."

The other now hastened a few paces forward, so as to be a little in advance of the carriage, which was still moving at a snail's pace, though the pampered horses were evidently impatient of the restraint. The man commenced crossing the street, and when directly in front of the horses, drew a large silk handkerchief from his pocket, which, heedlessly and unwittingly to all appearance, he flaunted full into the face of one of the animals, which had the effect to frighten both. They immediately commenced plunging and rearing, so as to become totally unmanageable, and before any of the street-passengers had time to interfere, the carriage struck against the curbstone, and was overturned with a heavy crash. At the same moment, the horses, with a sudden bound, freed themselves from the pole of the carriage, and darting madly forward, were almost instantly out of sight.

A strong, resolute-looking countryman, who was the first to reach the broken vehicle, with some difficulty forced open the door. There were two ladies inside, the one whom the man had called Russet-Cloak, being young and very lovely, and will be recognized as Alice Dale; while the other, whom the countryman, who had succeeded in opening the door, at first sight imagined to be dead, was Mrs. Elliston. This, too, was the thought of Alice, who, though much frightened, had, with the exception of a sprained wrist, escaped unharmed. By this time, Clarence Harleigh had come to their assistance, who had seen from the window of a house close at hand what had happened.

"Alice, are you hurt?" were his first words; and being satisfied on that score, he sternly commanded a man who was somewhat obtrusive in the offer of his services to stand back.

He then directed the countryman to assist him in carrying Mrs. Elliston to the house where he had witnessed the disaster.

"Keep close to us, Alice," said Harleigh. But the man whom he had rebuked for his officiousness had already stepped in between them, so as to prevent her from complying with his request.

The next moment, the crowd, which the accident had attracted to the spot, had closed round her, from which she tried in vain to extricate herself. Being thus hemmed in on every side, she could see nothing of Harleigh, so that even if she could have freed herself from the entanglements of the throng, confusedly pressing around her, she would have been at a loss where to go.

"Can you tell me, sir," said she, speaking to a decently-clad man who stood near her, "where they have carried the lady who was in the carriage with me when it was overturned?"

"You were in the carriage, then?"

"Yes;" and she repeated the question she had already asked.

"I am sorry to say I cannot," was his answer.

"I can," said the man who from the first had showed himself so officious, "and with your permission, will, with much pleasure, conduct you to where you will find your friends."

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Not knowing that he was the same person whose obtrusiveness had been checked by Harleigh, she having at the time been so engrossed with attending to Mrs. Elliston as not to observe him, she accepted the offer of his protection, though there was something in his appearance which did not please her.

"Hold fast by my arm, then," he said, "and if these knaves don't choose to fall back and give their betters a free pass, I will give them a lesson in manners, which they wont soon forget."

"When I have a mind to take a lesson in manners," said a man whom he roughly pushed aside, "I sha'n't take it of one of Gil Falkland's lackeys, without giving him one in return;" and to show that he meant as he said, he gave the man a sharp clip across the shoulders with his quarter-staff.

Alarmed at this, and still more at finding that the man who had offered her his aid was in the employ of Falkland, she let go of his arm, and endeavored to make her escape.

"I would give you a taste of my rapier," said he, at the same time seizing hold of a portion of Alice's dress, "were it not that I have this lady under my protection."

"Release me—I beg that you will," said Alice, in violent agitation.

"Rapier or no rapier," said he who had dealt the blow, "as you seem to have undertaken to protect the lady against her will, you shall have further proof of the virtue of this oaken cudgel, if you don't let her go."

The earnest and elevated tone of voice in which this was said, as well as the words themselves, served to indicate to Harleigh the place where Alice was to be found, who had, as he imagined, till after he had assisted to place the still insensible lady on a couch, entered the house with them.

The sight of Harleigh proved to be more efficacious than the threats of him with the quarter-staff. Immediately quitting his hold of Alice's dress, and taking advantage of the momentary diversion of the attention of her self-constituted champion, he succeeded in losing himself amid the swaying and shifting crowd, by the time he reached the spot. The exclamation of joy uttered by Alice, at Harleigh's appearance, would of itself have showed her sturdy defender that she had no reason to distrust him as a protector even had he not known him to be a gentleman of honor and irreproachable reputation. He now showed his good will by preceding Harleigh and Alice, and rendering their egress from the crowd easier and less annoying than it otherwise would have been.

"You have my thanks, good friend," said Harleigh, "for your voluntary service, and if you will accept it, it will give me pleasure to order you a good dinner."

"A dinner I have had already at my good dame's father's, from off as good a sirloin as there was in the market; and as for thanks, I hardly deserve them for doing what, if left undone, would have so lowered me in my own opinion, that I shouldn't have liked to look my wife Margery in the face again for a twelvemonth."

"It appears to me," said Harleigh, "that your looks and voice are familiar to me."

"Likely enough, for you have seen me once, I am certain."

"So am I, but when or where, I've no recollection."

"Don't you remember that the king graciously admitted me to his presence, at Whitehall, not many weeks ago?"

"Yes, yes—I remember it well," said Harleigh, with some difficulty repressing a smile, as he recalled to mind Hendrick Dykes and the carefully preserved currycomb.

"Why, if I'd been a prince," said Hendrick, with great unction, "the king couldn't have treated me better. He told me—I wish I could say it in the same kind and pleasant way that he did—that Speedyfoot, the bay mare I let him have, was the means of saving his life, when a dozen dragoons were pursuing him. That and more he said to me, which made me proud and happy, and Margery wouldn't exchange the silk gown he ordered to be sent her for a queen's crown. He stole right into our hearts, and will keep there as long as we live."

They had by this time reached the steps of Mrs. Selwyn's door, where stood the countryman who had assisted Harleigh in removing Mrs. Elliston from the broken carriage and carrying her into the house. He proved to be a friend of Hendrick's, who had come to the city in company with him and his wife Margery. Having a second time received the cordial thanks of Harleigh, to which were added those of Alice, they took leave, equally pleased with themselves and with those who had shown themselves so ready to appreciate their services.

