

garb of a thresher, and whenever he worked his flail, whether to the right or the left, he cried, "Now thus." And it is to commemorate this circumstance that the descendants of the old Saxon yeoman bear as their crest, a husbandman per pale, argent and azure, threshing, a garb or.

The present baronets, Sir Robert Anstruther and Sir Wyndham Carmichael Anstruther, use as their crest two sturdy arms in armour, brandishing a pole-axe, with the motto, "Perissem ni perissem" (I should have perished had I not gone through it). This alludes to an ancestor who, having fixed a friendly meeting with an adversary, discovered that the latter intended to assassinate him. Being forewarned he effectually prevented his enemy from fulfilling his purpose, by felling to the ground his would-be murderer.

The encroachments of the sea in England have at times been very serious. Evidence of this is found in the Goodwin Sands, which are said to have once been the estate of Earl Godwin, and also in that portion of the Cornish coast between the Land's End and the Seven Stones, which was once dry land belonging to the ancient family of Trevelyan. Tradition asserts that the latter mentioned land was suddenly submerged, and that the then owner of it, when upon a riding excursion, found himself cut off from the mainland, in a locality far removed from human habitations. Finding his position becoming momentarily more perilous, and night approaching, he determined to attempt to reach the shore with his horse by swimming. The distance was great, but his steed was strong and possessed spirit. So soon as the tide began to flow he started on his perilous journey, and at the very moment when he expected to be lost through the exhaustion of his steed, the noble animal touched land, and both he and his rider were saved. In commemoration of his gratitude to the horse, he ordered that the rest of its life should be one of rest and plenty, and he assumed in lieu of his former arms, gules, a demi-horse argent, hooped and maned or, issuing out of water in base, proper, the bearings of the present Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan.

Sir Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt's family is said to owe their arms, and even name, to the undermentioned circumstance. In the reign of William I was a knight Sir Hercules, renowned for his valour and exceeding strength. On one occasion, when riding with a party of his retainers, he was attacked by a superior force, and to avoid, as they thought, defeat, his attendants fled across a neighbouring bridge, which afforded the only passage over a deep and rapid stream. They would not, however, have escaped had not Sir Hercules posted himself at the entrance to the bridge, and with a ponderous mace beaten off his foes. Shamed at seeing their leader fighting single-handed, they rallied and returned to the *mêlée* just as Sir Hercules, fainting from exertion and loss of blood, had rolled from the highway into a piece of marshy ground covered with rushes. His followers, however, could not readily have discovered his position, had not the clatter of his armour as he fell startled from their nest some tyrwhitts or pewits, whose shrill cries, as they flew in circles over the place where he lay, enabled the searchers to discover and revive him. To commemorate this circumstance Sir Hercules assumed the name of Tyrwhitt, placed upon his shield three pewits, and took for his crest the figure of his namesake, "Hercules" bearing a club, in memory of the great deeds which he had enacted with the mace.

At the battle of Edgehill, an ancestor of the present

Sir Atwell Kinglake, Bart., received sixteen wounds, one of which disabled his left arm. Unmindful, however, of his wounds, the gallant knight held the bridle in his mouth, and continued to fight vigorously. The crest borne by the present family of Lake represents a mounted chevalier holding a sword in his right hand, his left arm hanging down, and the bridle in his mouth.

"I will mak sicker," is the motto of Sir Charles Sharpe Kirkpatrick, who bears as his crest a hand holding a dagger, an ensign that had its origin in a deed which was once styled patriotism, but which would now be termed murder. Robert Le Bruce, having met a chieftain known as Red Comyn in the Greyfriars Church at Dumfries, argued with him upon political subjects. The disputants' tempers became aroused, and each used harsh expressions towards the other. Bruce, however, was unable to control his anger, and in his rage struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Horror-struck, not at the deed he had committed, but at the place in which it had occurred, he rushed hastily out of the church, and was met by one of his staunchest adherents, Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, who, seeing his agitation, inquired the cause. "I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain Red Comyn." "Doubtest thou?" rejoined the knight, "then I will make sicker" (sure), and, entering the sacred edifice, he despatched the wounded man without hesitation.

A tower with a portcullis down, and the head and shoulders of a sentinel appearing above the battlements in a watching posture proper, with the motto "Turris prudentia custos" (Prudence is the guardian of the tower), is borne as his crest by the present Sir John Dick Lauder, Bart. It relates to the shelter which Sir Robert de Lauder, High Justiciary of Scotland, took in the Castle of Urquhart, after he found that the battle of Halidon was lost, A.D. 1333. The gallant knight subsequently so valiantly, skilfully, and successfully defended the castle against the attacks of the English, that the assailants were obliged to retire. His gallantry and prudence so pleased the King, David II, that he assigned to him the insignia above mentioned.

