

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature.

EDITED BY J. GORDON MOWAT.

VOL. I.

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Announcement.

(From Vol. I., No. 1.)

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE needs no apology for appearing. The necessity, or, at least, the great desirability of Canada possessing a medium through which, in fuller measure than has hitherto been practicable, our leading statesmen and thinkers may, with the comprehensiveness of *Reviews* articles, present to the public throughout the Dominion their views on questions of public interest, and the facts and arguments on which these views are based, has been recognized by many, and has been an important consideration with the founders of this MAGAZINE. The MAGAZINE is, therefore, intended to fill, in some measure, for Canada, the purpose served in Great Britain and the United States by the great *Reviews* of these countries. Timely articles on political and other public questions of interest to the Canadian people will appear every month from the pens of leading statesmen and writers of various shades of political opinion. While the pages of the MAGAZINE will be open to the expression of a wide diversity of opinions, and opinions with which the MAGAZINE does not agree, the policy will be steadily pursued of cultivating Canadian patriotism and Canadian interests, and of endeavoring to aid in the consolidation of the Dominion on a basis of national self-respect and a mutual regard for the rights of the great elements which make up the population of Canada. In this endeavor, we are happy to announce, we have the co-operation, as contributors, of many of the leading public men and writers of both political parties.

A series of articles descriptive of various portions of the Dominion, and dealing with their scenery, industries and resources, will appear during the current year from the pens of travellers and well-known and graceful writers. Social and scientific subjects of popular interest will be discussed in a popular vein from month to month by eminent specialists of our own and other countries.

Fiction, chiefly in the form of short stories touching Canadian life, will receive, with other contributions to light and wholesome entertainment, a considerable amount of attention. In short, the MAGAZINE will embrace a wide range of subjects, and appeal to a wide variety of individual tastes.

The staff of contributors includes many well-known Canadian and foreign writers, and is always ready to include, also, worthy aspirants to literary honors, whose names are yet unknown to the public. In thus endeavoring to stimulate Canadian thought, and to aid in opening mines of literary worth that are yet undeveloped, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE trusts to have the sympathy and practical encouragement of patriotic Canadians.

To those who recognize how much Canada has hitherto been dependent for magazine literature on foreign countries, and how unfavorable such dependence is to the growth of healthy national sentiment in our homes, our appeal, we believe, will not be in vain. And with the very large increase during the past decade in the number of graduates of our colleges and high schools, and the marked development in late years of a general taste for magazine literature, and the growing feeling of respect for ourselves as a nation, we think that our effort to permanently establish a magazine and national review, broadly Canadian in tone and feeling, will meet with a large and generous support in every part of the Dominion.

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ERRATA.—Page 362, Second Column. For "Principal Caves" read "Principal Cave." Page 377, line 12, "Regret". For "light," read "blight."

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EARLY MORNING IN ROSEDALE, TORONTO.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1893.

No. 1.

THE MANITOBA PUBLIC SCHOOL LAW.

BY DALTON M'CARTHY, Q.C., M.P.

PUBLIC interest is centred more on the fate of the School Law of Manitoba and on the novel and unexampled proceedings that are now pending before the Privy Council at Ottawa, with a view, if it be possible, to find a reasonable pretext to overturn the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council which affirmed that the Act was constitutional, than perhaps on any other matter now engaging attention, the necessity of tariff amendment possibly only excepted.

The proceedings referred to are, in themselves, and quite irrespective of the deep interest which for one cause or another is felt by a great majority of Canadians in the fate of the measure, sufficient to excite attention and even to create alarm. For here we have an Act of a Provincial Legislature which has been passed with the approval of a great majority of the people interested—the inhabitants of Manitoba—after it had run the gauntlet of the law courts of the Dominion and of the highest legal tribunal of the Empire, assailed by a procedure unknown to the law and before unheard of. This extraordinary attack is made before a body composed of politicians—the Dominion Cabinet—who, whatever be their qualifications in other respects, are not, it is safe to say, conspicuous for that impartiality and freedom from bias respecting a

matter of great political importance, which we are accustomed to associate as an indispensable attribute of those who wear the ermine and administer justice in the name of the Sovereign.

It is not proposed to discuss the merits or the demerits of the Public School Act of the Prairie Province, as to which the minds of most thinking people of the Dominion are already made up. But rather is it intended to direct attention to the last function which the Privy Council of Canada has assumed the right to take part in—to examine by what authority a new and hitherto unknown legal tribunal has unexpectedly manifested itself—and to consider, with all the gravity and earnestness that such an enquiry demands, whether the rôle that the Privy Council is now engaged in playing is permitted by the Manitoba Constitution, the British North America Act, or by any other law known to the British constitutional system.

It will be remembered that the legality or constitutionality of the Act was impugned on this ground, that although, generally speaking, the Legislature of the Province is endowed with power "exclusively" to "make laws in relation to education," it had violated the limitation imposed on its general authority in that by the Public School Act the right or privileges with respect to denomina-

tional schools which the Roman Catholics "had by practice" (it was not contended that any class of persons had any right or privilege "by law") in the Province at the time of the Union, had been prejudicially affected. After protracted litigation in which, in the name of one Barrett, the Dominion, on behalf of the Roman Catholic minority of the Province, claimed that the Provincial law was *ultra vires*—this proceeding having in the courts of this Province terminated adversely to that contention, to be decided in the Supreme Court of Canada in the opposite way—was finally solved, so far as the power of the Legislature is concerned, by the judgment pronounced on the appeal to the Judicial Committee in July last, by Lord Macnaghton. This distinguished jurist on behalf of the Council, expressed not only the decision that the Public School Act was within the power of the Legislature to enact, but went on, having been invited thereto by the line of argument adopted by the counsel on behalf of the Dominion, to express the opinion of the Committee, "that if the views of the Respondents (the Roman Catholic minority as represented by the Dominion) "were to prevail, it would be extremely difficult for the Provincial Legislature, which has been entrusted with the exclusive power of making laws relating to education, to provide for the educational wants of the more sparsely inhabited districts of a country almost as large as Great Britain, and that the powers of the Legislature, which on the face of the Act appear so large, would be limited to the useful but somewhat humble office of making regulations for the sanitary condition of school-houses, imposing rates for the support of denominational schools, enforcing the compulsory attendance of scholars, and matters of that sort."

This authoritative judgment ought, one would have thought, as indeed most Canadians did think, to have ended the controversy that had now

raged, exciting much embittered feeling in the Province and great interest throughout the Dominion, for a period of nearly two years, in which the somewhat unfortunate, not to say unseemly, exhibition was presented of the Dominion Government assailing the constitutionality of a provincial Act, as to which the Government, as such, had no ground of complaint.

But it seems that the end was not yet; for, unhappily for the peace of the Dominion, Sir John Thompson, made a report to the Council, which was approved, ostensibly to show why the Public School Act should not be vetoed by the Governor-General, but as some supposed to postpone for a season the unpleasant duty of denying the petition of the Roman Catholic Episcopacy of the Dominion of Canada (including the Cardinal and Bishop Cameron of Antigonish), who prayed "His Excellency in Council to afford remedy to the provincial legislation . . . and that in the most efficacious way." In this report the Minister of Justice said, amongst other things, that "it became apparent at the outset that these questions, namely, whether the School Act did prejudicially affect any right or privilege which the Roman Catholics had by law or practice at the Union, required the decision of the judicial tribunal, more especially as an investigation of facts was necessary to their determination;" and went on to say, "If the legal controversy should result in the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench" (which had been in favor of the Province) "being sustained, the time will come for your Excellency to consider the petitions which have been presented by and on behalf of the Roman Catholics of Manitoba for redress under sub-sections 2 and 3 of section 22 of the Manitoba Act, etc., etc."

The decision of the Queen's Bench of the Province has been upheld, and the event, therefore, has happened, which, as Sir John Thompson advised

His Excellency, would require that the petitions which had been presented should be "considered;" and the Minister further explained his meaning by adding that "Those sub-sections contain in effect the provisions which have been made as to all the Provinces, and are obviously those under which the Constitution intended that the Government of the Dominion should prevail, if it should at any time become necessary that the Federal powers should be resorted to for the protection of a Protestant or Roman Catholic minority against any act or decision of the Province or of any provincial authority affecting any right or privilege of any such minority in relation to education."

The parties interested in having the provincial legislation annulled were not slow to take advantage of the loop-hole which the Minister of Justice had suggested, based, it must be said, on a construction of the Manitoba Act unique and unprecedented; for to no one before had it ever occurred in relation to the kindred subject of the New Brunswick School Law on the analogous legislation which was in force respecting the four old provinces, that the question involved in the consideration of the policy of the School Law of a Province was subject to review by or before the Dominion Cabinet. Accordingly petitions were presented, emanating from a body or "organization," as the report of the sub-committee styles it, called "The National Congress" ("National," it is presumed, as representing the French nationality sentiment), and from the Archbishop of St. Boniface, complaining of the two Acts of the Province respecting education, passed in 1890, the constitutionality of which had been upheld; and both petitions prayed for redress under sub-sections 2 and 3 of section 22 of the Manitoba Act to the Governor-General in Council.

So far, it will be observed, the only law under which redress was thought

of, or the authority of which was invoked, was the Manitoba Act, which contains in itself a complete code respecting education, differing in many respects from the cognate provisions of the British North America Act, which, accordingly, have always been thought to be inapplicable to the Province of Manitoba.

But in the month of November last, a further and supplemental petition was presented, emanating from the same "national congress" whose president, it seems, is the Mayor of St. Boniface and the Archbishop of the same place, and repeating the charges made in the preceding memorials, they claim that the Acts in question violate the provisions of the British North America Act as well as the Manitoba Act in this, that the system of separate schools which had been established in the first session of its Legislature, had given rights to the Roman Catholics which the province could not subsequently disregard.

The difference between the enactment as to the provincial legislative powers between the Act confederating the four original provinces and the Act constituting the Province of Manitoba, which, of course, is a Canadian Act, consists in this, that in the former it is provided that not only when there is a system of separate schools at the time of the union, but also where one "is thereafter established by the legislature of the province, that an appeal shall lie" from an act or decision of any provincial authority affecting any such right to the Governor-General-in-Council. There is no such provision in the Manitoba Act, and it is hardly open to serious question that the sub-section (3) of section 93 of the British North America Act, in which the provision is found, does not apply to Manitoba, which, as has already been stated, has a set of clauses on the subject of education specifically providing for the new province.

In this paper it is not proposed to "consider" the questions which have

been argued, firstly, before the Sub-Committee of the Privy Council, and which resulted in the report given to the public on the 5th January last in the chief Government organ; and which were again re-stated and re-enforced *ex parte* on behalf of the "National Congress" and the Archbishop of St. Boniface, on the 22nd January, before the Privy Council (all the members being present), but not, be it observed, before "the Governor-General-in-Council." The Government of Manitoba, who, it is said, had been notified of the proceedings, declined to appear and repudiated the jurisdiction of this new tribunal. Much may have to be said on this subject, but for the present it is to the pretence that has been set up by the Government of Sir John Thompson that in this matter the Government are to act judicially, not politically, that needs the careful attention of the Canadian public.

That there may be no mistake on this head, it is proper to quote the report of the sub-Committee, which has been approved by Council, and on which the subsequent proceedings have been based. "The application comes before Your Excellency," says the report, "in a manner differing from other applications which are ordinarily made under the constitution to Your Excellency in Council. In the opinion of the sub-Committee the application is not to be dealt with at present as a matter of political character or involving political action on the part of Your Excellency's advisers. It is to be dealt with by Your Excellency in Council regardless of the personal views which Your Excellency's advisers may hold with regard to denominational schools, and without the political action of any of the members of Your Excellency's council being considered as pledged by the fact of the appeal being entertained and heard. If the contention of the petitioners be correct that such an appeal can be entertained, the enquiry will be rather of

a judicial than of a political character. The sub-Committee have so treated it in hearing counsel, and in permitting their only meeting to be open to the public."

There is no mistaking this language; no misinterpreting its meaning. The Government are declining the duty of advising His Excellency, who is the Executive under our system of government, as to whether he should or should not interfere with the Manitoba School Act. It is "not to be dealt with at present as a matter of political character or involving political action on the part of Your Excellency's advisers" is the express language of this report. On the contrary, it is to be an enquiry which "will be rather of a judicial than of a political character."

This is a departure so new in our constitutional proceedings that it has hardly yet been fully appreciated. That, so far, if not designed, it has served a useful "political" purpose, although the enquiry is to be judicial, cannot be gainsayed. For whenever the awkward Manitoba School question came up it was quietly laid at rest by the apparently unassailable statement given by the Minister of the Crown, who up to this time was always supposed to be a responsible Minister, bound to justify every act, nay, every word officially uttered by the Governor-General, that he had no opinion on the subject, or, if he had, it would be improper for him to give utterance to it. For was he not one of the Council, if not of the sub-Committee who was to determine whether the act should be interfered with—whether a remedial order should be made directing the Province of Manitoba to undo its work on the subject of education, and was he not acting "judicially" and not in a "political" capacity as Minister?

And so at the nomination at the bye-election in Soulanges where the Hon. Mr. Ouimet graphically pictured his unhappy position in the face of an

excited electorate as that of one "walking on razors," he sheltered himself under the sacred character which he filled as that of a judge who was denied the privilege of speaking of a matter that was *sub judice*. And when the new Minister of the Interior went back to his constituents for re-election and some ill-informed elector, who had been nurtured in the spirit of the British constitutional system, and in the belief that for every act of the Government the Ministers were responsible to Parliament and the constituencies, innocently asked the Manitoba representative in the Cabinet, whether he could be relied on to stand by the rights of his Province, he was dumbfounded—it is doubtful whether he has yet recovered from his astonishment—when he was told that on this subject the Minister not only had not, but could not properly have, an opinion. For was not he the Minister to hear the question of the "appeal" argued as one of the sub-Committee and afterwards as one of the Council? And when at the dinner given in Toronto by the Board of Trade, at which the Premier himself referred to the subject, his language was as follows:—"For the Government the guide shall be, as far as I am able to judge, the constitution of this country by which we propose to be guided and which we propose to obey from beginning to end."

It is evident, as has already been remarked, that this doctrine, whether so designed or not, was worthy of the most crafty of political experts. It would indeed reflect no discredit on a Richelieu or a Machiavelli and it revives the best days of the Schoolmen. For it enabled the Minister of Public Works to perform the somewhat hazardous feat of "walking on razors" without injury; and the Minister of the Interior to bamboozle the honest yeoman of Selkirk; and it afforded the Premier the opportunity of figuring in the rôle of all others the most congenial, that of an oracle imbued with

mysterious power, controlled and guided by the overruling principles of justice and law, and undisturbed by considerations of policy or unaffected by motives of expediency which might perchance sway a more ordinary mortal. It is "by the constitution," as the enlightened jurists of the Dominion Cabinet, who, up to the moment that they assumed the judicial garb, had been actively promoting the cause on behalf of the petitioners, may interpret it, that the fate of the Manitoba School Law is to depend. If it was not profane it would not be inappropriate that divine interposition should be invoked on behalf of the Province!

It may not unreasonably be asked, for no grounds for the course being adopted have been given, on what pretext is this doctrine of irresponsibility of the advisers of the Crown set up? It is not easy to answer that enquiry, and it is, perhaps, well that it should be left to the Minister and to those, if any there be in this era of constitutional government who are willing to defend him, to state their argument. To the writer, it seems absolutely clear, admitting of no doubt, that "an appeal to the Governor-in-Council" is a right to ask the intervention of the Government of the Dominion to be exercised by the Government, as all other acts of administration and questions of policy are determined, as political acts, in the sense that the Cabinet is responsible to Parliament and the country for them—and equally clear does it seem that, if the "appeal" was to be dealt with as a question of legal right and not as a matter of political discretion, it would not have been to a body, of which it is not too much to say that partizanship, not impartiality, is the very essence of its existence.

It is not denied that in the determination of this, as indeed of almost every question which comes before the Government for decision, the consideration of legal questions may be involved. The veto power involves the legal question of the constitutionality of

every provincial act. The right to exempt vessels that have passed through the canals from tolls requires that the Cabinet should consider and determine the meaning of the Washington Treaty, which, as an international obligation, is a law overriding all Municipal law. And so with almost every matter that comes up for determination by the Committee known as the Dominion Cabinet or Council.

That it is not a trifling technical or practically unimportant matter, but one of the most vital moment, if our system of responsible Government is to be maintained, hardly needs demonstration. For if Sir John Thompson's view is correct that the Manitoba question is to be considered judicially, then, no matter what conclusion the Government adopt, there is complete freedom from responsibility. The Ministers cannot be called to account in Parliament, even though the Order-in-Council as a remedial measure should direct the Legislature of the Province to repeal its School acts of 1890; for a Judge or judicial tribunal is not answerable for his or its bad law. It is only when a Judge acts corruptly or dishonestly that his conduct can be called in question. It would be grossly unfair and unjust to blame the Cabinet for their legal con-

clusions arrived at regardless of the personal views which they "notwithstanding they are his Excellency's advisers, may hold with regard to denominational schools." And so the well-settled practice and theory of responsible Government is overturned. Let there be no evasion, no hairsplitting in this all important matter on which depends in no small degree the peace and welfare of the Dominion. Manitoba has had scant courtesy and but little consideration at the hands of the Government of Canada. Her Railway Legislation was vetoed so persistently that her people were driven to the verge of rebellion. These acts, if unwise and harsh, were at least within the lines of the constitution. But the attack now launched against her exclusive right to manage her educational system is fraught with perilous consequences to the Dominion; and for the initial steps that the Government at Ottawa have taken to accomplish that end it should be held to strict account, or Parliament will lamentably fail in its duty; and the pretence that Cabinet acts as a judicial tribunal and not as political advisers of the Crown should meet with the contempt and condemnation it invites at the hands of the Representatives of the people.



ANTI-NATIONAL FEATURES OF THE NATIONAL POLICY.

BY REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT, D.D., LL.D., QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

IF the last Annual Dinner of the Toronto Board of Trade has served no other purpose, it has at any rate made the people of Canada acquainted with two lines of Tennyson's poetry, and converted the sentiment they express into one of the articles of the Government's creed. The Premier accepted the quotation as the confession of his faith, declaring that with regard both to the substance and the administration of the National Policy there was need of reform, and that it would give him much pleasure to "lop the mouldering branch away." This session will test his sincerity and his courage, for no matter what the branch that may be selected as fit only to be burned, he will soon find that there are resolute men who consider it the very ark of the covenant or keystone of the arch, and who are prepared to threaten anything and everything rather than consent to its being touched, much less "lopped." Perhaps no item is now more generally condemned than the tax on coal oil, but when its friends were asked the other day how much it could be scaled down, they grimly rejoined by asking how much the enquirer's stature could be scaled from the top of his head downwards. But, no matter what the opposition, something must be done. The Government is pledged, and we are all as good as invited to state our grievances. I, therefore, having long suffered in silence over one particular abomination, the tax on books, or having satisfied myself with bringing it under the attention of the Government by deputation and remonstrance, take heart of grace to speak out. I do so, however, with a melancholy conviction that speech or writing on the subject will be of no avail. The Government

knows that Canadians do not read books. The great body of voters are satisfied with newspapers or cheap novels, pirated as a rule, and are satisfied because the papers are not only untaxed, but carried at the public cost from the offices of publication all over the country. What matters it whether a few professors or a few thousand students are fined for the sin of endeavoring to acquire knowledge? They have no solid vote to sell, and they will not sell themselves to any party. What matters it though there is not a single first-class library in Canada? It is surely glory enough to make the biggest cheese in the world, and the libraries we have are good enough to teach us how to do that. But yet necessity is upon me, and since a quasi invitation has now been given to speak, and others are lifting up their voices about coal oil and binder twine and agricultural implements and coal and iron and hardware and cottons, I may put in a word about the instruments of knowledge and culture, and point out that Canada stands alone among the countries of the world in its tax on books, that there are burdensome features connected with it, for which there is not a conceivable excuse, and that the tax is not only a crime, but, from the point of view of the N. P., a blunder.

What is the state of the question? Here it is: Canada imposes a duty of 15 per cent. *ad valorem*, on all books brought into the country. It makes no matter whether they are printed in English or in foreign languages, or whether they are for the trade, or for ordinary public libraries. The only exception is in favor of "Free Public Libraries." Formerly, editions seven years old were admitted free. Now

they must be twenty years old. We are making progress, but it is crab-fashion. A new edition of Bacon, or of Newton's Principia, is rigidly taxed. So rapid is the progress of discovery in modern times that old editions of most university books are useless. Therefore we are allowed to import them. But new books are included by the Custom-House in its Index Expurgatorius.

Now, what is the state of the case in other countries? We expect a Free Trade Country like Britain to admit books free of duty, just as it admits all food for the body. It does so. It admits all books which have been printed abroad, copyrights of course excepted. It draws the line at stolen goods. We are not so rigid with those. Our rigour is kept for honest wares. But how is it with Protectionist countries like Austria, France and Germany? They tax food for the body and surely they will also tax food for the mind. They surely "protect" themselves. No, strange to say, they do not. They admit all books as freely as England does. They have magnificent libraries, and they have publishers able and willing to publish, for in such countries there is a large reading class and there is likely to be a moderate sale for almost any book. We have neither the libraries nor the publishers, nor a sufficiently large reading public to warrant publishers experimenting rashly.

How is it with other European countries? Italy, Denmark, Sweden and Norway charge a duty, but on bindings only; and as most Continental books are published unbound, the law is nearly equivalent to complete freedom from duty on the books.

We cut a poor show certainly beside Europe, and, I may add, beside China and Mexico; but we expect to shine by contrast with the United States. Are we not told continually that the great Republic is absurdly Protectionist, and that McKinley is its prophet, but that Canada, wise and happy Canada, is in the golden mean between

the extremes of Free Trade and Protection? Alas, even this drop of comfort, that we are not as bad as our neighbors, is denied us. The United States, both before and after McKinley, has had some regard to the rights of the human mind, and especially of that section of its people which is struggling to widen the bounds of knowledge. In the first place, it admits all books in foreign languages free of duty, and thus the literary treasures of almost every other country are open to its people. In the next place, it admits free of duty all books for Schools, Colleges, Universities, Public Libraries, and Literary, Scientific, and all similar societies. It recognizes that such institutions are blessings to the country, that in themselves they are benefactions that ought to be encouraged, and not centres for trade and money-making, and that without them a country cannot be called civilized. Therefore, on them even Major McKinley did not venture to lay his yoke. But, our N.P. rides rough-shod over all such considerations.

Is it possible for a Canadian to read these statements of facts and comparisons without shame? Let us endeavor, however, to find if there is any other country or colony shameless enough to keep us company.

I have looked, and I thought that I had found two others like ourselves, but on closer examination they refused to be bracketed with us. Spain charges a duty on books and does not exempt Schools, Colleges and Universities. It might be noted here that Spain is not one of the intellectual countries of Europe, that it does not believe much in schools and that its Universities were more celebrated when the Moors were in the country than they are now; but even Spain declines to be classed with Canada. Its duty on books is nominal, being not on value but on weight in pounds avoirdupois. It is only one dollar per hundred pounds weight, or about one-fortieth of the duty which Canada puts on

books for Universities. The other case that looked at first sight like our own is New Zealand. A hand-book on that colony states that there is a 15 per cent. duty on all books not elsewhere specified. Strange that the amount should be the same as in Canada! It looked as if the one country had copied from the other. But further examination showed that the duty is levied only on blank-books and ledgers, and a special clause in the tariff exempts all printed books from duty.

And so, having ranged over all countries, rich and poor, I have not been able to find one to share the bad pre-eminence of my native country in this matter. Other people judge us by our laws. They may fairly say that Canadians, feeling that they could not excel in knowledge, were determined to be first in ignorance. Is this the explanation? Is it a case of "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven?"

Is there any reason, that will bear a moment's examination, for our obstinate adherence to this bad law? The duty must have been put on at the instance of Canadian publishers or bookdealers, for it brings in so small a revenue that the Finance Minister does not give it a thought. Let us look, then, at these two classes, who may claim that they have the same right as other interests to be protected, and that, as they have to pay more for necessaries under the N. P. than those would cost otherwise, it is only right that luxuries like books should also cost more. A fair enough argument if we were all protected manufacturers; but as we are not, it only makes the ordinary citizen feel that he is being robbed in soul as well as in pocket. Surely this is a mouldering branch that, in the interest of the tree, should be lopped away as quickly as possible. The Premier has declared this to be his motto, "that the tariff must be for the benefit of the whole country; not for that of any particular section." The ground on which the National

Policy is defended is that it is not an end but a means; that its object is to build up a Canadian sentiment and a Canadian people, and that, therefore, it ought to be changed whenever it does not serve that object or end. Should, then, a very small interest, the partial interest of a few individuals, stand in the way of the general enlightenment of Canada? It is universally recognized that the material progress of a people depends on their education, and to make the instruments of education expensive is surely the most anti-national policy that can be conceived. To use the eloquent language of our Finance Minister, "What this country suffers most from is ignorance, and what it most needs is education." But let us grant that the people must continue to bear the burden, if the taking it off them might lessen the profits of a few publishers. Why, at any rate, should the burden be continued in the cases of books in foreign languages and books for universities, where its imposition on us does not help publishers or paper-makers or the book trade one brass farthing? I received lately a letter from a gentleman who is deeply interested in securing a good library for Montreal, and who has already been fined again and again very sharply for his liberality. He says: "I have had to pay duty on books for McGill which no Canadian publisher could or would, under any circumstances, think of publishing. The thing is utterly preposterous. Even under the McKinley tariff books are free to any college. The tax would be ridiculous were it not irritating and disgusting." It may be necessary to inform my readers that this gentleman's special characteristics are calmness of mind and language, and a general spirit of sweet reasonableness, and I regret that, for once in his life, he has been betrayed into the use of violent language. But is there not a cause? Here is a tax on books for the universities, and on all foreign books, of 15

per cent, *ad valorem*; that is, a tax which is protective in its amount, yet which, even if prohibitory, could not lead to the production of the works in Canada. The tax does no good to anyone, and does harm to our higher interests. It is of no practical advantage to the Government, for it produces a ridiculously small sum in the aggregate, while, inasmuch as we have few universities compared with the United States, and these have only small sums to spend on their libraries, it takes from each of them a vexatiously large proportion of what has been given them to spend on books. In other words, the tax is troublesome to colleges, universities, literary and scientific societies, most public libraries and other institutions using foreign and high-class books, yet it is of little use to the revenue, and is positively hurtful to the book-publishing trade, because it interferes with the spread of intelligence and culture. It may be said that the duty is, at any rate, in the interest of the bookdealers, because, if the universities could import books directly from foreign houses, they would do so. But they do so already. No university that I know of gets its books through book-dealers. It has its correspondents in other countries, and they fill the orders that are sent them, and its librarian has to waste his time and the time of custom house officers over every box and every invoice, whereas, even in the United States, there is no trouble. Is it any wonder that some of our librarians and students are able to see a good side in Commercial Union?

From every point of view the tax is indefensible, but it is on students that it presses most heavily. We have not a large class possessed of wealth or leisure, and the sons of our few wealthy men do not care for books. As a rule, they are not brought up after the fashion of the children of the rich in England. More's the pity for themselves. But, without going into the reasons for this, it is enough to

say that ninety per cent. of the students in Canadian universities are youths who paddle their own canoes. Every dollar they come to college with represents the sweat of their brow, or the sweat of their brain, not to speak of the habits of industry, economy and forethought, more valuable than the dollar. Often they cannot get to college until the middle of the session, or their money gives out before the close, or they are obliged to study and to earn money on alternate years. Prizes might well be instituted for such men by a government that understood how vast are the undeveloped mines of human intellect and character and how well it would pay to encourage the working of them. But these men ask for no favors. They put a stout heart to the *stae brae*, and many of them get to the top. But it is little short of infamous to levy toll on such toilers, to tax their tools, to tell them that old books are good enough for them, or to hint that halls of learning are not intended for homespun. Has any government a moral right to use its powers to put an artificial barrier in the way of the development of the national life? It has not.

Why, it may be asked, is a tax continued that is so useless as a means of raising a revenue and useless as a protection to native industry, that is contrary to the object the National Policy professes to aim at, injurious to the best interests of the country, odious to the instinct of every educated man, and opposed to the practice of the civilized, and, I ought to add, a great portion of the semi-civilized, world? I cannot answer. I have never been able to get an answer. All the facts that have been set forth in this notice have been given to the Government, for it is best to endeavor to secure reforms by exciting interest and movements within rather than by attacks from without. But all has been in vain. Whether the stolid resistance that has been encountered is simply another illustration of what the great

Swedish statesman asked his son to note—"the little wisdom with which the world is governed,"—or is due to the fact that there is no popular feeling on the subject and no outcry raised by the Opposition, need not be discussed. When the University of Toronto was burned the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor had a first-rate opportunity, to say the least, for attacking in the House of Commons a tax, the full weight of which would be felt at such a time. But instead of demanding equal rights for all, they accepted a present of free admission of books for three years for their own University. No one grudged the present. Count Mercier's government voted \$10,000, and Sir John A. Macdonald was too much of the Highland gentleman not to sympathize when a great calamity had befallen one of our institutions of learning. But, the calamity might have been used to secure permanent benefit for all and not merely a temporary relief for one. At such a time it would have been comparatively easy to wrest from the government something like what the United States grants, if it was too much to ask that British law and practice should be imitated by Canada. No such advantage which misfortune had put into their hands was taken of the law, but a precedent was established which declares that if a University wants to get books free of duty, it must first burn down its library, just as—according to Elia—Chinamen thought for centuries there was no other way of getting crackling, save by burning down house, pigsty and pig. I have no desire to blame the Government overmuch. The greater part of their time has to be spent in taking measures to keep themselves in power, and it becomes a first principle that nothing is to be done that would offend one active supporter, unless they are likely to lose ten by leaving it undone. It

may be said that this indicates the line of attack that should be taken by those to whom the tax in question is specially odious. Let them tell the Government plainly that if their petition is not granted they will vote against them at the next election. This would probably be effective, for even schools and universities have influence and could decide the issue in some constituencies. None the less, it is ground that cannot be taken by any one who knows that a government represents the whole national life and that it is to be judged not by any one act of omission or commission, but by its policy as a whole and its policy in contrast with that of the Opposition. Men, the keystone of whose position is that a Canadian nationality is to be built up, and who believe that continued union with Britain and constitutional development of that union is essential to this, will vote for the present Government until the Opposition renounces its policy of Commercial Union, or some other party is in the field that proposes either free trade or a thorough application of the principle of Reciprocity, that is, free trade or a minimum tariff with those who trade freely with us and a maximum tariff against those who do not. As there is no such party in the field, we have to endure the frying pan, simply because it is preferable to the fire.

It is not open to us, therefore, to threaten the Government, and I am afraid that they have no time to listen to mere appeals for justice or to arguments that look to the future or to the intellectual development of the people. But there are men in the House who are not burdened with the cares of office and who hold their seats not as partisans but as free men. To these I appeal. They can secure this reform, if they so will, for to them the Government is obliged to listen.

THE NORSEMEN THE DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE discovery of America is just now attracting an unusual degree of attention. The great Columbian Exposition, to be held in Chicago this year, has had the effect of giving it a prominence in the public mind, both in this and other countries, which it never had before. The result is that the literature of the subject has grown immensely, and many facts have been brought to light which have long been wholly hidden or known only by a few. The effect of these disclosures has been to show that the question is by no means as simple as it once was supposed to be. Historical criticism has not, it is true, gone so far in its iconoclastic work in this as in some other fields of inquiry. Columbus has, so far, escaped the fate of Grace Darling and William Tell, and some others whose names were once household words with us—he is not yet reduced to a myth, but still retains his right to recognition as a real historical character. He seems, however, to be in a fair way of being stripped of some of his laurels, and being made to appear a far more commonplace and less imposing personality than he is generally supposed to have been.

The questions which have been raised by the researches of recent years, both on historical and archæological grounds, refer not so much to one discovery as to several discoveries of America, and the relation of these to one another. The evidence, which has been for some time constantly accumulating, seems to point to more than one of these being made in historic times; and leaves little ground for doubt that the existence of the American continent was known by the outside world long anterior to the time of Columbus. Of course the ori-

ginal discovery of America was made by the people by whom it was first colonized, far back in the prehistoric ages. And the composite character of the most primitive of its inhabitants of whom we know anything, as indicated by the structure of their languages and the dissimilarity of their customs and traditions, makes it highly probable that they did not spring from a single root, but that they were diverse in their origin; and this, of course, implies that more than one of the ancient peoples made independent discoveries of this continent and planted colonies on its shores.

How these discoveries were made, whether by accident or as the result of explorations conducted on scientific principles, must perhaps remain forever among the unsolved and unsolvable problems of human history. It may be that the theory that the American continent was originally peopled from two different sources, the one being the north-east of Asia, and the other the Malay and Polynesian archipelagos, has as high a degree of probability as any other. But when and how these people reached this quarter of the globe, is a question which it would be useless to attempt to answer. The original planting of the human race in America is one of those things which are perhaps too deeply buried in the abysmal depths of the past to be ever clearly brought to light. It is not with questions of this kind, however, that this article is designed to deal. It has to do rather with historic than with prehistoric times. Its object is chiefly to set forth the part which a single nationality played in bringing this continent to the knowledge of the rest of the world. But, as there are others besides the

Norsemen who claim to have made the independent discovery of America, a brief reference to them may not be out of place or entirely devoid of interest to the reader.

The Chinese, as becomes their high antiquity as a nation, and the fact that they possessed the mariner's compass more than two thousand years before Marco Polo brought it to Europe, make the first claim to this distinction. They claim that as early as the fifth century their seamen visited America, to which, or at least to the part of it visited by them, they gave the name of *Fan Sang*, or, as it was afterwards called, *Fusang*. Where *Fusang* was situated is in debate, some locating it in the region of California and Mexico; others thinking that, from the fact that it was reported, among other things, to contain deer and copper, it must have been farther north. Some eminent authorities, Alexander Von Humboldt among the rest, entertain doubts respecting *Fusang* being in America at all, but the passages in Chinese history are too remarkable, and the account of the voyages to this far-off country which they give too circumstantial to be ignored; and until *Fusang* has been clearly identified with some other land, probably a good many will continue to believe, as they do at present, that it was in America, and that this continent was known to the people of the Flowery Kingdom in the early Christian centuries. It may be even true, as is alleged, that Hœi Shin, a Chinese Buddhist priest, was the first religious missionary to visit these lands, though this is not thought to be supported by as high a degree of probability as the location of *Fusang* in America.

It is claimed in behalf of the Arabs that they crossed the Atlantic some time in the 12th century. M. de Guignes, who is one of the principal champions of the Chinese claim, in certain memoirs drawn up by him, published in Paris in 1789 and preserved in the Institute de France, gives the account

which he says he found in a manuscript in the King's library, by Ebn-al-Onardi, from which he concludes that they must have reached America. The story, however, does not appear to be supported by sufficient evidence to entitle it to very serious consideration. There seems to be a pretty general agreement among scholars who have studied the subject that the Arabs probably reached the Canaries, but that they proceeded no farther.

The claims of the Welsh to be reckoned among the discoverers of America seem to be supported by a higher degree of probability than that of the Arabs. It is related in the ancient chronicles of Wales that Madawc, son of Owen Gwinedh, left that country in 1170 and sailed westward, "and leaving Ireland on the north, he came at length to an unknown country, where most things appeared to him new and uncustomary, and the manners of the natives far different from what he had seen in Europe." But, though some of those who have examined the account are of opinion that Florida or Mexico was the country to which he came, others think that it was one of the West India Islands, and that he did not reach the continent. But whether Madoc did or did not set foot upon American soil, this one thing at least is certain that he got as near to the American continent as Columbus did on the occasion of his first voyage of discovery.

It is not surprising that the Venetians, considering the part which they have played in history, especially as a sea-faring people, should lay claim to a share in the honor of independent American discovery. Nicolo Zeno's story of the achievements of his countrymen and ancestors in this respect, has, moreover, a considerable degree of probability to commend it. In 1558 Nicolo published a series of letters which, as he avers, had passed between his ancestors, Nicolo and Antonio Zeno, in the years 1380-1404. Assuming the genuineness of this correspon-

dence, which the publisher says had been preserved in the family, though they had never been published until by the progress of events their importance had been made known, there can be no doubt that these mediæval navigators visited Newfoundland, to which they gave the name of Estotiland, and either the coast of Labrador or Nova Scotia, which they called Drogio. There is nothing improbable about Nicolo Zeno's story, and the probability is that it is entirely trustworthy.

But, though I hope what has now been written will be of sufficient interest to the general reader who has not happened to dip very deeply into the literature of the subject to justify the time and space which has been given to it, it is merely introductory, and it is now time to proceed to the main subject of the article as indicated by the title.

Whatever may be thought of the claims of others to be reckoned among the independent discoverers of America, there does not appear to be any reasonable ground to doubt that the Norsemen are entitled to that honor. Even many of those who believe most firmly that Columbus carried on his explorations on purely scientific principles, and that his discovery was made independently of any hint of the existence of this continent except from his own abstract reasoning—if indeed when he set out he had any hope of finding a new continent at all—have nevertheless been forced to the conclusion that it was visited by the Vikings in the 10th and 11th centuries. The literature of the subject is so great that it will be impossible to quote authorities. All that can be done will be to give the facts upon which there seems to be substantial agreement among those who have studied the subject most thoroughly and whose special discipline fits them to speak with authority, and to do this in the most summary manner possible.

So little is known, however, even by many fairly well-informed readers, about the Norsemen, who they are and whither they have come, that a word of introduction may be necessary. Every one has read, no doubt, of the northern hordes who overran the Roman Empire in the Middle Ages, and in whose presence the fruits of the classic civilization, including its most venerable monuments, well-nigh disappeared. The reader of English history does not require to be told of the unwelcome visitors from the north who so often invaded England in mediæval times, laid waste its coast, spread terror among the people, and in some instances effected a permanent settlement in the country. They were involved in mystery to the bulk of our forefathers then, and there is reason to believe that they are scarcely better known to many of their descendents to-day. Who were they? and what was their origin? are questions which, there is reason to believe, not a few who have been reading about them all their lives could not answer. Indeed, it is one of the curiosities of history that a people who have played such a conspicuous part in human history should be so little, or at least so imperfectly known. Differing in some respects from the Saxons, they belonged essentially to the same race. They were of the great Aryan, Teutonic, or, as they are sometimes called, the Indo-Germanic family. Their original home was in Asia, though Europe has been the theatre of their greatest exploits in historic times. Wild and warlike, with extraordinary courage and love of adventure, and possessing withal an unquenchable love of liberty, they have been the pioneers of human progress, and apparently the predestinated rulers of the world.