Alice was met at the door by Mrs. Selwyn and by Abi. Tears came to the eyes of the latter, and her voice trembled with emotion, as in a few words she alluded to the great sorrow which had fallen upon her since they parted.

A surgeon and Edward Elliston, who were immediately sent for, had now arrived. On examining the patient, it was found that the skull was so badly fractured it was necessary that a portion of it should be removed. All thoughts of her being carried to her own home were, therefore, for the present abandoned. By the time the operation was over, which was successfully performed, Alice found that her wrist, which she had imagined to be only slightly sprained, was much swollen and began to be excessively painful. On applying to the surgeon, she had the felicity of being told by him, after he had prescribed the usual remedies, that it might be several weeks before her hand would be of any use to her. This would render it impossible for her to bestow on Mrs. Elliston those numerous little attentions which she otherwise would have done, although a reliable and experienced nurse had been promptly sent for by Edward.

"I will supply your place, dear Alice, as far as I can," said Abi. "It will prevent my thoughts from dwelling so constantly on him whom I am not allowed to minister to."

Thus, by a combination of painful circumstances, Harleigh and Alice, Mrs. Elliston and Abi were brought together under the same roof. The promise made to Mr. Walworth by Harleigh was a second time unintentionally broken, while Mrs. Elliston, still in a state of insensibility, was waited on and watched over with the tenderest care by her to whom, in the hour of deep affliction, she had refused her aid and sympathy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS APPEARS AT THE JEW'S TRIAL.

THE next session of the Old Bailey having been close at hand, at the time of the Jew's arrest, the day for his arraignment soon arrived. The strict search which had been made for the body of the valet had proved unsuccessful, a circumstance which, in the minds of many, told against the prisoner, as it was generally thought that he could, if he had been so minded, point out the place of its concealment.

Early in the day, crowds of people, consisting of almost every degree, were seen hastening to the place of trial. A host of witnesses had been summoned in behalf of the prosecution, while there were none, except Clarence Harleigh and Edward Elliston, Alice and Abi, who had anything to testify which would be favorable to the prisoner. What little they would be able to say, was unhappily of a nature so general and indirect, that it would be of no value, except as corroboratory evidence. The careful admeasurement of the bloody footprints, made by Edward Elliston, which differed in shape and size from those of the Jew, or either of his servants, though more to the point, would not be sufficient to outweigh the still stronger evidence which could be produced against the prisoner.

The circumstances which went to criminate the unhappy and friendless man, it is unnecessary to recapitulate. It is enough to say, that they were such as to make the opinion universal that he would be convicted. A few witnesses for the prosecution remained to be examined, when a billet was put into Harleigh's hand.

"If you are a friend to Jeduthun the Jew," it said, "come without delay to the house directly opposite where he used to live, where you will see a person who will give you such information as you and some others may think worth hearing."

The billet was without signature, and written in a clerkly hand. Merely saying to Edward Elliston, who sat next him, that he had received information which would make it necessary for him to leave a short time, Harleigh, having with some difficulty worked his way through the crowd, hastened to the house designated.

Before he had time to knock, the door was opened by a middle-aged woman.

"Follow me," said she, when he had entered, and she led the way up a dark, narrow staircase, and thence through a long and winding passage. At its termination, she opened a door. "Enter," said she, and then, without another word, withdrew.

He obeyed, and found himself in a comfortable looking bedchamber, where, seated in a deep, stuffed chair, was a young man, so thin and pale, that his appearance was almost ghastly.

"You don't recognize me?" said he.

"I do not," was Harleigh's answer.

"I am not certain that you ever saw me before to your knowledge, though I've often seen you."

"I've no recollection of ever having seen you till now."

"There *are* those who will know me, and who would rather meet a famished wolf in their path than to see me. I am, or was Gilbert Falkland's valet."

"Do you mean him supposed to have been murdered?"

"I am he."

"This is indeed strange and most unlooked for. Judging by your pale looks, and the deep scar on your forehead, you have been near death's door."

"Within a single step, as I am told by those into whose care I fell."

"Were you found where the would-be murderer left you?"

"I was beset by more than one, and after lying like one dead for hours, for I have since learned that faint streaks of day were glimmering in the east, life but not reason returned. The master of the house where I now am, who was preparing to start on a journey, had risen earlier than usual, and the light which gleamed from the door, which he opened to see what the weather was, must have attracted my attention, for I succeeded in reaching the door-step, where I fell. The man had already closed the door, but while stopping to fasten it, he heard the heavy fall, and what he thought sounded like a groan. He opened the door, and with the assistance of a servant, carried me into the house. A Jew surgeon was procured, who dressed the wound on my forehead, and another, which he considered more dangerous, in my side. He gave it as his opinion that there was hardly a possibility of my recovering, yet, as while there is life there is hope, no means were left untried. When it became known to them that their neighbor who lived opposite was charged with the crime of murder, and that, from some of the circumstances attending it, I must be the person supposed to be murdered, they determined for a while to keep silent on the subject, while, if possible, they increased their efforts for my recovery. If successful, it would not only save one of their people, who had hitherto been deemed irreproachable, from suffering the extreme penalty of the law, but if he were guiltless—and they believed that he was,—it would be the means of entirely exonerating him, and of fixing the crime on the real perpetrators."

"You were insensible all this time?"

"Yes. Had it not been so, their precaution would have been unnecessary, as I could have cleared the Jew and his two servants, who, I understand, if he is found guilty, will be tried as his accomplices, from all participation in the deed. When I first came to myself, I was so weak that my medical attendant wouldn't suffer any questions to be asked me. In a few days, however, I began to mend rapidly. My strength and my memory returned together, and by degrees I recollected all that happened to me the evening Falkland sent me to the Jew's, up to the moment I was struck down by the blow on my forehead. But of that hereafter. This is the second day of the trial, I understand?"

"It is."

"How far had it proceeded when you received the billet I sent you?"

"Only two or three more witnesses for the prosecution were to be examined, when the court will adjourn till to-morrow morning."