INDIAN DOG JOURNEYS.

EVERYBODY knows that in the snow-covered regions of North America our familiar friend, the dog, is promoted into harness, and becomes the draught animal *par excellence* of the human race. Pictures are found in each child's natural history book of wonderful sledges drawn by a riotous-looking assembly of dogs, which seem galloping away at their own irresponsible sweet will, unheeding the ineffectual lash of an owner located far to the rear. These popular ideas on the subject will bear a little enlightenment; especially when we have such good authority to produce as Professor Hind, of the Red River Exploring Expedition, who journeyed many a hundred miles behind the self-same dogs of draught.

It is among the Ojibbeways and their kindred tribes alone, that the canine species is thus honoured; elsewhere with the Indians the dog is utterly contemned and cruelly treated. Yet no worthier sacrifice can be offered at their festivals; and they have a saying that "the dog was created in heaven itself, and sent down especially as a gift to the Red men." The celestial gift, if it be so, is dishonoured every hour in the day—kicks and blows are its caresses, and its food whatever it can steal. Consequently it has a very seedy and ferocious aspect, suited to make war with men rather

than to serve them; or, as if it had a suspicion of the dire fact that it is sometimes slain and eaten at the ceremonials, half religious, half gluttonous, called Dog Feasts.

But the wandering prairie Indian has no usefuller chattel than the despised hound cowering at his wigwam door; who helps the squaws in their journeyings, dragging away on rude sledges the children, provisions, and birch-bark utensils of the camp. The woman walks by its side on snow shoes, and guides the vehicle with a cord. The beasts are harnessed to two poles jutting out in front of the long, flexible board which is the sleigh, and which is constructed so as to glide over inequalities of ground in an undulating, snake-like way; ropes along the sides, from end to end, keep the goods from overturning: thus, the young Swampys and Sioux papooses are transferred from place to place, with their parents' other property.

The carioles in which Professor Hind made his journeys were on the same principle of construction, or rather non-construction, a very thin plank, ten or twelve feet long, by twelve or fourteen inches broad, and turned up at one end in a half-circle. On this is lodged a high cradle in which the traveller is packed up and deposited, a helpless mass of furs, with nothing but the thin plank between his outstretched legs and the snow. Nevertheless, he is very snug; his cradle is covered externally with buffalo-skin, and lined internally with blanket; and he sees before him, under the edge of his fur cap, his trio of dogs decorated with beadwork on their collars and tassels and bells on their harness. He has nothing to do with the management of these steeds; the driver runs behind, guiding the cariole by a loop of buffalo thong affixed to each corner of the projecting plank. His luggage is packed on a sledge coming after; and so he sits, a comfortable mummy, gliding or galloping along at the rate of fifty miles a day, through utterly roadless solitudes.

Perhaps the most celebrated run ever made with dog-trains, was that over the four hundred miles of country between Fort Garry on the Red River and Crow Wing on the Mississippi, the travellers being, on the one part, Lords Richard Grosvenor and Frederick Cavendish, with John Monkman as guide; on the other, Professor Hind and the Indian scout named Cline. The former had a superb train of fifty dogs for their sixteen carioles and sleighs—dogs which were known to have run sixty-eight miles in seven and a half hours, once upon a time. The need for so many vehicles was the carrying of provisions, not only for the travellers and their half-breed drivers, but also for the dogs, each of whom should daily get a meal of two pounds of pemmican or three pounds of whitefish. True, they could be left a week without food in an extreme case, but to keep them in travelling condition this regular meal was necessary. Mr. Hind had nine carioles and a corresponding proportion of dogs and men. The Hudson's Bay Company keep numbers of the animals trained at their forts for purposes of winter traffic.

Now the four hundred miles between Red River and the Mississippi was an untrodden waste of snow, not even a trace of a path marked anywhere. This was the most serious impediment in the proposed run. Generally in such cases a track has to be made by an Indian marching on snow-shoes some distance in advance of the dogs, who follow with unerring precision. And so John Monkman, the guide selected by the young noblemen aforesaid, astutely proposed to give Professor Hind and his party two days' start, and then, taking advantage of the trail they had left, to gain on them and sweep

past them into Crow Wing, the place of destination. The one weak point in this plan was the possibility of any fresh fall of snow obliterating the trail.

Twenty-two degrees below zero was marked on the thermometer when Mr. Hind camped out his first night—that of November 30. What intolerable cold! says the British reader in his well-curtained dining-room. The very description of the sleeping arrangements will make him shiver. No tent could be put up; canvas would be as a steel sheet in the morning; but a blanket was stretched on poles between the sleepers and the brilliant star-spangled sky. The snow had been swept away as a preliminary to kindling the fire, which was made of a long narrow shape, so that each man could lie with his feet towards it. Supper was prepared of pemmican and tea; and while getting ready, the dogs received their solitary feed for the twenty-four hours—the same as their masters, but without the tea. Then snow-shoes were doffed, and mocassins were dried, before each man wrapt himself in his blanket and slept. A promiscuous sleeping apartment that, in the midst of the solemn pine-woods; for the dogs crept in likewise to be near the fire, and some lay half across the Indians, whose coppery faces were whitened with frozen breath. Through the silent midnight came perchance the long, low howl of distant wolves, eyeing the red gleam of the bivouac from afar.