The Norseman, as distinguished from other branches of the Teutonic race, has had his home for many centuries in Scandinavia, especially in Norway and Iceland, and in the Orkneys, Shetland and other groups of

islands north of Scotland. It appears to have been religious persecution that drove this remarkable people into the frozen north, and it was this perhaps that made them ruthless marauders prior to their conversion to Christianity. Charlemagne rightly concluded that the most effectual means of curbing their turbulent spirit was to bring them under the influence of Christianity; but he erred in supposing that he could make Christians of them by compulsion. Though they were quite as amenable to argument and appeal as any other race, when it was attempted to impose Christianity upon them by force, that was too much for their endurance, and the flower of the race, the most intrepid, independent and liberty-loving of them, fled into the wilds of Jutland, whence they sallied forth ever and anon to extort tribute from the more highly favored of their neighbors.

The Norsemen were as much at home on sea as on land. The very dangers of the deep had a kind of grim fascination for them. Their piratical escapades made them the terror of all who went down to the sea and did business in the great waters. Hardy and brave, they were the very men to do exploits on the deep. They early distinguished themselves as ship-builders, and though they were without the mariner's compass, their careful and persistent study of the heavenly bodies made them skilful navigators. It is not remarkable, therefore, that they were the first people in Europe to find their way to America. Indeed, in view of the facts of their history, it would be strange if they had not been the first to cross the Atlantic. They early discovered Iceland, colonized it, and established a republic there which lasted four hundred years. They planted a colony in Greenland, which brought them within two hundred miles or so of the mainland of America and within seven hundred of Newfoundland. Strange would it have been if these Vikings—these monarchs

of the sea—had not reached that island and made it the stepping-stone to the continent.

Then these Norsemen, turbulent as they were in mediæval times, did not fail to cultivate letters. They were specially remarkable as historians. In their *Sagas* or historic tales everything pertaining to their history as a people and to the adventures and exploits of their heroes and great men are carefully preserved. It is this that gives to the Icelandic literature such an ineffable charm, and such great value in the estimation of scholars. The authenticity and authority of the *Sagas* have been fully acknowledged by such great men as Alexander von Humboldt, Malte Brun and others. This is mentioned here because of the bearing which it has on the subject under discussion—the claim of the Norsemen, upon what is now being recognized by the learned men of Europe as the highest kind of evidence in respect to what occurred in the middle ages. A recent writer, who understands the subject thoroughly, speaking of *Sagas* which contain the record of the discovery of America, says that it is as easy to demonstrate that they were written before Columbus, as the fact that Herodotus wrote his history before the era of Christ.

It was during the closing years of the tenth century that the series of events took place which laid the foundation for the discovery of the New World. The first of these, which led to all that followed, were the result of simple accident. Are Marson, the powerful Icelandic chief, who is thought to have been the first European who ever landed upon the coast of America, was driven thither by adverse winds. In 983 he was driven to a part of the coast supposed to be in the vicinity of Chesapeake Bay. And three years afterwards, in 986, Bjarne Herjulfson had a somewhat similar experience. The former of these visits to America has a good deal of romantic interest about it, but on this very

account it would require more space for its adequate treatment than can be given to it at present. It is said, for instance, that Are Marson was baptized in America, and that he was recognized by some of the people that crowded round him when he landed. One is curious to know who it was that administered to him the sacrament of baptism, and who it was that knew him in the new world. These things no doubt are susceptible of rational explanation, but this is hardly the place to enter upon such a disquisition. It is, perhaps, enough to say at present that sober-minded and level-headed Icelandic and Norwegian scholars seem to have no doubt as to the substantial correctness of the narrative. That Are Marson was really driven to the coast of America at or near the point which has been indicated, and which was afterward known by the Norsemen as Ireland-it-Miklan, or Great Ireland; and that not being permitted to return to his own country, though held in great respect by the natives, he ended his days there, seems to be supported by evidence which puts it beyond reasonable doubt.

The story of Bjarne Herjulfson, perhaps because he returned to tell it himself, is characterized by a simplicity and straightforwardness which commends it to our confidence. Unlike that of Are Marson, there is nothing in it to suggest doubt or to cause difficult questions. About the hero of the story we know little beyond the fact that he was a man of courage and enterprise, the owner of a merchant-ship by which he succeeded in gathering wealth and reputation. He was no chief or hero, no man of renown, concerning whom there would be any great temptation to heighten the object of his achievements by fictitious additions. In the autumn of 986, after a successful summer's business, and probably with a valuable cargo, he returned to Iceland to spend the winter, as was his wont, with his father. But to his chagrin, when he reached home

his father was not there. In his absence, Herjulf had been induced to join his fortunes with Eric the Red, an outlaw, who had undertaken to found a colony on the east coast of Greenland, and had gone thither with him. Bjarne resolved to follow him, and as it was but a short run to Greenland, as soon as he could get his men to consent to brave with him the dangers of the Greenland sea, unknown alike both to him and to them, he, without unloading his ship, immediately set sail.

The voyage proved eventful in the extreme. After two days' sailing the wind failed, and still Greenland was not in sight. After the calm came a storm. They were overtaken by a strong north wind and a dense fog, and for many days they drifted helplessly, not knowing whither they went. But at length the wind subsided and the fog cleared away, and they were enabled to ascertain the quarters of the heavens. But at the same time, like a blue cloud lying along the horizon, they beheld the outline of the coast of an unknown country. They were soon convinced, when they approached it, that it was not Greenland. It was a country covered with forest and comparatively level, though with hills inland, but without any snow-clad mountains such as they had been taught to expect in Greenland. Then the length of the day soon convinced the skilful navigator that he had got very much too far south. He therefore, without attempting to make a landing in the new country, turned the prow of his ship toward the north. After two days' sailing they got sight of land again, but still the physical peculiarities of Greenland were not visible, and leaving the land on their larboard they kept the sea. They sailed on with a fine south-west wind for three days more when, for the third time they came in sight of land. But still it was not Greenland. There were no mountains and no snow. So, leaving the land between them and

the setting sun, under the propelling force of the strong south-west wind, which had now almost become a gale, they kept on their way. It was not until four days afterward that they came within sight of the ice-clad mountains and reached their destination.

If anyone will read this unvarnished tale with a map, or, better still, with a nautical chart before him, he will readily perceive how strong is the internal evidence of its truthfulness, Bjarne Herjulfson in endeavoring to reach the south-east angle of Greenland had evidently been a little too far south, and had run into the great northern current which flows along the western shore of that country. And during the calm which set in at the end of the first two days that he was out, his ship had been carried past the eastern end of Newfoundland into the Great Banks, where the cold water of the north begins to mingle with the warm water of the gulf stream—a region noted for its fogs. And from this point the winds of the Atlantic had drifted him to the coast of New England. The lands sighted on the return trip were evidently Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

This is the simple story of the discovery, or, if it cannot be properly called by that name, the singular accident which, in the closing years of the tenth century, laid the foundation for the discovery of the continent of America by the Norsemen. It was this simple Icelandic maritime trader who, nearly five centuries before Columbus, not only demonstrated the existence of land lying to the west of Europe but the feasibility of reaching it. And yet so little did he say about it, that it was not until several years—four years afterward, to speak exactly—that the first voyage of discovery was made by the Norsemen on the strength of his experience.

The first expedition of this kind was led by Leif Erikson, son of Jarl, or Earl Erik, of Norway, known as Erik

the Red. Erik, when he heard Bjarne's story, censured him in very strong terms for not having learned something about these lands which, in this singular way, he had discovered. This, naturally, had the effect of awakening in the mind of Leif Erikson, the Earl's son, a determination to solve the problem and find out what lands these were, concerning which he had heard so much, and what they were like. He bought Bjarne's ship, and with a crew of thirty-five men he set sail. The first land that the expedition reached was Newfoundland, to which Leif Erikson gave the name of Helluland: the next land come to was Nova Scotia, which they named Markland: the third and last place in which they made a landing was at or near Fall River, in that part of the coast which is included in the State of Massachusetts, to which he gave the name of Vinland, a name which was suggested by the large quantities of wild grapes which were found growing there.

Thorvald Erikson, Leif Erikson's brother, was the next to lead an expedition to this continent. He had evidently more idea of turning this great discovery to account in some practical way than either Bjarne Herjulfson or his brother, Leif Erikson, and he thought that, in order to do this, the newly discovered lands should be more thoroughly explored. With this end in view he led an expedition in 1002. It, however, proved unfortunate, and yielded no valuable results. The fact that Thorvald lost his life in conflict with the natives, being the first European and the first Christian, probably, that ever found a grave in the New World, gives it a pathetic interest. And this interest was heightened by the discovery of a skeleton in armour in 1831 near what is supposed to be the place of his encampment, suggesting the probability that this may have been the remains of Thorvald Erikson. Mr. Longfellow, in his poetic treatment of it, which is too well-known to require to be quoted, makes it evident

that he regarded these as being, if not the remains of Thorvald Erikson, those of one of his race, and the correctness of this view has since been confirmed by the comparison of the armour discovered with the skeleton with the ancient bronze armour of the Norsemen of the tenth century.

The next expedition undertaken was the most unfortunate of the entire series, and yielded the least results. It was undertaken by Thorstein Erikson, the youngest brother of Thorvald, and was a blank failure. After wandering about on the ocean during the whole of the summer, they only made land when winter was approaching, and then found themselves on the west coast of Greenland, where they were obliged to remain all winter. During that long, dreary, comfortless winter, with its multiplied hardships, Thorstein Erikson died, and Gudrid, his young wife, had to return to her home in the spring a widow.

But though Gudrid suffered so much in her first attempt to visit America, she had too much of the indomitable spirit of her race, as the sequel shows, to abandon the project upon which she seems to have set her heart. Two years afterwards she became the wife of Thorfinn Karlsefne, and with her husband again set out for the New World. Thorfinn was a wealthy and influential man, and the expedition which he led was on a larger and more imposing scale than either of those which preceded it. He was, perhaps, the first of the Norsemen to seriously entertain the idea of founding a colony or of forming a settlement in Vinland, or, indeed, on any part of this continent. Accordingly he took with him one hundred and fifty-one men, seven women, and several head of cattle and sheep. In a word, as became him as a newly married man, he made ample provision for setting up house and beginning life in a somewhat generous style as soon as he reached his new home; and, though the Sagas say nothing about it, the

antiquaries are of opinion that he signalized his coming by engraving the inscription upon what has been and is still known as Dighton Rock, on the right bank of Taunton River in Bristol county,—Massachusetts, an inscription which has been the puzzle of the learned for more than two hundred years, but which, according to the latest decipherment, contains a record of the landing of Thorfinn's expedition.

This colony, though short-lived, having to be abandoned at the end of three years, is interesting as being the first of the kind that, so far as we are aware, was ever attempted in this quarter of the globe; and the fact that the hostility of the natives rendered this attempt at colonization abortive, explains why it was that the Norsemen of the Middle Ages did not make more than they did of their transatlantic discovery. Intrepid and enterprising as they were, they had no great and wealthy nation at their back, and though they had been accustomed from time immemorial to make raids into civilized countries, and to fighting, often against fearful odds, on the open sea, they found it an altogether different thing to wage a ceaseless warfare with swarms of savages whose home was in the forest, who appeared ever and anon as suddenly as if they arose out of the earth, and disappeared in like manner as if the ground had opened and swallowed them up. At the end of three years the colonists were glad to return to their native home in the north. But they took with them one relic from the New World which deserves to be remembered—Snarre Thorfinnson, the infant son of Thorfinn Karlsefne—and Gudrid his wife, from whom, the Scandinavian genealogists tell us, the famous sculptor, Albert Thorwaldsen, was descended.

Now the question arises, what bearing, if any, had all this upon the Columbian discovery? Of course it is possible that a gentleman living in Genoa and in Spain, engaged in alto-

gether different lines of study, might never have heard anything of the discoveries and explorations of the Norsemen. Such a thing is conceivable. But Columbus was not only a scholar, in the usual acceptance of the term, but he was a geographer and a map-maker, and his calling led him to a careful study of the discoveries which had been made in every part of the world. He had, among other places, gone to Rome in the prosecution of his geographical studies and investigations, and in that city the exploits of the Norsemen in respect of this matter were very well known. On the strength of these representations, early in the twelfth century, a bishop of Iceland, Greenland and Vinland had been appointed by Pope Paschal II. Gudrid, the wife of Torfinn, had gone thither after her return from America, and was received with distinction. A record of all these things had been, doubtless, preserved in Rome, and it is not likely that they escaped the attention of this remarkable man.

Then we have the testimony of his son, Ferdinando Colombo, that Columbus visited Iceland in 1477 and spent some time there; and it is scarcely conceivable that this man, who was a diligent reader of Aristotle, Seneca and Strabo, would have overlooked, while in that island, the work of Adam of Bremen, which was published in 1076, and gave "an accurate and well-authenticated account" of Vinland or what at present is known as New England. It is only reasonable to conclude that Columbus, during his stay in Iceland, managed to get from the learned men of the island—of

whom it has always had a succession—all that they they knew or that was contained in their books about the lands lying to the west of them. It would have been strange indeed if he had not done so.

In view of all these facts, it is pretty evident that when Christopher Columbus started on his memorable voyage of discovery, of which we have heard so much, he had some other assurance of the reality of what he was in pursuit of than he had obtained by abstract reasoning. No doubt his mathematics stood him in good stead in his efforts to convince Ferdinand and Isabella of the probability that off towards the setting sun there was land, of the existence of which he had obtained well-authenticated historical evidence, but concerning which he wanted to make them believe he knew nothing but on purely scientific grounds. It must be remembered that Columbus had a deep game to play. He had, first of all, to inspire confidence in his project in order to get the assistance without which it could not be undertaken; and then he had to invest it with such mystery and make it appear to be beset with so high a degree of risk and danger, as to induce the Spanish government to invest him with something approaching to almost absolute sovereignty over the lands that he might discover. The manner in which he accomplished all this proves him to have been a consummate tactician, but the fact that he took to himself the credit of a discovery which was made, and which he knew to have been made by others, shows that he was not the ideal man of honor.



CONDUCT AND MANNER.

BY PROF. WM. CLARK, D.C.L., F.R.S.C.

THE subject which we propose here to consider is that of Conduct and Manners; in one word, Behaviour. It is, we might say, a subject which holds a position inferior to that of Character; as the outward is inferior to the inward. But its place is close to the other; and indeed it is inseparable from it, as the body is from the soul. "Behaviour," says Lord Bacon, "seemeth to me as a garment of the mind, and to have the conditions of a garment." The remark is full of suggestions in many ways, and reminds us that it is possible to think too much and too little of behaviour.

It is possible that the French writer went too far when he said, "The style is the man" (*le style c'est l'homme*). If it be meant that the mere outer husk is the man, it cannot be true. If it means that our whole discipline is to be a kind of bodily drill, without regard to mental and moral training, it is not true. If it is meant that, on the whole, the man himself, the very inner nature and character of a man, comes out in his behaviour, taking that word in its widest application, it is substantially true.

We may say the same of a well-known motto of a great English bishop of the fifteenth century, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, "Manners maketh the man." The words, taken in the outward and superficial sense, are not true. But taken in the deeper, and wider, and more spiritual sense, they are perfectly true. A man's actions do make him what he is, and they do shew what he is. Habit, spirit, tone, tendency, are all produced by a series of acts. We need not go back to Aristotle for this lesson, although he has taught it abundantly. It is being perpetually

illustrated before our eyes. By giving way to temptation men become the slaves of the principles to which they abandon themselves. By resisting temptation to evil, of whatever kind, men become masters of themselves, and break the power of the passions and impulses to which other men succumb. By speaking words, and doing deeds of truth, righteousness and love, men become true and just and kind. In this sense, manners do make the man; the devil, and the world and the flesh make the bad man; the grace of God in Jesus Christ makes the good man; but it is a man's own acceptance of the devil as his master, it is a man's own acceptance of the grace of God, which gives effect to the one influence or the other. This is one side of the question, and it is of great consequence. But the other is hardly second in importance. A man's behaviour not only makes him what he is; it shews what he is. That is to say, the man is revealed in his whole behaviour, not, as we are apt to imagine, in some particular part of it. We must know him at home and abroad; in the family, in business, in public life, in social intercourse. All must be put together if we would know the whole man. But so taken they do reveal the whole man, for

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind."

We might go further, and say that slight things in manners and conduct will often reveal the very principle of a man's life. You accidentally know of some act of generosity performed by a man under peculiar circumstances, without any intention on his part of gaining publicity or any sort of notice from others; and you recognize the

goodness of the soil which produced such flowers and fruit.

It may sometimes be the very slightest deed, or even word, and yet it may be the illumination of a beautiful personality.

Or, on the other hand, you have forced upon your attention some instance of great baseness, and you are constrained to infer the existence of something utterly low and mean in the character of the agent. It may not be that the mere deed or word is of high importance; yet its significance may be immense; because you feel that the man who could have done such a thing was capable of almost anything, if he thought he had sufficient inducement.

There is an illustration in a story told of a battle in which the English and French were ranged on opposite sides. * "A squadron of French cavalry charged an English regiment; but when the young French officer who led them, and was about to attack the English leader, observed that he had only one arm, with which he held his bridle, the Frenchman saluted him courteously with his sword and passed on." The story is not told here merely as illustrating French manners. There are no men on earth braver, gentler, and more chivalrous, than the officers of the English army. But what should specially be noted in such an example is that such an action could not have been the result of mere outward training. That would hardly have awaked so promptly at such a moment. An act so ready, so spontaneous, speaks for the heart of the man who performed it; it came of a disposition noble and generous, who scorned to take an advantage of an unequal foe.

To these considerations on the importance of manner, only one other shall be added. Manner is a power; it is one of the greatest powers. Some

men, and probably more women, are almost irresistible.

You cannot refuse the favours which they ask, even if you have previously resolved to do so. When you cannot agree with their opinions, you wish that you could. On the other hand, there are men who would spoil the best of causes by their manner of advocacy. The moment you see them and hear them, you have an instinctive desire to contradict them. Even when you are in entire agreement with their opinions, you have the strongest inclination to oppose them.

There are few persons, who have passed the meridian of life, who could not give instances in which a man's success in the world has been, in great measure, the result of his manner and deportment; and perhaps still more numerous instances of failure might be cited with similar explanation. People who are resolved to have their own way, and assert their own opinions, often wonder at their own want of success, and put it down to the obstinacy and stupidity of their neighbors; to envy, jealousy, and what not. They ought, in fact, to put it down to their own bad manners. Those very qualities which they imagine should assure them success, are a stumbling block to their neighbours, and a guarantee of failure. This, we believe, is a subject which concerns people of British origin very nearly. It is said that as a nation we are not particularly well-mannered. The Prussians are probably worse in this respect, but the French are better. These differences undoubtedly exist. The Irish, as a rule, have pleasanter manners than the Scotch; the Italians than the Germans; the French than the English. There must be something in these expressions. Some time ago a writer in the French *Revue des Deux Mondes*, speaking of our rule in India, said: "Les Anglais sont justes, mais ils ne sont pas bons." We are just, he says, but we are not nice.

*Smiles says it was at Dettingen; Alison places it in the Peninsular War. Probably Alison is right; but it is of no great importance.

It is sometimes urged in reply that certain classes of French people are worse mannered than the same class of English people; but it is to be feared that this can be regarded only as the exception which proves the rule. The ill-mannered portion of a well-mannered people are sure to be the worst; just as an unmannerly woman is worse than an unmannerly man, because it comes more natural to a woman to be courteous than to a man.

We have a way of getting rid of the unpleasantness of this comparison. We say that with the French it is all outside show. We call it French varnish, and so forth; and there is some truth in this. Certainly, we might say with Carlyle, that there are few kinds of men more beautiful than the thoroughbred English gentleman, and no women who will surpass the English lady. Still, if it could be said that the French, as a people, are more courteous in their demeanor and behaviour than the English, there must be mental and moral qualities underneath which account for the difference.

But how, it may be asked, do the representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race on this side of the Atlantic compare in this respect with the inhabitants of the old world. This is a question not quite easy to answer. In the first place, we have, of course, a considerable number of persons who differ in nothing in their general bearing from English ladies and gentlemen. But there seems to be a general notion that manners are not improving among the inhabitants of the United States or Canada. We have before us an article from the *New York Nation*,* insisting upon the necessity of teaching in our schools "what is called manners or minor morals. In this field," the writer says, "our common schools do nothing, or next to nothing. Little or nothing is done in the schools to combat the mischievous delusion that suavity of

manner is a confession of social or other inferiority, and that in order to preserve his self-respect and maintain his republican equality an American has to be surly or indifferent, after the manner of hotel clerks or expressmen, and too often salesmen and 'salesladies' in stores. The result is that we have probably the worst-mannered children in the civilized world."

Have these remarks any application to ourselves here in Canada? It was but the other day that a child who had been at one of our public schools was noticed by her friends as having changed some of her modes of speech and action. For example, she no longer said "Thank you," when she received an attention, nor did she say "If you please," when she asked a favour, and when someone inquired as to the reason for her giving up these practices of ordinary courtesy she said her teacher had forbidden her to make use of them as they savoured of servility. We doubt whether our cousins across the line could beat this. And the consequences of this kind of education are visible everywhere. What shall we say of the "salesladies" in our stores? It is even asserted that the manners of young ladies who deal in our stores are so insolent that those who serve them adopt similar manners in self-defence. Whether this be so we have no means of knowing; but the manners of some of our "ladies," particularly we might say of those to whom gentlemen give up their seats in street cars, are not always absolutely beautiful.

It must already be apparent that the subject under consideration is of no small importance; that manners and deportment are not a matter of mere personal taste and choice, but belong to the sphere of duty. A good man has no right to make goodness repulsive. A good man will not do this unless there is something wrong about him. With some people there is a kind of ferocity of goodness. They carry in their faces a sentence of ex-

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communication. They imagine that they are, in this way, showing fidelity, zeal, devotion. As a matter of fact, they are too often displaying their selfishness, coarseness, bad temper or bad taste. A man may be quite convinced of the truth of the principle which he holds, but he has no business to deny the same right to others. A man who believes that he has been taught from above and that he has learned to know what is true and good will desire earnestly that other men may be made partakers of the same privileges. But he will, if he is wise and kind, also be careful not to oppose needless obstacles in the way of accepting his convictions as their own. But perhaps enough has been said on this part of the subject.

So far we have been simply assuming that there is a difference between good manners and bad. We must now consider somewhat more nearly what it is that constitutes good conduct or good manners. And here a double caution is necessary. On the one hand there are certain principles which must enter into the composition of what we call good manners. On the other, it is by no means necessary that everyone should conform exactly to the same pattern. To require or to expect, for example, that every one should have the same amount of vivacity on the one hand, or the same solidity of manner on the other, would be a patent absurdity.

But such a principle gives no sanction to the indulgence of personal eccentricity. There are persons who imagine that eccentricity is a sign of genius. It is, indeed, sometimes a misfortune of genius; and in such cases may be condoned on account of its accompaniments; but in most men it is simply a sign of weakness and folly or even of conceit. It is an error into which young men are particularly apt to be misled. They read of some great man who had certain peculiarities; they fancy that they resemble him: and it is much easier to imitate

his tricks than to aspire to the qualities which constituted his greatness. Or there is someone whom we admire, or that others admire, and we study his manner and catch it consciously or unconsciously; that is to say, we appropriate his weakness, not his strength. The ideal man can be followed only in spirit. Alexander the Great had a trick of carrying his head a little on one side. Probably he did not know it. His courtiers took to imitating the habit; but this did not bring them nearer by a hairbreadth to the great master.

So much for the peculiarities of manner, lawful and unlawful. We must now come to consider that kind of behaviour which, amid all allowable and desirable differences, must be recognized as good. And the word which most aptly describes what all men mean when they speak of behaviour which they approve and admire, is the word "courtesy," and this not merely the outward semblance which may be so described, but the outward bearing as proceeding from an inward spirit. It must be sincere and genuine.

Keeping these points in mind, that one's behavior should be courteous, and that it should be so, not from an outward rule and constraint, but from an inward necessity, we shall have little difficulty in indicating the moral disposition of which such conduct should be the expression.

First, then, it is a fundamental principle that our conduct, our behaviour, should be sincere. It must express what we think and feel. By this it is not meant that every thought and feeling is to be revealed; but that whilst a man may be silent when he could speak and may check expressions of repugnance which he strongly feels, the words of kindness which he utters should be true words; the attention which he shows to another must proceed from affection or at least goodwill. All true and deep experience will convince us that it is not a mere outward polish which the world itself

requires of us, nor merely a thin veneering of civility. Such make-believe will generally be found out and estimated at its true value.

For the same reason, a man's conduct should be, in the true sense of the word, natural and unaffected. To many, such a rule is a mere matter of course; and conformity to it a very simple thing. As a matter of fact, it is very much the reverse. It may seem a paradox; but it is all the same quite true that it is not natural for us to be natural. Children are natural; but there comes a time when the manners of children are no longer suitable for our larger growth, and we have to become natural in a different way. To some men, and perhaps to a larger number of women, it is given to be natural throughout their whole life; but not to the majority. Perhaps it would astonish some persons to hear it said that old men are, as a rule, more natural than young men, but those who have carefully and accurately observed the phenomena of human life will confirm the remark. The average young man is seldom natural; he is either awkward or affected. It is only when his awkwardness is pruned and trained; it is only when his affectation or, perhaps, self-consciousness is beaten out of him by an impatient world, or his own improved sense gives him clearer and truer views of things, that he becomes really natural. A man leaves his first nature behind him with his childhood: it is often a long time before he gains his second nature.

Again, in good behaviour, there must be a certain regard for custom. It is easy to rail against conventionality, and if by conventionality we are to understand falseness, unreality, the mere parrot-like repetition of other people's words and ways, then let us denounce it in the name of truth and goodness. It is an evil and a hurtful thing. But all this may be said without our failing to recognize the importance of custom and the necessity

of following it. A man or a woman who regards with contempt and treats with neglect the common customs of his own country is, if possible, more foolish than one who lives in a constant state of terror or alarm lest he or she should not have learned or adopted the latest fashions.

And this involves another point of good behaviour, namely, self-control. In our reference to truth and sincerity of conduct, it was remarked that it did not involve the utterance of every passing thought or even of every deep conviction. Perhaps there are few things that require so much taste as the hitting of the happy mean between liberty and restraint in this matter in word or in deed. There are some men who never open their mouths on the subject of their fellow men or of the esteem in which they hold them. They blame no one. They are solemnly silent if others are found fault with; but then they are equally silent if others are praised. If they have no word of censure for another, neither do they ever utter a word of commendation. They are not the most interesting of men. No doubt they have qualities which are good. As the French writer would say, they are not unjust, but they are not nice.

Yet the fault which lies in the opposite direction is the greatest fault, the fault of those who not only utter every thought as it arises in their mind, and usually such people's thoughts are of the least possible value, but think as recklessly as they speak. There is, no doubt, a great charm in an open, frank, unconstrained manner. There is a great charm in an outspoken man. But this must have its limits. There is a certain reserve which is good, which is more than good, which is necessary if men are to be endurable.

Now that which is here said of speech is equally true of action. That which is beautiful in the child is unseemly in the man; it is peculiarly unseemly in the woman. Certainly,

to go too far on the side of self-control, if it be error at all, is to err on the safe side. What we call *abandon* needs the finest taste to prevent its being objectionable and offensive. It is an obvious remark that it is easier to do nothing than to do something. A man may often repent having spoken; he may sometimes repent having been silent, but not so often.

In speaking of human deportment, we not unfrequently hear mention made of the attribute of dignity, and, perhaps, some attention should be given to this point. True dignity is undoubtedly a very beautiful thing, just as sham dignity is a very ridiculous thing. But there is no way of teaching or learning it in a direct manner. It is the result of self-respect and respect for others, and it will have its most charming expression in those who are least conscious of their possessing it. There are two false kinds—the one which is put on, the pompous look and strut, adopted for the most part with a view of imposing upon others; the other, the spontaneous outcome of a man's egregious self-importance, generally the result of his imposing upon himself. The one bad way may be learned by imitation, the other by self-inflation. As far removed as heaven from the shades is the true dignity of the humble and holy men of heart, the dignity of simple truth and goodness, and self-respect and brotherly charity.

And this leads to the remark that the great principle which regulates all behaviour, by the surest rule, is genuine kindness of heart, unselfish consideration for others—that gentle, humble, kindly spirit which is productive of a true, not a servile, deference and thoughtfulness towards the opinions, the feelings and the interests of our neighbours and associates.

Let us endeavour to make these general statements somewhat clearer by bringing them into a practical shape, by asking how we may give effect to them in our intercourse with others.

In the first place, then, it must be quite clear that if a principle of this kind is to have any practical meaning for us it must be one of our first thoughts how we may actually do good to those among whom our lot is cast, in every possible way, as far as we know how to do it, as far as we have the power and opportunity of doing it.

It is quite obvious that the universal prevalence of such a principle would speedily change the whole face of human society. There would be no anger, hatred, envy, suspicion, heart-burning. There would be peace, mutual confidence, mutual help, everywhere. Then the intercourse of man with man would be most blessed and most lovely.

A second thought, and one which is undeniably connected with the first, will be the desire to give all reasonable pleasure to others and to spare them all needless pain. A great man has described a gentleman as one who inflicts no needless pain upon others; and this is the part of a gentleman and a Christian alike. How could we possibly carry out the resolve of doing good to our fellowmen without also bearing this thought in our minds? It is, of course, perfectly true that pleasure may not always be beneficial for ourselves or others. It is quite certain that pain and suffering often prove real blessings. But it is not our part to lay burdens or to inflict pain upon others.

Perhaps a word should be said on a point of no light practical importance, although in itself it might seem hardly to deserve mention. We refer to the habit of jesting. In some form or other this power has always been exercised in human society, and always will be. And for this reason, perhaps, we may say that it has a rightful place in life and speech. Aristotle, in enumerating certain social virtues which he associates with the seven cardinal ones, mentions one which he calls *ἔντροπιαια*—a word which has been translated

"graceful wit." As is usual with him, he points out the two extremes of its excess and defect, by which men are led away from the mean which is the virtue. On the one side lies buffoonery, on the other side clownishness. Of the buffoon he says that he will catch at the ludicrous in any and every way and at any cost, and will aim rather at raising a laugh than at saying what is seemly and at avoiding to pain the object of his wit. The clown, on the other hand, would not for the world make a joke on himself and is offended at those who do. But, he says, those who are gracefully witty, those who joke with good taste, are designated by a Greek term which properly signifies ease of movement; and as bodies are judged by their movements, so are the dispositions of the heart and mind. One quality which belongs to this character, he says, is tact. It is characteristic of a man of tact to say and to listen to such things as are fit for a good man and a gentleman to say and to listen to; for there is a difference between the jocularly of the gentleman and that of the vulgarian.

So, then, he goes on, we may characterize him who jests well as one who says what is becoming a gentleman, or by his avoiding to pain the object of his wit, or even his giving him pleasure; the buffoon, on the contrary, is carried away by the ridiculous, sparing neither himself nor any one else, if he can only raise a laugh, saying things which no man of refinement would say, and which he would not tolerate if said by anyone else. The clown, again, understands nothing of all this; and instead of contributing anything witty of his own he is savage with all who do.

These excellent remarks will appeal with different force to differently constituted minds. Certainly those who are destitute of the sense of humor must have great loss in the study of literature. We will hope they have compensations in other ways. Cer-

tainly, also, those who have gifts of wit and humor, a keen perception of the ludicrous, and the power of embodying these perceptions in language have great opportunities of giving pleasure to others. They have also frequently the power of giving pain to others: they must not forget the responsibility involved in such endowments.

One great guide, one powerful protection in our intercourse with others, is that which must indeed be reckoned a chief part of all noble, human and Christian conduct, namely, the having a constant regard to the opinions, the feelings, the inclinations, and the interests of those with whom we are brought into contact.

To put forth this duty plainly and strongly is not to surrender one's own independence of speech and action, nor is it to counsel a servile spirit which would not only hurt our own self-respect and dignity, but which would be almost equally injurious to others. But such surrender of our own liberty will never be necessary; nay, it will hardly be possible, when our consideration for others arises from kindness and affectionateness of feeling. Servility proceeds from selfishness, not from love. It is engendered and fostered rather by the desire to gain our own ends than by the wish to do good or to bring pleasure to others. He who acts from the higher and nobler motive will hardly ever be tempted to conduct so unworthy of his manhood; and if he is tempted, he will have a reserve of strength in the principles by which he is habitually animated. It is hardly too much to say that we are here touching upon the very distinction between a man whose conduct we approve and whose character we admire, and a man whose conduct is offensive and repulsive.

We have already spoken of witty speech; we will take for further consideration the use of speech in general. In society we meet with many different kinds of talkers—noisy men

and quiet men, loquacious men and taciturn men, men who talk wisely and others who talk foolishly, some, again, kindly and others unkindly; besides those who are wisely and kindly silent and those who are foolishly and unkindly silent. There is great variety.

To put the matter as concisely as possible, we must meet with some men who habitually monopolize the conversation. They must forever be speaking and others only listening. It is obvious that such men do not fulfil the conditions of good behaviour. Other men we meet who without monopolizing the conversation are dogmatic, self-opinionated, overbearing; who show by their tone and manner, if they do not say it in words, that they think no one has a right to hold opinions at variance with their own. It is not necessary to give any opinion about people of that kind.

On the other hand, we meet with men who will sit silent in the midst of the most animated conversation, and not even so much as open their lips; and this may be as great a fault in the other direction; may be, we say, not must or need be. A man may be silent from modesty, from diffidence, from feeling that he can add nothing of interest to what has been said, and is quite content others should have said it. In such case, undoubtedly, silence may be golden. But there are other kinds of silence which are baser metal. There is the silence which proceeds from mortification because the speaker would not be listened to as an oracle. There is the silence of dead and dull indifference, the silence of one who does not think it worth while to contribute anything to the entertainment of those in whose society he is found.

It is said that Sir James Mackintosh was in this respect one of the most agreeable companions of all the men of his day. Madame de Stael declared that he was the best conversationalist of any Englishman she had ever met. He was full of conversation and well

endowed with wisdom and wit. He could convey his thoughts with ease and grace; yet he never gave the impression of obtruding them. He was equally ready to speak and to be silent, to give and to take, to communicate and to receive: and his whole conversation and deportment was pervaded by such a genuine kindliness, that, whether he spoke or was silent, the beautiful spirit of the man was almost equally conspicuous. He was the perfection of what we mean by manner or behaviour.

It may be well to add a few remarks on the teaching and learning of right behaviour.

On the teaching by itself we will only draw attention to the tremendous responsibility imposed upon parents, teachers, and governors in moulding and fashioning the character of those who are placed under their charge. We never quite lose the stamp which is impressed upon us in our childhood. The distinction between early training and subsequent correction is a valid one. The habits children form in the family—good or bad—of kindness, self-denial and the like, or greed, selfishness and sloth, often cleave to them to the last.

With regard to the learning of behaviour the case is more difficult. The moment one attempts to speak to adults on such a subject the difficulty appears. Those to whom he proposes to give rules have already been taught, well or badly; and are not likely to relearn themselves or to unlearn what they have been taught. Yet something may be offered which may have use for all of us, old or young; and first of all, it is clear it has already been insisted upon that there can be no really good behaviour without goodness. Without this, all must be hollowness and unreality. You cannot get good conduct except from a good man, and there is no way known in the world of making a man good except by sending him to the school of Christ.

Therefore, we would say to young people with all confidence and earnestness, Do not try to imitate any one's manner. That would probably land you in affectation and absurdity. But make yourself acquainted with the customs of the well-behaved people—of the best educated, the most refined, the most lovable of your fellowmen; get to know what things they do and approve; use your own discretion in lowliness and love as to the measure in which you will adopt their customs; but at least make yourselves acquainted with them. That at least will do you no harm, and may be serviceable in circumstances that you could hardly anticipate.

One other remark may be offered. It may be difficult to learn good manners, but it is not impossible to correct bad manners. And here we may take an illustration from the art of public speaking. If you go to a wise teacher of elocution he will tell you at once what he can attempt to do and what he will not attempt. He will tell you "I cannot be sure of making you an orator. I cannot give you a voice if you have none. I cannot give you thought, feeling, power of expression. I cannot teach you free, simple, natural action. But I can help you to correct bad action. I can tell you what not to do and when you have learned that, Nature will teach you what you ought to do."

To a large extent it is the same in the teaching of manners, and here are three simple rules for our help in this matter of mending our manners. (1) Make it a matter of conscience. Let it be set down as a duty to behave like a gentleman and a christian, and if a man even suspects himself of departing from this principle, let him take himself to task, and watch against a

repetition of the same impropriety. (2) Be willing to be taught by others. It is not meant that we should ask or take advice from anybody and everybody. But we must, all of us, have some friend or other in whose kindness we confide, and for whose judgment we have respect, and often a hint from such a friend may be of inestimable value. (3) We must go further. We may learn something from those who are not our friends. The Latin proverb says, "It is well to be taught by an enemy." A hostile man or an angry man, it is true, will seldom be just, and there is no reason why we should think him so. Yet there will probably be some grains of truth in his allegations, and it will be well for us to learn from him. If your enemy says you are frivolous, he may be wrong, but the chances are that you have sometimes seemed frivolous. If your enemy says you are conceited, he may be wrong, but you probably had the appearance of it some time or other. As a careful speaker once remarked of an acquaintance of his own: "I won't say that he is conceited, but he has a very conceited manner." And we are now talking of manners. You may multiply the cases, but you see what is meant.

And thus we come back to the principle which has so often been offered for our guidance, the principle of humility. The great Bacon has told us that the Kingdom of Knowledge can be entered only as the Kingdom of Heaven is entered, by our becoming as little children. It is the same in the region of Behaviour. There, as elsewhere, simplicity and sincerity will prevail where great abilities and many talents serve for nothing.

It is always the same thought which comes back to us. We must go to the School of Christ to learn of Him.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ARCTIC.

BY WILLIAM W. FOX.

