

# PONTIAC;

Or the Siege of Detroit.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

The elevated belt of inland seas which stretches from the St. Lawrence to the tenth parallel of west longitude has always formed one of the most striking and important features of this continent. At the outset, when an unbroken forest extended, in the southern sections, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through which the settler must hew his difficult way with an ax, he could, by these great inland seas, penetrate to its very center. The French, who claimed the Canadas by right of discovery, extended their explorations to Michilimackinac, and thence south to the mouth of the Mississippi. But the English Colonies, pushing in from the Atlantic seaboard south of the St. Lawrence, forced them back, till the lakes and the river became the boundary line between the two, and the scene of bloody conflicts. So in the revolution a fiercer struggle took place along this belt of water. In the war of 1812 it became the great battleground between the two countries; and if so great a misfortune as a third war between England and America should ever occur, it would be the scene of the most sanguinary battles the world has ever seen. The importance of this water belt, in a commercial point of view, may be seen in the fleets that cover it and the vast amount of wealth that floats on its bosom.

The French early saw that the Detroit River was a miniature Straits of Gibraltar to all the water that lay beyond, and, as far back as 1701, established there its most important western station. It was composed of a military colony, extending for twelve or sixteen miles up and down the west bank of the river, in the centre of which stood the fort, a quadrilateral structure embracing about 100 houses. Numerous white dwellings lay scattered along the banks, each surrounded with a picket fence, while orchards and gardens and outhouses exhibited the thrift of the Canadian settlers. It altogether formed a beautiful and sunny opening to the gloomy wilderness; and to the trader and soldier, weary with their long marches and solitary bivouacs in the forest it was ever a most welcome sight. Three large Indian villages were embraced in the limits of the settlement. A little below the fort, and on the same side of the river, were the lodges of the Pottawatomies; nearly opposite them those of the Wyandots; while two miles further up lay sprinkled over the green meadows the wigwams of the Ottawas.

The French and English struggled long and stubbornly for the control of the western continent, but at last the decisive conflict came, when the Canadas were put up and battled for on the plains of Abraham. With the fall of Montreal the French power was forever broken; and the surrender of Montreal, which soon followed, virtually closed the war. The St. Lawrence and the lakes now being in possession of the English, nothing remained for the weak western posts but to submit quietly to their new masters.

The news of the overthrow of the colonial government had reached them, but having received no formal summons to surrender, they still kept the flag of France flying; and Capt. Rogers, a native of New Hampshire, was sent with 200 rangers, in fifteen white boats, to take possession of them. On the 7th of November he encamped on the present site of Cleveland—a point never before reached by British troops. Here a deputation of Indians met him, in the name of Pontiac, the savage lord of this wilderness. Before night the chief himself arrived and demanded the reason of Rogers' visit. The latter told him that the French had ceded all Canada to the British, who now had undisputed sway, and he was on his way to take possession of Detroit. Pontiac staid till morning, and in another interview with the ranger professed a desire for peace. Rogers then kept on, and at length reached Detroit, over which the lilies of France were still waving. The British colors at once supplanted them, and the surrounding Canadians swore allegiance to the British crown.

The Indians, who had been on the most friendly terms with the French, soon had cause to regret their change of masters. The English practiced a harsh policy toward the Indians, which soon showed its legitimate fruits among the tribes in the neighborhood of Detroit. There was one chief among them who held undisputed sway by the force of his genius and the loftiness of his character. Like Tecumseh and Red Jacket, he was one of those few savage monarchs that seemed made for a nobler destiny than to be the acknowledged leader of a few thousand naked barbarians. He saw, with great forecast of thought, the humiliation of the Indians if the British held undisputed sway; for, with the French no longer allies, he could not resist successfully their aggressions. He resolved, therefore, before the British got firmer foothold, to overwhelm them with savage forces, trusting to French aid to complete the work. So, in May, 1762, he sent messengers to the various surrounding tribes, summoning them to assemble for consultation on the banks of Beccore's River, a short distance from Detroit.

Pontiac was chief only of the Ottawas, though the other tribes acknowledged his authority. He was at this time about 50 years of age, and, though not above the middle height, bore himself with wonderful dignity. No monarch ever trod the floor of his palace with a haughtier step than did this swarthy chieftain the green sward where the council sat. His features were not regular, but there was a boldness and sternness in their expression which awed the beholder; and the dark eye had a strange fascination in its glances.