Long before any trace of dawn pales on the eastern horizon, there is a stir among the men, and the waning fire is replenished: breakfast over, the men draw on strong mittens of buffalo-hide, ere they proceed to catch and harness the dogs. For these are ungentle animals, apt to snap at their masters and eat the thongs which strap them to the carioles; apt to grow sulky and lie like logs, only roused by severe punishment. Under the most favourable circumstance, this operation of catching and harnessing occupies more than two hours: so we see how needful it is that the camp should be astrid at five. Sometimes the roguish dogs have scraped out a bed in the snow, and if any has fallen afterwards during the night, it is next to impossible to detect their hiding-place: the beast will lie quietly within thirty yards of the fire, unheeding all shouts and calls, and it is only by the Indians walking round and round the camp in a circle, enlarging the limit each time, that they at last tread on the truant.

A good story is told of Cline, the guide, wanting to make a *cache* of pemmican somewhere, as store against his return by the same route. He knew that the cunning of the dogs was such, that they would scent it out and scrape it up if he buried it; he was most careful not to let them see where he was going when he struck off one day from the main route towards the Pine River. Here, having cut a hole through the ice, which was fifteen inches thick, and tied a buffalo thong round the bag of meat, and also round a stick from which he meant to suspend it, he laid the stick across the hole, so that the bag was let down into the water just below the ice: then he heaped blocks of ice on the opening, and poured water over all. Such was the cold that the water froze the instant it touched the ice, and thus a solid mass was formed over his *cache*, or hidden treasure. Raising his head from the work, Cline beheld the sharp noses of some of his dogs over the bank, which had been watching him all the time. Immediately they disappeared; but when he joined the train, he could easily detect the culprits by their consciously guilty demeanour. Cline pushed on for some miles: counted his dogs before supper, when they were all right: counted them again in the morning, when

some were missing: went back on snow-shoes to his *cache* at the Pine River, and found the discoverers of the preceding day scratching busily at the ice over his deposit.

The severest part of the journey was in crossing the lakes, where there was no protection whatever from the cold. It was but a short time before that a Roman Catholic missionary had been frozen to death on the Red Lake, when a snowstorm had come on: he died within two hundred yards of his home. The Indians could read the whole history of the struggle in his tracks, and enacted the same in a touching dumb show for Professor Hind. How the poor priest had run against the pitiless blinding tempest for awhile, had paused in exhaustion, had turned his back to gain breath, had kneeled in prayer, had hastened onward again, had slipped and fallen, leaving the clutch of his fingers marked on the ice, had prayed again with clasped hands, had finally yielded to the stupifying cold, and lain down in the unwaking sleep. He was an Austrian, located at this place as missionary to the Indians.

On the borders of Cass Lake, just as the bivouac was formed, a distant yelp was heard, "Monkman's come!" and soon his dogs were fraternising with Cline's, unheeding the rivalry between their masters. Forty-four miles from their destination, the parties camped together, and rehearsed the several stories of their journeys. Their last night in the woods was that of 12th December: and next morning, forty minutes after the start, Monkman's party passed that of Professor Hind; flitting swiftly and almost noiselessly by over the white earth, through the illimitable pine-woods, under the brightening heavens. The run was twenty-six miles to dinner time, Cline keeping close upon Monkman's heels. A splendid gallop of twenty miles from that to Crowwing: all sloping ground to the levels of the Mississippi, along which the dogs careered with magnificent eagerness. Monkman's had the best of the race by a few yards: Lord Frederick Cavendish being first, and Professor Hind third of the carioles entering the town. Exciting and strange as was the run, we can fancy the travellers shaking the hoarfrost from their eyebrows, and crunching the icicles from their beards very contentedly in a civilised apartment with the weather shut out, and resorting with thankfulness to first-class carriages for the residue of their lives, while enjoying dog-trains only in remembrance.