AWAY to the north of us—so far away, in fact, that we seldom think of it save as the icy gateway to the undiscovered country round the pole—lies Canada's "Great Lone Sea." A thousand miles long by more than half that in breadth, its icy waters for ever fret against the uncharted shores to which in the long ago poor Henry Hudson gave his name. Somewhere along those rock-bound shores he rests together with his son. A mutinous crew turned them adrift in a small boat, and that was the last we have ever heard of the great explorer. Perhaps away down in the blue waters off Cape Wolstenholme his bones are lying to-day, but the probability is that after being cast adrift he made for shore and perished among the rocks from exposure and starvation. But his name lives permanently attached to the great inland sea of America.

A more inhospitable country one can scarce imagine. Bleak, bare and barren around almost its entire coast, the home of the Eskimo and a trading ground for the adventurous Hudson's Bay Company, it is seldom visited by white men. Inland—that is to the south and west—one finds a few wandering bands of red men, while along the shores the Eskimo makes his home—and such a home. Yet he loves it, and thinks, as we do, that the wide world over there is no place like his.

"The shivering tenant of the frigid zone
Proudly proclaims the happiest clime his own.
The naked negro panting on the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine."

A stranded whale makes a whole community of Eskimo happy for a winter, and with plenty of blubber he sleeps his time away in his comfortable snow hut. But death has been

busy among the Eskimo of late years, and many a deserted village along the straits of Hudson tells plainer than words that the grim reaper has gathered a rich harvest. That the Eskimo of Hudson's Bay and straits are dying out is a fact that cannot be gainsaid. Dozens of deserted villages and a diminished number trading with the Hudson's Bay Company are the strongest evidences of this. What it is that is causing the mortality among them is something we know nothing of, although various surmises have been hazarded as to the cause.

In 1884-5 public attention was directed to Hudson's Bay as a shorter and therefore a cheaper route from the wheat fields of the Canadian Northwest to the markets of Europe. The question was discussed in every settlement from Winnipeg to Vancouver. Then it was spoken of in parliament, and finally the Government decided to send out an expedition to Hudson's Bay and Straits to report as to their navigability. Commander Gordon, R. N., was selected to command the expedition: the actual working of the ship was given to Captain Sopp, an old and tried Arctic navigator, from Halifax, N.S. Some \$16,000 was paid by the Government for the use of the sealing ship *Neptune*, belonging to the Job Brothers, St. Johns, Newfoundland. This vessel had been used a few months before on the Greely relief expedition, and although a steamer, and the second largest of the sealing fleet, her steam was merely auxiliary to her sails.

On July 14th, 1884, she arrived in Halifax harbour, where she was fitted out with everything necessary for a prolonged stay in the icy seas in the far north. Eight days later she sailed.

As we stood on the quarter-deck and steamed slowly down the harbor, a German man-of-war dipped her flag to us, while the flags on Government buildings and vessels saluted us in the same way.

Without going into details regarding the ship or the crew, it is well to say that the voyage occupied between four and five months. There was a spice of danger about it, enough of itself to make it interesting, while the scenery, so different from what any but one of us had ever seen before, proved an attraction to all of us. It was not a mere pleasure excursion, such for instance as the Alaska trip has become, but one which, while not devoid of danger, was something very few had ever taken before, save for commercial purposes. Ours was the first steamer that ever entered Hudson's Bay. The voyage up "Lonely Labrador" was dreary enough—not a sail gladdened the eye, but instead we encountered icebergs by the score, and sometimes it required a good deal of attention to keep far enough away from them to avoid accidents. But how grand they looked, these messengers from the north, in their glittering glory of pinnacle and peak, and at night how awfully weird they seemed, as they loomed up from out the darkness right ahead of us.

We had a narrow escape from running on the Button shoal, near the entrance to Hudson Strait, but once inside we drifted for days in a vast field of ice. At last the pack opened, and we sailed through, although some delay was experienced from ice on several occasions, and at the Middle Savages, we stayed two or three days, through the breaking of our propeller. But there was no ice in the bay, and there never is—that is, there never is enough to impede

navigation, except at Cape Wolstenholme. The run to Marble Island was made under favorable conditions, as regards wind and weather. But the further north we steered, the more sluggish the compass became, and for hours at a time we steered by the stars. "Keep that bright 'un about a foot off the main yard an' to leeward," was an order that varied hour after hour for a couple of nights. Of course the steersman knew what was required, and guided the ship accordingly. But at last the Sir William Thompson compass asserted itself, and for the remainder of the voyage was the only one we relied on.

The day before reaching Marble Island, we found on working out the latitude that we had run some sixty



IN THE ICE PACK.

odd miles to the north of it. This was accounted for by the rapid change in the magnetic declination. On discovering our mistake the course was changed, and at half-past six the next morning we awoke to find ourselves at anchor in a small harbor at the south-west end of the island. Our latitude was about 64° , say 1400 miles north of Toronto, and nearly 300 further north than St. Petersburg.

It was a genuine surprise for all of us. Within a gunshot of the vessel rose a dazzling mass of white rock, which, under the level rays of the morning sun, stood out in bold relief against the deep blue background of the sky. On a small point, which formed one side of the harbor, were several imposing-looking monuments that from our deck had the appear-

ance of polished marble. "What!" thought I, "here is a Christian graveyard in the very shadow of the Arctic." Breakfast was forgotten in the novelty of the situation, and all who could started ashore.

This island was visited by the late Lieutenant Schwatka, when wintering on the inhospitable coast a few miles to the west. Of course the graveyard was the first point we touched at. Once among the monuments, we found they were of wood, not marble. They had been erected by whalers over the graves of comrades who died while wintering here. We counted no less than nineteen stone piles, everyone of which represented a grave. Some had small wooden stakes, about a foot long, by four inches broad, with a number painted on them, corresponding to similar numbers on the monuments, which gave the name of the dead. Two or three graves were without number boards, and only those who laid their dead there know the names of the silent ones who repose beneath. But they were not graves, as graves are understood here in southern Canada. There was no such thing as digging into the rock. The remains were simply placed in rough coffins, a foot or so of shingle scraped away above tide mark, and then the rocks piled over them, to prevent the polar bears or arctic foxes disturbing them.

The place where our vessel lay is known as the outer harbor, but beyond it is another just as desolate-looking, which is called the inner harbor. This is where the whalers usually winter for the purpose of being on the ground as soon as the ice opens in the spring, and thus they lose no time in "following the fish" into Roe's Welcome. A narrow channel joins the two.

On the rocks on one side of this inner harbor we discovered a number of inscriptions in black paint. This writing proved of a good deal of interest, as it supplied a key to

some of the initials on the monuments. The barque A. G. was evidently the *Ansel Gibbs*. The writing occupied a space of about fifteen feet in width by seventeen or twenty in length. There were three columns, on which had been painted the names of the crew, one column, the last, giving the names of those who had died of scurvy in the winter of 1872-3. The other columns apparently were made up of the names of the survivors.

The first ten names in the last column appear on the west side of one of the monuments, while the four last are on the opposite side. A great many names have been obliterated, whilst others appear almost as fresh as on the day they were painted. This may be accounted for by supposing that there was some difference in the composition of the paint used at different times, as it was quite evident that the names had not all been written at the same time. In the centre column, out of 27 names, only the surname "Enos" was legible, and although the words "Capt." and "Mate" could still be deciphered, the names were so nearly obliterated that I could make nothing of them.

On the shore of the inner harbor we found an old wreck. It appeared to be that of a vessel of about three or four hundred tons, but there was nothing left to indicate its name. It was lying partly out of the water, and, judging from appearances, much of it had evidently been carried away for fuel. Between the wreck and the writing on the rock we found the remains of an old stone hut, the stones begrimed with smoke. A piece of rotten sail that perhaps had been used as a roof lay near, while two or three bones, apparently human, were picked up close by the water.

At another spot we found a quantity of abandoned ship's stores, such as anchors, chains, pieces of cordage, iron bolts, and a couple of large hogsheads. Over near the graveyard we found amongst a pile of rubbish a

regular old-time rocking chair. It was of a type often seen in Canadian farm houses thirty or forty years ago—high, straight back, broad arm rests, and roomy enough to comfortably seat one of the plethoric old Dutchmen settlers of the early days. In a bottle close by this chair we found the following letter, which was written in pencil on a half sheet of foolscap :

August 7th 1884, on Board Bark George & Mary at Marble Isl all Well, 3 Whales the North part of the Bay has been filled with ice since the 10th of July could not get up the Welcome nor to the East shore had A very cold Winter & spring 23rd of May Thro^o 4 below zero got out 7th of June layed in the outer Harbor all winter no Natives came to the ship while we lay at Marble Isl had plenty of scurvey but come out of it all right. Shall stay in the Welcome until the last of August than start for home if nothing happens.

E B Fisher
of the George & Mary.

This letter was carefully copied and, with one detailing our own visit, was again enclosed in the bottle.



THE GRAVEYARD AT MARBLE ISLAND.

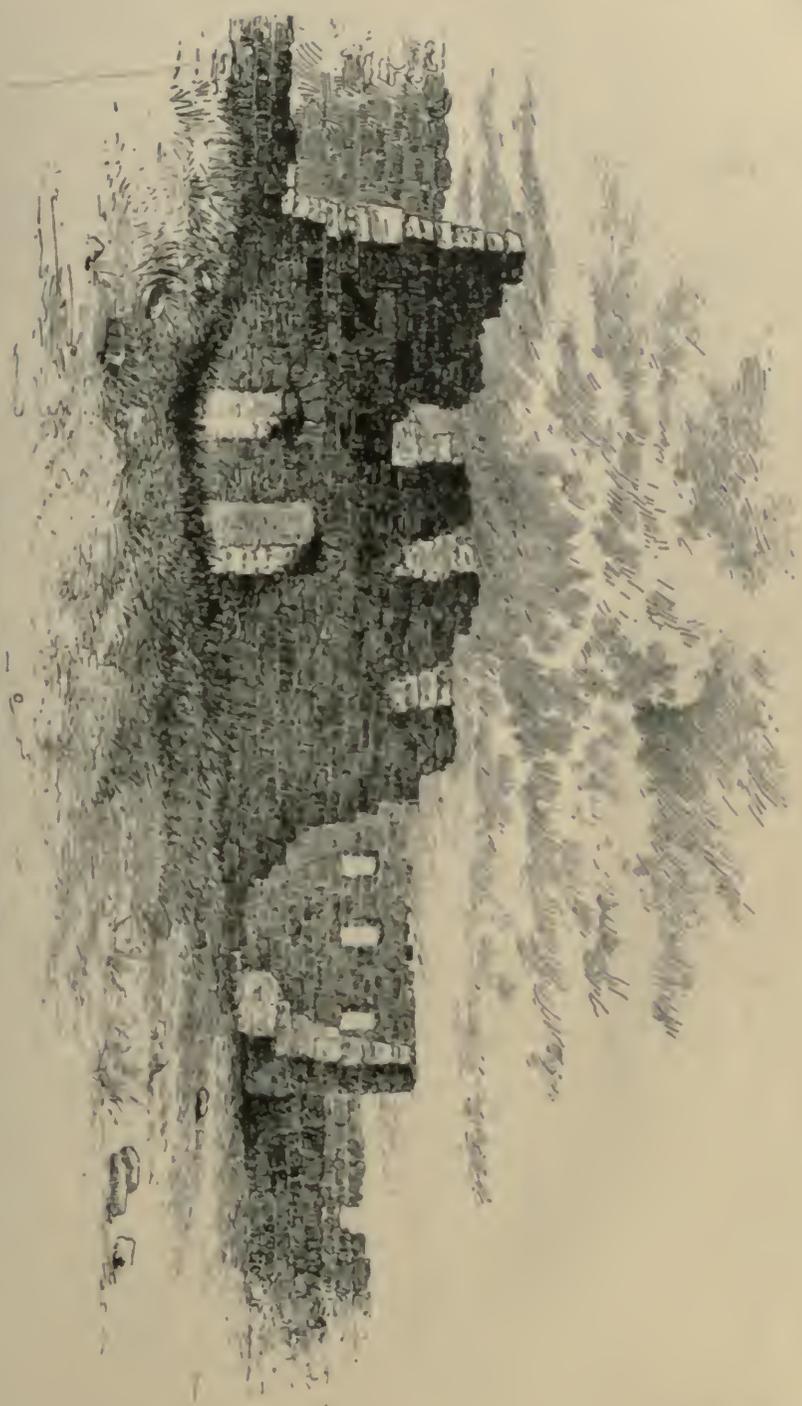
But time was precious, and so about eight o'clock that evening we weighed anchor and shaped our course for Fort Churchill. Three days later we sighted the Cape and ran along the low-lying shores towards the river of the same name. About noon the beacons were sighted, and shortly afterwards a boat containing the chief trader, Mr. J. Spencer, and his clerk, Mr. McTavish, together with a pilot, came on board, and we were soon safe in the magnifi-

cent harbor—the only known one on this coast. As we entered we passed on our right the ruins of old Fort Prince of Wales, and on the left the remains of what had once been a two gun battery which, with the fort, commanded the entrance to the river. Some seven miles up the river is the present post, known as Fort Churchill, but which is merely a collection of dwellings and warehouses.

The next day being Sunday, I accompanied Commander Gordon and some other officers in the gig and reached the post in time for morning service. There we met the chief trader, his wife and family, together with the missionary, Rev. Mr. Loft-house. This gentleman, a few weeks before, had tramped around the coast all the way from York Factory, a distance of nearly 200 miles, to meet his expected bride, who was to arrive on the Company's trading ship from England. This vessel comes once a year, and that is all the communication they have with the great outside world.

At 11 o'clock the tinkle of the small mission bell called the worshippers together at the little church. This edifice was one of a type sent out from England years ago, and was of corrugated iron, 18 x 30 feet, bolted together. But such a congregation! There were halfbreed Indians and Eskimo of all ages gathered beneath that roof and sitting side by side with their white masters. One little fellow, whose mother was evidently anxious to have her young hopeful as well dressed as possible on such an auspicious occasion, had covered his head with an old "stove-pipe" hat that might have been fashionable half a century ago. But it was too large for him and rested on his shoulders. The poor little fellow's efforts to remove it as he entered the door were ludicrous in the extreme. The con-

RUINS OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES.



9

gregation, minister and all, numbered just 31.

On the wall behind the reading-desk were four sheet-iron tablets. The first had the Apostles' Creed in the Chippewayan language painted on it. The Ten Commandments were on the next two, and the Lord's Prayer on the fourth. Several small colored prints were fastened to the inside walls. One represented the "Return of the Prodigal Son" and another "Christ Cleansing the Temple." There were about a dozen other Scriptural pictures tacked on the sheeting round the walls.

After service the visitors were entertained at dinner by Mr. Spencer, and an excellent dinner it was. There was curlew, both fried and roast; snipe in two or three different styles, and ptarmigan, the arctic partridge, on toast. But we had no potatoes, and for vegetables had turnip leaves served up in the style of cabbage.

Next day the Hudson's Bay Company's officers visited the ship. The boat's crew of half-breeds accompanying us expressed the greatest surprise on seeing the engines, for ours was the first steam vessel that ever entered the Hudson's Bay.

We paid a visit on the Monday to the old Fort Prince of Wales. It stands at the entrance to the harbor, on what is known as Eskimo Point, and from it the best view of the surrounding country is to be had. It is now a mass of ruins inside, but the walls, eight feet thick, are in a remarkably good state of preservation. Somewhere about 1730 the Hudson's Bay Company commenced the erection of this fort to guard their interests against the French traders and freebooters who were constantly at war with them. Nearly forty years were occupied in the building of it, and when at last it was completed, guns were sent out from England for its armament. But its owners were not very long left in peaceful possession. One fine morning in 1782 the garrison was awakened by the firing of a gun,

and on looking out to sea beheld three French war vessels, their guns run out and everything cleared for action. They were under command of no less a personage than the renowned La Perouse, who lost no time in sending an officer ashore with a summons to surrender unconditionally. Samuel Hearne, who had charge of the post, although a very efficient officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, was not much of a soldier. The Frenchman's bold demand overawed him, and although he tried to gain time by parleying, La Perouse knew enough to refuse anything but an unconditional surrender. He threatened to blow the fort to pieces about their ears unless the garrison surrendered immediately, but he promised to spare their lives if they complied with his demands. At last Hearne hauled down the flag and threw open the gates. It is said that La Perouse's men were nearly all down with scurvy. He had scarcely sufficient available seamen to manage his ships, let alone storm a regular fortification. It was only by the greatest exertion that he was able to muster a presentable force to take possession of the fort. Hearne surrendered himself a prisoner on board the flagship and was taken to France. It was impossible for the victor to leave a garrison in the fort, and so he decided to destroy it. That very day it was dismantled and the guns disabled. That was more than a century ago, and yet much still remains to remind the visitor of the work of that adventurous Frenchman. There lie the guns just as the conqueror left them, their trunnions knocked off or otherwise disabled. Among the grass one stumbles on rusty, round shot, half buried beneath the decaying vegetation. We collected a number of the old shot as curios, and towards evening returned to the vessel.

After destroying this place, La Perouse sailed for York Factory, which he also destroyed.

On Tuesday, September 9th, we paid a visit to Sloop's Cove, a well-

sheltered spot between the ruined fort and the present post. This cove received its name from the fact that in 1740 two ships of the British navy, the *Furnace* and the *Discovery*, wintered there. They were commanded by a Captain Middleton, who was sent out by the British Government to explore for a north-west passage. They left July 12th, 1741. Middleton visited Repulse Bay, but returned without having added anything worth mentioning to the stock of general information regarding these waters. It is said he was in the pay of the Hudson's Bay Company, and had very good reasons for not wanting to discover a north-west or any other passage. Middleton returned to England and was tried by a court martial for neglect of duty. The verdict of that court is filed away somewhere among the musty records of the navy, but no one has taken enough interest in his case to search for it and to discover whether he was acquitted or not.

Sloop's Cove is just as bleak and uninviting as any other part of this inhospitable coast. Looking up the River Churchill to the trading post, a distance of some seven miles, the scene is one of terrible desolation. Not a bush breaks the grey monotony of the rock. When the tide is out one sees the bed of the river thickly strewn with boulders from the size of a haystack to a foot or two in diameter.

But to return to Sloop's Cove, there are several of Middleton's ring bolts just as fast in the rock to-day as when he put them there a hundred and fifty years ago. These bolts possess interest in more than one way, for they have served as a datum point by which to measure the gradual rising of the coast all along Hudson's Bay. The rise is comparatively rapid—geologists say about eight feet a century. Both of Middleton's vessels were small, and yet these bolts are high enough above the water to-day for vessels four times the size of the *Furnace* or the *Discovery*. Another evidence of the gradual

rise, is that even at full tide there is not sufficient water to float a ship of three hundred tons.

To Dr. Bell, of the Geological Survey, who accompanied the expedition, these old ring bolts proved very interesting, but to us, less scientifically inclined, the pictured rocks were far more so. On one side of the Cove is a smooth, sloping piece of rock close to where the vessels of Middleton were moored. This rock is covered with carvings, which appear as clean cut to-

No.
FURNACE
&
DISCOVERY
1741

JOHN Kelley from the Isle
of Wight



St Hearne
July 1767

A ROCK CARVING.

day as when they were first chiselled. Facsimiles of some of these names and cuts appear in the illustrations. It will be seen that, with the exception of the names of the ships and perhaps the very suggestive picture of "John Kelley from the Isle of Wight," the names were nearly all carved years after the vessels sailed for England. It is quite possible that many of the names are those of ships' captains or other officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, to gratify their vanity,

carved their names along with those already there.

There is a story told in connection with the name of Kelley which has a semblance of truth about it. Thousands of wild geese are killed and salted here every fall. The story is that Kelley stole a goose and, being a sailor on one of His Majesty's ships, was court-marshalled, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, a sentence which the carving shows was carried out.

We left Churchill with regret, for in that barren land the inhabitants have not forgotten what good old-time hospitality means. York Factory, distant a couple of hundred miles down the coast, was our next port. For nearly two centuries the Hudson's Bay Company has ruled here.

Guilford Long 

May 27

1753

*Richard J
Johnson*
1753

WOOD
'757

ROBERT F. WLER 1766



A ROCK CARVING.

Geo: T d y l o r
J 7 8 7

then take his oar out of the rowlock and touch bottom. There is no such place as a harbor here, the nearest approach to it being the "Five fathom hole," which in reality is only about three fathoms. This hole is about fifteen miles from the shore.

At seven o'clock the next evening a boat reached us from the factory with the chief accountant and some of the other officers, together with a crew of half-breeds. It was a long, flat-bottomed craft, with a centre board and huge sail. Commander Gordon, Dr. Bell, myself and one or two others started back to the factory with the visitors, who first dined with us. There was little or no wind at the time, and we made but poor progress with the oars. After a time, however, the wind increased slightly, and the sail was set. The night was pitchy dark, and we steered by guess. Rockets were sent up and blue lights burned to attract the attention of those on shore. After a time the iron centre board was raised, as it was striking on the bottom. Scarcely had it been stowed when the boat itself struck a rock and left us for a

To those who have read any of Ballantyne's stories, such for instance as "Sunbeams and Snowflakes," "Ungava," etc., a description of York will be quite unnecessary. His simple pen pictures of that once great centre of trade are perfect.

We arrived off the mouth of the Nelson River about sunset, and, after firing guns to attract the attention of those at the post, cast anchor for the night. There was a heavy swell on, and although we were then fifteen miles from shore, our keel scraped the sandy bottom and we had to run some three miles further out to sea. One may start from York in a row boat and pull in any direction till he loses sight of the low-lying shores and

time unable to proceed. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to wait till the tide, which was rising, should float us off. At ten o'clock the crew started a fire in an iron cylinder and made tea for the party, which was served with bread and butter and canned beef. The scene at this time was well worthy the brush of an artist—the brown sail and the browner faces of the men, as the fire flickered up and down, now brightly illuminating them, and then, as they moved out of its range, letting them appear as swallowed up in the darkness. On the way out to the ship one of the men had shot a goose, and at one o'clock next morning it was spitted on a ramrod and cooked over the fire.

Two hours later, or at three o'clock the next morning, we landed at York and climbed the river bank. A few minutes later I found myself in Bachelors' Hall, as the clerk's dining room has been called for a century or more. There was the long table, the box stove and the iron-bound chairs, just as Ballantyne described them, and there at one end of the hall was a life-sized oil painting of one of the early governors, dim with smoke and age, as pictured by the same writer. The place seemed like an old friend, and its owners certainly did all in their power to make us feel at home. But the glory of York has departed, and

fifty houses, some of them shut up, but all in a good state of repair. The great building, or storehouse, is a fine structure. It is in the form of a rectangle, with a court yard in the centre. The front of this is 216 feet long and three storeys high, the remainder being two. Within one can find everything from a needle to an anchor. Guns and kettles, and clothing and provisions, in endless variety, are to be had there, and the strangest part of all, at a reasonable price, so far, at least, as necessaries are concerned. But beads, mirrors and such like luxuries, have a high price placed upon them. An Indian, on entering with his win-



YORK FACTORY.

instead of thirty clerks there are now only two required to do the work of the post. At one time it was the great distributing centre for the vast country to the north-west and south of it. But the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway has altered all that, and to-day the stores for the Saskatchewan and the country to the north-west are distributed from Winnipeg.

The old fort, which stood nearer the mouth of the river, was the one destroyed by La Perouse. Scarce a vestige of it now remains. The present post is surrounded by a strong, well-kept palisade which encloses about

ter's catch of furs, is not allowed to purchase the first thing he takes a fancy to. First of all he has to settle his "debt," as the credit given the previous year is termed. After that he must lay in a supply of ammunition, clothing and other necessaries. Then, if anything remains to his credit, he may purchase ornaments for his favorite squaw or children.

Outside the palisades and on the very edge of the river bank are a couple of brass howitzers. In fact, with the exception of horses, they have every requisite for the equipment of an old-time field battery—guns, howitzers, limbers, ammunition wagons, harness, etc.

After breakfasting with the Chief Factor (Mr. Fortesque), the next morning we broke up into twos and threes and started on a tour of inspection. Some of the places visited are well deserving of special mention and none more so than the hospital, the Indian village and the church. The hospital is a small wooden structure which the officer in charge placed at the disposal of the resident physician, Dr. Mathews. There were only two patients in it at the time, one an old Indian suffering from a severe attack of scurvy, and the other an Indian boy with rickets. No hope was entertained for the recovery of the old man, but the doctor said he believed the boy would ultimately get better. This hospital was neat and clean, and whitewashed inside and out. It had accommodation for nine patients.

It would be hard to say whether or not the Indian village a few hundred yards further up the bank of the river had more children or dogs amongst the population. Certain it is that there were hundreds of canines. They growled and showed their teeth at every turn, and one had constantly to be on his guard to prevent them sneaking up behind and perhaps nipping his calves to show their appreciation of his visit. The Indian village is a straggling collection of huts made of logs and mud. Although the Company's doctor had over and over again tried to make the inhabitants keep their dwellings passably clean, he at last had given it up as a bad job. They seemed to love the dirt and bad odors, and strange to say, despite it all, appeared to thrive. The smell of decaying fish and fish offal wafted to us on the breeze told of our near approach to the village, before we could even see the houses. They were built amongst a lot of scrub brush, enough of which had been cleared away to make room for the dwellings. The women appeared shy and went to hide themselves at our approach. Not so the youngsters, who rolled in the

grass and sand and paid no more attention to us than if we had lived with them all their lives. Canoes new and old lay around everywhere, with here and there a small net spread on the roof or stretched between a couple of trees. A peep into one of the houses was enough to satisfy our curiosity regarding the domestic habits of the inmates. The door of the house stood invitingly open and we entered. A small window with just one pane of glass in it half lighted the interior, which was filthy in the extreme. There was no such luxury as a board floor—nothing but the bare ground. At one end was a fire-place made of stones and mud from the river. A fire smouldered on the hearth, above which hung a small iron pot half full of luke-warm water. In one corner beside the fire-place and raised perhaps a foot from the ground was a rough framework of small poles which constituted the sleeping portion of the dwelling. It was covered with dried grass and a few blankets. Near by, fastened against the wall was a small table on which stood a couple of tin plates, three tin cups and a knife. Next to it in the corner stood a "trade" gun and an axe. These constituted the sole furniture of the cabin, and could easily have been packed in a small canoe. Had there been enough light we would have found the place festooned with cobwebs. It was a counterpart of other dwellings in the little village. The half-breed servants of the Company who have their quarters in the factory are of course more comfortably housed, but the half-breeds who live with the Indians are no better off than their neighbors.

On the outside of the stockade is a neat little church for the use of the Indians. It has a spire and a bell, and will seat between three and four hundred worshippers. Beyond the palisades also is the powder magazine, a strong stone structure without a particle of iron in its composition.

The hinges are copper, the lock on the door copper, the roof copper, and the woodwork is fastened together with copper nails.

Near the magazine is the graveyard. One grave close to the entrance is conspicuous, being surrounded with a neat, well-kept railing.

There is, in connection with the church, a school-house, where the missionary, Rev. Mr. Winter, presides as teacher over a hundred dusky pupils. From what I could see, I believe the missionary has more comfortable quarters than anyone except the chief factor.

Out of sight of the factory everything has the same desolate, lonely appearance as any other spot along the coast, with this exception, however, that there are a few scrub firs to be found here in sheltered nooks. All the fuel for the factory is brought from many miles up the river.

We left York with the ebb tide, all the inhabitants turning out to say farewell and give us a "God speed" on our voyage. Between three and four p.m., accompanied by the chief factor and the officers and ladies, we repaired to the boat landing. The last farewells were spoken, and then shaking hands with our kind entertainers, we entered the boat, set our sail, and were soon out in the middle of the river. As we sailed away, the white ensign—a particular honor—was hoisted on the flag staff, a salute of five guns was fired from the howitzers, and then all on shore cheered. We replied as best we could, waved our caps, and, a few minutes later, turned a bend in the river and lost sight of our friends.

We soon reached the ship, the wind being favorable, and weighing anchor, steamed hundreds of miles across Hudson's Bay to Diggs' Islands, where Henry Hudson, the discoverer of the bay, was cast adrift by his mutinous crew and never heard of more.

Entering the strait, more ice was encountered, and, during a short stop

waiting for the ice to clear, we killed three polar bears and a walrus. The latter animals are very plentiful in these waters, and as the carcass of one of these monsters is worth from seventy to one hundred dollars, the Hudson's Bay Company encourage the Eskimo to hunt them whenever opportunity offers. In fact the Company sends a small sloop up the coast every year to collect the hides, oil and tusks from the natives.

Although Hudson's Bay belongs to the Dominion of Canada, our Government has done little or nothing to develop its wonderful resources. Whatever has been accomplished up to the present, has been done by foreign enterprise and capital. Some years ago Capt. Spicer, a shrewd Connecticut man, established a fishing and trading station in the strait near the Middle Savage Islands, from which he has reaped a rich harvest. At Ungava Bay, the Hudson's Bay Company has an extensive fishing establishment, and annually sends to England one or two ship-loads of salmon.

At Churchill, as well as at two posts on the East Main coast, the white whale or porpoise is caught in shoals. No fewer than 170 were caught at one tide in the river at Churchill a few months previous to our visit. These animals enter the river with the flood tide and leave it with the ebb. When a shoal is seen approaching, the natives drive them towards a cove that is dry at low water. The animals enter and then a net is stretched across the entrance. Here a noise is kept up, and the porpoises, fearing to break through, are found high and dry at the ebb tide and easily dispatched.

The Company has a large establishment at Churchill for trying out the oil, and I think I am within the mark when I say that their revenue from porpoise oil alone amounts to over \$100,000 annually.

In the straits cod are found at the proper season in unlimited quantities. I saw three of our sailors take, one

afternoon at Cape Chudleigh, four hundred cod within an hour and a-half.

Then there is the whale fishery, in which, with one exception, I believe, Americans are engaged. Heretofore it has been very remunerative, and there is no reason why it should not continue so for many years to come.

Leaving the waters for the rocky shores, one finds all sorts of northern game in abundance. I have seen thousands of ptarmigan on the rocks of Resolution Island, as well as at other points. Swans, geese, ducks, curlew, plover, snipe, and other wild fowl are found in countless thousands, and during the four or five months we were there we had so much game that at last we grew so tired of it that we turned to "salt horse" as a delicious change.

Reindeer pass up and down the country in immense herds and furnish a staple article of food at many posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. Their tongues are exported to England, where they command a high price. In fact, they are very often hunted for their tongues alone. A party of hunters meeting with a band of reindeer kill as many as they can. From these they take such skins and meat as they require, together with all the tongues.

I asked the officer at Churchill if he did not think such slaughter would soon exterminate the reindeer. He laughed and said, "I have been here

more than twenty years, and there are more deer now than ever before." The same thing, it will be remembered, used to be said regarding the buffalo.

To the sportsman who can afford it, and who is sufficiently enthusiastic, a trip to Hudson's strait, will well repay the time and money spent on it. During the spring, polar bears are plentiful all along the shores. But they are ugly customers. I have seen polar and grizzly bears, and I would just as soon *not* meet one as the other. Possibly the average grizzly may be a little heavier than his brother, "the tiger of the ice," as he has aptly been termed. But if the latter is a trifle smaller, he makes up in agility for what he lacks in weight. I took part one afternoon at Diggs' Islands in the killing of three of these monsters, the heaviest of which weighed something over 800 pounds. One of the hind paws, when stuffed, measured eighteen inches long by ten inches broad!

During the short summer the climate is passibly pleasant, although on some parts of the coast snow flurries may occur at almost any time of the year. But a couple of months could be passed very pleasantly at Ungava Bay, and a return made to civilization in time to escape the winter, which, as may be imagined, is really arctic in its severity.



SOME MODERNISMS OF THE STAGE.

BY HECTOR W. CHARLESWORTH.

IT is the privilege of the old play-goer to say that the stage has degenerated. Perhaps the thought "there are no songs like the old songs" passes current when used with reference to the stage with better grace than it does when applied to any other institution of the time. The youthful play-goer is made to feel his deplorably bad taste if he sets up any modern actor, or, as more frequently happens, actress, as his idol in matters thespian. He is excused by the kindly old play-goer on the ground that the poor fellow had the misfortune to be born twenty-five or forty or fifty years too late.

I, myself, committed a crime at an age when my youth and ignorance should have been an excuse; but for it I have been suffering at the hands of old, middle-aged and comparatively youthful play-goers ever since. I never went to see Adelaide Neilson act. I wish I had; it would give me a world of comfort to be able to have my say in the matter whenever her name is mentioned. And mentioned it is whenever any actress of the day is pronounced great or beautiful. To a very large portion of the theatre-going public, Adelaide Neilson seems to form the basis of comparison when the merits of any actress of to-day are spoken of. What her peculiar charm was I can never know, but she certainly left a warm and loving impression on the hearts of all who heard her voice and saw her smile,—an impression the unfortunate ones who have not seen her cannot wholly understand.

This is the reward of the great player! When he dies he can leave no legacy upon which posterity may pronounce him a genius; but he can beget in the hearts of the people of his own time a warmth of affection

that trebles the influence of the greatest poet or the most profound philosopher, or the most sympathetic of painters.

It is natural then that the days of youth, when the heart is most susceptible to impressions, beautiful and ignoble, should be the time in which the genius of an actor is best realized; and that the days when artistic tenets were to him new and beautiful, should seem afterwards to the old play-goer the halcyon days of the stage; and though he may have retained much of his youth, the actors he saw in the days when he drank "all life's quintessence in an hour," still should seem the greatest. Therefore the young play-goer should hesitate to believe acting and playwrights have degenerated; should take *cum grano salis* any mild depreciation that may be poured on the idol of the hour, and reflect that if he lives long enough he will be at the same thing himself some time. I, myself, confidently expect that, if I keep my health, and the law allows me to live, and no accident happens me, I will come to find the stage degenerated, and to tell my now prospective, enthusiastic grandsons that the greatness of Willard was beyond the comprehension of the generation of the period in which I then live.

Seriously, I think we are justified in believing that never in the history of civilization—and there has scarce been a civilization without a theatre—has there been acting so grand as at present, and such noble holding of the mirror up to nature; and, after all, naturalness or truth is the criterion by which all intellectual and modern critics judge the stage. The man with the widest range in the expression of truth is the best actor, provided

he possesses the nobler qualities which are the obverse of what is known as commonplace.

For, acting that is great is largely a matter of temperament; and how many instances do we find of "stars" whose stock-in-trade is physical grandeur, or ability to correctly simulate Richard's strut, but who display the commonplace temperament, and whose impersonations are barren of moods or sympathetic feeling. But we begin to regard an actor as great who expresses some little human truth; who bares the heart of the character he impersonates; who shows us that a man is not possessed of one or two emotions only, but who depicts a character with many sides.

In modern years, that branch of art which is known as "character" acting, has grown into noble proportions. The spirit which animates the great character-actors of to-day is a beautiful one; it aims to show that physical deformity, personal eccentricity and all those peculiarities which call for such pains and constancy in the actor who sustains them, cannot disguise a real heart or a real soul; that the greatest deformity is instinct with the divine principle of spiritual life; that man is first of all a being who has a soul, an erring, weak one, perhaps, but one which has been entrusted with the power to do great good as well as great evil. There is no living man who is not worthy of someone's friendship, and the great character actor finds some one lovable trait in the most eccentric character, and expresses it by his art.

There is a good deal of fustian used at the present day about the greatness of the actor who can disguise his personality. Would the actors and critics who pronounce this feat the summit of artistic greatness deprive art of all its higher meaning? Would they reduce it to mere technical trickery? In the case of W. H. Thompson, for instance, critics are open-mouthed with amazement because his

friends can hardly recognize him when on the stage, and they neglect to chronicle the art that in Martha Morton's "Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman," made the character of old Thomas Merritt a lovable one. Here was a man who tried with gold to purchase wedded happiness for his daughter; yet those who saw him thought not of his vulgarity, but of his love for his daughter. Why do people love Joseph Jefferson? Because he is clever at sustaining personal peculiarities, or because of the loveliness that he imparts to every character he creates?

It is temperament that makes the actor: his range may be small, but if he can simulate even a few emotions, give life to but one type of character, with an intensity of truth that strikes home to the hearts of his audience, he is pronounced great. Genius is so indefinite an entity that we are obliged to define it as the ability to carry the auditor away from himself to live in the world of the character; to echo in the countless moods of this living picture the countless moods of ourselves.

I do not know a better example of acting in the modern spirit than Wilton Barrett's "Hamlet." Previous Hamlets were magnificent, fiery souls who, at the climaxes, thrilled their auditors with telling force, but who were not easily to be comprehended: but up springs an actor and makes all clear; the Dane is a fellow we can all understand, a man of quickly changing moods, in depths of melancholy now, in sanguine, jolly spirits again.

And the peerless Willard as Cyrus Blenkarn! Here is a man who in his face and in his voice can show you so many sides of the character, can give so complete and varied a picture that you forget until the curtain drops that this man is an actor. The veritable torrent of emotion that pervades his cry for justice!—was there ever a more forceful expression of the truth?

Did an audience ever experience a more perfect realization of a heart torn by grief than in hearing Willard in "The Middleman"? and yet the actor has apparently a limitless range of expression in other and gentler moods. Sweet fatherly tenderness; grim persistency; and wild despair. A man's lifetime in three hours!

We have seen Henry Irving, a man surprisingly deficient in most of the physical attributes that go to make a good actor, lacking in vocal power, possessed of strange mannerisms of speech and bearing, having at command but a diminutive volume of passionate emotion, win his laurels by sheer intellectuality, by a most subtle appreciation for every mood and feeling of the character he impersonates. Such wealth of elaboration in every detail that might tend to make the character more human, more intelligible to his audience had never before been known in the history of the stage. The very Napoleon of actors, he has passed over more obstacles, won more battles, than any actor who ever lived, and if not the greatest actor of to-day he justly wears his honors as the greatest man upon the stage of any country or any time.

The demand for a varied, lucid portrayal of the varied moods of a character seems to have steadily grown until now. No actor is called great who is even in his lesser scenes guilty of monotony. Agile facility in the display of emotional power is what the auditor demands of the actor. The minor doings of the character must be as human, as far removed from the flatly commonplace, as his climaxes. Every movement is expected to lend new interest to and to throw a fresh light on the character. Even the modern comedian paints in delicate touches as well as bold dashes; his torrent of humor must be regulated with the utmost delicacy of treatment. The lover may burst forth with fire divine at the proper period, but the modern audience expects a

picture more complete than that of a man who makes love with stirring passion at intervals. The cry is for completeness, for naturalness, for truth.