"It is supposed that the Jew will be capitally convicted?"

"As the case stood when I left, no one who knew how slight the evidence was, which could be given by the four witnesses summoned to appear in his favor, could entertain a doubt to the contrary. Now, we hope it will be different."

"Yes—I shall be there to-morrow, to give in my testimony."

"Are you able? Can you endure the necessary excitement and fatigue?"

"My physician has given his consent—reluctantly, it is true."

"Your written deposition, you know, will answer."

"Yes, but I prefer to be there in person. The sight of me, whom they suppose dead, will strike the real criminals with such consternation, that their guilty looks will enforce all I shall have to say. My motive in sending for you, was to request you to make the arrangements for my appearance with such secrecy that no one not already in the secret will have any suspicion that I am living, till I am ready to give in my evidence."

Harleigh expressed his willingness to comply with his request, and promised to call again in the evening, that they might talk over the matter, and have everything settled between them.

* * * * *

The court-house was, if possible, more crowded than the day previous. Falkland was present, and now that it appeared to him certain that suspicion would not be directed towards those who committed the crime (for he was aware that the evidence for the defence must necessarily be extremely slight), he, unconsciously perhaps, assumed a bolder and more confident air.

Corkle and his two confederates were likewise there, and though they carefully kept apart, they could not forbear, occasionally, telegraphing each other with looks and signs expressive of satisfaction, now there no longer appeared to them to be a doubt that they should escape without even the shadow of a suspicion of having dipped their hands in human blood.

After the opening argument for the defence, Harleigh was the first witness who was called. When he had finished the little he had to say, after exchanging a few words with the prisoner's counsel, in a voice too low to be heard by any one except by themselves, he left the room by a private door, just back of the witness-box. Elliston in the meantime had been called to the stand. He had little to add to what Harleigh had said, and when he had withdrawn, a chair was placed where he had stood. Before the spectators had time to express to each other the curiosity and surprise occasioned by this proceeding, Harleigh entered by the same door he went out at, a short time previously, with a man leaning on his arm, whom he conducted to the chair that had been placed on the stand.

The man seemed weak and agitated, and was very pale, an appearance which was heightened by the almost crimson hue of a newly cicatrized wound on his forehead. At sight of him, Falkland started, and a sudden flush overspread his countenance. For a few moments, he found it impossible to control his agitation, and his first impulse was to attempt, while the attention of those present was drawn towards Redding, to leave the court-house.

"It will look as if I were guilty," he said to himself, after a moment's reflection, and the half-formed intention was therefore abandoned.

His thoughts, however, continued to be in such a whirl, that he could not recall the circumstances of the dark affair, as related to him by Corkle, with sufficient clearness to remember if anything said or done in the hearing of his late valet, by the assassins who waylaid him, was of a nature to implicate himself. His own name, he thought, might have been mentioned in his hearing, previously to the dealing of the stunning blow, which, he had been assured, was enough to deprive his victim of life, as well as consciousness, even without the addition of the deep wound in the side.

Falkland looked furtively towards Corkle, who, he could see, had a restless, unquiet look, and that he cast stealthy glances towards the door, as if meditating his escape. Skellum, as well as his associate, appeared more impassive, the former, in a particular manner, preserving a stolid expression of countenance, though within the short space of time that had elapsed since Redding's entrance, he had succeeded, by a scarcely observable retrograde movement, in sensibly shortening the distance between himself and the door. Neither of them knew that measures had been taken to prevent, for a given time, the egress of any person whatever from the house.

From the first moment of Redding's appearance, there was a striking change in the countenance of the prisoner. His head, which had been bowed in hopeless despondency on his breast, was raised to its natural position, and his dark eyes, which lighted up with a brilliance almost dazzling, were for a few moments raised to heaven, while the words of Holy Writ, "Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power," seemed, unconsciously, to fall from his lips.

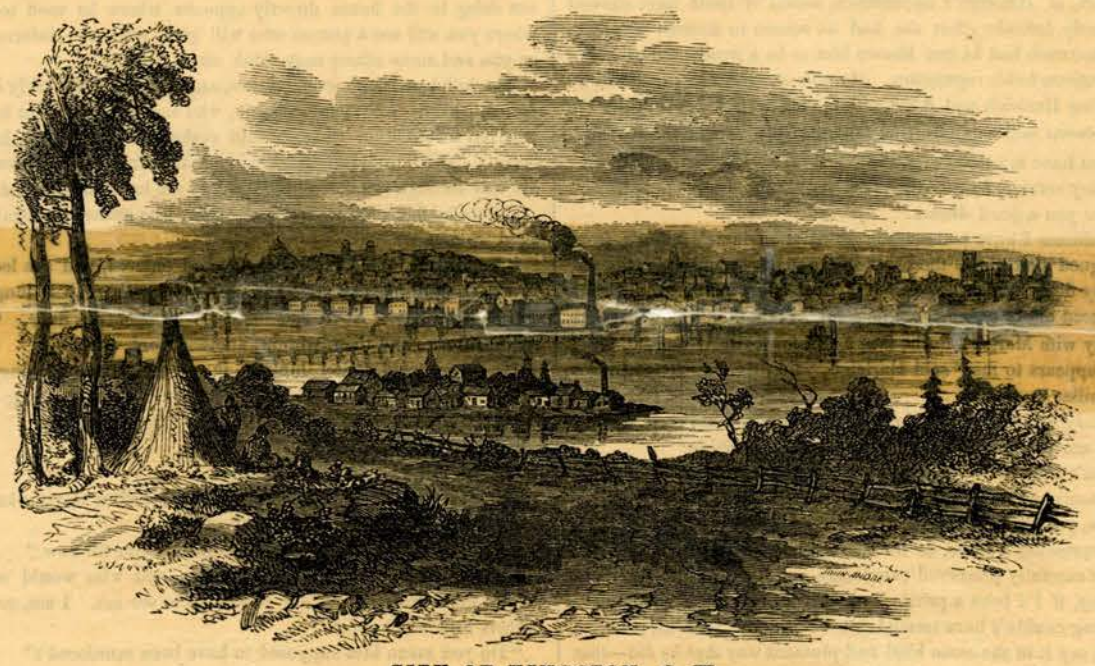
[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]

Archives de la Ville de Montréal

CITY OF QUEBEC.