Our arctic voyagers have owed much to dogs of draught. In those higher latitudes there is some difference as to the manner of training and the result when trained. Whereas the Ojibbeway Indian keeps his dogs in order by hurling a well-aimed stick, javeline-wise, at the offending head, the Esquimaux uses a whip twenty feet long in the lash, and has a whole vocabulary of cries for "right, left, turn, stop." Three of their dogs are said to be able to draw a sledge weighted with a hundred pounds, over a mile's space in six minutes. Nine of such beasts drew 1,611 pounds of stores from the Hecla to the Fury—laid up in ice-quarters—in nine minutes. From the time they ceased to be blind puppies they have been yoked; first to toy-sledges that would amuse a child, as breaking-in for graver work. With all their work they are poorly fed, and have the gaunt aspect of wolves in general. Captain Parry saw one eat a large piece of canvas, a cotton handkerchief, and part of a linen shirt with apparent relish. Still, with all their harsh treatment, they are faithful creatures, and the bravest of the brave: if a shaggy Polar-bear loom out of the snowy gloom as you sit in your sledge, you will see your whole team burst harness and have at him, though the foremost die in his embrace.

Varieties.

THE WHIP.—The Whip has an office. He has six or seven clerks and scouts. He has a private printing-press. But, above all, he has one responsible deputy, who is the real Whip, whose efficiency is the basis of every majority, upon whom he depends, who in reality is what Colonel Taylor or Mr. Glyn only seems. The present holder of this post (Mr. Vargas) has held it, if we mistake not, between thirty and forty years. It is not a highly-paid office. Yet upon the diligence and perfection with which its duties are fulfilled depends perpetually the fate of Ministries. Understand, the Whip does not, like the Patronage Secretary of the Treasury, go in and out of office with Ministers. The Whip who drummed up sixty too few for Mr. Disraeli this year is the same who the year before last drummed up eleven too few for Mr. Gladstone. He has no political feelings, or shows none. His one object in life is to get a good majority for whatever Government is in. At night he is at the House; in the daytime he is at an office in King-street. Thence proceed almost every day circulars to every supporter of the Government, telling them what there is to watch for in the Government interest. Besides these circulars there are many special messages on which he has to send his scouts. In fact, there are few places in London where more business is done or done quicker or at greater pressure than in this little King-street office.—*Court Journal*.

VALUE OF LAND NEAR LONDON.—The residence known as Branch Hill Lodge, at Hampstead, and 13a. 3r. 37p. of pasture and garden ground adjoining, were lately offered by auction at the Auction Mart. After a spirited competition, the lot was sold to a City wine merchant, for his own occupation, at £20,050. The late owner and occupier purchased the estate fifteen years ago for £10,000.—*City Press*.

THE ROBBER CRAB.—In the island of Niné, as in Samoa, the large robber crab (*Birgus latro*) is found in great numbers, and the natives are very expert in catching them. The sagacity of these crabs is surprising. A young man in my family, in Samoa, saw one up a cocoa-nut tree twenty-five feet high push down (not twist off as the natives do) a dark brown cocoa-nut; that is a nut in just such a state of ripeness as to be easily detached from its stalk; just such a one as a native would have selected. The habit of this crab is, after having thrown down a cocoa-nut from the tree, to descend, go to the nut and tear off with its strong claws the fibrous husk; then it re-ascends the tree with the nut, holding it by a bit of the husk which it leaves on for the purpose, and lets it fall upon a stone or rock to break it. It then again descends, either to feast upon the broken pieces or to carry them away to its hiding-place. Sometimes, instead of taking it up the tree again to let it fall upon a stone, it will gnaw, with its strong nipper-like claws, a large hole in the nut, beginning at the eye. If these crabs perceive themselves discovered up a tree by any person, they draw up their legs and claws, form themselves into a ball, drop down, and immediately endeavour to escape; or if discovered near a precipice they roll down it. They feed on other fruits beside the cocoa-nut; such as the candle nuts, nutmegs, figs, and many other kinds of rich and oily nuts and fruits. The trees yielding these are, at certain seasons, covered with them, feasting upon their fruits, and when thus found basket loads of them are taken. They go periodically into the sea, about the change and full of the moon, just before she rises."—*Savage Island, by Rev. F. Powell, F.L.S.*

PUBLIC INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.—The total revenue for the year ended March 31, 1868, was £69,600,218 sterling. Of this sum £22,050,000 was derived from the Customs, £20,162,000 from the Excise, £9,541,000 from stamps, £3,509,000 from land and assessed taxes, £6,177,000 from the property tax, £4,630,000 from the Post-office, and £345,000 from Crown lands, the miscellaneous receipts amounting to £2,586,218. The total ordinary expenditure amounted to £71,236,241, £26,571,750 of which was for interest and management of the Permanent Debt, for terminable annuities, interest of Exchequer bonds, Exchequer bills, and Bank advances for deficiency, £1,893,898 for charges on the Consolidated Fund (the largest item of which was £672,559 for the Courts of Justice), and £42,770,593 for supply services, £15,418,581 of which was required for the army, £11,168,949 for the navy, £8,491,314 for miscellaneous civil services, and £2,000,000 for the Abyssinian expedition.