William Winter tells a story with reference to Joseph Jefferson and his Rip Van Winkle, the man who draws forth laughter and tears and makes us love a character who is to the practical mind worse than worthless. The late Charles Mathews once said to Jefferson, "Jefferson, I am glad to see you making your fortune, but I hate to see you doing it with one part and a carpet-bag." "It is certainly better," answered the comedian, "to play one part and make it various than to play a hundred parts and make them all alike." Jefferson spoke in the modern spirit. No man is all clown, all hero or all villain.

It is the same with the ladies, with this provision, that the modern audience demands that the heroine who is described as beautiful be beautiful; and though an actress be plain enough off the stage she must use all arts to be lovely on the stage. Such is our affection for beauty—first beauty of form, then beauty of voice and expression, then beauty of face—that it excuses a multitude of sins against art. But we still demand that the character be various; Sarah Bernhardt's best claim for greatness rests on the completeness and adequacy of her *Fedora* or her *La Tosca*. The fire of the grand scenes is not by any means lessened because we see every other mood as carefully and as effectively played. Seeing her, one feels that this is a real girl whose heart is being tried in the fire, and it is seldom that any critic neglects to say that her every look and gesture is studied. But the limitations of temperament spring up; she can play *La Tosca* with indescribable force, but she cannot be *Rosalind*. One scale of measuring a woman's greatness is that of the height of her passionate intensity, but reading Bernhardt's commendation of Julia Marlowe, the actress who

never makes a climax, I cannot but think that the great Frenchwoman's scale is that of completeness and variety in the interpretation of human nature.

America has several nature-trained Rosalinds, all as true, as natural, as can be; each as different from the other as can be. Julia Marlowe, of tender, flower-like temperament; Ada Rehan, buoyant, sparkling, and full of merry laughter; Marie Wainwright, full of sympathetic passion. And such is the liberality of modern critics that they accept each conception as true; and each as complete in itself. How can they do otherwise, when all throw so many lights on the heart of the girl; when each shows a woman that with her many moods has a living force.

Modern criticism has grown gratifyingly liberal under these precepts; we hear no more dogmatic, bull-headed insistence about "conceptions" on the part of the critics now-a-days esteemed great. The critic's province now is to study the personality, intellectual fibre and sympathetic temperament of the actor. He has the noble task of examining the colors, the richness, and the depth of sensitive feeling of the soul of a fellow-man: if one Hamlet or one Romeo is a complete and inspiring picture, it is quite possible for another Hamlet or another Romeo to be quite as complete and quite as inspiring, though altogether different in coloring and conception. The words a man says, are less important than the manner in which he says them.

From the greatness of modern acting has sprung a modernism with regard to plays that excites the denunciatory tendencies of students of the Greek drama and black letter tomes. That is, the lack of "the literary quality" in modern plays. A year or so before his death, Sir Daniel Wilson, in a lecture at old 'Varsity, read a commination service over the modern drama that had all the completeness and terseness of any Scotchman's invective. I presume that Sir Daniel's

information was drawn from reading advance notices, for the modern advance man betrays a shockingly Philistine spirit. Plays that are all full of the most human pathos and humor are heralded by highly-colored and altogether misleading advertisements; but it must be remembered that the readers of advance notices and bill-boards are usually persons whose artistic tastes have not received a sufficient cultivation, but whom each new modern play of any pretension has some share in educating. Thus I have seen "The Middleman" heralded as a play possessing "a lurid background of revenge," which has a strangely familiar sound, suggestive of the pistol and the poison cup.

Modern plays are literally teeming with moving scenes of everyday life, and the weakest of them can be made good by the rich temperament of a good actor. "Good acting, good play," is the adage, and it is the modern love and sympathy for human nature which has wrung the neck of the "literary quality" in plays. In the old comedies and dramas, the literary quality is synonymous with the "talky" quality. What man in his right senses has the literary quality in his everyday walk through the world: in real life do we smother the crucial scenes of our existence with words? The modern audience does not look for repartee and epigram; a little of it lends flavor, but much of it is tedious.

No novelist can make his characters talk just as they would if the same people moved in real life; nor can the playwright. The actor is expected to use good English, which is a rare accomplishment in everyday conversation, but the playwright has the privilege of allowing the people of his fancy to speak with the terseness and absence of platitudes that characterize modern speech. A man who talks as much and with as little purpose as Claude Melnotte, is nowadays voted as much a bore on the stage as he always has been off the stage. In the

great and crucial scenes of Shakespeare's plays, the absence of the chimerical "literary quality" must be noticed. The noble, lovely poems, like "The Seven Ages," are spoken as interludes. The world would have met with a terrible loss, indeed, if only the real dialogue of Shakespeare's plays had been preserved, but his fame in the theatre would be as great, his name as holy, as it is now.

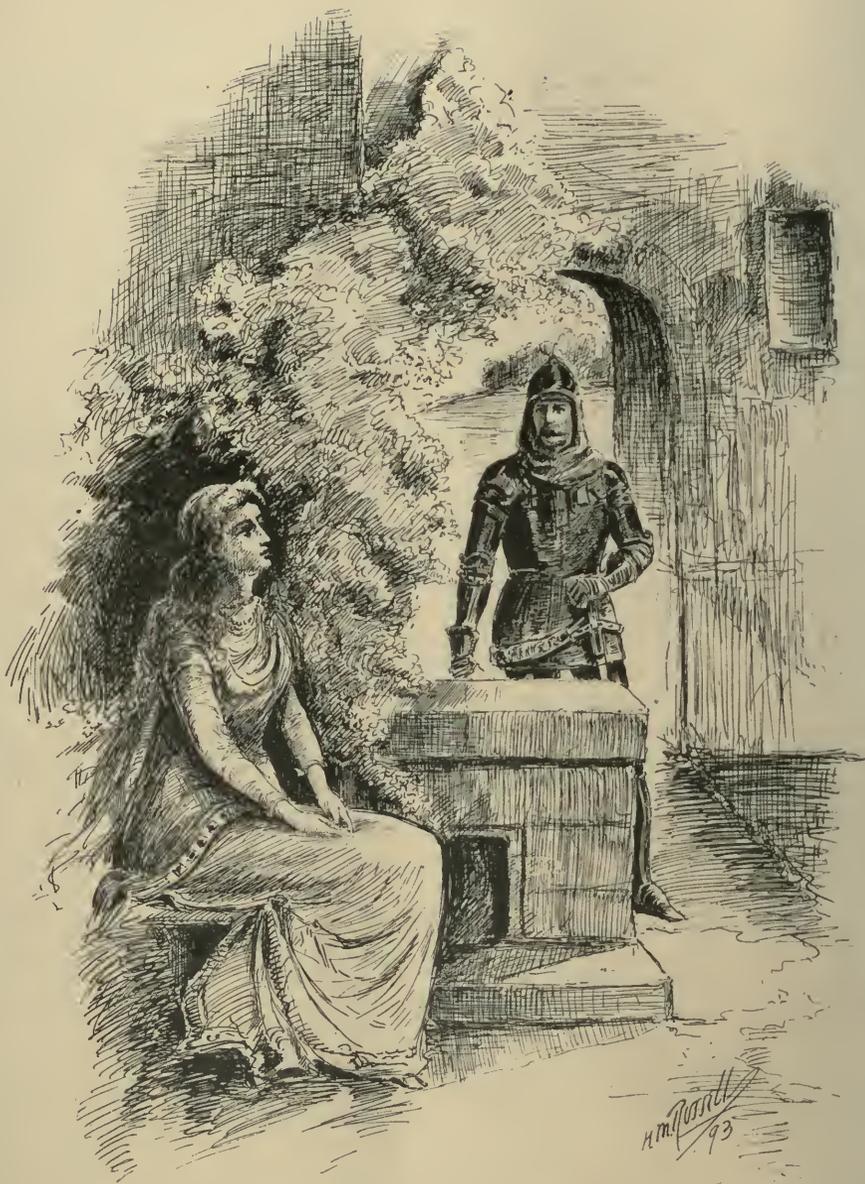
Modern playwrights have a richness of sympathy, a breadth of view in treating human life, that places them far above the dramatists of the last century, or the early half of this. The old-time play with its "stratagem," its artificial characters, has happily passed away. Take for instance the play "Judah" by Henry Arthur Jones. The author, in telling a beautiful love story, has introduced as a background a most intelligent consideration of the sympathy with and interest in matters occult which characterize modern life. The subject never becomes obtrusive, but it is turned around and viewed from many sides; a heroine who is possessed of the strange power which gives her influence enough over the minds of some of her fellow beings, to work cures upon their bodies; a charlatan who grows fat upon popular credulity; a scientist who seeks to find "the great secret" of the soul's existence by mathematical deduction; and a hero whose highly-wrought spiritual nature brings what seem to be spiritual voices to his ears—all these lend interest to the subject. But occultism serves as a background to sparkling comedy, passionate human love, and a moral crisis of terrible significance. Could there be better literary qualities than these?

The theatre allures millions of people, and the taste of many is crude, but I believe that bad taste is by no means confined to modern theatrical audiences. There are some scenes in

Shakespeare we can only account for by considering the wretchedly bad taste of the Elizabethan audiences. Now, Shakespeare was a manager and necessarily a sinner, and there are some scenes in his plays that, when played before the audiences of his time, must have been as wretchedly bad as anything I ever saw played. They may have been put in after his death by the "ham-fattening" actors of his day, but they have been preserved by the nobility and illimitable greatness of the scenes with which they are surrounded. Even Lancelot Gobbo would be gladly dispensed with by more intelligent theatre-goers.

To deny that there is much on the stage even at the present time that offends good taste, much that being beneath criticism is not criticized, would be Quixotic. I suppose that there will never be a time when the crudest sort of pictures will not find a market; the grossest trivialities in the way of literature find thousands of readers. The masses do not care for dramatic criticism; it is for the few, not the many; the sons of the many grow anxious to breathe the artistic atmosphere of the few, and honest criticism is never without its influence, no matter what may be said to the contrary.

"The purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature," saith the prophet. Those whose views of life and knowledge of human nature are crude are easily moved by crude, cheap, artificial effects; but the great and true artist never acts in vain, never lacks a thoughtful, sympathetic, discerning audience. And there is one principle that even the most grovelling of playwrights never forgets, which is that the most ignorant of audiences expects a triumph of virtue, a concession to the spark of the God-like that is in man.



SIR LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE.

SIR LANCELOT.

(Dedicated to the Memory of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.)

HE rode, a king, amid the armored knights,
The glory of day tossing on helm and shield,
And all the glory of his youth and joy,
In the strong, wine-like splendor of his face.
He rode among them, the one man of men,
Their lordliest, loveliest, he who might have been,
Because of very human breadth of love,
And his glad, winning sympathy for earth,
Greater than even Arthur under heaven.

Kindlier than the morning was his face,
Swift, like the lightning, was his eagle glance,
No bit of beauty earth had ever held,
Of child or flower or dream of woman's face,
Or noble, passing godliness of mood,
In man toward man, but garnered in his eye,
As in some mere that gathereth all earth's face,
And foldeth it in beauty to its breast.

He rode among them, Arthur's own right hand,
Arthur, whom he loved as John loved Christ,
And watched each day with joy that lofty brow
Lift up its lonely splendor, isolate,
Half God-like, o'er that serried host of spears,
And knew his love the kingliest, holiest thing,
'Twixt man and man upon this glowing earth.

So passed those days of splendor and of peace,
When all men loved his majesty and strength
And kindliness of spirit which the king,
Great Arthur, with his lofty coldness lacked.
'Twas Lancelot fought the mightiest in the lists,
And beat with thunders back the brazen shields,
And stormed the fastness of the farthest isles,
Slaying the grizzly warriors of the meres,
And winning all men's fealty and love,
And worship of fair women in the towers,
Who laid their distaffs down to watch him pass;
And made the hot blood mantle each fair cheek,
With sweet sense of his presence, till all men
Called Arthur half a god, and Lancelot
The greatest heart that beat in his great realm.

Then came that fatal day that brake his life,
When he being sent of Arthur, all unknowing,
Saw Guinevere, like some fair flower of heaven,
As men may only see in dreams the gods
Do send to kill the common ways of earth,
And make all else but drear and dull and bleak;
Such magic she did work upon his soul,
Till Arthur, God and all the Table round,
Were but a nebulous mist before his eyes,
In which the splendor of her beauty shone.

Henceforth the years would rise and wane and die,
 And glory come and glory pass away,
 And battles pass as in a troubled dream,
 And Arthur be a ghost, and his knights ghosts ;—
 The castles and the lists and the mad fights,
 Sacking of cities, scourging of country-sides,
 All dreams before his eyes ;—all, save her love.

So girded she her magic round his heart,
 And meshed him in a golden mesh of love,
 And marred his sense of all earth's splendor there.

But in the after-days when brake the end,
 And she had fled to Glastonbury's cells,
 With all the world one clamor at her sin ;
 And Arthur like a storm-smit pine-tree stood,
 Alone amid his kingdom's blackened ruins ;—
 Then Lancelot knew his life an evil dream,
 And thought him of the friendship of their youth
 And all the days that they had been together,
 And " Arthur," " Arthur," spake from all the meres
 And " Arthur," " Arthur," moaned from days afar.
 And Lancelot grieved him of his woeful sin :—
 " And this the hand that smote mine Arthur down
 That brake his glory, ruined his great hope
 Of one vast kingdom built on noble deeds,
 And truth and peace for many days to be.
 This hand that should have been his truest strength
 Next to that high honor which he held."
 And all the torrents of his sorrow brake
 For his own Arthur, Arthur standing lone,
 Like some unripen pine that towers alone
 Amid the awful ruins of a world.

And then a woful longing smote him there,
 To ride by murk and moon, by mere and waste,
 To where the king made battle with his foes,
 And look, unknown, upon his face, and die.

So thinking this he fled, and the queen's wraith
 A memory, in the moonlight fled with him.
 But stronger with him fled his gladder youth
 And all the memories of the splendid past,
 Until his heart yearned for the days that were,
 And that great, noble soul who fought alone.

Then coming by cock-crow and the glimmering dawn,
 He reached the gray-walled castle of the land,
 Where the king tarried ere he went to fight
 The last dread battle of the Table Round.
 And the grim sentinels who guarded there,
 Thinking only of him as Arthur's friend
 And knowing not the Lancelot scandal named,
 And judging by the sorrow of his face,
 Deemed him some knight who came to aid the king
 And pointing past the waning beacon fires,
 Said, " There he sleeps as one who hath no woes."

And Lancelot passing silent left them there,
 And entering the old abbey, ('twas some ruin
 Of piety and worship of past days).
 Saw in the flicker of a dying hearth,
 Mingled with faint glimmering of the dawn,
 The great king sleeping, where a mighty cross
 Threw its dread shadow o'er his moving breast.

And Lancelot knew the same, strong, god-like face
 That he had worshipped in the days no more,
 And all their olden gladness smote him now,
 And he had wept, but that his awful sin,
 That made a wall of flame betwixt them there,
 Had seared the very fountain of his soul.
 Whereat he moaned, "O, noble, saintly heart,
 Couldst thou but know amidst thine innocent sleep,
 Save for the awful sin that flames between,
 That here doth stand the Lancelot of old days,
 The one of all the world who loved thee most,
 The joyous friend of all thy glorious youth ;
 O, noble ! God-like ! Lancelot , who hath sinned
 As none hath sinned against thee, now hath come
 To gaze upon thy majesty and die.
 O, Arthur ! thou great Arthur of my youth,
 My sun, my joy, my glory !"

Here the king
 Stirred in his sleep, and murmured, "Guinevere !"

And Lancelot feeling that an age of ages,
 Hoary with all anguish of old crime
 And hideous bloodshed, were now builded up
 Betwixt him and the king at that one name,
 Clothed with the mad despairings of his shame,
 Stole like some shrunken ghost life from that place,
 To look no more upon, great Arthur's face.

Then it did smite upon him he must die ;
 And in him the old ghost of honor woke
 That he must die in battle, and go out
 Where no dread sorrow could gnaw at his heart,
 But all forgetting and eternal sleep.

Whereat the madness of old battle woke,
 For his dread sin now burned all softness out,
 And the glad kindness of the Table Round,
 And left him, shorn of all the Christian knight,
 The gentle lord who only smote to save,
 Or shield the helpless from the brutal stroke ;
 And flamed his heart there with the lust to slay,
 And slaying be slain as his grim sires went out.

Then some far trumpet startled all the morn,
 Trembling westward from its dewy sleep.
 And with the day new battle woke the meres,
 And as some wood-wolf scents the prey afar,
 The noise of coming battle smote his ears,

And woke in him the fierceness of his race,
 And the old pagan, joyous lust of fight.
 And crying, "Farewell Arthur, mine old youth,
 Farewell Lancelot, mine old kinder self,
 Lancelot, Arthur's brother, lie there low,
 Slain with the glory wherewithal you fell,
 While this new Lancelot, new-bred of old time,
 Before the new hope of the loftier day,
 Before the reign of mercy and glad law,
 Thunders in old madness forth to war."
 And as in some bleak ruin of a house
 Where all the sweet, home joys are ravaged out,
 And some grim evil pack hath entered in
 To tear and snarl, so the old Lancelot passed.

And where he closed the battle's fiercest shock
 Did hem him round, till as some mighty surf,
 That clamors, thundering round some seaward tower,
 Toward him the battle roared, and clanged his shield,
 And fast his blade went circling in the sun,
 Like some red, flaming wheel, where'er he went ;
 Nor cared for friend or foe, so that he slew,
 And drank his cup of madness to the death.
 Till those he fought with dreamed some giant earl
 Of grim old days had come once more to earth,
 To fight anew the battles of his youth.

But some huge islemen of the west were there :
 And they were fain to hew him down, and came
 Like swift, loud storms of autumn at him there.
 Then there grew clamor of the reddest fight
 That ever men beheld, and all outside
 Were stayed in awe to see that one man fight
 With that dread host of wilding warriors there.
 Nor stayed his awful brand, but left and right
 Whirled he its bloody flamings in the sun,
 And men went down as in October woods
 Do crash the mighty trunks before the blast,
 Till all were slain but one grim islesman left.
 But Lancelot by this was all one stream
 Of ruddy wounds, and like some fire his brain.
 And, with one awful shout of battle joy,
 He sent his sword-blade wheeling in the sun,
 And cleft that awful islesman to the neck ;
 And crying "Arthur!" smote the earth, and died.

Then spread such terror over all the foe,
 That gods did fight with them there, that they fled,
 And all that day the battle moved afar,
 Out to the west by distant copse and mere,
 Till died the tumult, and the night came in,
 With mighty hush far over all that waste.
 And one by one the lonely stars came out,
 And over the meres the wintry moon looked down,
 Unmindful of poor Lancelot and his wounds,
 His dead, lost youth, the stillness of his face,
 And all that awful carnage silent there,

GLIMPSES OF THE "QUARTIER LATIN."

BY JOHN HOME CAMERON.

PARIS has developed from the germ planted in what still remains almost precisely the centre—the islands known as the City and St. Louis, lying like great ships moored in the Seine. The island called *La Cité* was the nucleus, and still contains some of the most important buildings in Paris. The cathedral of Notre Dame is among them, and we are very immediately concerned with that, for Notre Dame and its schools formed the centre of the learning of the middle ages before instruction ceased to be the monopoly of the church. This, then, is the real centre of the Latin or students' quarter, which grew, as we shall see, far beyond the jurisdiction of the bishop, until it formed a large and crowded section of the walled city, and a country of its own. It was at last known as the *University*, which was synonymous with Latin Quarter, "*Quartier Latin*" or sometimes "*Pays Latin*."

There is a tradition which assigns the foundation of the university of Paris to the reign of Charlemagne, that is to say, a few years previous to 800. The university itself to this day commemorates its reputed patron saint by festivities held in the lycées and colleges on the 28th of January, known as *La Saint Charlemagne*.

The fact, however, is that the University of Paris had no individual existence till it was established by letters patent from Philip Augustus in 1200.

Previous to this period the schools were attached to the churches and monasteries. In Paris they were dependencies of the cathedral. In the twelfth century the cathedral schools having become over-crowded, some of the most eminent masters transported their classes to the *Montagne Sainte-*

Geneviève—a hill rising at a short distance from the river on the south or left bank. The Bishop of Paris entered vigorous remonstrances against the secession. The lectures on the mountain were decreed to be forbidden fruit, which was reason enough why the students should climb after them. The young men crowded up in great numbers, and for once the attendance of lectures took care of itself.

Philip Augustus, that provident monarch whose hand has left its generous traces in material as well as intellectual Paris, issued a decree sanctioning and regulating the liberalization of the schools, and conferring upon them collectively the dignity of a corporation, under the title *Universitas Parisiensis magistrorum et scholarium*. At the same time he secured to them various privileges, among which was their independence of ecclesiastical control, as represented by the bishop on the one hand and of the civil and criminal jurisdiction exercised by the Provost of Paris on the other.

The part of the city on the south side of the river thus came to be called the University. It was enclosed and protected as part of Paris by the great wall of Philip Augustus, built of stone and strengthened by towers and bastions running round the entire city.

The University quarter developed rapidly and was soon filled with houses, schools and churches.

The life of the students in those days was not exactly what it is now. They are described as being ill-housed, ill-clad, and exposed to all the torments of hunger and cold. They could be recognized by their starved look, their pale faces, and their scanty wardrobes. If there were "residences,"

as we now call them, they were not sumptuously furnished, and they had not the benefit of fresh air from a quadrangle—nor from anywhere else. The so-called “colleges” of the 13th and succeeding centuries were not public schools, but merely groups, societies, bodies of persons united by the same office or calling: brotherhoods in fact, lodging together in hotels, which came to be known by distinguishing names,—sometimes the name of the company inhabiting it, sometimes the name of the founder to whose beneficence its establishment was due.

These colleges provided lodgings for the students, and in many cases food as well, but not always instruction. That would seem to have been received by numbers of the students in one or two of the open streets of their quarter. At all events, it is quite certain they sat upon the ground in the dust or the mud. Sometimes, however, especially in winter, the ground was covered with straw. But when, on two famous occasions, the students reached the luxury of benches, they were soon deprived of them, in order to remove from them all temptation to pride (*ut occasio superbæ a juvenibus secludatur*).

The colleges were not large establishments, such as Parisian lycées and colleges of to-day, containing hundreds of pupils each. Indeed, I have counted the sites of more than 30 of them, all founded between 1250 and 1450.

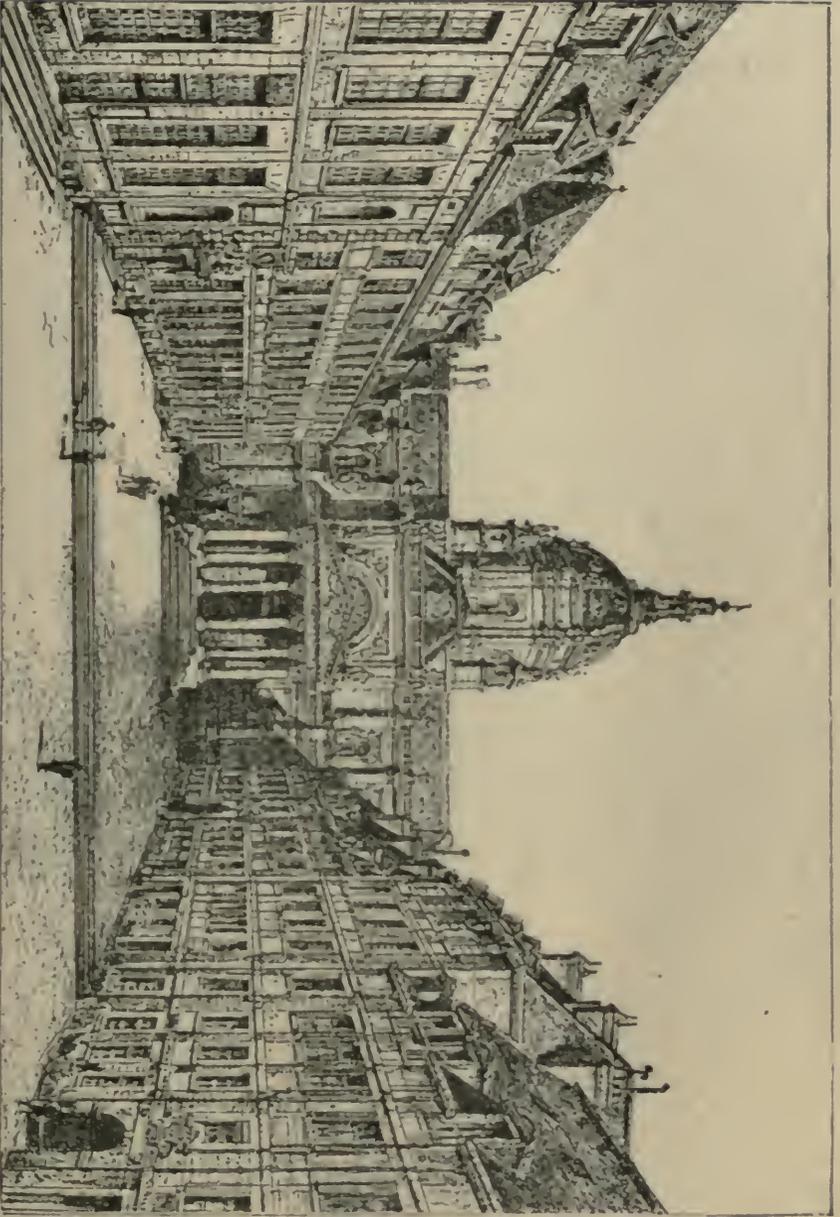
It was one of these colleges, the Collège de Montaigu, for which Erasmus and Rabelais gained such notoriety early in the sixteenth century. In one of his Latin dialogues, Erasmus makes two scholars talk as follows: — “Whence came you?” — “From the Collège Montaigu.” — “Then you come to us laden with learning?” — “Nay, rather with vermin (*imo pediculis*).”

Erasmus, speaking for himself, has left us a woeful picture of the place, from which I take a few sentences: “I

lived thirty years ago in a college of Paris, where they brewed so much theology that the walls were soaked with it; but I brought away with me naught else than cold humours and a multitude of vermin.... The beds were so hard, the food so scanty, the vigils and studies so severe, that many young men of bright promise, in the very first year of their sojourn in that college, became mad, blind or leprous, when they did not die outright. Many of the bedrooms.... were so filthy and pestiferous that none of those who dwelt in them came out alive, or without the seeds of a grievous malady. The punishments, which consisted of scourging with whips, were administered with all the severity that one could look for from the hand of a hangman.” These floggings, he informs us, were intended by the principal to force the scholars to enter holy orders. “For that man,” he goes on to say, “would have made monks of us all; and to teach us to fast, he withheld flesh from us absolutely. Oh, how many rotten eggs I have eaten there! What quantities of musty wine I have drunk!”

To complete the dreadful picture of Erasmus, we have only to consult the time-table of the Collège Montaigu, found in the regulations drawn up in 1503. The exercises, which extended from four o'clock in the morning to bed-time (eight in winter and nine in summer), consisted of lectures, prayers and discussions. The physical exercise would seem to have consisted chiefly in the gesticulations and chest-expansion incident to the disputations which, we are told, very frequently passed rapidly from words to blows.

The Collège Montaigu has long since disappeared. It was broken up exactly a hundred years ago, and the buildings it then occupied became a hospital. This in turn was abolished, and, curiously enough, it is on the same site that the handsome Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève has been erected, which presents a sufficiently



QUADRANGLE OF THE OLD SORBONNE.

striking contrast in attractiveness, and salubrity to the unsavory residence of the days of Erasmus and Rabelais.

It is sometimes asked why in these days the French have so much to say about the Sorbonne, and so little about the University of Paris. The explanation is contained in a few historical facts.

The real founder of Sorbonne seems to have been Robert de Douai, who was canon of Senlis and physician to Margaret of Provence, the wife of Saint Louis (Louis IX.). In the terms of his will, he left 1,500 pounds for the foundation of the college, entrusting the execution of his will to his friend, Robert de Sorbon, who had advised him to make this disposal of his fortune. Robert de Sorbon was a poor priest of Champagne, and chaplain to St. Louis. He began to carry into effect the wishes of his deceased friend in the year 1255, assisted by King Louis, who gave houses and land for the construction of the college.

It was erected on the Montagne Sainte-Geneviève, and had attached to it a preparatory school, afterwards known as La Petite-Sorbonne.

It was a modest institution, intended to lodge sixteen poor students chosen from the "four nations." This arrangement was afterward modified, and the Sorbonne became the home of some of the doctors of the Faculty of Theology of Paris, who lived there permanently, and formed the *Société de Sorbonne*. This college then attracted students from all quarters to hear the most learned men of the period. By the close of the century it had been erected into a full faculty of theology, and was conferring the degrees of bachelor, licentiate and doctor. The severity of its examinations gave a special value to its diplomas. Indeed, in the fourteenth and following centuries, the "thesis" and the public disputation which lasted from five in the morning till seven in the evening, and which had to be successfully passed in order to gain the diploma of the

school, earned a very high reputation and attracted students from all Europe. It is stated that at times the number of disputants in these discussions reached sixty.

The fame of the Sorbonne professors rose so high that questions of dogma and canon law were submitted to them for decision, and their authority was recognized over all the church, even the Pope being glad, on more than one occasion, to avail himself of their erudition.

It was inevitable that so great an ecclesiastical instrument should be put to political uses. The Sorbonne demanded and sustained the condemnation of Joan of Arc. During the Reformation it was the animating spirit of all the persecutions against Protestants and unbelievers. Indeed, had it been allowed to take its own way, Master Francis Rabelais, despite the fact that he was one of the clergy, would assuredly have died sooner than he did, and in a more public fashion.

It is not proved that the Sorbonne instigated or advised the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, but when the butchery was over, it found no difficulty in justifying it.

The decline of its authority dates from the period of Henry III., against whom it stirred up the League. At Rome it lost favor by subscribing to the famous declaration of the French clergy, which in four articles laid down the fundamental principles of the Gallican Church in 1682. By this action a powerful instrument was placed in the hands of Louis XIV., which he was only too glad to use; but it caused great indignation at the Papal court, and destroyed the authority of the Sorbonne with the *Curia Romana*.

The last notable political interference on the part of the Sorbonne occurred in the celebrated Jansenist controversy under Louis XIV. and Louis XV., which I must be satisfied merely to mention.

At last came the Revolution, and in 1790 the Sorbonne, together with all the old universities, was abolished: since then there has been no University of Paris.

In 1808 Napoleon carried into effect his project of one great University for all France, with separate *Académies* for the several regions. This arrangement has never been changed; although there has been going on for the past two or three years an animated discussion of the proposal to

The various académies in France number sixteen in all, which means that the country is divided into sixteen different regions, each with an educational centre of more or less importance, in which the government examinations are held. There are, of course, in some of them, one or more faculties engaged in teaching, just as in Paris. Each Académie is governed by a *recteur*, assisted by *inspecteurs d'académie*, usually one for each of the departments composing the Académie, although in the single department of the Seine, which includes Paris, there are as many as ten of these inspectors. But, to return to our Sorbonne, which we left overthrown among the ruins of the old régime in 1790.

When in 1808, Napoleon created the University of Paris, the Sorbonne once more came into being, and remains to-day the centre of higher education in Paris. How different its present place from what it used to be, will be evident from the fact

that now it forms simply the seat of the *Académie de Paris*, and does not include within its walls more than two of the five faculties, viz., the faculty of arts and the faculty of sciences. From another stand-point, the Sorbonne is more important than ever, for it is the greatest French school of letters, philosophy and science. In the buildings known as the Sorbonne you find the head of the whole educational system of the Academy of Paris. The rector or vice-rector, who is to be found here, together with his secretaries, is the

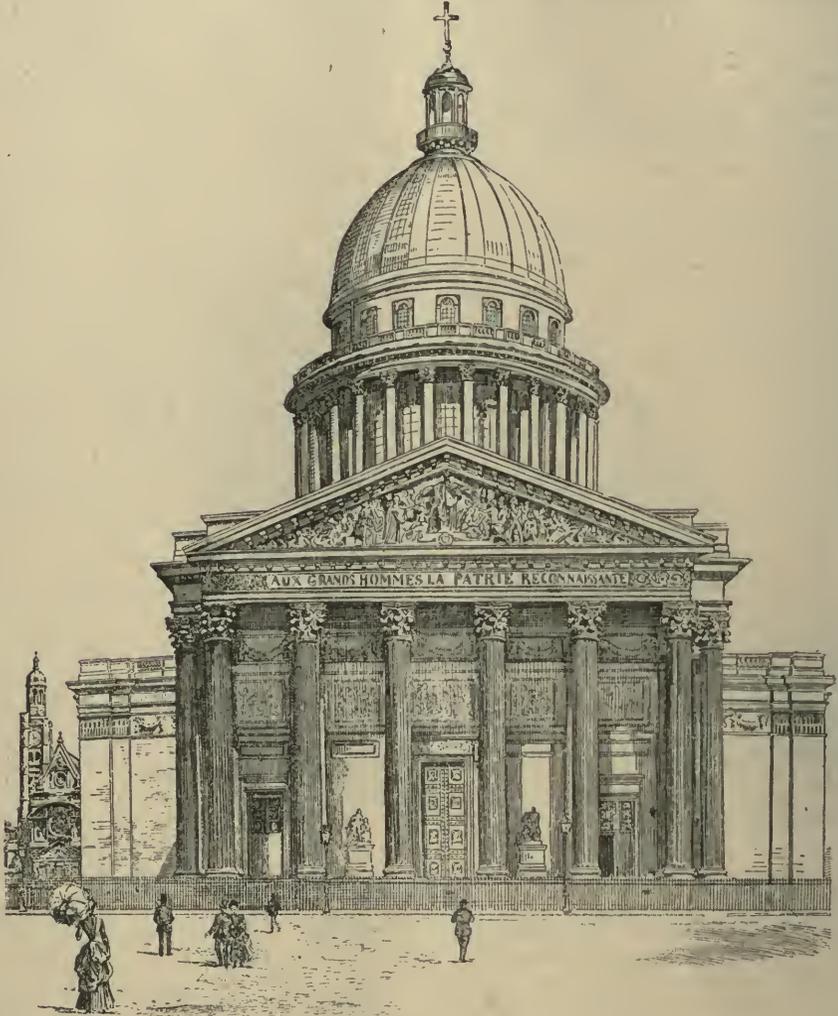


FACADE—NEW SORBONNE.

restore the old universities, with their local government and privileges. At present there exists no university but the University of France, including not only all the professors in the numerous faculties of arts, law, medicine and theology scattered up and down through the land, but the teachers in the Lycées or Government High Schools, as well. The whole immense organization is under the control of the Government, and the head or grand master of the University of France is the Minister of Public Instruction.

president of the *Conseil Académique*, which is the seat of legislature and discipline for the district embraced by the Academy. He is the head, consequently, of the five combined faculties, scattered over Paris, of theology,

The disputations for the degree of doctor are held here. Although they no longer extend from five in the morning till seven in the evening, they occupy the best part of an afternoon, and are very remarkable events in the



THE PANTHEON.

arts, law, sciences, medicine and pharmacy, each of which has for its head a *doyen* or dean. The Sorbonne is moreover, the centre of all the great ceremonies connected with the University. In its spacious amphitheatre many a learned and brilliant assembly has met.

University world, especially when the candidate for the doctor's degree is a man of unusual originality, and has in his thesis expressed views which provoke sharp criticism from the distinguished professors and doctors who for the moment are his examiners.

The *Collège de France* occupies a very remarkable position in French education. It was founded three centuries and a half ago by Francis I., for the express purpose of giving higher instruction to all who would go to hear it. It began about 1530 with a chair of Greek and another of Hebrew, which were in two years increased to three for each of these languages. This at once aroused the enmity of the professors of the University who depended for a living on their fees, while those of the new college taught gratuitously and were supported by the government.

This opposition was intensified by the fact that Greek and Hebrew were declared by the authorities of the Sorbonne to be dangerous languages, as unlocking the Holy Scriptures to every one. Indeed, this opposition on the part of the doctors of the church was so strong that they succeeded in closing the *Collège de France* for a time, just as they succeeded in stopping or controlling the printing presses. But the cause of liberty soon triumphed, and the *Collège de France* has flourished ever since. It has at present, in all, forty-two professors, who are the most eminent men to be had in their respective subjects. To show what freedom now exists in France, I need only say that a year ago there was appointed a new professor as the representative of the philosophy of Auguste Comte, and the co-ordination of the sciences.

The *Collège de France* has been since 1831 directly under the control of the minister of public instruction; but it is quite outside of the university administration. The proposals of candidates for vacant chairs are made by the Institute of France and the body of the professors, by a double presentation, and the head of the State (at present the President of the Republic), chooses from among those proposed.

The classes are open to every one and are quite free. A very large proportion of ladies are regularly seen in

certain of the courses which attract the general public; but I have seen a few even at the severely scientific lectures, such as those in historical French grammar and phonetics.

The students attending the *Collège de France* are not included in the enumeration made annually of the students of Paris, nor are the students at the military and technical schools. The numbers enumerated for 1890-91 in the various faculties—arts, sciences, protest., theology, law, medicine and pharmacy—reached 10,518. They were distributed as follows: In medicine, 4,074; law, 3,091; arts, 1091; sciences, 668; protestant theology, 35; school of pharmacy, 1,560.

Among these there were 1,142 foreigners; 809 in medicine, from Russia, North America, England, Roumania, Turkey, Greece and Switzerland. In law there were 168. In sciences, 70 (from England, Russia, Greece and Roumania). In letters, 76 (Germany, Switzerland and Danubian principalities). In the protestant faculty of theology, 15.

In this connection I should mention that there exists a committee of patronage for foreign students, with M. Pasteur for president. Its aim is to furnish all the information required by foreigners coming to study in Paris, and to cultivate friendly relations with other university centres of the world.

The Parisian student has a reputation for irrepressible gaiety. We are not accustomed to regard him as going to Paris "to shun delights and live laborious days," though he does much oftener than we imagine. It is quite true that he is given to amusing himself in odd ways. He lives in a country where, now and again, he can permit himself the luxury of a revolution. But this ebullition is not a thing of recent date. It is not the product of the republican régime; but flourished long ago under the least democratic condition of French government.