Detroit and its environs at this time presented a picturesque appearance. The fort, with its little garrison of 120 men, surrounded with palisades twenty-five feet high and a bastion at each corner, formed the central figure. The bright river, here only half a mile wide, flowed past it, almost washing its foundations. Above and below, fringing the stream as far as the eye could reach, gleamed the white farmhouses, rising from green orchards, while the pastures were alive with cattle. Within sight of the rampart lay the villages of the Indians, their wigwams sprinkling the meadows, over which the listless warrior lounged, and the dusky maiden, shining in beads and vermilion, gaily tripped; while skinny, shriveled hags roamed along the outskirts of the forest, and troops of naked children rolled and shouted in the sun. The great solemn wilderness encompassed all, inclosing a scene of great contrasts—of

great wildness and beauty combined. The red uniform of the soldier and the swarthy naked form of the savage; the sweet and stirring strains of the band, and the hoarse beat of the Indian's drum and his discordant yells; the rude wigwam with its dusky group beneath, and the farmhouse with its well-set table; the stately schooner riding at anchor in the stream, and birch canoes glancing over the water; the smoke of the chimney and the smoke of the camp fire all mingled together on this oasis in the wilderness in strange harmony.

The tribes responded to Pontiac's call—Soon the fierce Ojibwas and Wyandots assembled at the place of the rendezvous, and took their seats on the grass in a circle. For a long time not a word was spoken in the council. At last Pontiac strode into its midst plumed and painted for war. Casting his fierce glance around on the waiting group, he commenced denouncing the English, and calling on the chiefs to arise in defense of their rights. His voice at times pealed like a bugle, and his gestures were sudden and violent. After arousing the chiefs by his eloquence he unfolded his plans.

He proposed that on the 2d of May they should visit the fort, under pretense of interchanging friendly and peaceful greetings; and then, when the garrison was unsuspecting no treachery, suddenly fall on them and massacre the whole. They all readily assented to his scheme.

Gladwyn, commander of the fort, had seen nothing to rouse his suspicions, and everything betokened a quiet summer, until, just before this premeditated massacre, when a Canadian woman, who had visited the Ottawa village to buy some venison and maple sugar, reported that as she was passing among the wigwams she observed the warriors busily engaged in filing off their gun barrels. A blacksmith, hearing of it, said that for some days the Indians had been borrowing files and saws of him, which struck him as singular. This excited suspicion, and report was made to Gladwyn. He only laughed at the fears created by it; for nothing had occurred to break the harmony that had now lasted for nearly two years.

Among the Ojibwas was a young Indian girl of rare beauty and exquisite form. Large, dark, and dreamy eyes lighted up her nut-brown complexion, revealing a loving and passionate nature, while her moccasined foot pressed the green sward light and gracefully as a young fawn's. Struck with her exquisite loveliness, Gladwyn had become enamoured of her; and his passion being returned, she had become his mistress. The next day after the report of the woman was made this girl came into the fort bringing some elk-skin moccasins, which she had worked with porcupine quills, as a present for Gladwyn. He noticed that she looked pensive and sad; but made no remark upon it, and she left him without saying anything to alarm his suspicions. She did not go away, however, but lingered outside the door as if unwilling to leave. A sentinel having watched her strange and apparently distressed manner for some time reported it to Gladwyn, hinting that he had better question her. Gladwyn called her in, and catching the earnest expression of her eye, saw at once there was something more than common on her mind, and began to interrogate her. But she only shook her head and would make no answer. Her pertinacity and the melancholy manner in which she resisted his importunities convinced him that she held a secret of serious import, and he pressed her still more earnestly. At last her firmness gave way before his warm pleadings, and the loving heart triumphed over its fears. She no longer saw her angry tribe and the vengeful chieftains demanding her death as the betrayer of her race. She saw only the adored form of her lover before her, and her lips broke their painful silence.

Making him promise not to betray her secret, she told him that the Indians had sawed off their gun-barrels so that they could carry them concealed under their blankets; and Pontiac, with his chiefs thus armed, was about to visit the fort to hold a council. He would make a speech, and at its close present to Gladwyn a peace-belt of wampum. When he reversed it in his hands it was to be the signal for a general massacre of all but the Canadians. Gladwyn warmly thanked the trembling beauty for this proof of her devotion, and bade her return to the village and neither do nor say anything to awaken suspicion.