Let us now proceed to notice the illustrations which accompany our text. The first engraving, on the first page, is a portrait of Batiste, a well-known Indian pilot, steering a steamer down the rapids of the St. Lawrence. He is a man of great nerve and skill, and it requires both to perform this dangerous service. The traveller in Canada, if he be at all timid, will have his nerves sorely tried as he makes the passages of the rapids. The long "Sault" (leap), as it is called, is a continuous rapid of nine miles, divided in the centre by an island. The usual passage for steamers is on the south side, though the north side, formerly considered too dangerous, is now proved to be practicable. The rapids pour furiously along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and of course the steam is shut off when the vessel enters them. The waves roar and dash angrily on all sides of her, as she strains and labors in the current, still sliding downward. Great nerve, force and precision are required in piloting, so as to keep the vessel's head straight with the course of the rapid; for if she diverged in the least, presenting her side to the current, or "broached to," as the nautical phrase is, she would be instantly capsized and submerged. Hence the necessity for enormous power over her rudder; and for this purpose, the mode of steering affords great facility, for the wheel that governs the rudder is placed ahead, and by means of chain and pulley sways it. But in descending the rapids, a tiller is placed astern to the rudder itself, so that the tiller can be manned as well as the wheel. Some idea may be entertained of the peril of descending a rapid, when it requires four men at the wheel and two at the tiller to ensure safe steering. Here is the region of the daring raftsmen, at whose hands are demanded infinite courage and skill, and, despite of both, loss of life frequently occurs. On the same page will be found a graphic view of a steamer descending these formidable rapids; and on page 357 a steamer making the descent of the "Lost Channel." The second engraving on page 357 exhibits the rapids near the "Cedars," on the St. Lawrence, with a number of rafts struggling with the furious waters. The rafts of timber form a highly interesting feature to the traveller as he passes along the river side. On each a shed is built for the accommodation of raftsmen, some of whom rig out their huge, unwieldy craft with gay streamers, which flutter from the tops of poles. Thus, when several of these rafts are grappled together, forming, as it were, a floating island of timber half a mile wide and a mile long, the sight is extremely picturesque; and when the voices of these hardy sons of the forest and the stream join in some of their Canadian boat songs, the wild music, borne by the breeze along the water, has a charming effect. Myriads of these rafts may be seen lying in the coves at Quebec, ready to be shipped to the different parts of the world. These rafts are particularly noticeable in our general view of the city of Quebec, of which, in the last number, we gave several interior views. In the foreground of this picture, is an Indian family, their frail birch bark canoe contrasting with the full-rigged ships and the large steamers gliding before the city. A glance at the engraving will show how commanding a position the city of Quebec occupies. Quebec, until recently the capital of United Canada, is situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, in latitude 46° 48′ north, and longitude 71° 15′ west, from Greenwich. It was founded by Charlevoix, in 1608, on the site of an Indian village, called *Stadacona*. It is the second city in British America, and has a population of more than 45,000. The form of the city is nearly that of a triangle, the Plains of Abraham forming the base, and the Rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles the sides. It is divided into two parts, known as the Upper and the Lower towns. The Upper Town is strongly fortified, and includes within its limits the Citadel of Cape Diamond, which is known to be the most formidable fortress in America. The Lower Town is built upon a narrow strip of land which runs at the base of the cape and of the high ground upon which the Upper Town stands, and the suburbs of St. Roch's and St. John's extend along the River St. Charles and to the Plains of Abraham. Quebec was taken by the British and colonial forces in 1629, but restored to France in 1632; and was finally captured by Wolfe in 1759, and, together with all the French possessions in North America, was ceded to Great Britain at the peace of 1763. Quebec, including the city and suburbs, contains 174 streets; among the principal of which are the following:—St. John's Street, which extends from Fabrique Street to St. John's Gate, in the Upper Town, and is occupied chiefly by retail stores; St. Louis Street is a handsome and well built street, extending from the Place d'Armes to the St. Louis Gate, and is occupied principally by lawyers' offices and private dwellings; D'Autueil Street faces the Esplanade and the ground where the artillery are drilled, and is an elegant street, mostly of private dwellings; Grand Adlee, or St. Louis Road, outside St. Louis Gate, and leading to the Plains of Abraham, is a pleasant and beautiful street, on which are many elegant villa residences; St. John's Street, without, is also a fine street, occupied by shops and private dwellings. The principal street in the Lower Town is St. Peter's, on which, and on the wharves and small streets that branch from it, most of the banks, insurance companies and merchants' offices are situated. There are also several fine streets in the St. John's and St. Roch's suburbs. The appearance of these quarters of the city has been much improved since the great fires of 1845; the buildings that were then destroyed having been replaced by others of a very superior description. The Citadel, on Cape Diamond, is one of the most interesting objects to visitors; and those who are desirous of seeing it should make application to the town mayor, at the main guard-house, from whom tickets of admission can always be obtained by persons of respectability. The area embraced within the fortifications of the Citadel is more than forty acres. The line of fortifications, enclosing the Citadel and the Upper Town, is nearly three miles in length, and the guns with which they are mounted are mostly thirty-two and forty-eight pounders. There are five gates to the city, three of which, Prescott, Palace, and Hope gates, communicate with the Lower Town, and two of which, St. Louis' and St. John's gates, communicate with the suburbs of the same name. About three quarters of a mile from the city are four Martello towers, fronting the Plains of Abraham, and intended to impede the advance of an enemy from that direction. The second engraving on this page presents a general view of Kingston, C. W., a stirring place of great importance, situated on the St. Lawrence River, at the head of Lake Ontario, about 200 miles southwest of Montreal. This place was called by the Indians, *Cataracqui*. A settlement was begun by the French, under De Courcelles, as early as 1672. The



CITY OF KINGSTON, C. W.