We find the Parisian students still ready for a revolt and invariably on the side of liberty against oppression. Nor have their voices been always lifted in vain. They contributed materially to two revolutions, one in 1830 and another in 1848. In the latter case there were very advanced republicans in the colleges of the Latin Quarter; and many of them died either on the barricades or in exile.



ATTIC WOOLING.

I saw a little restlessness in Paris in the anxious days of the close of 1887, when all Paris was crying for the resignation of President Grévy, after the exposure of his son-in-law's traffic in the decorations of the Legion of Honor. The students shared the indignation, and were disposed to be a little noisy while waiting for the lectures in the narrow quarters of the old amphitheatre. But as soon as a message was delivered to them that the authorities required quietness, the disturbance ceased, and we were after-

wards transferred to a very large amphitheatre where there was plenty of room. Such a thing as jostling is never seen among them. When they go about they walk like other adults, except when they set out to make a manifestation. One of their favorite amusements is to form what they call a *monome*. They arrange themselves in a long line one behind the other, each holding the man in front by the shoulders at arm's length. Arranged in this way, they start down the "*Boul.-Mich.*," singing and attracting a due amount of attention. No one interferes with them, and when they have manifested to their own satisfaction, they return. These doings always take place at a seasonable hour, and consequently trouble nobody except those who wish to cross the street when they are passing. I should say this *monome* is the French for monomial, and designates rather picturesquely the long line of figures with neither plus nor minus to break it.

The Paris student can scarcely be said to have a physiognomy and garb of his own. You do see now and then a queer specimen with a soft felt hat, covering long black locks falling over his temples and neck *à la Daudet*, and wearing a velvet jacket; but that genius is scarce now. The student of to-day very generally wears a tall silk hat, and dresses accordingly. It is true that while I was there the students of all the faculties, including the School of Pharmacy, decided to resume the *bérét*, a sort of velvet Tam O'Shanter; with bands of different colors to distinguish the Faculties. I remarked, however, that the experiment somewhat disgusted them, inasmuch as the *bérét* came to be worn by *hoi polloi*, and was consequently no longer a distinctive badge.

Such a fact as this last is only one of many which prove that the Latin Quarter of to-day is no longer the remote corner of Paris, with its own manners, which has been so often sung by the poets and painted by the novel-

lists. The times are gone when a chansonnier could celebrate his be-

It was the paradise where the hair was too long and the coat too short; where the appetite was comparable to Notre Dame and the purse as light as a whirling leaf in the garden of the Luxembourg, and where the hearts were generous and large even where the attic rooms were small and cold. The Quarter was peopled by those who formed more or less a great family. The student, on arriving among the others was quickly given his place in the circle, and formed his attachments so rapidly that he suffered little from home-sickness. He was soon singing, with Béranger: "Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!" He lived a gay life, and in one respect, at least, generally not a moral one; heedless of the future, and yet hard at work as a student between whiles.

Of all that sort of life there is little left. The seclusion of the old Latin



THE OYSTER MERCHANT. THE PLUMBER.

loved Latin Quartier in such strains as these:

Non loin des bords de la Seine,
Paris ne connaît qu' à peine
Un quartier sombre et lointain,
Qui sur le coteau s'éleve,
Devers Sainte-Geneviève:
C'est le vieux quartier Latin.

The Quarter is now neither sombre nor distant, and Paris knows it only too well.

There was a time when it could be defined as a city apart, or a colony of those who looked like foreigners from far countries. There was in it a flavor of its own, a sort of provincialism, which, at the same time, was composite—made up of something of all the chief districts of France. It was full of oddity and individuality.



A FISH WIFE.



A CHICK-WEED SELLER.



THE OLD-CLOTHES-MAN.



A POTATO VENDOR.



THE CHAIR DOCTOR.

quarter is disturbed by the broad streets full of rumbling traffic and ambitious shops. There remain a few spots where quiet reigns. The court of the old Sorbonne is rarely disturbed by carriage wheels, and the green blades of grass grow up between the paving stones. You can hear outside the thunder of the city, but it is far away, like a distant waterfall; and inside there is nothing to break the stillness but the old clock chiming the quarters and the occasional ring of a

footfall crossing the court. At each hour the doors open and a quiet lot of students hurry out and soon disperse.

But the students' quarter in general is invaded by all that is undesirable ; and you see very much that is far from indicating the spontaneous gaiety and simplicity of thirty years ago.

The *Prado*, which was the old dancing hall of the students, was succeeded by the *Grande Chaumière* of the Boulevard Montparnasse, which in turn was eclipsed by the *Closerie des Lilas*. This has been metamorphosed into the *Bal Bullier*, which is, as was its predecessor, a garden in summer and an immense covered dancing hall in winter. One can see there the sort of amusement taken by the more frivolous of the students. It is worth visiting once. You will not care to frequent it, as soon as you come to realize that the simple *grisette* of your Murger and your de Musset has completely vanished, to be replaced by the type that is common to all Paris on both sides of the Seine, and the embodiment of what is coarse and impudent.

This and many other such signs make up an impression that at first is decidedly disappointing to the stranger. But after all, this is only the outside, the unpromising exterior, certainly, of the real student life which you will afterwards come to know.

I cannot say that I have very extraordinary tales to relate of the French students as I saw them. I know a few very sad stories and a few gay ones. It would be interesting to talk about the different "nations" to be found in the Latin Quarter. There are Greeks, Bulgarians, Hungarians, Turks, and Africans even. There are many Russian students, the men studying the natural sciences and

the women medicine, most of them wretchedly poor, and living in a quarter where cheap lodgings are to be had, but intensely devoted to their work, which is too often the dark plottings of Nihilism, with its secrets of deadly explosives and poisons. It would be entertaining to hear how students fight with poverty and pass the whole winter without a fire in their rooms, spending their evenings in the library of Sainte Geneviève where it is warm, and coming home to creep into bed, as expeditiously as may be, to avoid cooling off.

Then there are the bright sides to this picture, the pleasure of study under learned masters, and the inspir-



BOOK STALLS ALONG THE SEINE.

ation of finding oneself at the fountain head. The amusements, too—the Odéon theatre, with its Thursday afternoon lectures by the first literary men of Paris, and the play following the lecture ; the hours of jollity in the company of kindred spirits ; the reunions at the rooms of the great general association of the students, where hundreds go and come ; the joys of the *monome* ; the promenade along the Seine among the two miles of second-hand books exposed on the parapets ; the spring days in the Jardin du Luxembourg when the raw winter is gone and Paris puts on its green garments.

But this leads us too far. I am more anxious to do justice to the French student in respect of his seriousness. I should like to say that he

is by no means an idle, frivolous fellow. I have known men who plodded in a fashion not dreamed of over here.

There is a veritable galaxy of notable men in Paris. And you are amazed to find so much that can be had for the taking. You can hear the best men in a score of subjects and never spend a centime for tuition fees. France stands alone in this respect, and it is not one of the least of her glorious distinctions.

No account of the students' quarter of Paris would be complete without, at least, a passing mention of the enthusiasm with which the new moral movement of the past four or five years has been welcomed there. The chief promoters of this remarkable agitation are, M. le Vicomte de Vogüé, who has done much to introduce Russian literature into France, and who has caught the intense earnestness of the new religion of the North; M. Edouard Rod, in his *Moral Studies of the Present Time*; M. Bremond d'Ars, who preaches a complete return to Catholicism; M. Pierre Lasserre, who, in his work, *The Christian Crisis*, shows the search of our day to be after a new "love of God"; M. Ernest Lavisse, the professor of History, who has great faith in the students, and

enjoys their confidence in return; M. Paul Desjardins, author of *The Present Duty*. These men and others are steadily setting in movement a strong tendency towards moral regeneration, and the crusade they have preached in the Latin Quarter has called forth the hearty response of many of the best young men in all the faculties. Societies have been formed and the work of propaganda goes on, not under the standard of any creed, but in simple allegiance to ideals of duty and with the aim "to found an inner society upon love, peace and true justice, in the heart of an outer society founded upon interest, competition and legal justice."

When at last the time comes for you to leave Paris, since all good things must have an end, you leave France profoundly impressed with the greatness of the French people, and full of admiration for their clear-headedness, their directness, their earnestness, their thrift, their idealism, their unswerving devotion to ideals in government, in literature, in art. You are forced to recognize that France has still an extraordinary vitality, and you pray she may long live to hold her proud place in the civilization of the world.



THE REGENERATORS.

BY UNCLE THOMAS.

IN the days of my youth and ambition, for I was fortunate in being of a contemporaneous habit that prevented either from outliving the other to an unseemly extent, I debated the respective merits of city and country life; and although my views upon the question have modified with years and an expanding bald spot and waist measurement, I have never been able fully to recover the lost respect for the wisdom of my opponent. He talked a lamentable amount of nonsense on the question. Opponents always do. But in common fairness, I should acknowledge that he never once alluded to the cultivation of a national sentiment. I had never been in a city, and was, as a consequence, severely persuaded that all the advantages were with country life. Rural simplicity had produced myself—a finished product that, like the various good things troublesome to tariff operators, might be regarded in some quarters as raw material. That was the foundation of my arguments, although I did not know it at the time. The earth has nothing but smiles for the man who does not know the foundations of his arguments. Country life, like many things despised by the superficial consumer of agricultural products, is attractive to all who are fond of it. But the editor advised me against thus dipping into the profundities of philosophy, as he had already more essays of that nature than he would be able to use before the summer holidays. The only compensating joy of city life is the ease of finding kindred spirits when the subject's mind is not built according to the original specifications, and the architect will not allow a claim for extras.

A man in the calmness of a rural retreat, who happens to be an 'ist or an 'ite, or is given to the contemplation of conic sections and things of that kind, is regarded by his neighbors with a mild aversion sometimes softened into pity by what Rev. Dr. Douglass would call the dews of Christian charity. Severely practical housewives may sometimes borrow sugar from his wife, but always with an air of condescension, and an explanation that such a fall from rectitude was justified as far as possible by unusual and unforeseen circumstances. If he saunters into the blacksmith shop, the argument among the men on the bench beside the vice is immediately suspended, and the leisure class exchange ominous and significant looks, as if they feared that the question might be made to wander away from the path and get mired in the swamp. If he goes into the grocery, he is served in silence. But as soon as he is gone, the restraint is broken and all his theories are spilled on the floor by less pretentious philosophers. It is told that he said men were all monkeys at one time; that there shouldn't be any soldiers; that no man should own land, or that there should be no poor people. And the talkers cease to wonder at the increase in crime. The doctor smiles at him in a knowing way; the lawyer laughs at him, slaps him on the shoulder, and calls him a rare character; and the local member, when securely beyond the hearing of any of his other constituents, tells him that he is a man of unusual knowledge and ability. He is shunned as an impecunious relative, and, even if his cow should get into pound, there is no word of kindly sympathy for him.

But in the crowded city, where uni-

versity federation and the real estate boom have concentrated the intelligence and acquisitiveness of the surrounding district into one harmonious whole, there is upholstered luxury for the man of 'isms and 'ologies, not to be found anywhere else in this fair Canada of ours. The men on his street are too busy with the "situations vacant" column to scrutinize his opinions on the hydrostatic paradox. His business acquaintances have never heard of the 'ism of his adoption, and would be liable to confound his pet school of philosophy with the latest comic opera known to science. His wife can be neighborly with reasonable people, and no one can point the finger of depreciation at her. If she is induced by home influence to read about Christian science or boil the drinking water to kill the microbes, society has no time for condemnation.

But dearer than all to the heart of the 'ite, with the possible exception of his wife, is the meeting of congenial companionship—men who believe in what is not self-evident; the perpetual minority; the cranks. No man can monopolize an 'ology in a great city; and though he may be permeated with originality even to his very conscience, he will find others, like himself, with intellectual protuberances upon which established conclusions hang like a suit of ready-made clothing on the victim of a railway accident. He can find an organization and become a vice-president. But above all things he can find kindly sympathy that will soften down the result of the aldermanic elections and win his thoughts away from the snow by-law and the duty on underclothing.

I know of a quiet nook where men of 'isms and 'ologies congregate daily in the discussion of projects of transcendent vastness and lunches of co-relative modesty. It is a retail restaurant concealed among a crowd of wholesale establishments down town. I have heard it said that no man ever undertook to regenerate the universe and oil the

wheels of the social structure until after his liver and integuments had been disestablished. It is a generally accepted theory that a thoroughly organized digestion gives even affliction a grace, and reconciles man to his lot, as it were. Yet, in spite of this, the men with plans and specifications for cutting the social fabric on the bias, invariably congregate in a restaurant. It may be a part of their familiar habit of always contemplating perfections that fate has denied them the enjoyment of. Several years ago, while waiting for a partner with money and enterprise to embark in the manufacture of a combined washboard and clothes wringer, I got a project on hand to rig out the body politic in a new suit of clothes, so that it might move in more acceptable society. That project led me to the commissariat haunt of my rivals in the same line of business, and although I have since been chosen by a more laborious occupation, I have always been admitted as a member in tolerable standing.

I like to sit and contemplate the social regenerators developing their resources among the little square tables. They consume provisions as other men of similar circumstances; they even joke occasionally; but they show a Walt Whitman-like aversion to the razor habit. Among them are socialists, anarchists, single taxers, Christian scientists, and candidates for the Legislature, and they talk freely of all problems, from the cutting of bay ice to the passing of a resolution on the destiny of the North American continent. The proprietor, Mr. B., whom, for the sake of originality, I will call "mine host," is a quiet man, with a habit of playing chess and perfecting plans for reforming the world during his leisure moments. He holds views on the land question that would be startling to the Ratepayers' Association, and would think nothing of taxing land as heavily as low grade chewing tobacco. Providence seems to have afflicted

him with sufficient perception to determine the value of political movements, and as a consequence he is never enthusiastic and always in a minority outside of the restaurant.

The man whom everyone asks about is S. D. MacKorquingale, and in spite of his harsh, forbidding name, and general reformatory proclivities, he is a good-natured kindly-disposed man. He argues by asking questions, and the man who yields to his seductive simplicity is sure to find himself entangled in an absurdity that he will regret as long as his allowance of steak and onions are unconsumed. Mac—as his friends say—stands in the superior position of one who has given up many things through the promptings of a riper judgment. Once he saw the sum of all evils in the liquor traffic, and could trace every ache, pain, or cranial enlargement of the body politic directly to that cause. When he turned his attention to the land interrogation, he found that matters were still worse, and that the soil alone, without guano or the single tax, would bring forth all the poisonous weeds that are the wild mustard and two-rowed barley of society. At this time he was able to prove that neither the flowing bowl nor its contents were causes of poverty, and that the land system, with no air-brake on the boom, would bring Lazarus to the gate of Dives without infringing on the provisions of the local option act. But now he looks upon the land element of the restaurant from the height of one who thought so once, but knows better now. He smiles when people solve the great problems of life by moving an amendment; and in the business world he escapes his share of the universal curse of law, by refusing to enter or defend any legal action or to vote in an election. Nature has not fitted him for societies in which it is moved, seconded, and carried. On a visit of Sir Richard Cartwright to a city political club, Mac. filled the other members with

horror by giving their admired leader a severe lecture on his sins of omission and commission; and during the conference of social reformers, while the moral influence of local option was under consideration, he shocked Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P. for South Tyrone, by telling of his own difficulties in getting a hot whiskey in a Scott Act county. His latest theory is that as long as men move along in a web-footed, go-as-you-please fashion they will be liable to continue the operation; and that the best thing for a man to operate on in reformatory matters is himself.

Another important member of the assemblage is Thomas Philipson, journalist, humorist and candidate for the legislature. Men who have laughed at the humor appearing under his *nom de plume* can scarcely realize that it came from the lead pencil of Mr. Philipson, the earnest man of great projects—projects for the regeneration of man and the issue of irredeemable paper money. Not that he would embark in the issue of irredeemable currency as a private enterprise—far from it. There is no man in the community less inclined toward business ventures of that description than citizen Philipson. He thinks it should be done on a national scale as a preparatory measure toward electing Edward Bellamy to the presidency. He is a socialist; distinguished from the great army of his brethren in parliament and the legislature by being aware of the fact, and by invariably sympathizing with the under dog in the fight. When the boom came along it invaded the privacy of his unpretentious home and cucumber patch, making him rich incidentally. Being troubled with a knowledge of things, he knew that it operated by making other men poor, and as a salve to his conscience gave a handsome donation to the Single Tax Society. When he became a candidate for the legislature he was hampered by having opinions, principles and a platform.

and as a natural consequence he was overlooked in the division of the votes. He is not popular on a municipal scale and by that beautiful adaptation of nature, which tempers the wind to the summer girl, he don't want to be.

The Irreverend Sam Jones, who received that title in contra-distinction to his namesake, the evangelist, is worthy of the next seat at the table. He is an English radical, a punster, an elocutionist, a cartoonist, an artist and designer, and a general agitator against the man who sits on the neck of his neighbor in a metaphorical way. His hair has a rustic woodland air and is wildly clad, and although he talks in a quiet, old-English text way, his voice, when interrupting a political speaker, always reaches the farthest corners of the hall. He has no love for the money lender, and would not gasp with admiration even in the presence of a millionaire. Every man who undertakes to plumb the social structure can count on the co-operation and criticism of the Irreverend Sam. Jones.

There is scarcely a chair in the restaurant that does not at lunch time

support a scheme for the elevation of the masses. G. E. Reid, who has painted "the foreclosure of the mortgage" and many other scenes in relation to the financial situation; visits the place of discussion to study the intellectual freaks of nature and satisfy the inner man. And his sympathies are with those who want to fix up things in general. There is one—the ex-president of the Nationalists' association, who harbors the peculiar notion that no man should obtain anything valuable without doing some good turn in way of remuneration; another who objects to the exclusion of Chinese; another who would issue paper money in accordance with the demand, and reduce the usurer to a minimum, and a score more whose names might be mistaken for an extract from the official report of a reception at Rideau Hall. And here this social organism of men who would each be isolated in a rural constituency, congregates in friendly unity, joined by the bond of an unflinching belief that if things were only not as they are they might have been otherwise.



AN OPEN WINDOW AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY WILLIAM T. JAMES.

I.

ONE DAY, the Montreal express of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, bound for Toronto, came to a sudden stop in a wild part of the country, about fifty miles west of Smith's Falls. A young widow, with her only child, a boy three years old, were the solitary occupants of one of the cars. The boy was standing on his mother's lap, looking out of the open window, when a crow, winging its flight across his line of vision, attracted his notice, and caused him to shake his cap off, which fell through the aperture and rolled down a low embankment. Thinking she would have time to recover it before the engine started, the woman left the child alone on the seat and got off the train; but just as she stooped to pick up the cap, the engine—which had stopped while the fireman cleared the track of a stray cow—with a loud whistle, steamed away before she could reach the train, leaving the poor mother behind, a crazed spectator of her child leaning far out of the window and screaming lustily for her, with no one near to snatch him from what she feared would be certain death.

Struck dumb with terror, she stood awhile in a speechless agony of suspense, expecting momentarily to see her darling's form mingled for an instant in the cloud of dust whirled up by the wheels, and, afterwards, to find his mangled body beside the track.

Would nobody see and rescue the child? "Help! help! help! Oh! my darling! my darling! Help! help!" and a succession of hysterical shrieks sounded in the wake of the thundering train, and echoed among the pine trees that grew in clumps on either

side of the track. But the train kept on, going faster and faster, with a little human life—a widowed mother's boy—trembling in the balance between fate and fortune.

In the delirious tension of her excitement, she flew down the track, shrieking and gesticulating wildly, while the train sped farther and farther into the distance, and finally disappeared round a curve in the road.

The darkness of a moonless night, which had been lurking in the east until the setting sun should go down below the horizon, now began to steal athwart the weird stretch of uncultivated landscape. Sombre shadows like huge, black bats, spread their ebony wings over the lonesome scene and enveloped the woman with gloom, as she followed with fruitless haste in the direction in which she had seen the last of her child. Onward and onward she ran, until even the rails were invisible, knowing not what might be the result of the next step. How she escaped destruction by falling headlong through a trestle bridge when she approached it is surprising, so heedlessly did she come upon it, thinking only of the danger of her child and naught of her own.

Beyond this she could go no farther. What could she do now? True, she could walk back to the first station and telegraph, and then take the next train going west—if she only had enough presence of mind to think of the first thing that reason would be likely to suggest. But she was distracted and wholly incapable of reflection or deliberate action. Her maternal feelings were aroused to a pitch of intense frenzy which, now she could no longer pursue the one idea that

possessed her mind, increased her perturbation to such a degree that she lost all control of herself and was on the verge of insanity. Only to follow, slowly as she might, the rushing train, perchance to find a dying boy and kiss him before he breathed his last, would be some relief. Anything but inaction—anything but that undiverted struggle which was now being waged between the demon, Insanity, and a woman's reason. And what a struggle! the throes of it—the exquisite tension of nerve and feeling! Could she endure it and not die? Could that woman, now raving, with dishevelled hair and eyes too hot to weep—knowing the deadly peril of her heart's idol—continue through the long watches of the night a prey to a consuming emotion? To and fro, up the track and back to the bridge she fain would cross, wailing incessantly she went, and shrieking aloud with the energy of despair, that she might be seen by the men on the trains that swept past her like a hurricane, their dazzling headlights illuminating her surroundings for a brief space, gleaming on the water that flowed beneath the bridge, and then vanishing in the darkness on the farther side?

Yet midnight, and then daybreak, found her still striving for her desire; and it was not until the rosy-hued hour that follows sunrise, that she succumbed to the opiate of unconsciousness that Nature so kindly imparts when a troubled spirit can no longer resist her ministrations.

In the broad daylight a freight train stopped to pick up a woman, found in a swoon upon the track, and then, with a raving maniac in the caboose, continued its journey to Toronto.

II.

In the smoking-car of the train on which was the child, a gentleman of fortune, not yet in the prime of life, was seated. Returning from a fishing excursion, he was going to make a call

in Toronto, after which it was his intention to proceed thence to his home in a Southern city.

Throwing aside the remains of his cigar, he left the car and passed into that in which the child was crying. A brakesman had closed the window, and was now vainly trying to soothe the little fellow. In answer to a question put by the passenger to the brakesman, the latter explained how he had discovered the child, alone, leaning out of the window and crying for his mother. During a short conversation on the matter, they agreed in the opinion that the boy had been put on the train at some station along the line, and there abandoned by somebody—probably his mother—who wished to get rid of him for a sinister reason. Promising to take charge of him, the gentleman, Mr. Seacombe, sat beside the child and bought him some candy, and by this means succeeded in making him quiet. Soon after he ceased crying he fell asleep, and did not awaken until he was being taken from a cab into the police station at Toronto.

Here, to the officer in charge, Mr. Seacombe related what little he knew of the case, and offered to formally adopt the child if neither of his parents could be found. To this the sergeant said that he thought the magistrate would assent, provided no legal impediment should occur. Mr. Seacombe gave the name of the hotel where he and the child might be found, and re-entering the cab, he and his ward were driven there.

That night, as he sat in one of his suite of rooms, fondling the child on his knee—for he was exceedingly attached to children, and was particularly struck with the little fellow's artless ways and delight with the many playthings he had provided, he mused upon what he considered the heartless cruelty of a parent who could so ruthlessly abandon one of such tender age and affectionate traits. Putting the boy gently upon the carpet among his

toys, he walked up and down the room in much agitation for a considerable time. Then he stooped to caress him, and, after many similar overtures of affection to assure an assent, he asked him if he would like him to be his papa. The boy nodded his head emphatically, kissed him without being bidden, and soon got him as much interested as himself in a woolly effigy of a dog that would bark when it was squeezed.

After the child had been put to bed by one of the chambermaids, Mr. Seacombe sat in an easy chair far into the night, smoking and deep in thought; and when he rose to retire, he muttered to himself:

“Before the little chap shall be restored to a parent who abandoned him to the mercy of strangers, if he did not succeed in killing himself by falling out of the train, I’ll——”

But the conclusion of the sentence, whatever it was, he did not utter.

The next morning, when the police sergeant enquired at the hotel for Mr. Seacombe, he was told that that gentleman had left the city on an early train, and had taken the child with him.

III.

Several years had elapsed, when an American family, living in a fashionable suburb of Toronto, received as their guests a wealthy compatriot and his young son. A few days after their arrival, the head of the household accompanied his guests in his carriage on a drive through the city, for the purpose of seeing the sights. Naming every public institution as it was passed, he at last indicated the Lunatic Asylum, saying that he was acquainted with the medical superintendent, and that, if his friend cared to go through the building, they would do so. His friend assented, and they alighted from the carriage and were shown through the various wards.

Pausing at a door, the superintendent said:

“In this ward we have a very pathetic case. A woman, who was brought here a few years ago, violently insane, and for a time unrestrainable, is now in appearance a study of subdued melancholy that an artist, capable of reproducing her on canvas, would give his left hand to behold. She hasn’t spoken a word for over a year; looks utterly dejected; recognizes nobody: her mind is an inanity; won’t eat unless she’s forced to. Don’t know exactly what the trouble was—something to do with a child, I fancy, as that was the burden of her ravings when she came in. Nobody comes to visit her, and nobody could be found who knows anything about her. Don’t even know her name. She was picked up somewhere on the railroad, but I forget where. She had quite a large sum of money on her person and was well dressed when she became an inmate. She seems, from my observation, to be well bred, as though she came of a respectable, if not well-to-do, family. Don’t speak to her, as she will try to hide from us.”

With that, he opened the door, and there before them stood the subject of the sketch. Stood, did I say? That is scarcely the word to describe her attitude. She seemed fixed to the spot, like a marble statue; but her features, unlike those of a statue and altogether different from the superintendent’s description of them, expressed a variety of emotions in rapid succession. At first there was an unmistakable look of surprise on her face, then sorrow, which instantly changed to intelligence—to recognition of somebody—to unbounded rapture.

The superintendent was dumbfounded, and his visitors were not a little perplexed at seeing in her mien something so contrary to what they had been told to anticipate. Evidently the troubled dream of years was being dispelled from her mind and she was quickly regaining her natural condition. What could have caused this apparent unaccountable metamorphosis?

There are well-authenticated cases of persons having lost their reason owing to some domestic calamity, whose minds have been recalled to a normal condition by hearing a favorite tune or seeing a familiar face. The result in this instance is no more extraordinary than that of many others of a similar nature. Temperamental and other constitutional influences would doubtless affect the patient and largely determine the possibility of a cure by such means. But the fact rather than the rationale of the phenomenon is what chiefly concerns this narrative. So to the story :

Before anyone was aware that the supposed lunatic was no longer eligible to remain where she was, the woman, with a cry of joy, had darted forward, thrown her arms about the boy's neck and burst into hysterical sobs.

While this affecting scene was being enacted, Mr. Seacombe, for it was he, was struck with something in the woman's countenance that seemed very familiar to him and awakened in his own mind memories of a pathetic past, of what was the cause of his celibacy. He was reminded of the face of one whom he had met and loved as a young man while on his first visit to Canada. That he had left the country before he had the courage to make a proposal of marriage to her had been to him ever since a source of regret. Had they met again at last? And was the resemblance which the boy bore to his mother the reason why he had become so strangely and so fondly attached to him?

"Are you my mother who left me on the train?" the boy asked in reproachful tones, when she released him from that affectionate embrace to gratify her sight with another look at his face.

"Don't speak so reproachfully to me, my darling. I feel that I am hardly myself at present. Something terrible has happened to me which I cannot recall. Give me time to collect my thoughts, and I will—. But where am I, and who is this gentleman? Mr.

Seacombe!" she exclaimed, recognizing him before he could speak. "Pray excuse me, I am utterly bewildered, and know not what these unusual appearances mean. Surely, surely, I have not been——"

She had guessed the truth from her surroundings, but could not say the word most significant of it. While her feelings found vent in a fresh outburst of tears, Mr. Seacombe took her by the hand, and said that although he had the pleasure of recognizing her, he had not the privilege of addressing her by the name which she had acquired by marriage since they had last met. Then, turning to the superintendent, he whispered a question into his ear, to which that gentleman replied :

"Certainly, certainly, This is no time for formalities; we will comply with those later."

When the carriage left the asylum it contained one more occupant than when it stopped at the door, and that was Mrs. Palgrave, the boy's mother.

On the way back an exchange of confidences took place between her and her former lover, whose demeanor towards her seemed to imply that his heart was still true to its first attachment, and that love had in no wise diminished by absence, lapse of time or altered circumstances. He confessed to having kidnapped the young boy to prevent his being restored to a parent, who, he had supposed, had put him on the train and there left him to his fate; while she, recollecting first one fragment and then another by the association of circumstances, described the unfortunate episode which had well nigh cost her life as it had for some years her reason.

Here Mr. Seacombe's host interposed to press Mrs. Palgrave to make his house her home, to which offer she assented, saying she would gratefully accept his kind hospitality until she could make other arrangements.

A few days later, after they had renewed their former intimacy and Mr.

Seacombe had learned that his friend was a widow, they were together talking in private about the future of young Harry Palgrave (but his adopted father would have it to be Seacombe, and the boy himself held to that side of the contention), Harry left the room to order the carriage for three o'clock that afternoon. While he was away, other conversation of a private nature ensued, and, as a result of it, he returned to find them looking very happy, and to be informed that not only was his mother now willing that he should retain the name of his adopted father, but that she, too, had consented to change her own name to

that by which her son had been known for some time. Harry was delighted to hear this, but he did not infer all that it meant until he had disseminated the news among the other members of the household, and had it interpreted to him by the exclamatory comments with which it was received.

The few spectators of the nuptials of Mr. Seacombe and Mrs. Palgrave in St. James' Cathedral, which took place as soon afterwards as the ceremony could be lawfully performed, little knew that they beheld the sequel to a romance in real life, the like of which is rarely heard of even in fiction.

THE BIRDS' LULLABY.

I.

SING to us, cedars ; the twilight is creeping
 With shadowy garments, the wilderness through ;
 All day we have carolled, and now would be sleeping,
 So echo the anthems we warbled to you ;
 While we swing, swing,
 And your branches sing,
 And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

II.

Sing to us, cedars ; the night wind is sighing,
 Is wooing, is pleading to hear you reply ;
 And here in your arms we are restfully lying,
 And longing to dream to your soft lullaby ;
 While we swing, swing,
 And your branches sing,
 And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

III.

Sing to us, cedars ; your voice is so lowly,
 Your breathing so fragrant, your branches so strong ;
 Our little nest-cradles are swaying so slowly,
 While zephyrs are breathing their slumberous song.
 And we swing, swing,
 While your branches sing,
 And we drowse to your dreamy whispering

—E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

“WHICH IS IT?”

BY EDWARD J. TOKER.

“So you have no love for Mr. Mellicourt, Fanny. Are you sure you will not regret some day that you have dismissed him? I thought you were learning to like him, and you seem to me so well suited to each other.”

“And I do like him very much, Ellen, but I cannot love him like—like that. He is as light-hearted and thoughtless as myself, and I have looked upon him as a pleasant companion, but nothing more. I have been so accustomed to look up to you and depend upon you, that I must have someone to lean on, so until *he* comes, if ever he does, you will still be plagued with your giddy Fanny.”

“Well, perhaps you are right, and I would not on any account see you married to a man you did not love with all your heart. You were quite right to refuse him, but our father will be disappointed, for he has been hoping for this match, which certainly would be a good one in many respects.”

“Poor papa; so he was in a hurry to get rid of me, too.”

“You know, dear child, he will miss you sadly whenever the day comes for you to leave us. The great advantage of your marriage with Mr. Mellicourt in his eyes was that you would still be near us. He feels that he must lose his darling at some time, and he dreads your being taken far away from him.”

“You have both spoilt me so, Ellen, that I am in no hurry to quit you. I am so happy in this dear old house, and so much loved, that I cannot hope any change would be for the better. When you marry and desert me, then indeed I may think of following your example.”

Mr. Medhurst had been left a widower with two young daughters, and ever

since the death of his dearly-loved wife he had lived a retired, almost secluded, life at his pleasant residence, The Maples, close to a small suburban village. Of a naturally studious, thoughtful turn of mind, the loss of his wife, whom he had married late in life and loved with a deep affection that had never been frittered away in passing flirtations, rendered him more averse even than previously from general society. Neither did he feel that he had much in common with his neighbors, either the hardworking farmers of the locality or the rich city merchants whose residences were to be found in this convenient and attractive spot. Immediately after his bereavement, a widowed sister had taken up her residence at The Maples, and for some years had efficiently cared for his children and conducted his household. But when she died in her turn, Mr. Medhurst looked out for no one to fill her place: his eldest daughter, Ellen, who though only fourteen was singularly sedate and thoughtful for her age, assumed much of the responsibility. Especially did she constitute herself the guardian, the playmate and protector in one, of her younger sister. She had been old enough to be deeply impressed by her mother's death-bed charge to her to watch over the helpless babe then lying in its cradle. Mrs. Medhurst had obtained some insight into her character even at that early age, and drew much comfort from the thought that she was relying upon one who deserved such confidence. Nobly Ellen redeemed her pledge: though there was only five years' difference between the sisters, she almost filled the place of a mother to Fanny. It was to Ellen that the little one turned naturally

for comfort in her childish troubles, for aid in her childish difficulties. And as years passed on, the same close tie still continued between them; it was Ellen who thought for both, who advised and guided and petted, while Fanny seemed delighted to have it so. The few who knew them found it difficult to decide which was most charming, the protecting, thoughtful love of the elder sister, or the clinging affection of the younger. Their position relative to each other, strengthened certain natural traits in their character and increased the dissimilarity between them: Ellen, who inherited her father's thoughtful habits and reticent depth of feeling, was rendered still more sedate and self controlled, while Fanny, endowed with the bright, merry disposition of her mother, retained the playful gaiety of a child.

Their home circle had comprised their society almost entirely. There was their clergyman, an elderly widower, without children; their doctor, with a meek, colorless little wife, and one or two others whom they saw occasionally; but friends or intimate acquaintances they had absolutely none; yet they lived perfectly contented with their own society.

The first thing to cause a break in this quiet life was the return home of the son of one of their nearest neighbors, Mr. Mellicourt, a very wealthy merchant from the neighboring city. George Mellicourt had hitherto been little at home, his university education having been followed by a prolonged tour in Europe. Now he took a position in his father's firm, and settled down as a resident. Before long a chance introduction to the Medhursts led to a visit, which was repeated, and the intervals between his calls grew shorter till he was a constant guest at The Maples. There had been no lack of hospitality in Mr. Medhurst's disinclination for society. It was rather a shrinking from making new acquaintances, and a feeling that his own quiet family circle was

more to his taste, that had been his motive. So he received George Mellicourt civilly enough at first, and soon with cordialty as he became accustomed, and took a liking to the gay cheerfulness and unaffected good humor of his young companion. Soon there was another reason for his satisfaction with this new acquaintance. There was plainly a motive for Mellicourt's frequent visits from which results might spring that he looked forward to with growing pleasure.

Fanny had now reached her seventeenth year, and certainly she presented a sufficient motive for any number of neighborly calls from a man of George Mellicourt's age. Highly as she was prized by her loving relations, he was no whit behind them in his appreciation of her, and it soon became evident that he longed to take from them their treasure. It was not only her beauty, undeniable as that was, nor her gay vivacity and brightness of disposition, which was even more characteristic; but the great charm in her to one who, though few years older than herself, had spent those years in the gay society of more than one European capital, was the pure, spotless innocence, the freshness of mind, which the mode of her life had left with all the bloom untouched.

He could see that she liked him, but the very transparency of her mind was deceptive, and it had been long before he had ventured to try whether this liking was in reality the love that would make her his. As we have seen, her heart had not yet been stirred, and he was unsuccessful in his appeal to her. If her father and even her sister would gladly have had it otherwise, they certainly did not think fit to attempt to influence her against her inclinations; so, George Mellicourt, finding they looked upon her decision as final, accepted his fate and held aloof from The Maples, where he would be continually reminded of the happiness he had missed when he thought it within his grasp.

Now that their uneventful, peaceful life had been broken in upon, it seemed that they were not fated to regain their old quietude. That autumn the clergyman died suddenly, and his successor was anxiously expected. In that small community the clergyman was a person of considerable importance. He did not keep his expectant parishioners long in suspense, for early in the next week the news spread that Mr. Tyndall, the new clergyman, had arrived at the parsonage. There was an unusually large and unusually attentive congregation in the church on the following Sunday.

The new comer made a decidedly favorable impression. Very different from the dull, heavy discourse and almost inarticulate murmurings of the late clergyman were the plain but pointed sermon and impressive delivery of the present incumbent.

“I like the look of the new clergyman, don’t you, Ellen?” said Fanny Medhurst as they walked away from the church. “I am sure from his face that he is as kind and good-hearted as our dear old friend was, and he seems clever as well.”

“What struck me most was his intense earnestness,” rejoined her sister. “He not only appears to feel deeply every word he utters, but to strive with heart and soul to impress the truth upon his hearers. He may do great good in the parish, and we are fortunate in getting such a clergyman.”

“We must persuade papa to go and call upon him to-morrow,” said Fanny. “I dare say he will find him an agreeable companion, and that he so seldom meets with here. Poor papa, he is so fastidious; but this Mr. Tyndall seems both a gentleman and a clever man.”

The visit was paid, and Mr. Tyndall returned it in due form, but for a time the intercourse between them remained on this ceremonious footing, Mr. Tyndall, at all events, seeming little anxious to push it forward in spite of their friendly overtures.

It was not because he did not appreciate the privilege offered to him. Mr. Tyndall was afflicted with an inveterate shyness, an innate nervous temperament, which he was unable to subdue in spite of his great mental powers. He positively dreaded making new acquaintances, and could not assert himself even with the few old ones he had. At the English college where he had taken high honors this idiosyncrasy had barred him from making friends among his contemporaries, though it did not prevent him from gaining the esteem and goodwill of many. University life brings men too closely in contact, and gives them too many opportunities of judging each other, for the most retiring book-worm to escape the observation and due valuation of his compeers. Those with whom at intervals he was positively forced by circumstances to hold some passing intercourse, reported that Robert Tyndall, besides being one of the cleverest men of his year, of which they were all convinced, was also good-natured and obliging, and would be an agreeable companion enough if he would only get rid of his absurd diffidence and *gaucherie*, and as to the sterling worth of his character, there was no doubt of that among the acute young observers by whom he was surrounded.