The next morning a pouring rain set in and continued all day, and the Indians did not make their appearance, though the garrison was kept under arms and every precaution made to prevent a surprise. Toward evening it cleared up; the broken clouds drifted away before the brisk west wind, and the sun shined in a blaze of glory behind the western forest, its last beams glancing on the British colors that fluttered from the flag-staff. Twilight soon deepened into the full shadows of night and darkness fell on forest and stream. Gladwyn, whose fears had now become thoroughly aroused, would not retire to his quarters, but walked the ramparts all night. The scene, the time and the imminent danger combined to render him sad and thoughtful. War was evidently determined upon by Pontiac and he was unprepared for it. He was there in the heart of the wilderness, far removed from succor, with only 120 men in a fort presenting but feeble defenses to a determined foe. He contrasted the quiet scene before him with the aspect it would present in a few days. Now all was serene. The river flowed by with a low, monotonous sound, reflecting the stars in its bosom; and the great forest slept black and motionless against the sky. Before morning that stream might swarm with hostile boats, and those silent woods resound with maddened yells and fierce shouts of vengeance. The night passed on without disturbance, save now and then there arose the roll of the Indian drum in the distance, accompanied by bursts of yells as the Indians danced around their camp fires that reddened the heavens far and near with their glows.

When the welcome light of morning broke over the forest all was bustle and commotion within the fort. The sun rose bright and clear; but a heavy mist lay along the river, entirely shrouding it from view. At length the heavy folds began to move and lift, and finally parted and floated gracefully away on the morning air, revealing the water covered with bark canoes moving steadily across the river. Only two or three warriors appeared in each, the others lying flat on their faces on the bottom to avoid being seen. Pontiac had ordered this to be done, so as not to awaken any suspicions in the garrison that his mission was not what he represented it to be—a peaceful one. He could not lead them behind, for he would need them in the approaching conflict. There

was a large common behind the fort; this was soon filled with a crowd of Indian squaws, children and warriors mingled together, some dressed in fantastic costumes or gaudily painted, and apparently preparing for a game of ball. Pontiac slowly approached the fort, with sixty chiefs at his back, marching in Indian file. Each was wrapped to the chin in his blanket, underneath which, grasped with his right hand, lay concealed his trusty rifle. From the heads of some waved the hawk, the eagle, and raven plume. Others showed only the scalp-lock, while a few wore their hair naturally, the long, dark locks hanging wildly about their malignant faces.

As Pontiac passed through the gate of the fort he uttered a low ejaculation of surprise. Well might he do so, for the unexpected sight that met his gaze would have startled a greater stoic even than he. Instead of beholding the garrison lulled into security, and entirely off its guard, he found him self drawn up on each side of the gate to receive him. The houses of the traders and those employed by the garrison were all closed, and the occupants armed to the teeth, standing on guard upon the corners of the street, while the tap of the drum, heard at intervals, told in language that Pontiac could not mistake that the garrison, which he expected to find careless and insecure, was in a state of the keenest vigilance and apparent alarm. Casting a dark and moody glance around on these hostile preparations, he strode haughtily through the principal street of the place and advanced direct to the council house, followed by his chief.

Passing through the door he saw Gladwyn and the other officers seated at the further end, each with a sword by his side and a brace of pistols in his belt. Pontiac's brow darkened at this additional proof that his treacherous and bloody plot had been discovered. Controlling himself, however, by a strong effort he rallied; and addressing Gladwyn said, in a somewhat reproachful tone: "Why do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the streets with their guns?" Gladwyn replied carelessly that he had just been drilling them to keep up proper discipline. Pontiac knew this to be false; but he could not do otherwise than appear to believe it, and the chiefs sat down. Pontiac then arose and began his address—holding in the meantime the fatal wampum belt in his hand. Gladwyn paid indifferent attention to his speech, but kept his eye glued to that belt of wampum; for when the deadly signal should be given, no time must be lost. Pontiac spoke with all that plausibility and deep dissimulation so characteristic of the Indian when plotting treachery. His mind was evidently divided between the speech he was making and the course which, under this unexpected aspect of affairs, he ought to pursue. He could not tell whether rumors of his treachery had reached the fort, causing the garrison to be suspicious and watchful, or whether his entire plot, in all its details—even to the signal of attack—was known; and his countenance wore a disturbed doubtful expression. Beyond the wrathful gleam of his fierce eye there was a troubled look, revealing the intense working of his fierce soul under that calm exterior. He had read the human countenance too long and carefully not to see that the faces of the soldiers were not so much an expression of anxiety and suspicion as of calm, grim determination—of certain knowledge and a fixed purpose. Still the thought of abandoning his plan entirely roused all the deep passions of his savage nature; and before he did this he determined to test the accuracy of Gladwyn's knowledge to the uttermost.