VICTORIA BRIDGE—MONTREAL.

fort, which was finished the next year, was called Fort Frontenac, in honor of the French count of that name. This fort was alternately in the possession of the French and the Indians, until it was destroyed by the expedition under Colonel Bradstreet, in 1758. In 1762, the place fell into the hands of the English, from whom it received its present name. Kingston is one of the most important military posts in Canada. It is one hundred and ten miles from Cobourg, and contains about 11,000 inhabitants. The splendid structure represented in the last engraving on this page, is the Victoria Bridge, that crosses the St. Lawrence, two miles wide, at Montreal. This magnificent work is now in the process of construction. In the whole history of engineering, there is nothing like so truly gigantic an undertaking. When finished, it will be not only among the greatest wonders of America, but of the world. This structure will contain twenty-five arches, of the uniform span of two hundred and forty-two feet. The tube is iron, the rest solid masonry, including the piers jutting into the river on either side, each about half a mile long; the centre arch will be sixty feet from the water level to the floor of the tube, which is twenty-five feet high and eighteen feet wide. It is calculated that each buttress will have to bear the pressure of seventy thousand tons of ice, when the winter breaks up and the large ice fields come sweeping down the St. Lawrence. Hence the necessity for such buttresses being peculiarly designed for the purpose of effecting the disruption of those formidable assailants, and hence the necessity for the personal supervision of the work by Mr. Stephenson himself. How insignificant seem many of the most celebrated engineering works of antiquity beside an achievement of this nature. What a pigmy would even the Colossus of Rhodes be, compared with the centre arch of Stephenson's colossal Victoria Bridge! For the use of the fine engravings of this series, we are indebted to the enterprising publishing firm of John P. Jewett & Co., of this city. They are specimens of the numerous beautiful illustrations of a work they have just issued, called "Hunter's Panoramic Guide from Niagara Falls to Quebec. By Wm. S. Hunter, Jr.," without which no traveller should think of visiting Canada. It has, in addition to many smaller cuts, a folded panoramic view of the St. Lawrence, 12 feet long, taken from a bird's eye point of view, showing the whole course of the river, with the rapids and islands, the villages and cities on its banks, etc. With this in hand, the voyager need ask no questions; he will be sure to identify every point of interest. The letter-press is pointed and lucid, and embraces every important fact connected with the places mentioned, fully answering the need of the tourist.

Archives de la Ville de Montréal

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPRING.

BY ELLEN M. HALPINE.

The long and gloomy wintry months are over,
Sweet Spring resumes her regal throne again;
Soft springing grass the hills and valleys cover—
Welcome, fair empress, to thy broad domain!
On hill and plain thy warm and glowing fingers
Are swiftly loosing Winter's icy chain,
Where, stern and cold, the grim old monarch lingers,
Reluctant to resign his stormy reign.

I see the waving of thy golden tresses,
The dazzling beauty of thy smile divine;
In the south wind I feel thy soft caresses,
And joy exultant fills this heart of mine.
In grove and glen ten thousand flowers are blushing
Beneath the radiance of thy sunny eye;
From tiny throats ten thousand songs are gushing,
Filling the air with joyous melody.

Freed from the chains of Winter's stern dominion,
The soul, bowed down with weariness and gloom,
Rises aloft on faith's triumphant pinion,
To the blest land of never fading bloom.
To that fair clime, where reigns the spring eternal,
Whose bending skies are ever soft and bright;
Whose flowery fields are ever fresh and vernal:
Where all is bloom and fragrance, joy and light.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WEEMATOO, THE INDIAN PRINCESS.

A TALE OF MT. WACHUSETT.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

Mt. Wachusett, now a famous resort of pleasure-parties and lovers of fine scenery, overlooks a panorama of beauty of great extent, comprising cultivated farms, beautiful country villages, miniature lakes, and rippling streams, even affording an occasional glimpse of the waters that border our coast. From the top of the mountain you command an unbroken view on either side, intersected by no higher land, and in fertility and beauty of scenery this eminence has justly obtained a worthy distinction among the other mountains in New England.

Two hundred years ago this mountain, then called "Wachusett Hill," was the home of mighty tribes of Indians, and the abode of their powerful sachem. In the year 1644, Nashacowan and Wassamagin, two chiefs, and leaders of the tribes living in the vicinity of this hill, appeared before the governor, desiring to be received under his protection and government. They were made acquainted with the articles drawn up for their mutual protection, and freely assented to them. Then presenting the court, as was customary on such occasions, with gifts of wampum, they received in turn a testimonial of the friendly league that had been ratified, and proceeded joyfully to their homes.

About this time, John Eliot commenced his labors among the Indians of Massachusetts, having prepared himself for the task by a thorough knowledge of the language, gained by becoming a pupil to one of their own number. After a few years of wonderful success in his efforts to teach the simple truths of Christianity, other kindred spirits became interested with him in the work, and aided him most essentially in his labors. Among the latter was a young man, a personal friend of Eliot, who had gained the confidence of the governor and court by his ready intellect and active service in the young colony. He, too, had given his time to gain a knowledge of the Indian dialect, and was often employed as a messenger to carry verbal communications from the white settlements to the Indian camps. He had previously studied medicine, and was considerably versed in his profession, which, with his other practical qualities, made him a most serviceable person for the peculiar circumstances surrounding him. To him was entrusted, in 1650, a most important message from the governor of Massachusetts to the tribes living on and about Mt. Wachusett.

It was on a warm September day that young Talbot found himself following the narrow track that led him up the acclivity of the hill to the tent of Wassamagin. He had been accompanied on his journey by trusty white guides, but they had remained at the dwelling of a white settler at the foot of the hill, in what is now the pleasant town of Princetown, and the young man was left to proceed unattended up the mountain. The day was warm and cloudless, and as the sun began to descend behind the lofty grand hill, a quiet and beauty seemed to settle upon the landscape that were not unnoticed by the traveller. As he wound his way along the narrow footpath, he listened in vain to catch a sound that would indicate that the deep mighty forest that enveloped him was the abode of human life. Occasionally a squirrel surprised him by darting across the track, and the trees were full of the music of birds, carolling their evening songs.