After taking his degree he entered into orders, but instead of looking out for a curacy he remained at his university as a private tutor. It was noticed that he betrayed little of his usual want of self-confidence while imparting instruction, which he did with such clearness that he was considered a most successful “coach,” but from any further intimacy with his pupils he shrank as of old. With his books he felt at home, and while acquiring or communicating learning he was engrossed in the pursuit till there was no room left in his mind for thought of self; so he was natural and self-reliant. It was ordinary social intercourse which he could not face with

composure, and three or four years spent in this almost secluded life tended to aggravate this weakness.

After a time, however, he became dissatisfied with himself and his position. Scrupulously conscientious, he felt that this scholastic life was hardly carrying out the high aspirations for his sacred calling with which he had taken holy orders. At this juncture he met a Canadian bishop then visiting England, and was greatly impressed with what he heard of the country. Accordingly, he accompanied the bishop on his return to Canada, where before very long he was appointed to the incumbency of Beavermead, the village near which The Maples was situated.

His parishioners soon discovered the peculiarity of their new pastor: to the cordial hospitality of some of the wealthier farmers, to the respectful but friendly greetings of humbler parishioners, he responded with the stiffness and want of ease caused by his nervous embarrassment. At first they were somewhat disposed to resent this, attributing it to pride or want of interest in his flock, but he could not long remain thus misunderstood; his sweetness of disposition, his goodness of heart, and combined energy and patience in the duties of his office, were too palpable to be overlooked by the densest intellect. So speedily he won their affection, none the less sincere because there was mingled with it a feeling of pity for his morbid nervousness and timidity. One thing they remarked at once with satisfaction, in both his public and private ministrations he lost all embarrassment; the solemnity of the occasion and his earnest zeal in his sacred duties shut out from his mind all thought of self, and left him natural and impressive. With the children, too, both in the Sunday-school and elsewhere, he showed none of the nervous diffidence that marked his intercourse with their parents; the love for them that filled his large heart was plainly visible to them, as it always is,

and the tiniest toddlers of the village approached him fearlessly, sure of meeting with a kind word or smile. How much the mothers were ready to overlook in him on this account need hardly be said.

The Medhursts were not at all inclined to acquiesce in his avoidance of their society, and persistently encouraged him to seek it. Mr. Medhurst positively seemed by comparison with him a confident, assured man of the world, a rare thing with him, and consequently was able to make advances and hold out the hand of good fellowship to draw him on, while his own naturally somewhat retiring disposition, gave him an insight into the other's feelings, which taught him to avoid startling him or evoking his nervous shrinking from social intercourse.

Against such mingled tact and cordiality Mr. Tyndall could not remain proof, and after a time he was more at home at The Maples than he could believe possible with such new acquaintances. Never in his life before had he been on such intimate terms with any lady, not even of his own family, for he had been left an orphan without sisters. At first he had been still more shy than usual with Ellen and Fanny Medhurst, but their natural unaffected simplicity was well calculated to set anyone at ease in their presence, and had its effect upon him, though there still remained a trace of his uneasy, diffident manner while he was in their society.

As months went by it was no longer necessary to put an absolute pressure on him to get him to The Maples, and he became a frequent visitor there of his own accord. They were well pleased at this, for they all liked him enough to feel glad that he could appreciate them in return. That he did so was very evident; Mr. Medhurst's refined, cultivated mind, Ellen's sweet thoughtfulness, and deep, earnest, womanly nature, could not fail to have a charm for such a man. And for Fanny, with her childlike, innocent

gaiety he seemed to have an equal liking; even their playful jests at his expense, and the little tricks she sometimes played him, never aroused his shyness, it was so evidently the sportiveness of a light-hearted girl, venturing on a liberty, because they were too good friends for any misunderstanding, that he could not feel hurt however sensitive, and indeed he seemed more at his ease with her than with anyone beside.

When Mr. Tyndall came to be a constant guest at *The Maples*, his parishioners could not shut their eyes to the phenomenon, and there were many discussions on the subject in the neighborhood. There was naturally one interpretation that occurred to everyone's mind to account for this great change in his habits, and the rumor went round that the parson was looking for a wife; there was less unanimity in fixing upon the lady. Some of the gossips even ventured on a sly allusion to the subject in the presence of the ladies from *The Maples*.

The only symptom he showed of the tender passion imputed to him was a renewed access of shyness; yet the neighbors were right. Love had entered his heart and had brought back all his old diffidence and self-depreciation. What was he that he should aspire to such a treasure as a woman's first, pure love? How could he, a shy, uncouth bookworm, hope to awaken an answering emotion in one so different, so superior to himself? So he argued with perverse self-torture, but for all that he nursed his love as a precious thing, though it would cost him so dear; he let the sweet poison, as he thought it, circulate in his veins, till it pervaded all his being. 'Yet he did not suffer a word or a look to betray his secret'; he even took pains to show equal attention to both sisters that no one might suspect how much more one was to him than the other. His love was to him a sacred thing, to be shrined deep in his heart and profaned by no curious gaze.

One evening he was sitting with them in the garden, having been more absent and awkward in manner than usual, and Fanny in a gay, frolicsome mood, began to plague him, saying she would tease him out of his unsociability. As he began to smile at her chatter, she said: "Now you have come down from the clouds I will ask you a question. Mrs. Blackett told me this afternoon she was sure you came here for one of us, and she wanted to know which it was, but I could not tell her, as I did not know myself. Which is it?"

Her sister's exclamation of—"Oh, Fanny!" in a tone of reproach, made her blush till her face was crimson, for in her gay thoughtlessness she had hardly seen the full meaning of her words till then; and she was utterly abashed. Mr. Tyndall's confusion was at least as great; the embarrassment natural to any man in such a position, his instinctive feeling that his love was a thing to keep secret, and his old morbid shyness now in full force, combined to make a turmoil in his mind. Hardly knowing what he did he stammered out, "For you, of course."

Mr. Medhurst, who had only laughed at Fanny's question, for all she did was right in his eyes, now exclaimed, "Is it so, Tyndall? If my foolish child there is willing, you need have no fears about my consent. What do you say, Fanny?"

She had run to her father when he began to speak, and had hid her glowing face on his shoulder, so now her reply was not heard, for she was able to whisper it in his ear.

Its nature, however, was unmistakable, for Mr. Medhurst placed her hand in Mr. Tyndall's. "I know I give her into good hands," he said, "and you will not take her far away, which I own weighs with me. It would have been a sad trial for me to part with her altogether."

As if in a stupor, Mr. Tyndall spoke no word, but stooping he pressed his lips to her hand; then as she nestled

to his side with a bright look of loving confidence, he kissed her brow and lips. They were all too much occupied to see that Ellen, pressing her hand to her heart, rose slowly and left them. Nor did they miss her for a time, for Mr. Medhurst began speaking of his own courtship and early married days with Fanny's mother, and became quite engrossed in his theme, while the newly-engaged couple sitting together on the sofa, with her hand still in his, seemed contented with each other's presence. Fanny's content, at all events, was obvious, and if her promised husband appeared to be in a dream, she was satisfied that it was of her.

It was not till Mr. Tyndall had risen to take leave that Ellen re-appeared.

"Why, Ellen, where have you been all this time?" asked Fanny.

"My head aches badly, so I went to my own room," she replied, "but I could not let my new brother leave without a word of welcome."

Approaching him she offered her cheek to his caress, as a sister might have done. He blushed painfully as he touched it lightly with his lips. Fanny shyly smiled at this: poor "Robert," as she already called him in her thoughts, was so shy, that he might well show his bashfulness on such an occasion; but as she glanced from his face to her sister's the contrast struck her forcibly.

"How pale and ill you look, Ellen," she exclaimed. "Your headache must be very bad, I am sure. So we will go to bed at once, the rest will do you good."

They certainly went up to Ellen's room as she proposed, but going to bed at once was quite another matter.

As soon as they were alone, Fanny turned her arms lovingly round her sister as she murmured, "Oh, Ellen, I am so happy."

The only answer was a silent but warm caress.

"I love him so dearly," continued Fanny. "I told you I should never

care like that for anyone I could not respect, and look up to and lean upon, and I feel that I can upon him. He is so good and clever, so true and earnest and noble-hearted. I fear that I am not worthy of him; what can he find to love in a giddy, thoughtless girl like me? Oh, Ellen, do you think he *really* loves me?"

"How can you doubt it, dear child; is he not going to take you for his wife?" answered Ellen in a low tone.

"I have hoped he was growing fond of me," said Fanny, "but even now I can hardly realize it. Oh, what could have bewitched me to make me ask him that? I spoke without reflecting, but I am afraid he must think me so bold and unmaidenly."

"He knows you spoke in innocence of heart, and he is not one to cherish hard thoughts, especially of her he loves," whispered Ellen, as she hung over her sister.

"And you like him too, do you not, Ellen? I could not bear to think you were not fond of my husband," murmured Fanny, blushing rosily, as she gave him the title for the first time.

"Yes, I shall soon learn to look upon him as a brother," replied Ellen, speaking the words with difficulty and gasping for breath. "But I cannot bear any more talking to-night; you must really let me go to bed."

"Oh, how selfish I have been," exclaimed Fanny remorsefully. "In my happiness I quite forgot what you were suffering. I will not say another word. Good night, Ellen."

Her sister strained her in her arms. "Good night, Fanny," she said. "I hope you will both be very happy. God bless you, my darling."

As soon as Fanny had left the room Ellen fastened the door, and throwing herself on her bed, gave way to the agony she had kept pent up in her heart till then. She lay there writhing with pain and shame. It was very bitter to know she loved in vain, but still more galling was the thought that she had given her affection un-

sought and unvalued. "Blind fool that I was," she murmured, "how could I hope he would think of me, when there was one so fair and sweet and good ever by my side? My presumptuous conceit has undone me, for if I had not weakly flattered myself that he cared for me, I should never have fallen so low as to love the promised husband of another." She was lowered in her own eyes, and she could find no comfort. In vain she went back mentally through the past, endeavoring to find excuse for her delusion. She had thought that his quiet unobtrusive liking for herself and still timid affection was growing and that his more openly shown partiality for Fauny was the mere friendly feeling and admiration that was due to one so charming; but now she accused herself of pitiful vanity for having so deceived herself.

"It was such a cruelly sudden, unexpected blow," she murmured to herself, and a flood of tears came to her relief. For a time her feelings overpowered her, but she struggled hard to gain control over them, and at length she became more calm. She would not give way to this weak folly, she said to herself: she must learn to look upon their marriage with resignation at least, if she could not with pleasure. Not for worlds would she have had either of them guess what she felt: if they knew all, she would feel ready to die with shame. Not only this, but she must in some degree recover her self-respect, her love for the promised husband of another, and that other her sister, must be crushed at whatever cost to herself. She forced her thoughts to dwell upon their happiness, till she felt that she could sincerely pray that they might find it in their union; then she became more easy in mind, for she had gained one step in the self-conquest on which she was resolved.

While she was engaged in this mental struggle one of those with whom her thoughts were busy was almost

similarly employed. Mr. Tyndall left the house in a kind of stupor caused by contending emotions, which till then he had been obliged to conceal. But when he was fairly out of their presence he was able to collect his scattered thoughts. How bitterly he regretted now the indecision and want of nerve that had led him to give that fatal answer. How false was the position into which he had plunged himself by his folly and weakness. He was the deluded lover of one he looked upon merely as a charming child, while he had denied his affection for her who was all in all to him.

He must explain and confess all the next day: he could not let things remain as they were: he felt himself to be a hypocrite and impostor till this error of his own causing was cleared up. It was a talk from which he shrank; he could not bear even the idea of laying bare his miserable folly to them and meeting their looks of scorn and wonder and disappointment; but he must nerve himself to do it or he would be tied for life to one he did not love.

But suddenly his train of thought changed. Of what use would it be to him to recover his freedom since Ellen did not love him? He had deceived himself, he said, in imagining that he had been gaining an interest in her heart; it was too clear that he was utterly indifferent to her. Had she not welcomed him as a brother—had she not even offered him a sister's kiss? She could not have done this if her liking for him had one trace of the passionate warmth of his love for her; it was proof, he argued, that she regarded him with the utmost coldness. He little thought that there had been the bitterness of death for Ellen in that calm, measured caress; that in her despair she had nerved herself for this token of sisterly affection, to conceal the feelings that were really burning in her breast. With intuitive foresight she had known the argument he would draw from

her act, and at any cost she must dissemble.

Now, another consideration presented itself to his mind. Fanny loved him; had publicly avowed her love for him, in return, as she thought, for his own affection. Could he cause her the shame and disappointment of learning the truth: could he bear to look upon the suffering he would bring, not only to her, but to her friends? It was he who had placed her as well as himself in this false position, and he must bear the burden and not let her be the innocent victim of his wavering mind.

Again came a revulsion of feeling. Would it not be a wrong, a sin even, to take her for his wife, to stand with her at the altar and vow to love her, when he no such feeling for her? But he dismissed this thought, which he felt was only another self-delusive attempt to justify himself in acting according to his own wishes. He had a strong feeling of affection for Fanny, and though hitherto he had only regarded her as a charming, winning girl, still little more than a child, and had felt most drawn to her in her character of the pet sister of one far dearer to him, still he was convinced that with such a tie between them his liking for her would grow into a sincere and heartfelt, though not passionate, love. She must endear herself to him, he said, she was so innocently lovable, so sweet and good, that his heart must learn to cling to her, and the knowledge that her pure affection was lavished upon him, could not fail to kindle an answering warmth in his breast. And as for his hopeless love for Ellen, that he must and would root out, since its indulgence was forbidden to him, and could only bring pain and sorrow to others.

He had gone too far to draw back: that was the fixed conclusion to which he came, and accordingly, falling into the position expected of him, he acted the part of the engaged man without giving any cause for suspicion of the

truth. If there was something strange in his courtship, a want of lover-like eagerness in his manner, a thoughtlessness and even absence of mind that would have been singular in another, it was attributed to his constitutional shyness, and to no coldness. Even Fanny, happy in her love, was quite satisfied with his grave but kind and indulgent manner to her, and when sometimes her affection for him, so frankly and innocently shown, made him yearn toward her and pet her like a child, she thought that she was indeed fortunate to win such regard from him.

Ellen carried out her painful and difficult task nobly: the reticence natural to her depth of character, which would have made it no relief to her, as to one of shallower nature, to pour out her troubles and sorrows into the ear of a sympathizing confidant, enabled her to keep a veil over her sufferings. But if her powers of self-control were great, her feelings were deep and strong in proportion, and sometimes she felt that her burden was more than she could bear. More than once she was obliged to leave them hastily, that in private the irrepressible wail of pain and anguish might burst from her lips without betraying her. But perhaps her hardest task was to keep up a show of sisterly affection for him when her feelings were so widely different.

There was no reason to delay the marriage, no grand preparations to be made, and the quiet wedding took place before long. The intercourse between The Maples and the Parsonage was close and constant, and Ellen, with the sight of her sister's happiness constantly before her, grew resigned to her fate: she was so utterly unselfish that she could rejoice that her loss had been a gain to one she loved so fondly.

Mr. Medhurst, whose health had been failing gradually, lived long enough to be well assured that his

darling was happily settled, long enough even to become a grandfather, and died in perfect content. Ellen was then warmly pressed to make the Rectory her home, but she would not consent to their entreaties, pleading that it was her duty to live at and keep up The Maples, which was now hers. But in the secrecy of her chamber she murmured wearily: "I dare not yet make one of their household: that old feeling is not utterly dead, even now."

From that time she gave herself up almost wholly to the duties she had undertaken in the parish. She was a very sister of charity without the garb; nursing the sick, relieving the poor, and teaching the ignorant, with a patience that seemed unbounded. But nevertheless, she found time to pet the little nephews and nieces who came as years passed by, and the arrival of "Aunt Ellen" at the Parsonage was always greeted with cries of joy.

It was a happy home, that parsonage. Fanny had not given up her old habit of looking up to her husband, and leaning upon him in matters of importance; but, with the tact of a loving woman, she was also able to lead him, and she had done much to cure him of his old painful shyness. And on his side he had learned to value her as she deserved; she had become very dear to him. He had been right in thinking he could uproot his hopeless love, and cherish that which would become his duty; for now his heart was his wife's unreservedly, and his passion for Ellen had been extinguished, though he revered her with a deep, heartfelt reverence, as one above her kind.

Seven years after Mr. Tyndall's arrival at Beavermead the whole village was in great distress. Diphtheria of a virulent type had ravaged house after house, carrying away numerous victims, till there was hardly a family but had lost some member. Ellen had

redoubled her exertions in this crisis, sparing herself no fatigue, and giving no thought to the danger she ran. The doctor had warned her of the certain result if she were not more prudent, but only to meet with the answer that she must do her work, and one day she was struck down. The disease found an easy victim in one so worn with fatigue, and it seemed evident that she was doomed.

Mr. Tyndall was just leaving the side of a sick bed, when the doctor met him and told him that Miss Medhurst wanted to see him.

"This is her last day, I fear," he added, sorrowfully.

He was quickly at the Hall, and by the side of his dying sister-in-law.

"I have persuaded Fanny to go and lie down, Robert, and there is something I wish to say to you," she said, feebly. "You know I am dying?"

He bent his head in assent.

"You remembered the evening you were engaged to Fanny? Till then I had thought that it was me you loved, and the delusion was very sweet to me, for I loved you. It long ago became a sister's love, or I could not speak of it even now. But it used often to make me seem cold to you, so I wished you to know the truth before I die."

"It was no delusion, Ellen; I did love you then," he said, and he told her the whole truth.

Her face grew brighter as she listened.

"There always lurked a glimmering of this in my mind, but I would not own it even to myself, for I knew how Fanny loved you, and I could not rob her of her happiness," she said. "It pleases me to know that my love for you found an answer in your heart and would not have been unvalued. But all has been for the best. I have no regrets now, and I am sure your life with Fanny has been happy. Has it not, Robert?"

"Yes," he replied. "I could not nourish a love which had become

wrong, for one so pure as you ; and Fanny, as my wife, could not but find a place in my heart. I have indeed been happy."

"I am glad we have spoken of this," she said, with a look of satisfaction ; "but do not repeat it to Fanny, for it would trouble her tender heart. And now call her, for my time is growing very short, and I would have those I love near me."

But Ellen did not die. At the last moment a sudden change for the better set in, and she was saved seemingly from the very jaws of death. When she had recovered sufficiently for her mind to dwell upon the past, she

thought uneasily of her supposed death-bed revelation. But soon she grew reconciled to the idea, and was even glad that Robert knew the truth, though she would not have told him had she not believed herself at the point of death. Each knew that the other was happy in an affection which had become that of brother and sister and in the knowledge of the happiness of her they both loved. They never spoke again of that revelation, but kept the secret locked up in their own hearts.

Fanny never knew the truth, and could not have suspected it as she beheld Ellen's face with its look of serene content.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

FAIR Celia young Cupid derided,
For loss, she averred, of his art ;
His arrows all missed, or quick glided
Away from her joyous young heart.

Then Love from his quiver selected
A bolt of most exquisite fashion ;
It rare missed, or was ever deflected,
For 'twas feathered, he said, with compassion.

He adjusted and drew it quite duly ;
Then aiming, quit free this wonderful shaft,
When it sped, all silent, but truly :
Then in triumph the little God laughed.

And the maid mocks the archer no more,
But a prey to both transports and fears,
Her boasting and laughter are o'er—
Love's wounds are now nourished with tears.

Milton, Ont.

S. P. MORSE.

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THE NATIONAL STATE.

BY CHARLES A. STUART.

It has become customary, in every discussion of the political future of the Dominion of Canada, to assume that one of three distinct paths must be taken. It is generally declared that we must have either Annexation, or Independence, or Imperial Federation. These proposals are assumed to be mutually exclusive, yet they will be found, upon closer examination, to have one fundamental idea in common. It is an idea which not only is receiving more wide-spread attention among the masses of mankind than ever before, but dominates entirely the theoretical discussions, the whole political science of the present day. It is the idea of the nation, and the national state. Are we to form part of a world-wide British *nation*; are we to become absorbed in the American *nation*; or are we to build up a new Canadian *nation* of our own? Such is the language invariably used in stating the problem of our political future. It might possibly serve to clear the way for a satisfactory discussion of what our policy should be, if this idea of the national state were examined a little more closely,—if its origin were investigated, and its exact position in universal history recalled.

A study of the history of political science will show that the political theories of a given epoch are the pro-

duct of the political facts of the few preceding centuries, and that any particular theory of the State will retain its hold upon the minds of political thinkers long after the facts upon which it rests have disappeared and have given place to others, which, in their turn, are far on the way towards the evolution of another theory to correspond with them.

The history of political science begins in the islands and peninsulas of the Aegean Sea. From the earliest times the cities of Greece lived independently of one another. No political bond was ever formed to establish and maintain the unity of Greece. In spite of common religious festivals, and a code of rules by which the various States were supposed to be governed in their relations with one another, each city acted entirely in its own interest, without other restraint than the fear of the military strength of its neighbors. Such being the *facts* of Grecian history, the philosophers, the political scientists of the time, when they came to discuss the theory of government, confined themselves entirely to the *polis* or the City-State. No other conception of political conditions ever entered their minds, for the simple reason that no other conditions had been known in the preceding centuries of Grecian history.

The highest ideal that Plato, the king of philosophers, could conceive was the united and self-sufficing *city*. But even in his time, the facts of history had begun to change,—the germs of new conditions had begun to appear; and before the time of his great successor, the cities of Greece had come under the dominating influence of Macedonia; they had lost their ancient independence, and formed but a small part of the *Empire* of Alexander. When the *Politics* of Aristotle was being written, the city of Rome had spread her power over central Italy, and had laid the firm foundation of her universal dominion.

That dominion was at length established, and the world was ruled for many centuries from its centre on the Seven Hills. The *facts* of Grecian history had passed away, and slowly, reluctantly, but inevitably, the *theory* of the City-State had followed them. The Roman Empire had now become the one great fact of human history. That fact produced its corresponding theory in the science of politics. All the political thought of the middle ages was pervaded with a belief in universal empire. It was the ideal of the noblest spirits of the times. It was the dream of popes and emperors, of poets and philosophers. But the stern *facts* of history had long been changed. Long before Dante wrote his *De Monarchia*, the great fact of universal empire had disappeared, and at the date of its publication, new conditions, entirely inconceivable to the mediæval philosopher, were beginning to arise. The inhabitants of England had asserted their independence of either claimant to universal empire,—of either emperor or pope. They had become assimilated and differentiated; a new race with a new language had begun its career; Englishmen had become a distinct and independent *nation*. Across the channel, Philip the Fair had triumphed over aggressive Papacy without, and

turbulent nobles within; Frenchmen, with their own language and their own race characteristics, had also become a *nation*. In the mountains of Castile, the germs of the Spanish *nation* were rapidly developing,—a nation which came quickly to maturity, and was the first to startle the world with the vastness of its power. Yet, while *facts* were thus moving irresistibly onward under the guidance of a Wisdom higher than that of man, the political *theorists*, still living in the past, were basing their ideas of government upon the worn-out conception of universal monarchy. It needed the shocks and storms of the Reformation and of the Thirty Years' War to awaken in them the realization that the old state of things had passed away. The great fact of modern history, the existence of a number of independent *national* States, struggling with each other, much like the cities of Greece before Rome arose across the Adriatic and enveloped them with her absorbing power, at last presented itself clearly and unmistakably to the minds of men.

For four hundred years that fact has been before us. We have seen Britain leading the world in commerce, in colonization, and methods of practical government; and we have admired the splendid literature of an Elizabethan or a Victorian age. We have seen France rising at one time to be the arbiter of Europe, and threatening to renew at Versailles the universal monarchy of Rome; we have seen her falling into the lowest depths of corruption and disgrace; and then, after one dark and despairing struggle with herself, in which she seemed the very soul of humanity in conflict with long centuries of its accumulated wrong, we have seen her stand forth the victor, the leader of the world in passionate devotion to the ideal, the most ardent champion of the great principles of human brotherhood and freedom. We have seen another nation, rude and half-civilized, half

European, half Asiatic, rising on the eastern border to threaten western Europe much like another Macedonia. We have sympathized with Germany and Italy, the homes of the two rival and lingering claimants to universal empire, as they struggled upward towards the attainment of the modern ideal of *national* unity; and we have placed Bismarck and Cavour among the greatest benefactors of mankind. We have seen the birth on this side of the Atlantic of a new *nation* far surpassing in extent of territory and rapidity of development the little countries of continental Europe; and we have seen their *national* unity maintained by a gigantic war in which the preservation of the *nation* aroused greater enthusiasm than the liberation of the slave.

Such are the historical *facts* which we have seen for the past four centuries; and these facts have, as usual, produced their corresponding theory in political science. That theory, moreover, has, as usual, become an ideal for future political action. The political science of the present day is based entirely upon the conception of a "National State"; and as far as purely scientific discussion is concerned, there is in this no reason whatever for complaint. Political science is not one of the exact sciences. It must be based upon the phenomena of history, if it is to exist at all; when the phenomena of history change, it must follow them, though obviously at a considerable distance. But when a scientific theory, based upon past or passing phenomena, is set up as an ideal to be attained by future political action, there is then surely grave reason to object. History shows, as we have seen, that ideals based upon the facts of the past, have always failed of realization. Grecian philosophers might write, and Grecian patriots might struggle, as they would, for the preservation of the City-State, but far other purposes were to be achieved in the destinies of mankind.

The Roman Empire came and rudely thrust their theorizing and their ideals aside. A Charlemagne, an Otho, or a Barbarossa, a Gregory, an Innocent, or a Boniface, might strive as he would to retain the universal Empire of Rome, in its political or ecclesiastical form, but they were all opposing the irresistible undercurrent of events. Their very mutual contentions gave the *nations* an opportunity to form; and when the time was ripe, those nations stood forth, and burst the fetters of universal monarchy, whether political or spiritual, asunder.

We have now had our system of independent National States for four hundred years, and we are again basing our ideals for the future upon the experience of the past. The development of a new and distinct nationality, or the reunion of scattered branches of the same race into one National State, has everywhere become the great aim of statesmen and patriots. The Greek and the Bulgarian are each longing for national unity and independence. The Slav is said to dream of Pan-Slavism,—the German of Pan-Germanism. The Hungarian and the Czech are urging with eagerness the claims of their respective races to corporate recognition. In Ireland there is a National party, which has been at least suspected of cherishing a desire for *national* independence. The patriots of the United States are struggling with the problem, "How shall we assimilate the African, the Chinese, the German, the Frenchman, the Italian, etc., and produce one distinct 'American nationality'?" Some French-Canadians are said to dream of the establishment of a French-Canadian "*national*" State in the valley of the St. Lawrence. Some British-Canadians are striving to have a share in the institution of a British *nation*, with scattered divisions in all quarters of the globe. Some native Canadians venture to hope for the evolution of a distinct and independent Canadian *nation*, that shall rule the earth from

the lakes to the Polar Sea. They are all drawing their ideals from the facts of the past, and there is surely great reason to enquire whether, like their predecessors who did the same in previous ages, *they will not all be disappointed.*

One might reach such a conclusion merely from a consideration of the fate which has awaited ideals similarly founded in the past. But it is desirable, and may be possible, to discover why the system of national States should be no farther developed, and what conditions are to arise to take its place.

In political institutions, as in nature, there are two tendencies which seem antagonistic, but which are, nevertheless, capable of reconciliation. There is the tendency to unity and the tendency to diversity. In nature, their reconciliation is complete, and this is the true secret of her charm. In man, however, who is a moral being, such a reconciliation can only be attained by incessant struggle and conflict, by long centuries of striving and seeming failure. Man loves unity, and he loves diversity. In other words, he loves law and he loves freedom, because both are necessary to the completest development of his being. On the other hand, he hates despotism, and he hates anarchy; for each alike leads to stagnation and inevitable death. He is weak and imperfect. In his strivings after the ideal, he runs now to one extreme, now to another. Yet the main result has been permanent, substantial progress. In Greece, the tendency to diversity prevailed. Each city tenaciously maintained, if it could, its independence of the rest. The City-State became the ideal State. But the tendency, of course, went to extremes, and produced dissension and decay. The evil, nevertheless, brought its own cure. In the struggle of city with city, the strongest survived,—rose to empire and ruled the rest. Instead of Grecian diversity, we now have Roman unity. An universal em-

pire became the ideal State. This, too, in turn was carried to extremes. Excessive unity brought stagnation and decline. Yet as before, the excess of evil wrought its own cure. The desperate strivings of the Papacy and the Holy Roman Empire, for universal dominion, and their vain struggles with each other during the middle ages, left the nations free to develop individual strength; and when they were formed, the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War overturned both Empire and Papacy together. Instead of Roman unity, we now have European national diversity. The National State has become our ideal State. We are little wiser than our forefathers, and there is reason to fear that we, too, are going to extremes. We have swung far round in the direction of diversity. Everywhere, as we have seen, vigorous efforts are being made to establish or maintain a national individuality. There is danger here, because in the struggle, economic or military, of modern nation with nation, as in that of ancient city with city, the strongest only will survive and rule. Excessive national individuality means excessive diversity and the ultimate triumph of force. Across the sea from Greece a great Republic arose, whose people were intensely patriotic, and thoroughly believed in their own high destiny. That Republic conquered and ruled the world, and became an Empire through the force of economic conditions. Across the sea from Europe there has arisen another great Republic, whose people are intensely patriotic, and believe as thoroughly in their own high and peculiar destiny, and in which the centralization of wealth is going on as rapidly as it did in Rome. If that Republic included the whole Northern continent,—if all the inhabitants of North America were assimilated to each other, and differentiated from the nations of Europe,—if, in a word, national individuality were here carried to a far extreme, we have a

plain lesson in history to show what the result would be in the destinies of the world. In the excess of diversity and national individuality, the strongest will inevitably survive and rule; and unity, which man loves as well as he loves diversity, could then be reached again only by another universal Empire—by the Empire of the strongest,—by the Empire of America. To show that these are no idle fears, let us hear the words of an European historical and political thinker, Ernest Lavisse, professor at the Sorbonne. In concluding a sketch of the political history of Europe, he says:—"Let us now consider the position of Europe in the universe. A century ago she was the only historical entity. Today there is a second. The most important results of the discoveries of the fifteenth century are now beginning to appear. America is no longer a dependency of the Old World. A series of revolutions has transformed the colonies into independent States. Like Europe, America is filled with nations. We say 'Europe' to designate a sort of political community. The Americans say 'America' with the same intention. America is conscious of the contrast she forms with political and military Europe, and she is proud of it. This very contrast gives a sort of unity. It permits bold spirits to speak of *Pan-Americanism*.

"The relations between the Old World and the New are not necessarily peaceful. Down to the present the latter has had no foreign policy; still the Monroe doctrine, 'America for the Americans,' is a policy. If it is ever applied to the islands of America (premonitory signs of this are not wanting), it will cause a conflict between the two worlds.

"American civilization is pacific. All these new nations grow and multiply in the midst of peace. Peace is their vocation; but, as if it were contrary to the eternal order of things, the United States are beginning to use their treasury surplus for the

construction of war vessels. Armaments are ruining Europe, while American wealth is producing armaments."

But the danger is not as great as might at first sight appear. There is progress in human events, and not retrogression. Good has been before, and will be again, "the final goal of ill." The exaggeration of Grecian diversity and of Roman unity actually aided, as we have seen, in the accomplishment of better things. So the exaggeration of modern national diversity can be seen to aid in the realization of a higher and better unity than the world has ever known before. The very strivings of the races of Eastern Europe to secure national recognition has produced an European concert, which, along with the international character of European industry, will probably produce an European Federation. The very efforts of Irishmen to maintain their national rights have led to a policy on the part of the English Liberals of which the only logical result can be Federation, and a truer union than could otherwise be secured. The endeavors of Imperial Federationists to preserve the unity of the British nation, however much some of us may object to their proposals, must be considered by all who attempt to make an impartial estimate of the probable result of present tendencies, as one very strong force at work to keep together, in some Federal form, the various English-speaking communities. The very tenacity with which European, African, and Asiatic races in America are clinging to their national individuality may prevent the evolution of a new and distinctive American race, so numerous, so wealthy, so transcendently powerful, as to become, in spite of themselves, by the mere force of their own expansive energy, the rulers of the world. The people of the United States were more truly a distinct and assimilated nation in 1820 than they have been since, or than they are now.

What wondrous future may be reserved to America, in her political relations with the outer world, it would be rash for us, with any certainty, to affirm. But speculation is not wholly vain, and this much seems certain: it is difficult to conceive what good would result to humanity by the formation of a new nation in America *in the sense in which we speak of the nations of Europe*. It is easy to see how it might work incalculable harm. There is diversity enough among the races now; and there is little danger that that diversity will disappear. It is time we veered round again towards unity,—not to uniformity,—but to that truer unity which preserves diversity. The people of the United States believe firmly in the grandeur of their destiny; and so do we all. But it may be possible that a destiny far more glorious than, by building their ideals upon the facts of the past, they have yet been able to conceive,—an ideal of character far higher than a narrow and exclusive one—may be in store for them. It may be that the highest type of manhood to be evolved in America will not be termed an American, but simply a MAN. If a qualifying epithet were at all necessary, it should be “Columbian,” which would not emphasize the diversity of races, but their *unity in diversity*. Is it not, indeed, a fact of deep significance that to that victorious party in the United States, which is moving towards free trade, which has within its ranks all those who believe in complete free trade, and are, therefore, essentially cosmopolitan in their economic doctrines—to that party the vast majority of the foreign-born population instinctively adhere? These considerations lead one to think that the United States, placed in the centre of the Ocean, may not be intended to be the special home of a new race, but rather the common meeting-ground of all nations of the earth, where, with that toleration of diversity which nature and history show

is the only sure ground of truest unity, they may come together without forgetting or despising their noble origin, emulate each other, and each work for the others' good. That may be the real solution of the Chinese problem, of the Negro problem, and of the French-Canadian problem, too.

And what of our own country? Here, too, the striving for a distinct united and independent nationality is working in the common cause. It is one force at work to prevent that excessive uniformity within North America, which would in the end be disastrous and deadening to all vigorous life, as well as that excessive divergence without, between America and the other continents, which would bring disagreement and war and inevitable conquest. Our efforts to establish a Canadian nationality will succeed only so far as they subserve the deeper purposes of Providence. There is no need of a new Canadian race any more than there is need of a new American race. The geographical features of Europe which produced the European races have no counterpart in the geography of America; and we may be sure, therefore, that racial differences and animosities such as they have been in Europe, will not be reproduced here. But there is need and pressing need of one thing, and that is, a closer unity in the political relations of mankind. No one will say that it is not desirable. No one will refuse to confess a silent hope, however small, that such a union may sometime be secured. To such an end, then, is there not need of some political bond between North America and the continents on either side? Even if its accomplishment be not possible for several centuries, the germs of that great event, according to all the teaching of history, should be already discernible. And where can those germs be found if not in the Dominion of Canada and her peculiar connection with both Europe and America? Many of us wonder what possible purpose

Canada can serve in the world. If we assume, as the basis of our political thought, the nation, with its proud exclusiveness, its inevitable antagonisms and animosities, then truly such a purpose is difficult to find. Five millions against sixty-five, with the so-called traitors in the camp and the frontier of three thousand miles to defend, would not be a nation very long. But if we go behind the idea of the nation, whether thinking of Canada or the United States, if we place the nation in its proper place as but one phase in the progress of the world, if we take our stand upon more enduring ground, upon the principles, for instance, of that constitution which declares that all men are born free and equal, free to emigrate whither they will, equal potentially if not actually, after they get there, or, if you please, upon the simple teachings of the Man of Nazareth, then, as for the United States, her true destiny is not so deeply obscured. The Colossus by our side loses both its terror and its charm. The Republic no longer seems in danger of denying the splendid promise of her youth, or of becoming a mere strutting aristocrat among the nations, and saying "Stand off, I am better than thou." She continues to be more and more the hospitable host, the guide, uplifter and friend of those peoples whose lot has been cast in less propitious times and places. She loses the desire and the need to absorb, destroy or ostracize. If this be not so, then America has been discovered in vain. As for Canada, if we give up the idea of independent nationality and turn to the future, not to the past, for our ideals, then surely our own pathway becomes also a little clearer. Then Canada no longer seems like

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

We can then discern some reason for her political existence. Our anachronous efforts to be a nation,

fruitless though they be as far as our own purpose is concerned, serve yet an end which is infinitely better, the maintenance of political connection between Europe and America. Is not that a far higher destiny? Is it not the application to national ethics of the essential principle of Christian life, to live not for self, for our own glory or power, but for those around us, to repress our own individuality for the general good, in order that those long estranged may be allied and reconciled once more? In what other way, indeed, can any possible meaning be attached to the facts of Canadian history, to a century of constitutional growth and development? They are otherwise absolutely meaningless, fantastic and absurd. But assume, as we may, as indeed we are bound to assume, the approach, sooner or later, of closer political relations between Europe and America, and then there is some meaning in our past. The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Halifax to Vancouver, from the peninsulas that stretch out towards Europe to the island in the west that looks towards Australia and India, a railway which is commanding the sympathy and support of the commercial forces of New England and the North-Western States, seems then to be neither an accident nor a mistake. It becomes one of the most decisive events in the history of North America and the world. Ever since the discovery of America the St. Lawrence Valley has been a centre of political power. Geography declared that it should be so, and the present tendencies of commerce and of political feeling indicate that it shall continue to be so. And yet it is a political power in necessary alliance with Europe, nay, with a portion of mediæval Europe at its very doors. This of course has often been made a subject of reproach, and philo-Americans have sneered at Canada for being "part of Europe." But he who sneers at Europe can have no conception of

the true glories of America ; he who despises the past should not presume to prophesy about the future. Why should we be ashamed, indeed, of being " a part of Europe ?" Europe has been for ages the centre of human history ; she still is, as she will long continue to be, the richest repository of human experience. To the struggles of great Europeans, in darker hours than America has ever known, we owe the institutions which we now enjoy. Europe handed the torch of civilization to America, and has a right to expect that America will not turn from her but rather stand by her side and fan that torch to a still higher flame. It is to Canada's honor that she is still connected with Europe, that she clings with fondness to all the Past, while also reaching out to share the blessings of the Future, that she forms the strongest political tie that binds the Old World to the New. And why should that tie be destroyed ? Why should it not rather be strengthened ? Political ties are not so easily formed that they should be lightly broken.