At length his speech was finished, and he paused a moment irresolute. The profoundest silence followed, so deep and awful that the suppressed breathing of the excited actors in this strange scene could be distinctly heard. Gladwyn, who knew that the decisive moment had come, never for a moment turned his eye from that suspended belt of wampum. A single movement and the wild warwhoop would burst on the startled ear, and the clash of weapons and the fierce death-grapple come. Never was there a scene of more thrilling and absorbing interest. There stood Pontiac—motionless, silent—the arm half extended, on which were fixed the glaring eyes of his chiefs, while the officers bent him sat with compressed lips and bent brows, sternly awaiting the next movement.

Pontiac slowly reached forth his hand and began to reverse the wampum. Gladwyn saw it and, quick as lightning, made a light rapid gesture—a signal before agreed upon. In an instant every hand sought the sword hilt, and the quick clank of arms through the open door smote ominously on the ear. The next moment the rolling sound of the drum, beating the charge, echoed afar through the streets. The effect was electrical. Pontiac paused, confounded. He now knew that his dark plot had been discovered. The look of baffled rage and undying hate which he threw around him was followed by an uncertain, disturbed look. He dared not make the signal agreed upon, for a girdle of steel surrounded him. The lion was caged; the haughty lord of the forest caught in his own trap. But beating back his swelling rage, smothering with a strong effort the fires ready to burst into conflagration, he resumed his composure and sat down. Gladwyn rose to reply. Indulging in no suspicions, he received the belt of wampum as if it had been offered in the true spirit of conciliation and kindness. Pontiac was compelled to swallow his fierce passions and listen calmly—nay, outwardly with meekness—to the hypocritical harangue. The farce was the more striking for its being the finale of such an intended tragedy. These two men, burning with hatred against each other yet wearing the outward guise of friendship and expressing mutual trust and confidence—while such an unscrupulous mine of death and slaughter lay at their feet—presented a scene not soon to be forgotten by the spectators. At length the council broke up, and Pontiac, casting haughty and fierce glances on the fort returned, silent and moody, to his wigwam.

Determined not to be baffled so, he next morning returned to the fort, with three chiefs, to smoke the calumet of peace, and another farce was enacted in which each endeavored to outdo the other in dissimulation.

To keep up this show of friendly relations, Pontiac, after the interview was over, retired to the field and, calling his young warriors together, had one of their wild, grotesque, indescribable games of ball. The next Monday, early in the morning, the garrison found the common behind the fort thronged with the Indians of four tribes. Soon after Pontiac was seen advancing toward the fort accompanied by his

chiefs. Arriving at the gate he demanded admittance. Gladwyn replied that no night enter alone, but that none of his riotous crew should accompany him. Pontiac, in a rage, turned away and repeated Gladwyn's reply to the Indians who lay hidden in the grass. In an instant the field was in an uproar. They leaped up, yelling and shouting, and finding nothing else to wreak their vengeance upon, went to the house of an old English woman and, dragging her forth, murdered her. They also mangled and butchered a man by the name of Fisher. Pontiac, scorning such revenge, hastened to the shore and launched his boat, sprang in, and turned its prow up the stream. With strong and steady strokes he urged it against the current till he came opposite the village of his tribe, when he halted, and shouted to the women to immediately remove to the other side of the river from that on which the fort stood. Pontiac then retired to his cabin and spent the day pondering future schemes of revenge. By night the removal was effected; and the warriors having returned from the fort, all were assembled on the grass. Suddenly Pontiac, in full war costume, and swinging his tomahawk above his head, leaped into their midst and began a fierce and exciting harangue. When he had closed a deep murmur of assent followed and open war was resolved upon.