About half way up the mountain, striking off from the main path, was the tent of Wassamagin. As Talbot approached it he was surprised at the strange silence that reigned around him. He saw groups of Indians reclining upon the ground, unarmed, and in loose garments, idling away the twilight hours, while in other circles, earnestly talking in low subdued voices, were Indian squaws and maidens. As Talbot neared the tent he was saluted by an Indian who was acting as doorkeeper to the abode of his sachem. Addressing him in his own language, the stranger requested to be conducted to Wassamagin.

"We no admit white man. Pretty Weematoo, bright Weematoo, is dying. No power can save her. Doctors do no good to pretty Weematoo. She die."

This, then, was the cause of the silence that pervaded the scene. A holy awe and reverence stole over the young man as he noted the sad, sympathizing faces clustered around the wigwam of the chief. He spoke again, and this time his words gained him a ready passport.

"I am a doctor; I may help your pretty Weematoo. Let me go to your chief."

He was at once conducted into the presence of Wassamagin. In one corner of the wigwam, on a couch of green boughs and leaves, covered with a soft fawn skin, reclined the Indian princess, the only daughter of the lordly chief. Her father knelt by her side with his face buried in his hands, and his low, bewailing cry, half suppressed for fear of disturbing the sick maiden, touched the heart of the young man with a more than common sympathy. The Indian conductor softly approached his chief and roused him from his grief. He raised his head, and seeing a white stranger in his tent, strove to summon his dignity, and rose to approach him.

"Wassamagin gives thee greeting," said the chief, extending his right hand as a token of the friendly league subsisting between the white man and his tribe.

"I come from the governor," said Talbot, "bringing a message to you; but let not my business intrude upon your grief. I am a physician, somewhat skilled in medicine, and crave the favor of exerting my power in your daughter's behalf."

The chief shook his head mournfully, and said:

"No help for Weematoo. The Good Spirit is angry with Weematoo. Weematoo die."

"The Good Spirit is never angry with his children. He afflicts them in mercy," said Talbot, approaching the couch where the sick maiden reclined.

One glance at Weematoo convinced the young man of the nature of the disease that was so sorely afflicting the maiden. A hot fever was burning on her brow, and her parched lips were like burning coals. She was delirious, and occasionally her wild, incoherent cries rung through the wigwam, and brought every Indian on to his feet outside the tent. Taking the hand of Wassamagin, Talbot besought him to entrust his daughter to his care.

"The Good Spirit will surely bless my efforts. Only trust in Him, and me as his messenger, to restore your beautiful child to life."

The chief no longer resisted this appeal. Talbot instantly despatched one of the Indian attendants for a vessel of cold water from a spring further up the mountain. With this he bathed Weematoo's brow and parched skin; and taking from his travelling-sachel a few simple medicines, he administered them to his patient. The tent was hot, and the atmosphere impure. He ordered the doors to be thrown open, and apertures to be made to admit fresh air. With the application of a few of nature's restoratives the sick girl began to show signs of improvement.

The night came on, and Wassamagin and Talbot together watched over the couch of Weematoo. During the intervals of rest that came to her, the chief questioned his guest as to his healing power, and desired to be further instructed in the new doctrine of the Great Spirit. John Eliot had visited the tribes about this mountain and had awakened an interest in his preaching in the simple hearts of the red children. There was a mystery connected with the new truths, and this, together with what now seemed to be the wonderful healing power of Talbot, caused him to be regarded by Wassamagin as a being of superior origin and destiny.

The still hours of the summer night passed away, and with the morning light came the joyful tidings that Weematoo was saved. Her fever was allayed, her reason returned, and the crisis of danger passed. As the sun rose above the glorious old mountain, Talbot and the sachem knelt before the couch of the maiden, and together blessed God for the success that had attended his efforts. Wassamagin besought the young man to remain his guest until Weematoo should be wholly restored to health. Talbot consented, and for a fortnight remained an honored guest of the great sachem.

Leaving the Princess Weematoo surrounded by her numerous faithful attendants, Wassamagin, accompanied by young Talbot, repaired to the place appointed for the council, to meet there his own and neighboring tribes, to execute the business contained in the message from the governor. There had been some serious depredations made by the Indians from this vicinity, and the former pledge was to be again read and renewed, as a reminder of their treaty and a warning to any who might hereafter forfeit this sacred bond. The council chamber was an open space in the forest. High maples and towering oaks towered above them, and a soft green carpet of grass and moss was at their feet. The summer breeze wafted to them the fragrance of the pine and the sweet fern, and below them lay an unbroken, uncultivated country, with an occasional corn patch and scattered hovel bordering upon forests, while the beautiful lakes and streams lie embosomed in nature as she came from the hand of her Creator.

Talbot appeared before the assembled tribes leaning upon the strong arm of Wassamagin. A murmur of jealousy ran through the ranks of the young warriors. The rumor of Weematoo's deathly sickness, and the strange manner in which she had been rescued, had gone throughout the camps, and a thrill of jealous indignation seized the young men as they foresaw the favor that might come to Talbot for this service rendered to their chief. Among the rebellious ones was Onatona, the son of the sachem who dwelt on the east side of the mountain, and who for many years had been a devoted admirer of Weematoo. His suit had been but partially favored until within a few months, when she had yielded to his wooing, and was now his affianced bride. Wassamagin raised his voice and proclaimed to the assembled tribes his strong adherence to the former pledge, then in words of eloquence spoke of the great favor he had received from the stranger.

"White man come to my tent. The flower of our tribe, the red rose, Weematoo, was dying. No power could save her. White man came—sent by the Great Spirit—and Weematoo lives. Break the treaty at your peril. Wassamagin's anger and curse fall upon each head that harms my guest or breaks one clause of the sacred pledge."