The sharp distinction hitherto drawn between the Old World and the New no longer exists. There is an indestructible unity in Aryan civilization. Though at certain times that unity

seems to be breaking up, there is a mighty Power silently at work to draw the various races once more together. That Power is at work to-day. The highest aspirations of the race, irresistible forces of the economic world, both point to closer unity among all nations of the earth. There is no need to conjecture what new forms of government will appear. They will be established gradually by the application to each difficulty as it arises, of the principles of expediency. The artificial division at the forty-ninth parallel will do doubt disappear, but the movement may not be in the direction generally supposed. Upon that tremendous flood of humanity which stretches away to the south many storms must be expected to arise. It is not beyond the range of possibility that some shattered ship of state should seek a refuge in the quieter havens of the north. The breach of 1776 would then be healed by those who caused it. If the union of the Anglo-Saxon people, not on one continent merely, but on all continents, should be thus secured, and it can be secured in no other way, then the part played in history by the Peninsula and the Valley would not be insignificant—it would be sublime.

THE END OF THE READING.

WITHIN our Book of Love one crumpled leaf,
 Torn by your angry fingers, stained with tears
 Not yours, shall mark throughout the vacant years
 The last-read passage of our story brief.

Hope's broken lilies on the page are lying,
 Their sweet, strong perfume waning unto death—
 Dear flowers, whose living essence was my breath,
 How passionately dearer in their dying !

So let them lie. Through bright or darkling weather,
 No ray from other eyes, no touch save thine,
 No promise of a passion less divine,
 Can woo me past the page we read together.

Grief lurks within its lines ; yet not so fond
 Were the full heart-song of a lip less dear
 Than one, whose music, all in vain, my ear
 Craves from the silence of the dark Beyond.

HENRY MARMADUKE RUSSELL.

BJORNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN.

BY STUART LIVINGSTON, LL.B.

IT lies far away to the north, and is beaten by the waters of the Atlantic. It is a land where the summer is one long warm day of sunlight, and the winter a constant night of mist and gloom. A land where the snow rests white on the mountains, and the valleys are beautiful with flowers. Where the midnight sun of the summer, half veiled in the mists from the sea, is magnified three or four fold, and hangs above the horizon a luminous globe of fire. It is a land where the warm light falls in a rich play of color that illumines the landscape with every tint from the deepest glowing red to a delicate yellow that is almost white. In the winter, when night reigns supreme, and the sun returns no more to the sky, when the wind from the ice-bound seas of the north sweeps down with intense cold, filling the valleys deep with drifted snow and driving the waters of the ocean furiously against the coast; above on the leaden sky, with wild and ever changing unrest, flash the northern lights. It is a land where the coast-line cliffs rise up rugged and erect from the waves of the Atlantic which break unceasingly at their feet, while inland the roar of water-falls is hardly ever absent from the ear. It has the greatest glaciers in the world. It is the land where Oeyvind fell in love with Marit Heidarfaras, and Baard, the schoolmaster, knew it was well that it should be so, where the sunlight lingered longest on Sloping Hill until Synnove became so like the sunlight, Thorborn could not tell the difference; where Arne sang of the beauty of Eli Boen; where Magnhild resisted the evil and kept herself pure and untarnished; the land of Sæmund and Guttorm, of Thore and Ole, Nordistuen of Nils and

Margit:—Norway! the land of him who created all these exquisite realities of fiction, Bjornstjerne Bjornsen.

Before we contemplate the man, and appropriate what of his works will best suit our need, by considering the questions, who is he? and what has he done? it may not be amiss to ask the question from whence does he come? To any one who had heard the little German child at six years exclaiming with awe upon his face, "Mother, I am a me," it should scarcely have been a matter of great difficulty to shadow forth, however dimly, some great part of the subsequent career of Jean Paul Richter, the philosopher. It need have been a matter of little effort to any one who heard St. Pierre at seven years as he gazed at the pigeons flying in and out of the tower of Rouen cathedral exclaim to his father, "My God, how high they fly," to forecast that his love of nature would lead him one day to make the world better with such a work as Paul and Virginia. Perhaps it may not be amiss to say here that we are told of Bjornsen, that in his boyhood he was fonder of nature and story-reading than he was of his regular scholastic work, and upon one occasion having, as we would call it, played truant, so as to obtain the pleasures he preferred, he was taken to task for it by his father. He answered stoutly that he had stayed from school because the king was dead. The family being strong royalists he was of course forgiven, and when next day they found that the king was not dead their joy was so great that the young Bjornsen escaped the impending thrashing after all. I merely mention this to draw your attention to the fact that this great writer's genius for story-telling

began to develop itself at a very early age. But in truth the child is father of the man, and not less true is it, I believe, that the nation is father of the child. This leads us in our answer to the question of whence he comes, to consider the nation he springs from; but to be scientifically logical we must take yet another step backward and ask ourselves, from whence springs this nation? what are its sources? and more particularly as to its early literature, if any there be. And it is here, I think, that perhaps we will get some insight into the heredity, if I may so use the term, of those clear, terse, idiomatic and pre-eminently Norse sentences with which he draws so vividly those pure, strong, and pre-eminently Norse characters.

Briefly then, perhaps no country on the map of Europe to-day, with the possible exception of unhappy Ireland, has had a more turbulent domestic history or been more constantly the theatre of struggles for supremacy by rival factions than has Norway. As we look upon the making of this nation, as we obtain from the Sagas glimpses of the huge moulds in which its life has from time to time been cast, we find ourselves involuntarily exclaiming, "truly there were giants in the earth in those days." They were a people whose men were warriors, strong and unsubdued. They looked fearlessly upon the rugged nature around them and were undaunted by the waters of any sea. They built a navy, which was unconquered wherever the winds carried its ships. In the long days of the summer they waged war upon all men, and in the nights of the winter they sat around their fires, while the Edda singers told the prowess of their arms. Their gods were heroes and their heroes were gods. None but the heroes attained the Norse heaven; it is so written in the Edda:

Five hundred doors and forty more
Methinks are in Valhalla;
Eight hundred heroes through each door

Shall issue forth.
All men of worth shall there abide.
The Ash Igdrasil is the first of trees.

When a hero died, the funeral pyre was placed on a ship and lighted. It was then pushed out to sea, and the venturous soul set adrift on its lonely voyage to Valhalla. They feared nothing, "not even death itself; they sported with it. We read so in the Sagas. Earl Erik had gone out to battle, and brought back many captives, whom he condemned to death. As the executioner was striking off their heads one said, "I will stick this fish bone that I have in my hand into the earth if it be so that I know anything after my head is cut off." Another, Sigurd, who was remarkable for his long and beautiful hair, called out, "I fear not death, but let no slave touch my hair nor let blood defile it." So one of the Norse men-at-arms stepped forward to hold up his hair while he was being beheaded. But Sigurd contrived by a sudden twist to bring the man's hands in the way of the axe so that they and not his head were cut off. The Saga goes on to tell us that this trick so delighted Earl Erik that he ordered Sigurd's release, and also that of all the rest who remained alive, and took them into his service. There is nothing little, contracted, or spiteful about such natures as these. They fought with valor in war, and in peace cherished no enmities. Imbued by nature with a strong spirit of unrest, they were ever setting their sails upon unknown seas, to discover what land might be upon the other side. It is from these fair-haired, blue-eyed Norsemen of the old Sagas, silent and deep-natured but modified by the dark and brown-eyed Lapp with his vivid imagination and tendency to natural mysticism, and also by the daring and energetic Finn, that Bjornson draws the very life-blood of his genius. It is as inheritor of the rough-hewn grandeur of the old Edda and Saga literature that he builds such strength and beauty into his work.

If there be any difference between the Norwegians of to-day and those of the past, it is, I think, a difference in degree and not in kind. Wherever the traveller goes in Norway, he finds the same strong spirit of sturdy independence manifesting itself among the people. The rigorous isolation of farm from farm, each on its own freehold, has tended strongly to foster and develop this feeling. If you enter into conversation with the post-boy on the seat behind, says Bjornson in his Norwegian sketches, you will find from his questions and answers that he is possessed with a dauntless view of life and upright courage, and you will understand the truth of the saying, "These people are masters over the nature they live in; they soar higher than the mountains." These then, are the people from whom he comes and of whom he writes.

Now, it is not always to the world's great critics that we should go for the clearest insight and keenest appreciation when any particular matter is to the front, for, as Ruskin remarked of Mr. Whistler, it is the lot of critics to be remembered by what they have failed to understand. When, however, we have the dictum of one who was probably, on the whole, the greatest literary artist the world has yet seen, it is well that we listen with respect. Plato, in a fine passage, lays it down that it is the business of the poet, and indeed, of every artist, to create for us the image of a noble morality, so that the young men living in a wholesome atmosphere may be profited by everything, that, in work fairly wrought, may touch them through hearing or sight—as if it were a breeze bringing health to them from places strong for life. As I read one of Bjornson's peasant stories, and wander with him far up on the mountain side among the wild flowers of the saeters or catch a breath of the pure salt air that blows in off the waters of the silent fjords, when I contemplate the earnest longing of

Arne, the simplicity of Synnove, the pervasive atmosphere of an austere morality, the quaint farm houses, and the lonely mountains rising up into snow and clouds, while through the valley comes faintly the sound of church bells, I remember the words of Plato and acknowledge that truly this man is an artist.

In the mild atmosphere of one of the healthiest and most charming villages of Norway is Aulestad, the villa and farm of Bjornson. The surrounding country is hilly, the forest is magnificent, and in the distance the jagged cliffs of the mountains rear themselves abruptly. He has also a residence in Paris, but at neither place is he to be found, save at rare intervals, as he travels most of his time from village to village, delivering popular, scientific and political lectures. He is a great favorite with the peasants of the surrounding villages, as he evinces an interest in all their domestic joys and sorrows, and not seldom takes a meal with his whole family in one of their humble cottages. In his love for the common people, he is the Tolstoi of Norway. While mentioning the name of the great Russian, I may say that I know of no piece of literature that may so well be twin brother to Bjornson's work, as the chapter from *Anna Kerinina*, where Levin works in the field with the mujiks. But Bjornson is more than this, he is a philanthropist. This story is told of him in Norway:

Some thirty-five years ago, Arne, a fine-looking, vigorous young man, who had been a sergeant in the Norwegian army, and as such had become noted for his athletic strength, as well as for his kindly disposition and honest character, had a serious feud with one of his neighbors in his mountain home in Valdres. His enemy was a dissipated, mean, cringing, and base scoundrel, who, at a party, succeeded in getting Arne drunk, and persuaded him to sign papers by which he lost his old homestead. The feud grew in

bitterness from year to year. One day, when business had brought both to the same place it came to blows between them, and his foe drew a knife, and gave Arne severe wounds in the hand and arm, the marks of which he wears to this day. There were many other aggravating circumstances, among which may be mentioned, as the worst, the fact that upon the farm, of which his enemy had gotten possession, Arne's father lived and received his annual allowance, according to Norwegian law. When the father lay upon his death-bed, Arne visited him, and learned that he had been ill-treated, and that his death had probably been hastened by the cruelty of the owner of the farm. This so enraged Arne that revenge was a mere question of time and opportunity. The opportunity was not easily found, for the fellow feared Arne, and shrewdly avoided meeting him. He never went out alone. One morning early he had, however, deemed it safe to go a short distance from home with his team. But it so happened that Arne, too, had gone out that morning with his rifle to hunt, when, on returning, he saw his enemy, and at once determined to give him a mark at least as severe as the one he bore himself. He raised his gun to take sight. He was one of the best marksmen in the country, and had brought down many a bird on the wing; but, unfortunately, as his enemy was walking by the side of his team, he happened to stumble just at the moment when Arne pulled the trigger, and, instead, of giving him a severe wound in the arm, as he intended, the bullet entered his breast, and he soon after expired.

Arne was convicted of murder and sentenced to death. This was in the lower court. The case was appealed. Mark now the remarkable incident which occurred. Having been sentenced to death by this lower court, he was to be transferred to an adjoining bailiwick. The bailiff who had

him in charge, knowing his prisoner's honesty and truthfulness, did what, probably, no other bailiff ever did. He was very busy, and Arne, knowing this, told him that there was no necessity of his going with him or sending any guards, for he would go alone and place himself in the hands of the officers in the next bailiwick; and such confidence had the bailiff in Arne's uprightness and integrity that he unhesitatingly sent him alone without any guards, and Arne promptly did as he had agreed.

The sentence of the lower court was confirmed by the Supreme Court, without any recommendation to pardon. He was locked up in prison, and in a few days was to be beheaded. The young and enthusiastic poet, Bjornson, was at this time in the capital. He had heard of the case, had read all that had been said about it in the press, and had become so interested in it that he went to the prison, partly to see this remarkable criminal and partly out of curiosity to see a man who stood at the threshold of execution. He had a long talk with Arne, and was much affected by his manner and by his story of the aggravating circumstances which had led to his crime. As he was about to leave the prison-cell, Arne arose, stretched out both arms to Bjornson, and besought him, in tones of deepest agony, to save him. His words rang in the ears of the poet, and he determined to move heaven and earth, if this were possible, to procure a pardon. He immediately set himself to work, and wrote for the press what he still considers the most masterly article of his life; indeed, such an article as but few others than Bjornson could write. It set the whole community—the whole land—in commotion. The wives and daughters of the judges who had pronounced the sentence, and the wives of the members of the King's Cabinet, were the first to sign a petition to the Government for his pardon. The death sentence was

changed by the King to imprisonment for life. For twenty long years Arne had to remain in prison, and not until the summer of 1850 was he released. By that time his wife had died, and his family were scattered. He found himself alone and friendless.

After twenty years of confinement within the walls of a prison, liberty itself scarcely seemed a boon. He came to Wisconsin, where he had a married daughter. Hearing of Bjornson's arrival in Madison, he immediately came to visit him; and the meeting of these two men was indeed an affecting scene. At the sight of his benefactor the man was much moved, and as he attempted to greet the great Skald of the North he sobbed like a child, the tears choking his voice. Arne was poor and felt nowhere at home in America. The poet received him cordially as a brother. He offered to care for the unfortunate man in his old age and directed that he be advanced the necessary funds for defraying his expenses back to Norway, where he was given a home and employment on Bjornson's estate. This man's greatness is not alone in his fiction, but its presence is also felt in his life.

The creator of the *Comedie Humane* upon one occasion, before France had come to acknowledge his surpassing genius, wrote to his sister that like all great men he was living in a garret and starving there. It was much the same with Bjornson, as with Balzac. Three times a week while at the Christiana University, he spent the money for his dinner in a second-hand book-store. The dealer became interested in the boy and allowed him to use his store as a library. In the days of his success, Bjornson remembered this kind act, and made the son of the old dealer his secretary. His only light was a tallow candle and, like Alphonse Daudet, by its flame he read all night. With all his saving, the income which his father, a poor clergyman, was able to give him, did

not suffice, and he was obliged to become a daily tutor. In one family they forced him to act as janitor, and despite his buoyant humor it was a great strain on his proud spirit. At last, tired of this drudgery he set himself to work and wrote his first novel, *Synnove Solbakken*, and from that time his star arose in the sky and shed its light in all literary circles. Following this and in the order named, came,—Arne, *A Happy Boy*, *The Fisher Maiden*, *The Bridal March*, *Magnhild*, *Mansana*, and his latest novel, *The Heritage of the Kurts*. He also published a number of dramas which take rank in the North only after those of his great contemporary, Henrik Ibsen. Sometimes he produces nothing for months, and even years, and he never writes save on inspiration. This is in somewhat glaring contrast to the dictum of New York's celebrated apostle of realism. I am not acquainted with anyone of modern times, who surpasses Bjornson in his delineation of delicate female types; this alone would establish his claim to rank among the master poets of the age. His Norwegian sketches, and indeed all of his novels, contain pieces of scenic word-painting, which almost approach the perfection of Ruskin himself. As we catch these exquisite glimpses of Norwegian scenery, we must not lose sight of the fact that we do so only through what Carlyle calls the somewhat yeasty version of a translation; and at the same time we should remember the words of that pre-eminently witty Irishman, Dean Swift, when he says that nothing in the world bears translation well except a bishop.

I am aware of the fact that it is customary in papers of this kind, to extract scenes from the more important works of the author in question, and after giving them a more or less appropriate setting to follow it up with an enthusiastic panegyric. I do not intend to do so here. Someone has well said that if you cut a word

out of Shakespeare the text will bleed : it is much the same with Bjornson. His characters are like the wild flowers that grow in his native valleys, each lending to each till the whole field is full of beauty and delicious fragrance. They deserve a better fate than to be torn from the perfect setting their creator has given them for the instruction or amusement of the passer-by. Each of his characters, whether strong or weak, pure or tarnished, great or small, each and all are, where they are, for a purpose. They are a part of the created design, and that design is only perfect when the last page is finished and the book is closed. Some may prefer the pocket camera novels which certain men are enabled to write by exposing the sensitive plates of their minds to the narrow existence which lies around them, and then reproducing exact copies of it. For my own part, I prefer the work of men who study the shifting scenes of life from a higher standpoint than its own level, and whose every creation is filled with a great purpose to benefit mankind. I am aware that for some years back there has been a little coterie of influential writers for the press who have used their best efforts in the endeavor to persuade the public that in the judgment of all orthodox critics romanticism and all the beautiful ideals which are its children are dead, and a newer and purer realism is the only living force in the literature of to-day, and is the watchword for that in the future. Now this a question wide as literature itself. Though there is not sufficient opportunity in a paper like the present to discuss the matter adequately, I shall not pass it by in silence, lest my so doing might give the impression that I assented to the truth of their assertion. I do not assent to it, nor accept it in any sense whatever.

I feel very strongly that it is utterly false, and if the error obtain a hold it will be fatal, not only to the production of good literature, but will also

prevent the appreciation of good literature by the public at large. But first let me say that when I use the words realism and idealism it is as having their ordinary and well-understood meanings. I take it that thus used realism, as applied to fiction, is the doctrine of the superior importance of the real facts of life ; that is, the reproduction of actual life utterly devoid of any striving for romance, poetry, or uncommon incidents and situations. Idealism, I take it, is the doctrine of the superiority of ideal creations over the facts of life. For some years past the realists have been constantly proclaiming that they studied facts, plain, naked facts, and that from these materials and these alone, they were going to build a literature which would affect the life and conduct of the race more potently than any the world had yet seen. And what has been the result ? Any one acquainted with the French literature of the times will have already answered the question. I do not care to discuss such characters as Fanny LeGrand and Sidonie, or the numerous train of satyrs which Zola pictures so vividly in such works as *La Terre* ; they are characters with whom, I am glad to say, we have nothing in common, and from whom I think we have nothing to learn. I had rather spend an hour with the Philosopher of the Attic, for I think the little book which brought Emile Souvestre a crown in the French Academy has more of good for the race in it than all the Sapphos ever written. But why has French literature reached its present state ? Why do we experience such a feeling of chill and gloom after reading such works as Gogol's *Dead Souls*, or Turgeneff's *Liza* ? not though by any means to class them with the French school. I believe the latter writer is perhaps the healthiest and most honest of realists, and the pessimism which casts so profound a shadow over his work is more readily traceable to French influence, especially to Flau-

bert, than to any great natural tendency in himself. Just as is that of Ibsen in a less degree. I think we may find an answer to our question in the fact that to the human eye there seems and always has seemed to be a great preponderance of the evil over the good in the affairs of this world. About five hundred years before the Christian era the Ephesians called upon Heraclitus the Philosopher to frame for them a code of laws, but he declined, giving as his reason that the corruption of the Ephesians was so inveterate as to be beyond remedy. History is all one; it is a protean spirit—to-day Cæsar, to-morrow Napoleon—but the one great human spirit, universal as the ages themselves, is much the same now as then, and if we go abroad with absolute faith in this human eye of ours, to draw our facts concerning the manner and substance of the life around us from what we see, we will be impressed much as was Heraclitus of old and come back either wondering if God be asleep in the world, or exclaiming with the cynicism of Voltaire that there is no God in the rascally world at all. Cynicism is the deadliest enemy of all that is highest in art. Now, the idealist with all the enthusiasm of optimism, scrutinizes the events of life with an eye of faith and, believing that the good is not always borne down by the evil, he tries to raise and strengthen his fellows by bringing into their lives the glory of this hope. To do this he does not rest with depicting life as it is but strives to create it as it should be. "The highest thing," says Ruskin in his lectures on art, "that art can do is to set before you the true image of the presence of a noble human being." It has never done more than this, and it ought not to do less. This then is the dream of the idealist. I do not wish to be understood as saying that he does not seek the ground-work of his art in nature. Indeed it may just as truly be said of him as of the realist that

he "holds the mirror up to nature;" but he does more than this. He remembers the profound remark of Aristotle that nature has the will, but not the power, to realize perfection, and it becomes the great yearning of his life to realize it for her. As I stood one morning in Venus gallery of the Louvre, without a sound of the laughter and gaiety of the Boulevards to draw my thoughts away to the great world of Paris without, I turned around, and at once, like a soul-compelling light, there burst upon my gaze that supremest work of art of any age, the Venus de Milo. I could never forget that moment. The very soul of all pure women seemed to look out of that marble face, and as the exquisite beauty of the creation slowly pervaded me, I began to realize why it was that Heine, worn with paralysis, dragged himself down every morning to drink in new inspiration at her feet. It left upon me a distinct impression for good. No woman born was ever like that. Indeed the history of Greek art teaches us that the perfection it attained was not the result of perfection in its models. From whence then did it emanate?

If we remember the words of the great Greek sculptor Lysippus, that men should be represented, not as they are, but as they ought to be, we may perhaps discover an answer to our question. Greek art never at any time depended upon a servile imitation of nature for its great creations. In the antique, the forms are scientifically disposed according to a certain established scale or harmony of proportion, and the details are subordinated to that distribution. The type is never lost sight of; it dominates all the parts. The Greek artist in his work never suffered himself to be seduced from his own ideal conception by any accident of the model, but relied for the absolute perfection of his work upon principles drawn from a severe and constant study of the varying forms of nature. The first scientific and absolute standard of the proportion of the

human figure was established by Polykleitus, who wrote the famous treatise on the canons of proportion, and who embodied its rules in the statue of Doryphorus, which was called the canon. After him Euphranor introduced a variation by lengthening the lower limbs in proportion to the torso, and, still later, Lysippus increased this variation. But all recognized the necessity of a standard of proportion for the formalization of their work. This in no wise restrained their inventive powers, or limited the play of their imagination. Their models they used simply to supply a knowledge of special facts; these facts they varied in accord with their conception of a perfect figure, and into the whole breathed the soul of the work which genius alone is able to give. Thus we see that the ground work of all true art is in nature. It has, as it were, its feet in the clay, but he who rests content with this is not an artist, but an artisan; the true artist builds higher than this; he throws his life, his soul, all that God has given him into his work,

till it rises up above the earth, and the things that are known of men, and a light rests upon it which is divine. I think a perusal of his works will lead to the belief that it is this towards which Bjornson strives with all the power of his great genius, and it is because of this that I prefer to call him an idealist.

Such then is Bjornstjerne Bjornson—a poet and a dramatist who has been likened to Schiller,—a novelist whose stories are read all over the world, wherever good literature finds its way,—a philanthropist who has earned the love of his countrymen by his untiring efforts to instruct and elevate them,—an orator who has not feared to speak whenever his country needed the power of his eloquence, and a patriot who loves that country, rugged and wild as it is, better than any other under Heaven, and who has sung for her in beautiful verse her National Hymn. He belongs of right not to Norway alone, but to us also, and the whole world, and will through all time. Such men do not die.

THE DEAD MASTER-SINGER.

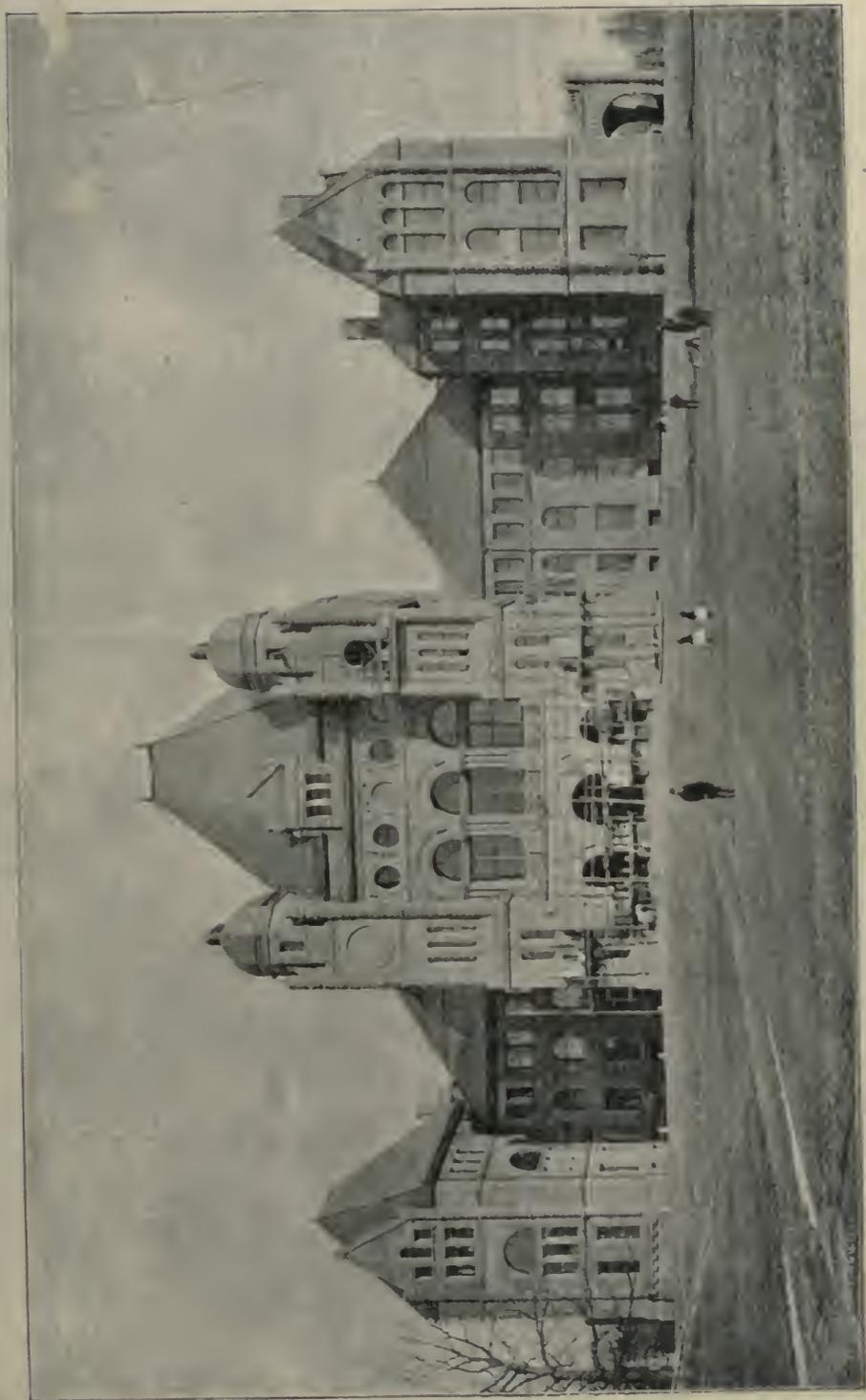
ONLY the heart is still,
 And ceased the constant breath,
 Yet nevermore shall inspiration thrill
 These mute, white lips of death.

An utter silence—dreamless, tranquil sleep,
 Without the lab'ring breast;
 And features placidly composed to deep,
 Eternal rest.

Organ and requiem psalm,
 Nor solemn-tolling bell,
 Can wake a tremor in that holy calm,
 Where all is well.

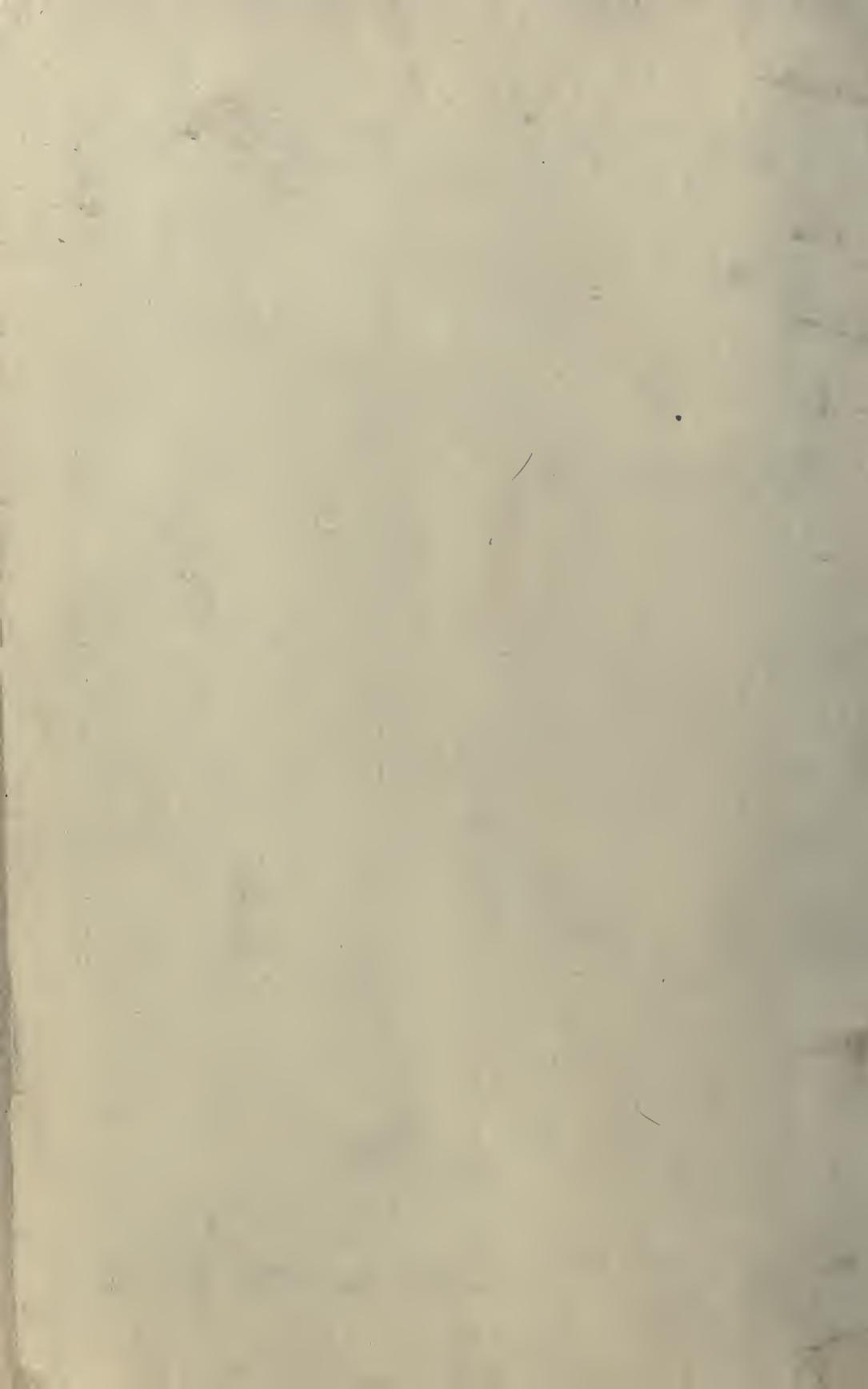
For art is quenched in him; now discords cease
 To vex his cultured ear;
 And he hath earned the long, harmonious peace
 He vainly strived for here.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.



ONTARIO'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

PHOTO. BY STAUNTON



ONTARIO'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

BY FRANK YEIGH.

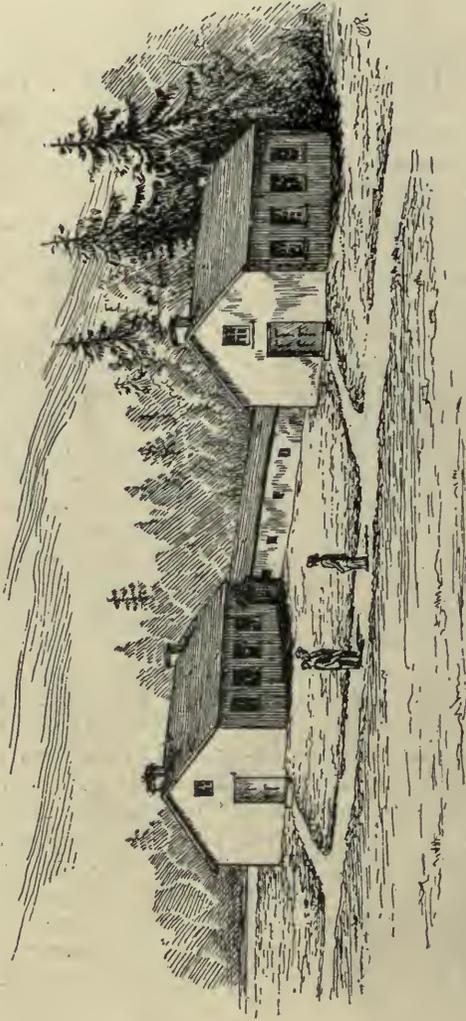
THE completion of the magnificent pile in Queen's Park, Toronto, erected as the Parliament Buildings of Ontario, naturally recalls the former homes of our Provincial legislators, which were as the log cabin to the palace. Indeed, no more striking evidence of the great strides Ontario has made within the century just closed is afforded than by a comparison of the plain, diminutive structure built in Little York in 1796, and the colossal building which rears its noble Romanesque outline in the provincial capital, forming one of a noble group of buildings—the reconstructed University, the University Library, the School of Practical Science, the Athletic Club building, the Biological building, and Victoria and McMaster Universities and Wycliffe College.

In 1796, sixteen members, representing the nineteen original counties, formed the early Upper Canadian Legislature; now ninety-one meet to legislate for the Province. Then, the canoe or the horse was the chief means of conveyance, the latter having for its course the lonely trails through the forest, or the rough and newly-made roads; now, steam and electricity are the dominant propelling and carrying powers. Then, means of education were as limited as the population itself; now, 8,000 teachers teach half-a-million pupils in 6,000 schools. Then, Little York had a score of houses, and but a few score of residents; now, the city has nearly 200,000 inhabitants. Then, the population of the Province was only a few thousand—about 77,000 in 1812—now, it is 2,114,000, making Ontario the leading Province of the Confederation. But then were laid in the rude legislative halls the founda-

tion of the laws that have since expanded into statute books representing legislation as advanced and enlightened as can be found in any country in old world or new.

A day came when an invading foe sacked the little town, captured its fort and put the torch to its Parliament Buildings wherein sixteen sessions had been held. The Legislature met for some years thereafter in temporary quarters, such as the "ball room" of "Jordan's York Hotel"—a low-walled, upper room of an unpretentious frame inn; the house of Chief Justice Draper, which stood near the present north-east corner of York and Wellington-streets, and other available places. In 1820 the Legislature met in a new building, of brick and wood, erected at the foot of what is now Parliament-street, and very near the site of the original buildings of 1796; but they only had a short lease of life, a defective flue causing a fire that destroyed them in 1824. The short series of sessions held within it were as important in results as they were turbulent in spirit. As Dr. Scadding has said, "Here it was the first skirmishes took place in the great war of principles which afterwards with such determination and effect was fought out in Canada. Here it was that first loomed up before the minds of our early lawmakers the ecclesiastical question, the educational question, the constitutional question. Here it was that first was heard the open discussion, crude, indeed, and vague, but pregnant with very weighty consequences, of topics, social and national, which, at the time, even in the parent state itself, were mastered but by few."

The House next met in the old Court House which stood on Church-



THE ORIGINAL PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, 1796.

street, near King-street, and also in the old and original Hospital, long a landmark, west of the old Upper Canada College. During the interval, between 1824 and 1832, the Journals of the Assembly give a faint glimpse of the stirring scenes in which our old-

After long delays, conflicting legislative action and contractors' mismanagement, the buildings on Front-street were opened with a great display of vice-regal pomp. They were regarded not only as a triumph of architectural skill but as a very noticeable



EASTERN PORTE COCHERE.

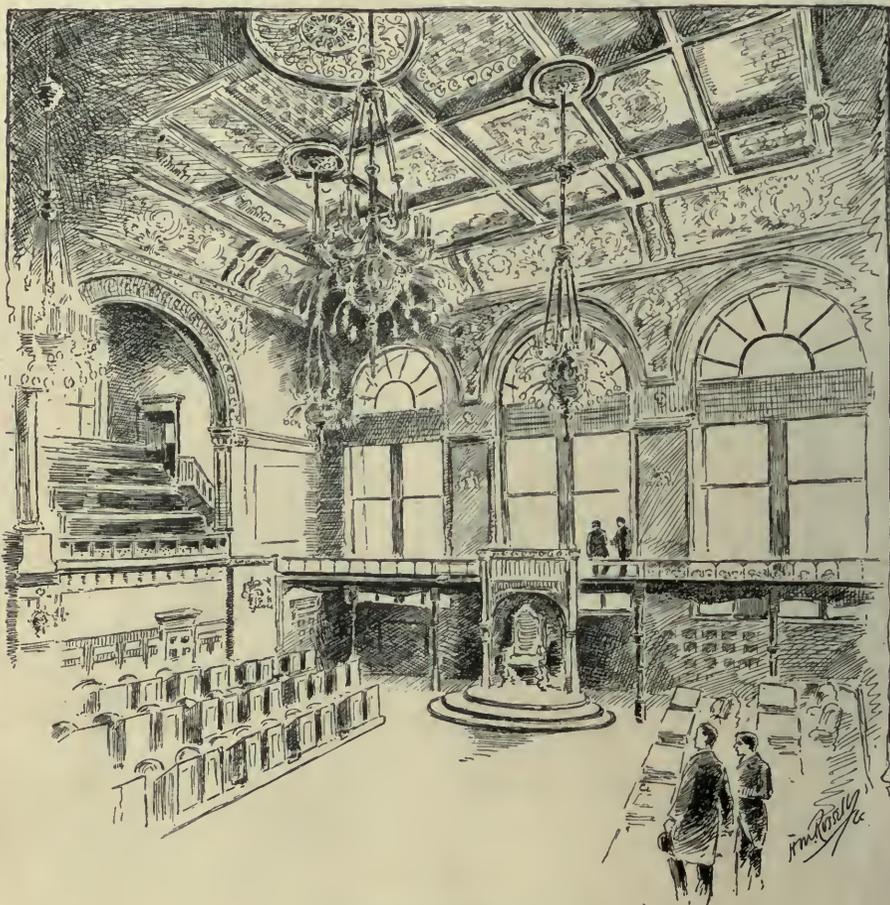
time legislators took part, especially after the advent of "the fathers of reform"—the Bidwells, the Baldwins, John Rolph, Captain Matthews, Peter Perry, John Willson, William Lyon Mackenzie and others who waged a bitter war with Attorney-General Robinson and his followers.

in addition to the attractions of the capital. These old buildings therefore saw six decades of varied service—from 1832 to 1892. During that period they served not only as the home of the Legislature, but among other purposes as a court house, lunatic asylum, barracks, college and arsenal. The par-

liamentary sessions there have been conducted by two generations of Canadian public men; most of our statesmen and men of mark and influence having occupied seats in the deserted Chamber.