Gladwyn, now thoroughly alive to the danger that threatened him, kept the garrison under arms all night. Toward dawn the air was suddenly filled with yells, and the next moment the fort and surrounding landscape were lit up by the flash of muskets. The bullets struck the palisades like hail, and it was one incessant scattering fire from the unseen foe. At length the sun rose over the wilderness; but the light failed to reveal the lurking assailants. The garrison expected every moment to see their dusky forms pour in one fierce torrent over the frail works. But the Indians could not make up their minds to come in such close and deadly conflict with the soldiers, fully prepared to receive them. They lay hid in the grass and hollows, behind bushes, fences and barns, while all along a low ridge were incessant puffs of smoke from the invisible foe.

Within close shot of the fort stood a cluster of outbuildings, behind which the Indians collected in great numbers and picked off every man that dared show his head or expose a limb. The fire was especially galling from this spot. Finding it impossible to dislodge the savages with grape-shot, Gladwyn ordered a quantity of spikes to be heated and fired instead. These were thrown red hot in handfuls down the cannon and hurled into the outbuildings. The heated metal, lodging in the beams and boards, set them on fire. Igniting in so many places simultaneously, the smoke had scarcely begun to ascend before they were wrapped in conflagration, the flames hissing and roaring through the entire mass with incredible velocity. The Indians, driven out by the heat, broke cover and ran leaping and yelling over the fields in such grotesque terror that the garrison burst into loud and derisive laughter.

This random, scattering fire was kept up for six hours, when the Indians withdrew. Gladwyn immediately sent La Butte, an interpreter, to Pontiac to demand the reason of this attack. The chieftain received him kindly, but said he wished to consult with the English fathers, meaning the officers. Maj. Campbell, second in command, proposed to go, accompanied by Lieut. McDougal. Many suspected treachery, and advised them not to trust themselves in the hands of the Indians. They, however, persisted. The moment their red uniforms were seen in the distance the savages set up loud yells, brandishing sticks and assuming hostile attitudes while the dogs swelled the clamor with their furious barking. Pontiac calmed the tumult, received them courteously, and called a council in one of the lodges. Campbell made a conciliatory speech, to which Pontiac deigned no reply whatever; and they sat there a whole hour in silence. This was ominous, and feeling ill at ease, Campbell arose to return to the fort, but Pontiac stopped him and retained both him and the lieutenant as prisoners. They never saw the fort again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

### Japanese Women Held in Terrible Bondage in Seattle.

The investigations which have shown the existence of slavery among the Japanese in Victoria have been followed with similar results in Seattle. The first decisive steps have been taken to stop the importation of Japanese women for immoral purposes. The United States authorities learned that a man named Ithaki had gone to Yokohama about seven months ago and purchased three Japanese women of their parents for \$90 each. He brought them to this country, saying that his wife and the other two were his sisters; His "wife" he left in San Francisco and his sisters he brought to Seattle. All three were forced to live as fallen women and give nearly all their earnings to their owner, who merely allowed them enough for food and clothing. About two weeks ago the girl from San Francisco was brought to Seattle and placed in a house near the other two.

The facts were extorted partly from the women and partly from the owner, and when the chain of evidence was completed, Ithaki was arrested. The Japanese Consul has requested the aid of the ministerial association here in breaking up this system of slavery. The Christianized Japanese in Seattle say that all their countrymen who come to the United States as laborers are held in subjection by a powerful secret society which, playing on their superstitions compels them to pay tribute. About 150 Japanese women in Seattle have been sold outright by their parents and brought over here by their purchasers.

These Japanese women live in the part of Seattle known as Whitechapel, which everybody coming from the Northern Pacific depot or the steamboat landing passes. They inhabit six rows of yellow pine cottages. The rows are about 100 feet long, and the little buildings front one another are separated by passageways about twenty-five feet wide, making three short streets. The place is a counter-part on a small scale of the famous district in Tokio devoted to the habitations of the fallen women of the city. No other American city, not even San Francisco, has the counterpart of this Japanese quarter of Seattle. The best people of the town have long regarded Whitechapel as a crowning disgrace, and on several occasions they have threatened to rise in their might and wipe it out of existence.

## A GRATEFUL GOOSE.

### Rescued from Death She in Turn Saves Her Rescuer.

In 1838 the rebellion broke out in Canada, and two battalions of the Guard were sent from England to assist in quelling it. Near one of these guards was a farmhouse which suffered much from the ravages of a fox.

His first idea was to have a shot at the fox; but this would have alarmed the guard and brought punishment on him for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator to the scene, while every step brought Reynard nearer to his prey. In its despair the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier in its endeavor to reach refuge, and at the same moment the fox made a grab at the goose, but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth the bayonet of the sentinel had passed through his body.