The assembly dispersed, and Talbot returned to the tent of Wassamagin. Here they were greeted by Weematoo, who, leaning upon the arm of her favorite attendant, came up the path to meet them. Her cheek was yet thin from the effect of her late illness, but a healthy, vigorous life flowed in her veins, and her step had gained somewhat of its elasticity. As she came forward to meet her father and his guest, Talbot thought he had never seen so graceful a figure, so noble a mien connected with such sweetness and beauty of features. Her whole bearing betokened her origin. She was indeed worthy the name of princess.

Having saluted her father with a kiss, Weematoo modestly touched her lips to the hand of his companion, who had extended it as a sign of welcome. They entered the tent and sat a long time together conversing on the events of the day. Weematoo listened with a beating heart to the words of her father as he rehearsed for her hearing each circumstance of the council. Her cheek grew hot and red with excitement as she learned of the rebellion that ran through the ranks of the younger portion of the tribes. She retired apart, leaving the sachem and his guest together, to think upon the strange events of the day. She sat under the shadow of an oak, and with her beautiful head resting against the trunk of the tree, meditated long and earnestly. She was aroused from this position by a call to hasten in and preside at the coming repast, after which she pleaded weariness, and bidding them good night, retired from their presence.

After the council had broken up, and the chiefs and older men had proceeded to their homes, a band of young warriors loitered away by themselves, waiting till the evening shadows should come to screen them from view, that they might repair to their secret haunt. There were twelve of these noble young chiefs, tall, athletic, and proud of bearing, and as they sat together, their eyes flashing with jealous revenge, they presented an imposing picture of rude, uncultivated nature roused to revolt and rebellion. Onatona was the first to speak. With fire flashing from his eyes he called upon his comrades to aid him in his work of revenge. The white man had come among them, and by necromantic power had restored Weematoo to life. He had sat a favored guest at Wassamagin's board, and had wrested from him the affections of his affianced bride. Weematoo had frowned upon him when last they met. He then vowed revenge. It should fall upon the head of the white man.

A murmur of applause ran around the circle, and each clasped the chief's hand as a pledge that they would aid in the work of vengeance. While they sat thus, consulting with each other on some feasible plan to effect their purpose, a slight rustling of leaves caused them to start and look out into the darkness. A figure glided down the path to their secret retreat and stood in their midst. They sprang upon their feet, and stood speechless, waiting for the intruder to speak. Throwing off the heavy blanket that wrapped her slight form, Weematoo revealed herself to the astonished group. Her words were addressed to her affianced lover, Onatona.

"Think, Onatona, to gain the hand of the red rose by this work of revenge? The white man is Weematoo's preserver. The good spirit sent him to bring back the life that was waning. The white man is Wassamagin's friend. Let Onatona touch but one hair of his head and the red rose blooms no longer for him. The white man's God will help her revenge his wrong. Weematoo desires a promise from Onatona."

Filled with surprise at the appearance of the maiden in their midst, and horror-stricken that their plans should reach the ear of their chief, Onatona gave the desired pledge, but only as a plea to induce Weematoo to return to her home, with her fears allayed. The sudden appearance of the chief's daughter in their secret haunt so surprised the party that for five minutes no one spoke. Onatona was the first to break the silence.

"Shall the white man escape the red man's revenge, and our wrong go unavenged? Weematoo plays false to her lover. The white stranger has stolen the heart of the red rose."

Then crouching down together upon the ground, they took up the broken thread of their plan, and with fresh vigor worked at its completion. There were plenty of loose, disorderly Indians among the tribes that for a paltry bauble would act as spy upon the movements of the white man. One of these persons had been sent to the tent of Wassamagin to learn if possible the plans of young Talbot. At this stage of their conference the messenger arrived, bringing tidings that on the morrow he would repair to the house of a white settler at the foot of the mountain, there to confer with the guides who accompanied him on his journey.

They then were in possession of the necessary information for the effecting of their purpose. It was decided that on the following day a messenger, purporting to be from Weematoo, should repair to the dwelling of the white man and request Talbot to meet her at a rendezvous a mile distant, on the night of that day, in order to receive intelligence of great import to his life and safety. The messenger was to call at the appointed hour and conduct him to the place of meeting, and deliver him into the hands of the young warriors, Onatona himself craving the privilege of inflicting the fatal wound. At a late hour the little company separated, to meet again at the same hour on the following night.

When Weematoo left the presence of the young warriors, she did not return immediately to her father's tent, but glided around the brow of the hill, until she supposed the sound of her footstep could no longer be heard; then taking another path, she retraced

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THE WILD HORSE.

Troops of wild horses are found on the plains of Great Tartary, and also in several parts of South America. In neither, however, can we recognize an original race. The horses of the Ukraine and those of South America are equally the descendants of those who had escaped from the slavery of man. The Tartar horses are fleet and strong, but comparatively of an ordinary breed. Those of South America retain almost unimpaired the size and form of their European ancestors.

In no part of America was the horse known until he was introduced by Europeans; and the origin of the horses of Tartary has been clearly traced to those who were employed in the siege of Azoph, in 1057, but which were turned loose for want of forage. All travellers who have crossed the plains extending from the shores of La Plata to Patagonia, have spoken of numerous droves of wild horses. Some affirm they have seen ten thousand in one troop. They appear to be under the command of a leader, the strongest and boldest of the herd, and whom they implicitly obey. A secret instinct teaches them that their safety consists in their union, and in a principle of subordination. The lion, the tiger and the leopard are their principal enemies. At some signal intelligible to them all, they either close into a dense mass and trample their enemy to death, or placing the mares and foals in the centre, they form themselves into a circle, and welcome him with their heels. In the attack their leader is the first to face the danger, and when prudence demands a retreat they follow his rapid flight.