The goose could never be prevailed upon to quit the post, but walked up and down with each sentry that was placed there until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was brought away with it as a regimental pet to England. The most remarkable thing in connection with the story is that the goose in turn actually saved its preserver's life.

It so happened that he was on that particular post again about two months afterward when an attempt was made to surprise and kill the unwary sentinel. It was Winter time, and although it was a moonlight night, the moon was hid ever and anon by the clouds. In those moments of darkness a sharp observer might have noticed several men who unobserved by the drowsy sentinel, were endeavoring to approach the post where he stood. Suddenly he thought he heard a strange rustling sound, and flinging his musket to his shoulder, he shouted—"Who goes there?" No sound save the echo of his own voice in the distance. Several minutes elapsed, during which the soldier marched up and down his beat, followed by the goose until, deeming his alarm unwarranted, he stood at ease. This was the enemy's opportunity, and they were not long in trying to profit by it. Closer and closer they stole toward the post, the snow completely deadening the sound of their footsteps. But just as two of their number were preparing, with uplifted knife, to spring upon him, the bird rose suddenly on its wings and swept round the sentry box with tremendous force, flapping its wings right in the faces of the would-be assassins. They were astounded, and rushed blindly forward but the sentry aroused to his danger bayoneted one and shot the other as he was running away. Meanwhile, the others approached to the assistance of their colleagues, but the bird repeated its tactics, and enabled the sentry to keep them at bay until the guard, whom the firing of the musket had alarmed, came upon the scene and made them fly for their lives. When this incident became known poor old Jacob was the hero of the garrison, and the officers subscribed for and purchased him a golden collar, which the bird afterward wore until the day of his death.

## SOME RAIN SUPERSTITIONS.

### Those That Prevail in Caucasus, Peru and in Other Places.

In the Caucasian provinces of Georgia where a drought has lasted long, marriageable girls are yoked in couples with a yoke on their shoulders, a priest holds the reins, and thus harnessed they wade through rivers, puddles and marshes, praying, screaming, weeping and laughing.

In the district of Transylvania, when the ground is parched with drought, some girls strip themselves naked, and, led by an older woman, who is also naked, they steal a harrow and carry it across the field to a brook, where they set it afloat. Next they sit on the harrow and keep a tiny flame burning on each corner of it for an hour. Then they leave the harrow in the water and go home.

A similar rain charm is resorted to in India. Naked women drag a plow across the field by night. It is not said that they plunge the plow into a stream or sprinkle it with the water. But the charm could hardly be complete without it. Sometimes the charm works through an animal.

To procure rain the Peruvians used to set a black sheep in a field, pour chicha over it and give it nothing to eat till rain fell.

In a district of Samatra all the women of the village, scantily clad, go to the river, wade into it and splash each other with the water. A black cat is thrown into the water, and made to swim about for a while, then allowed to escape to the bank, pursued by the splashing of the women.

## Reading in Railway Trains.

During long and tedious railway journeys taken in the daytime, one is scarcely to be blamed for killing time with a book or paper; but for the attempt to read at night in dimly-lighted carriages, as many do, there is no excuse, and if the habit is persisted in, the result is impairment of the sight, if not in some serious disease of the eyes. During the day, in rapidly moving trains, the light is constantly changing, and they roll so unevenly that it is difficult for a person reading to hold the book or paper steadily. The result is that the muscles of the eyes are constantly strained and become weakened. If one under such circumstances were to read for a short time and stop when his eyes become fatigued, no positive injury would be likely to result; but to continue after warning symptoms of discomfort have appeared invites permanent weakness, if not more serious consequences.

No one should attempt to read in a dim light even under conditions otherwise favourable; much less should they in that way use their eyes in rapidly moving carriages. There are other influences to which travellers are exposed, the importance of which few recognize. If a passenger sits and reads by an open window he then encounters a danger in the very strong wind, which easily excites congestion, especially in eyes that are at all weak. This is a practice particularly common in India, where every breath of air is so sought, but where the ballast of the line is so gritty that small particles are constantly flying about. The assertion has been made with truth many accidents have been caused by the wind striking forcibly upon the delicate structure of the eye. For it is to be remembered that the invisible wind has a power which is as severe as a blow from a tangible object, and it may injure blood vessels so as to give rise to bleeding from them that will do the eye's great harm.