In the thinly inhabited parts of South America, it is dangerous to fall in with any of these troops. The wild horses approach as near as they dare; they call to the loaded horses with the greatest eagerness, and if the rider be not on the alert and have not considerable strength of arm and sharpness of spur, his beast will divest himself of his burden, take to his heels and be gone forever. The horses of the Pampas are like the common description of the Spanish horse, but rather stronger. They are of all colors, and a great number are piebald. When caught, they will kick at any person who goes behind them; and it is also with great difficulty they can be bridled and saddled; however, they are not vicious, and when properly broken in, will allow children to mount by climbing up their tails. In mounting, it is necessary to be very quick, and previous to dismounting, it is proper to throw the bridle over one side of the head, as the horses always run backward if one attempts to hold them by the bridle when it is over the head.

These horses possess much the form of the Spanish animals, from which it is said they sprung; they are tamed, as has been seen, with far less difficulty than could be thought possible, and although their's is the obedience of fear and enforced by the whip and spur, there are no horses who so soon and so perfectly exert their sagacity and their power in the service of man. They are possessed of no extraordinary speed, but they are capable of enduring immense fatigue. They are frequently ridden sixty or seventy miles without drawing bit, and have been urged on by the cruel spur of the Guacho more than a hundred miles, and at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

The wild horses of Tartary, although easily domesticated, materially differ in character from those on the plains of South America. They will not suffer a stranger to join them. If a domesticated horse comes in their way, unprotected by his master, they attack him with their teeth and heels, and speedily destroy him. They rapidly submit, however, to the dominion of man, and become perfectly docile and faithful.

The natural disposition of these animals is not ferocious; they are only high-spirited and wild; and though superior in strength to the greater part of animals, yet they never attack them; and if they are attacked by others, either disdain them or trample them under their feet. They go also in bodies, and unite themselves into troops, merely for the pleasure of being together, for they are not fearful of, but have an attachment for each other. As herbs and vegetables are sufficient for their nourishment, they have quite enough to satisfy their appetite; and as they have no relish for the flesh of animals, they never make war with them nor with each other; they never quarrel about their food, they have no occasion to ravish the prey of another, the ordinary source of contentions and quarrels among carnivorous animals. They live in peace, because their appetite is simple and moderate; and as they have enough, there is no room for envy.

As all parts of Europe are at present peopled, and almost equally inhabited, wild horses are no longer found there, and those which we see in America were originally European tame horses, which have multiplied in the vast deserts of the country. The astonishment and fear which the inhabitants of Mexico and Peru expressed at the horses and their riders, convinced the Spaniards that this animal was entirely unknown in these countries; they therefore carried thither a great number, as well for service and their particular utility, as to propagate the breed. M. de la Salle, in 1685, saw in the northwestern parts of this country, near the Bay of St. Louis, whole troops of these wild horses, feeding in the pastures, and which were so fierce that no one dare to approach them

The wild horses are captured by means of the lasso, a missile weapon used by every nation of the United Provinces and Chili. It is a very strong plaited thong, of equal thickness, half an inch in diameter, and forty feet long, made of many strips of green hide, plaited like a whip-thong, and rendered supple by grease. It has at one end an iron ring, above an inch and a half in diameter, through which the thong is passed, and this forms a running noose.

The Guacho, or native peon, is generally mounted on horseback when he uses the lasso. The end of the thong is affixed to his saddle-girth, the remainder he coils carefully in his left hand, leaving about twelve feet belonging to the noose-end in a coil and half of which he holds in his right hand. He then swings his long noose horizontally round his head, the weight of the iron ring at the end of the noose assisting to give it, by a continued circular motion, a sufficient force to project it the whole length of the line.

When the Guacho wants a horse for himself or for the traveller, he either goes with a lasso to the corral, and selects those who on the preceding day had for the first time been backed, or scampers across the plain and presently returns with an unwilling or subdued captive. When the services of the animals have been exacted, he either takes them to the corral and feeds them with a small quantity of maize, if he thinks he shall presently need them again, or once more turns them loose on the plains. The rude inhabitants of the plains of South America have no stables, no fenced pastures. One horse is usually kept tied at the door of the hut, fed scantily at night on corn, or at other times several may be enclosed in the corral, which is a circular space surrounded by rough posts driven into the ground. The mares are never ridden or attempted to be tamed, but wander about with their foals wherever they please.—*Country Gentleman.*

STEAMERS DESCENDING LOST CHANNEL, LONG SAULT RAPIDS

RAPIDS NEAR "THE CEDARS"—RIVER ST. LAWRENCE

LOCOMOTIVE EXPERIENCE.

Riding on the engine of an express train is exciting business. We made intercession with the powers that be, the other day, and secured a passage for a distance of ten miles on "the machine." It is interesting to watch the track ahead, and imagine yourself going down the bank from some obstruction. You look at the steam-guage and wonder if a hundred and ten pounds of steam is a safe quantity. As the speed increases, the sway of the engine attracts especial notice. Every little roughness of the track is felt, and the machine goes knocking about from side to side, with force enough to tear the rails from the ties. The flat ribbon of rail, extending so far before you, seems utterly insufficient to hold the vast, ponderous weight of iron upon it. For relief from the terrors you have conjured up, you turn to the engineer and venture a remark. He does not look around, his hand is on the lever, his eye steadily fixed on the track. Just then the fireman rings the bell for a crossing. You can see it swing, but in the crash and thunder of your progress you hear no sound, and then you think that the engineer perhaps did not hear your voice. The fireman is constantly busy. He piles up the wood in easy distance and then "stokes." As the dry sticks are cast in the furnace, the devouring flame seizes them with fierce avidity, eats into their substance, penetrates their pores, and tears them to pieces almost in a moment. It is an awful fire, unlike any you ever witnessed. You take another look at the track and gain a new sensation, for wherever the rail is a little settled, the engine sinks down upon it, and it seems as if the wheels and trucks were giving way, and the whole machine about to crush down in one fatal smash-up. These are daylight observations, but the night is the time to enjoy a locomotive ride. The light from the engine-lamp extends only two or three rails forward—beyond that all is darkness, and you go plunging on into the black unseen before you, without a possibility of a forewarning of any danger. You can see the switch lights, or that of another locomotive, but a log or a drunken man may be on the track, or a rail may be broken, and you none the wiser, until with a crash you meet your doom.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

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