Now, however, the dingy, dusty and dilapidated old structure is practically

ture in Queen's Park. It is a transition from gloomy corridors, dimly-lighted offices, dust-begrimed desks, flickering yellow gas-jets, and old-time grates, to spacious quarters, with high ceilings, handsome paneling, massive corridors, beautiful electric appliances, and perfect heating and ventilation.



THE LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER.

deserted; its usefulness has departed; the march of progress has left it to an early destruction; and soon, in all probability, its site will be covered by commercial buildings, and its existence will be but a memory.

Truly the change is a marked one from the old red-brick pile on Front-street to the great brown-stone struc-

The following is a complete list of the contractors and work, and the prices contracted for in connection with the erection of the new buildings:

Masonry, brick, stone and excavation (originally awarded to Lionel Yorke and upon his death taken up by Carroll, Gaylord & Vick..... \$ 671,250

Carpenter work (Lionel Yorke estate)	95,343
Lathing and plastering (A. H. Rundle & Co., Toronto)	37,770
Interior painting and glazing (R. J. Hovenden, Toronto)	23,325
Iron work, etc., (St. Lawrence Foundry Company, Toronto)	54,000
Plumbing, gas-fitting and steam heating (Purdy, Mansell & Mashinter, Toronto)	76,800
Tiling, vestibules and lobbies (Toronto Granite Company)	1,450
Grand staircase, etc., (H. C. Harrower, Buffalo)	21,991
Roof covering (Douglas Bros., Toronto)	44,497
Interior woodwork (Wagner, Zeidler & Company, Toronto)	119,900
Piping in connection with fire extinguishers (W. J. McGuire & Company, Toronto)	1,102

The question of new parliament buildings was first mooted in 1877, and in 1880 the Commissioner of Public Works, the Hon. C. F. Fraser, obtained from the Legislature an initial grant of \$500,000 toward their erection. Before any contracts were let, however, \$250,000 additional was voted in 1885, which was further added to in 1887 by \$300,000, and a final grant of \$200,000 brought the total up to \$1,250,000.

The architect chosen was Mr. R. A. Waite, of Buffalo, with Mr. O'Beirne as the efficient clerk of works. In



SCULPTURED RELIEF, MAIN SOUTHERN ENTRANCE.

Outer drainage (Garson & Purcer, St. Catharines)	5,490
Four elevators (Otis Bros., New York)	22,000
Fitting up ten vaults (Office Specialty Manufacturing Company)	11,770
Combination gas and electric fixtures (Bennett & Wright)	25,206
Library fittings, etc., (William Simpson, Toronto)	5,199
Decoration of ceiling and walls in chamber (Elliott & Son, Toronto)	4,500
Mantels, furnishings, fittings, etc. (Rice, Lewis & Son, Ltd., Toronto)	3,322
Seating for galleries in chamber, (Chas. Rogers & Son Co., Ltd., Toronto)	3,250
Speaker's dais (Wagner, Zeidler & Co., Toronto)	920

1886 the work of excavation was commenced, and in 1892 the buildings were practically completed, only six years being taken in their erection. The total cost was \$1,250,000, with no extras, as compared with \$20,000,000 spent on the capitol at Albany, \$3,500,000 on the state buildings at Springfield, Ill., \$2,500,000 on the Hartford state buildings, \$1,400,000 on the Quebec Parliament buildings, which are much smaller than the new Ontario ones, \$1,500,000 on the Michi-

gan state buildings and \$1,500,000 on the Iowa buildings.

For beauty of situation the new building is unique. Situated on the highest point in the Queen's Park, it forms a striking object whether viewed from the Queen-street avenue, Avenue Road or the eastern and western approaches, while the view from the towers is one of the finest to be had

The main entrance is a most imposing piece of work, with its massive carved pillars, the tiers of platforms, and the very fine carved work above it representing, in heroic size, allegorical figures of music, agriculture, commerce, art, science, law, philosophy, architecture, engineering and literature grouped on either side of the arms of the province. On the east and



THE GRAND STAIRWAY.

in Toronto, taking in the city as a whole, the Scarboro' Heights to the east, the island and lake, and even Brock's monument, forty miles distant across the lake, can be seen on a clear day. The site is that of the old King's College, which was built in 1842

The walls are of Credit Valley brown stone, which gives a peculiarly pleasing effect of color and solidity.

west sides of the main entrance excellent likenesses are carved in stone of Governor Simcoe, Chief Justice Robinson, John Sandford Macdonald, Edward Blake, Timothy Blair Pardee, Sir Isaac Brock, Robert Baldwin and Matthew Crooks Cameron. These are guarded, as it were, by four monster gargoyles, which look down from the corners of the four great towers. In

the west tower an immense illuminated clock will soon be placed which will be seen from a very long distance. The *porte cochieres* at the eastern and western wings contain some of the 480 feet, with a maximum height of 165 feet, and a depth of 125 feet. The chief contractors are Carroll & Vick, who succeeded the late Lionel Yorke, the original contractor.



PRIVATE ENTRANCE, NORTH-EAST CORNER.

There are winding roadways and stone walks around the buildings. The effect of the structure as a whole, in point of appearance, will be much increased when the grounds are sodded, terraced and laid out in flower beds; indeed, it will be one of the leading attractions of an attractive city. The two Sebastopol guns, now in the Park, will in all probability be placed on either side of the main doorway.

Passing through the massive entrance, the general effect is maintained by a view of the wide and high corridor and the grand staircase at the end. This staircase is one of the handsomest pieces of work in connection with the buildings, being fifty feet in length, with 3

platforms or landings paved with til- ing. It is built entirely of iron and steel, with very fine ornamental iron- work and carving of hammered steel.

The total length of the buildings (which cover four acres of ground) is

This will lead us to the Legislative Chamber—the crowning glory of the

Chamber—the crowning glory of the

interior—a truly noble hall, with a floor area 65 x 80 feet, and a height of over 50 feet. The paneled ceiling is a mass of color, amongst the designs the maple leaf predominating. The coats of arms of the province are prominent, while the arms of the cities have a place in other panels. Above the arches on the northern and southern walls are four allegorical subjects—Moderation, holding a curbed bridle; Justice, with sword and scales, and a cherub holding a code of laws; Power, carrying a sword and oak branch, and Wisdom, with open book and lamp of knowledge. On the east and west walls notable dates in the history of Ontario are inscribed. The handsome woodwork is done in Canadian sycamore, with mahogany panelling nine feet high. The members' seats are on raised platforms, and four galleries will accommodate the reporters and the public. Four fine and massive chandeliers, with numerous side lights, will give a rich electrical illumination.

The Legislative Library is a model room, with plenty of light and two stories of white-oak shelving. It is 70 x 42 feet in superficial dimensions, with a ceiling 35 feet high. Equally commodious and handsome are the members' quarters in the west wing, the smoking room especially, 36 x 40, with high ceiling and capacious fireplace, the reception room, the reading room, and other spacious retreats. The Speaker's quarters are also in keeping with the other rooms, as is the post office, the Legislative offices and Queen's Printer's apartments, all of which are situated in the west wing. The Lieutenant-Governor has an office adjoining the library.

The east wing is occupied by all the departments except the Education Department, which will remain in the Normal School building. The offices in this wing are models for size, light and comfort.

The ground floor is occupied by the Crown Lands and Agricultural departments; the mezzanine floor by the At-

torney-General and his officers, the Provincial Secretary's department, and the Registrar-General's branch. The upper floor accommodates the Treasury and Public Works departments, and the license branch.

The building is equipped with thirteen large fire-proof vaults, four elevators, run by electricity, and a full electric and gas service. Six immense boilers, each sixteen feet in length, occupy the boiler room. The Chamber, Library and some of the larger



HON. C. F. FRASER,
COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

rooms are heated by the "indirect" method, cold air entering through a massive tube and being heated by steam radiators. Ample fire protection has been provided—a six-inch water main runs through from street to street, and three hydrants are placed in the basement and on each floor. Six capacious lavatories, finished in cherry, are to be found in the building. The floors of these lavatories are built on iron beams filled in by brick arches

and covered with concrete and Portland cement.

The Commissioner of Public Works has not forgotten the ladies, as they will have a large room, finished in walnut, all to themselves, handsomely fitted up, not far from the entrance to their special gallery in the chamber.

The contractors boast that but few accidents have occurred during the six years in which the building has been in course of erection, and the three deaths that did occur were wholly due to the carelessness of the victims.

The floors are all double; two thicknesses of asbestos, acting as a deafener and protection from fire, being placed between each floor.

The main corridors are both lofty, light and wide, and are finished throughout in white oak, with a profusion of carving. They are roofed over with amber-colored glass, which sheds a subdued and restful light below.

Thus Ontario's new Parliament Buildings stand completed, a credit to the Minister of Public Works, the Hon. C. F. Fraser, who has exercised the closest oversight over the construction; and to Sir Oliver Mowat, whose Government has erected them in a comparatively few years and at a very reasonable cost. The noble pile is a worthy successor to its historical predecessors.

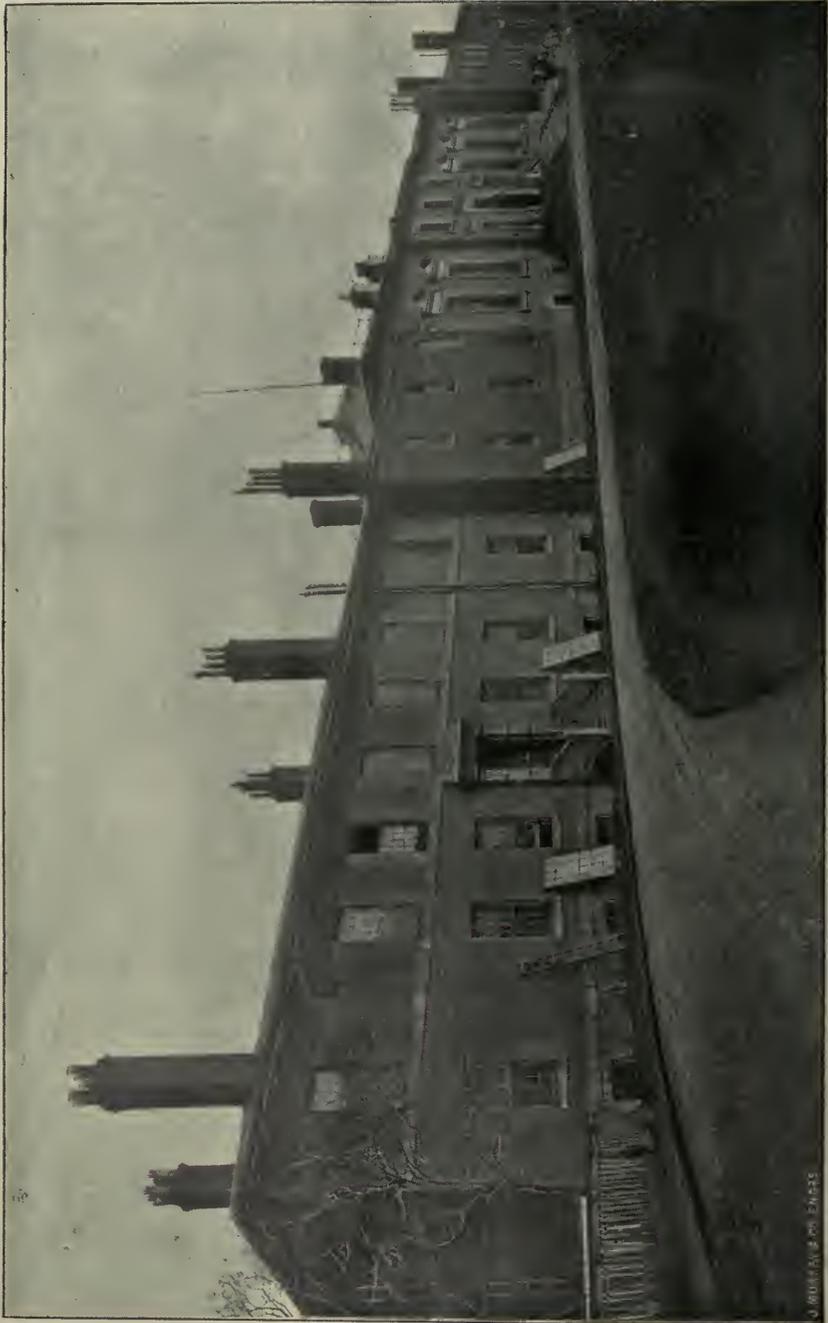
DOUBT.

Ah sad and dark sometimes the day,
 And fierce the pain that eats the heart!
 Our fairest flowers fade away,
 Our dearest hopes depart!
 Oh, burning fear! oh, hideous dread!
 What if this dark contracting ball
 Hold all the past, hold all the dead?
 What if these years be all?

Sad then is love, hopeless is pain,
 Wildly fantastic, human-kind,
 As shapes that flit across the brain
 Of one from childhood blind!
 And what is laughter, what is wine,
 And song, and dance, and kiss, and jest,
 Save tears of thrice-embittered brine,
 And mockery at best?

Ah, if our flesh is all—if years
 Quench all the suns in turn, and pass
 Across the firmament of spheres
 Like breath upon a glass:
 Then, O my heart! cease, cease to beat,
 Clot the red flood, and end the strife!
 If life is but of hands and feet,
 How cruel a jest is life.

JAS. A. TUCKER.



DUBLIN

THE OLD PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

J. BOWEN & CO. ENGRS.

NOVA SCOTIA COAL MINES.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

NOVA SCOTIA is rich in mineral resources, probably more so than any other portion of the continent of North America. Coal, iron and gold are found in almost illimitable quantities and in almost every section of the Province. Copper, limestone, gypsum, marble and building stone are also to be found in abundance, and there is no room for doubt that when these minerals are properly developed by the influx of capital, Nova Scotia will become one of the greatest centres of industry in America.

At present it is proposed to speak entirely in respect of the coal seams of the Province, which at this time are evoking more than usual interest. Coal was discovered in Nova Scotia before the beginning of the present century, and efforts were made to work and utilize these seams on a very small and crude scale until 1826, when His Majesty, George IV., recognizing in Nova Scotia only a Crown colony with the casual and territorial revenue reserved to the Crown and administered at the pleasure of the Lieutenant-Governor, without reference to the Legislature, undertook to grant a lease of all the discovered minerals of Nova Scotia to Frederick, Duke of York, for 60 years beginning from the 25th day of August, 1826. The consideration for this lease was a rental of £3,000 sterling a year. The annual revenue of rental was, of course, available for the special use of the Crown and was not a part of the revenues of Nova Scotia.

The struggle for responsible government, however, began in Nova Scotia rather in advance of the other Provinces, and was certainly, thanks to the superior genius of Joseph Howe, conducted with a great deal more skill

and intelligence than in the other colonies. The result was that in 1849 the last step towards accomplishing full responsibility to the people in the administration of public affairs was achieved by the passage of an Act relating to Casual and Territorial Revenue introduced by Mr. Howe, adopted by both branches of the Legislature, and assented to by the Lieutenant-Governor in the name of the Queen. This Act is very brief and may be summarized as follows:—

The first section provides that the proceeds of all casual and territorial revenues of the Crown in the Province shall be paid into the Provincial Treasury.

Section two provides that the casual and territorial revenues are defined by the Act to be all lands, sums of money, returns, profits and emoluments arising, reserved, due or owing in any manner, etc., in respect of any lease, demise, sale, grant, transfer or occupation of any of the Crown Lands, mines, minerals or royalties of Her Majesty within the Province, including the Island of Cape Breton, of whatsoever nature or description, and all fees and payments and commutation therefor.

The third section provides that the right and title of Her Majesty, whether in reversion or otherwise, of, in, to and out of all mines, minerals and oils whatsoever within the Province, and also all rents and profits arising therefrom, are assigned, transferred and surrendered to the disposal of the General Assembly of the Province, subject only to the existing rights of lessees, and shall be managed, leased, disposed of, made available, paid and applied in such manner as by Act of the General Assembly shall be directed.

When the people and Legislature of Nova Scotia had thus achieved the full measure of responsible government, and had acquired the right to all the minerals and the management and control of the mines and public lands of the Province, they naturally became restive at this improvident lease which had been granted for 60 years to the Duke of York. He had assigned his interest to other persons until the title had become vested in the General Mining Association of Nova Scotia, a well-known corporation, which opened up and began to work the coal mines of Nova Scotia. The sum of £3,000 sterling, which may have looked like a handsome rental in 1826, appeared utterly inadequate in 1849, and other coal mines had been discovered and embraced in the lease which others were beginning to work. The result was unceasing agitation on the part of the Legislature and Executive of Nova Scotia to get rid of the lease which the General Mining Association held through the Duke of York. It is not necessary to detail the various steps taken in this regard. They culminated in 1857 in the appointment of a delegation consisting of the Hon. J. W. Johnston, at that time Attorney-General of the Province of Nova Scotia, and Adams G. Archibald, Esq., one of the leading men of the Liberal party, afterwards Sir A. G. Archibald. These gentlemen proceeded to London and negotiated with the General Mining Association for a termination of the lease. They were successful in this effort, and an arrangement was entered into between these delegates and the General Mining Association on the 20th day of August, 1857, whereby the General Mining Association surrendered all its interests in the mineral rights of Nova Scotia, save and excepting certain areas in the counties of Cape Breton, Cumberland and Pictou, which were expressly reserved for them. The agreement also provided that in substitution for the rental which had been agreed upon in the

lease to the Duke of York in 1826, the General Mining Association should pay for every ton of coal taken from its mines a royalty equal to 6d. per ton on screened coal. Slack coal and coal used by the workmen and in carrying on the works or operations were to be free from royalty. It was likewise provided that if more than 250,000 tons were wrought or gotten or sold in any one year the said General Mining Association should pay a royalty of 4d. per ton for every ton over and above 250,000 tons. It was likewise provided that the Government of Nova Scotia should not lease coal mines to any other parties upon less favorable terms than those which had been previously agreed upon with the General Mining Association in 1857.

The arrangement was duly ratified by Act of Parliament in 1858, and was received with great satisfaction by the people of Nova Scotia. Provision had previously been made for the issuing of leases of mines not embraced in the lease to the General Mining Association. All arrangements with the General Mining Association were to terminate at the date fixed for the termination of the original lease to the Duke of York, namely, the 25th day of August, 1886. Then it was that the terms of the compact between the Government and the General Mining Association ended and a new arrangement was to be entered into. During the pendency of that arrangement, only 6d. currency per ton royalty could be charged, and the Government imposed exactly the same royalty upon other coal-mining companies for all coal mined and sold. But it was distinctly provided, however, in every lease issued, that the Legislature should have the right on and after the 26th day of August, 1886, to alter, revise, increase, or diminish the royalties at will. In other words, on the 26th day of August, 1886, the Legislature of Nova Scotia was in exactly the same position to deal with its coal

mines as was the Sovereign on the 25th day of August, 1826.

In order, however, to give greater permanency to the coal-mining industry, and to induce capital to seek investment, it was provided in 1866 that lessees of coal mines and their executors and assigns in the Province holding leases from the Crown made since the first day of January, 1858, or thereafter to be made, upon giving six months' notice of their desire, should have the right to a renewal for a period of 20 years after the expiration of their lease, August 25th, 1886, and likewise, upon similar notice, to a second renewal for a term of 20 years, and also, upon like notice, to a third renewal and extension of 20 years, provided such lessees were *bona fide* working the areas comprised in their leases at the time of the application for renewal, which gave the right of renewal for a period of 60 years after 1886. Subsequently, however, the Legislature passed an Act enabling the Government after 1886 to issue leases which should be renewable at intervals of 20 years for a period of 80 years from the date of the lease. That, in fact, is the law now in respect to the leasing of coal mines in Nova Scotia.

When the period came for the termination of all the leases in 1886, the Legislature commenced to make provision for this event. A great many persons were holding coal leases not in actual working, and yet considerable sums of money had been spent in their development, in obtaining expert evidence in regard to the existence and extent of the coal seams, as well as in the endeavor to sell to capitalists for the purpose of active operations. The Legislature, therefore, provided terms and conditions upon which all these persons could obtain a renewal of their leases, though not engaged in active work. It was also enacted in 1885, Chapter 5, that all leases of coal mines issued thereafter should contain a provision that the royalties may be

increased, diminished, or otherwise changed by the Legislature. This was to put an end to the possibility of any doubt on this point on the part of those engaged in coal-mining in Nova Scotia. It was intended to apply to the renewed leases, which were to be issued on the 26th of August, 1886, as well as to all new leases applied for after that date. As it was perfectly apparent that after the 26th of August, 1886, the Legislature had the unquestionable right to increase or diminish the royalty at will, those engaged in actual coal-mining operations approached the Government and pointed out that this incident would be an obstacle to the obtaining of capital for the further development of the mines, as the capitalists would fear the possible arbitrary exercise of this power to increase on the part of the Legislature. The Government of Nova Scotia, recognizing the force of this statement, suggested to the coal-owners that legislation should be obtained authorizing the Government to fix a maximum royalty which should not be exceeded during the pendency of the lease. It would not follow that this maximum royalty would be exacted at the present time, but it would be a safeguard that no more than that maximum should ever be exacted for 60 years at least. The coal-owners did not take kindly to this suggestion, and, as a consequence, the matter was left open.

For many years the coal-mining business of Nova Scotia has been in a depressed condition, and at 1886 it did not seem to the Government that it could legitimately bear a larger rental than was then being imposed. It may be mentioned that owing to changes in the methods of mining it was found to be inconvenient and undesirable that the coal should be screened in most instances, and, as a consequence, the Government having ascertained that 7½c. cents per ton for all coal raised would be almost the exact equivalent of old currency (9 $\frac{7}{16}$ cents) per

ton on screened coal, an Act was passed enabling all companies to pay their royalty on the basis of $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents for all coal raised, instead of $9\frac{7}{10}$ cents for screened coal at their option. Meantime from 1886 the coal industry of Nova Scotia was steadily improving, until in 1890 and 1891 handsome dividends were declared by most of the mines where dividends had not been declared before. As a consequence, the Government thought that the period had arrived when the trade could very legitimately contribute a trifle more to the Provincial revenues, since the necessities of the public expenditure seemed to warrant an increase in the revenue. Therefore early in the year 1892 notice was given to all the coal-owners that in the session of 1892 a Bill would be submitted to the Legislature providing for an increase of the royalty to ten cents per ton on all coal raised. This, of course, provoked strenuous opposition on the part of the coal-owners, and charges of bad faith, etc., were freely made. It was represented to the Government that the imposition of an increase would have an alarming effect upon capital. The Government, to meet this, offered again to provide for a fixed maximum rate of royalty which should not be exceeded during the period of the lease, and this was again rejected by the mine-owners. The royalty has been collected during the present year, therefore, upon the basis of 10 cents per ton.

Such was the position of the coal-mining industry of Nova Scotia when Mr. Henry M. Whitney, a wealthy and exceedingly enterprising capitalist of Boston, became interested in the subject of coal-mining in Nova Scotia. His attention probably was first directed to this question by the fact that the great manufacturing industries of the New England States in which he was more or less interested were dependent to an unsatisfactory degree upon the coal magnates of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and

it would evidently be a matter of enormous advantage to manufacturing industries in New England if a means could be found to get coal at cheaper rates than were possible under the existing arrangement. At all events, interested he became, and was able to enlist in support of his enterprise Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co., one of the most reliable and conservative banking houses in the country.

Mr. Whitney, if he had so desired it, need not have approached the Government or Legislature of Nova Scotia in the matter at all. Every mine of any consequence in Cape Breton is owned and worked by a joint stock company. It was only necessary for him to purchase the stock of these different companies, and thereby get control of all the mines in the Island, and work them under the present leases, which will last 54 years longer, and pay a royalty of 10 cents a ton. This now can be done by any capitalist, English, French or American, who has the money and inclination to do it. Mr. Whitney, however, desired two or three changes in the terms of the lease, and these terms were agreed to by the Government of Nova Scotia, and submitted to the Legislature at the recent special session and passed by an overwhelming majority in the lower branch, and without division in the upper branch of the Legislature.

These changes are not of a very grave character. The term of the lease is extended to ninety-nine (99) years. Under the existing law a lease can be obtained for 80 years. The difference is too unimportant to merit much discussion. The other change is that during the term of the lease the maximum royalty shall be $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per ton. This is a condition which the Government of Nova Scotia would have been delighted to have conceded to all the lessees that were actually working in 1886 or in 1892. Providing the output is large, $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per ton royalty will always furnish a revenue to the Province of

Nova Scotia, which, taken with its other sources of revenue, will be ample for its administration of Provincial affairs. At all events, it is not likely that it will ever be desirable to impose a heavier tax than $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per ton on the coal industry. When it is considered that Mr. Whitney has acquired nearly all the coal that he has purchased in Cape Breton at a cent or less per ton, it will be recognized that $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per ton constitutes a pretty fair royalty, and ought to be as much as the exigencies of the case require.

One other change in the Whitney lease is certainly of the greatest possible importance to the Province, and it is the first safeguard that we have had against an unlawful combination to close the mines. In 1889, on it being found that there were a great number of unworked areas in the Province from which no revenue whatever was being derived, an Act was passed providing that in the case of unworked areas already under lease, a rental per square mile of \$30 per annum should be imposed, and in case of leases hereafter to be granted, a rental of \$50 per annum should be charged as long as the areas were unworked, and it was likewise provided that any existing leaseholder might change his then lease in order to obtain another, with the condition that as long as the rental was paid the leases should be non-forfeitable. That is the law in Nova Scotia to-day, and if Mr. Henry M. Whitney had any dark scheme for closing the coal mines of Nova Scotia he certainly would not have come to the Government for amendments in the lease, but would have purchased all the mines now outstanding, closed them, and paid into the revenue a rental of \$30 per square mile. That is what he can do under the existing leases now granted by the Government of Nova Scotia, and which have been granted for the past 35 years. But as a condition of giving him a lease with a permanent rental for a

long period of years, the Government enacted that Mr. Whitney and his company must pay, whether a mine was worked or not, a royalty equal to $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents a ton upon the total output for the highest year (1891), so that if he should close the mines that he has already acquired in Cape Breton, next year he would still have to pay into the revenue of Nova Scotia a sum equal to about \$123,000, and so on forever during the pendency of his lease. The non-payment of this sum would cause the forfeiture of the mines. At a period of time when all sorts of puerile rubbish are being talked about a huge monopoly being created and a diabolical scheme to close the coal mines of Nova Scotia, it is to be noted with interest that the lease which has just been granted to Mr. Whitney contains the first substantial provision against the closing of the mines which has ever been imposed upon the coal-mining industry of Nova Scotia. While the Government and people of Nova Scotia feel safe and comfortable in respect of all the mines that Mr. Whitney has acquired and will hold under the new lease, there is still room for anxiety in respect of the other coal mines in the Counties of Cape Breton, Cumberland and Pictou, which Mr. Whitney and his associates do not touch.

Mr. Whitney and his associates, half of whom are wealthy and eminently respectable Canadians, have acquired about nine collieries in the County of Cape Breton. Under the terms of their leases they are confined entirely to operations in the County of Cape Breton and are not at liberty to meddle with mines outside of that county. Their purpose is not to enter into any combines with Philadelphia people to injure any portion of the people of this country. Their object is to compete with the Pennsylvania mines to the great advantage of the people, and especially the manufacturing interests, of New England, as well as themselves. They expect also to command the

Canadian market as far west as they have ready access for the taking of their coals. They do not propose to increase the price of coal. But they do propose that, if possible, the people of Canada who consume their coal shall pay a fair price for it, so that they shall not only be able to mine large quantities of coal, but to mine large quantities of coal at a profit. That the price of coal will be increased in any part of North America as the result of Mr. Whitney's operations is too preposterous for discussion. The mines which Mr. Whitney has acquired had an output last year of between 800,000 and 900,000 tons. It is likely that Mr. Whitney this year will be able to secure an output of a million or more tons, and in subsequent years, as he gets the equipments better furnished, this output may be expected to increase to the extent of two or three millions of tons a year, a large part of which will likely be marketed in the New England States.

Such in brief are the incidents of the recent coal legislation in Nova Scotia which has attracted widespread, I may almost say absurd, attention. Because the Legislature of Nova Scotia has changed two or three clauses in the coal lease, some people whose sanity may well be questioned have reached the conclusion that the British Empire is in danger. Because Mr. VanHorne is a large consumer of coal, and it was deemed desirable by Mr. Whitney to obtain his patronage as far as possible for coal supply for the use of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he is made a member of the Board of Directors, and hysterical persons have seen a diabolical plot to absorb the coal supply of eastern North America. But, whatever terrible things are possible under the Whitney lease which the Legislature of Nova Scotia has just granted, let it be distinctly understood that ten times far more heinous things are possible in respect of all the other leases which are not touched by the recent legislation of Nova

Scotia; therefore, any person who charges that the Government of Nova Scotia has lent its sanction to monopolies and combines is simply grossly ignorant of the circumstances, or has not given the matter a moment's consideration. The terms of the lease which Mr. Whitney has taken are not in any sense more favorable to combines than the terms of the leases which have been granted for 35 years, and which are available for any person. There is nothing to prevent any large coal-mining corporation in Nova Scotia availing itself of the terms of Mr. Whitney's lease, but depend upon it, not one of them will pay 2½ cents additional royalty for any advantages which Mr. Whitney's two or three amendments afford. Monopolies can only be created in a country by tariff duties against the rest of the world. Make coal free and it is impossible for Mr. Whitney or any other person to create a coal monopoly in Canada.

For years past the people of Nova Scotia have been exceedingly desirous of having their coal and other mines properly developed by outside capital. Mr. Whitney's enterprise gives promise of splendid results in this regard. Already coal properties which had practically no value have assumed not only a commercial, but an actual value. Money will be plentifully distributed in the county of Cape Breton, where the operations are to be carried on. Improved methods will be introduced, and a general boom take place in coal-mining. Other mines will no doubt be stimulated, and it is not at all unlikely that other large capitalists will seek to acquire and open up the splendid coal areas now unworked situate at Brown Cove, Inverness County. It also happens, as I have mentioned, that Nova Scotia, is rich in iron. Mr. Gilpin, D.C.L., Inspector of Mines for Nova Scotia, has given it as his opinion that there is more iron ore in Nova Scotia than there is coal to smelt it. I hear at this moment of capitalists who are seeking to acquire large iron

properties in the Province for the purpose of actual working. This will lead to the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars in the construction of smelting works, the employment of hundreds of men, the circulation of millions of capital, and the creation of wealth, industry and development in the country. That such a condition of things should not be welcomed by every patriotic citizen of this Dominion is to my mind something incomprehensible.

It is gratifying to know that nearly every Nova Scotian of any position or standing in the business community has already most heartily and unreservedly indorsed the changes in the lease which the Government and Legislature have made, and have expressed unbounded gratification that such an

enterprising man as Mr. Whitney had been induced to take an interest in our coal mines. From some parts of Canada we hear of horror and nightmare lest some dire calamity was going to afflict the country, and the British Empire become blotted from the face of the globe. The slightest reflection will indicate the palpable absurdity of these superstitious fears, born of ignorance or prejudice. The sum of the whole matter is that instead of having the coal mines of Nova Scotia worked by piecemeal on a small scale, and by companies with insufficient capital, they will be worked efficiently, progressively, and on a large scale, by a company with large capital, and will be thus made a source of wealth to the Province and indirectly to the Dominion.

CROCUS-LIGHTS KINDLE IN THE EAST.

Crocus-lights kindle in the east, and Morn,
 A glad surprise, awakes the world to toil.
 White Day burns up the purple cloud, a soil
 Of darkness, and, lo, earth's broad glebes forlorn
 Grow golden with sweet fields of yellow corn,—
 Then with her brood of shadows and her moil—
 A throbbing opal with the noon as foil—
 Enters the realms of Night whence she was born.

Morn is Night's portal into toilful Time,
 And ashen Eve Night's portal into Rest,—
 Gateways which ope but once upon earth's sun ;
 'Mid shadows lit from an immortal clime,
 We enter, through Death's doorway in the west,
 Our Father's house where Night and Day are one.

THEODORE H. RAND.

McMaster University.

BRITISH TRADE AND IMPERIAL RECIPROCITY.

BY ALEXANDER MCNEILL, M.P.

A CLEAR Government majority of 52 against a total Opposition vote of 64 is a striking record. It is especially so at the present time, and in reference to a motion introduced by a man of Mr. McCarthy's standing and conspicuous ability. There is, I think, almost a consensus of opinion among members that no man within its walls can present his case to the House of Commons with the concentrated penetrative force possessed by the member for North Simcoe. Yet his attempt to induce representatives of the people to condemn the policy of protection to native industries has been no more successful than the vote of Friday morning indicates. It is mere childishness, in this case, to talk about the influence of that much-used and much-abused political weapon, the party Whip. That, of course, cracked its loudest on both sides of the House. But it is very well known that men voted with the Government against Mr. McCarthy's resolution, who have not hesitated to oppose the Government on former occasions—even so recently as during the present session of Parliament—and who are much more likely to be driven out of line than into line by an attempt at party coercion. The result, then, is very significant. It is clear proof that the sober sense of the representatives of the Canadian people revolts at the proposal to tear up the fiscal policy of the country, endanger her industries, and imperil her credit, in order to try an experiment that has never yet succeeded. Every country in the civilized world that has built up its manufacturing industries has done so under a protective policy. It should never be forgotten that, when England threw open her markets to the world, she did

so without risk to her manufactures from foreign competition, as the nations of continental Europe and the United States of America were mainly dependent upon her for the goods she manufactured. No danger threatened from those quarters. Free imports for her, then, meant only free imports of food stuffs and raw material. Free imports of these meant the cheapening of production, and this, in its turn, meant more extensive sales and better employment for her mechanics; and all went merry as a marriage bell. "All?" No, not all; not the agricultural interest. It was sacrificed. But then so long as it could be made to appear that the sufferers were only landlords, what did it matter? That fallacy, however, has pretty well run its allotted course, and will not deceive anyone much longer.

Steam power and free imports worked shoulder to shoulder in building up England's vast manufacturing industries, and distributing their products the world over. England dominated all markets. The statesmen of Europe and America saw, and took their measures accordingly. They met her policy of free imports by a policy of protection. They refused to permit her to pursue a system of free trade—they refused to give her free sale for her wares. Under a system of protection, they built up manufactures of their own, and, after a time, were able not only to supply their own people with goods of home manufacture, but, to some extent, to compete with England in neutral markets. To-day England's open market means, not as at first it did—a market open to foods and raw material only. It means also a slaughter market for the surplus of the manufactured products

of foreign nations. The conditions are completely reversed. Formerly the markets of continental Europe and the United States of America were flooded with products of English manufacture, while England held her own home market. To-day the markets of England are flooded with products of foreign manufacture, while the foreigner holds his own home market. The extent to which English markets are invaded by goods of foreign manufacture is little known by the public. The manner in which the "Accounts relating to Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom" are presented, is very misleading. Here is an example:—Under "Imports," we find Class "VIII.—Manufactured Articles." The unwary searcher after truth sees that the total value of the various importations enumerated here is given (for 1892) at £65,440,670 sterling—figures sufficiently ominous. In the innocence of his heart, he supposes that that terrible amount represents the extent to which English are being displaced by foreign manufactures on the markets of the United Kingdom. But a little further research will undeceive him. He will find that refined sugar and candy are not included among "Manufactured Articles!" And for these he must add to the figures already quoted £9,063,928. For molasses he must add £180,610; for yeast, £611,141; for oil seed cake, £2,147,099; for drugs (unenumerated), £832,762; and for tobacco (manufactured, and snuff), £1,376,991. When he has made these additions, he will find that he has reached figures bordering upon eighty millions sterling. The exact amount is £79,653,209. This, so far, is tolerably plain sailing. But we now encounter classes of goods which, until I have more time at my disposal, I find it impossible to deal with satisfactorily. Under the heading, "metals," we find the following among the imports:—

	<i>Copper.</i>
Regulus and Precipitate.....	£3,292,106
Unwrought and part wrought..	1,653,540
	<i>Iron and Steel.</i>
Iron—Bar, angle, bolt and rod....	£692,259
Steel—Unwrought.....	62,936
	<i>Lead.</i>
Pig and sheet.....	£1,976,436
	<i>Tin.</i>
Blocks, ingots, bars, or slabs....	£2,743,814

Now, these are evidently all partly manufactured articles. And if such products are included among England's manufactured exports, these I have enumerated must be added to the sum of her manufactured imports. When we turn to the exports, however, we find a different classification employed. In place of "Metals," we have "Metals and Articles manufactured therefrom," and it is impossible, in the absence of the fuller report, which is not yet printed, so to separate the goods as to make a comparison between exports and imports, except in the case of iron—bar, angle, and rod—the export of which is valued at £1,144,162. The imports, as I have stated, are £692,259,—much more than half.

Chemicals and dye-stuffs are clasped in exports among "articles manufactured and partly manufactured." The export is placed at £8,587,508, including drugs. The imports are £7,707,390. If the first goes to the credit of manufactured exports, the latter must be credited to manufactured imports. Oil is classed as a manufactured or partly manufactured article. The export is placed at £1,318,725. The import is £7,076,035.

It is evident then that if a comparison is to be made between England's exports of articles "manufactured and partly manufactured" and her imports of similar articles, we must add to our £79,653,209 imports above referred to, the value of the chemicals and oils imported, and also the £692,259 for iron—bar, angle and rod. It is also evident that if we could institute a

proper comparison between the metallic products exported and imported, we would have to add a good deal more. But the chemicals, oils and iron amount to £15,475,684, and bring the imports of manufactured and partly manufactured goods up to the vast sum of £95,128,893—well on to \$500,000,000.

This calculation does not take into account the 12¼ millions sterling worth of flour which enters, free and untaxed, to compete with the heavily taxed products of the home millers. Nor does it include sundry articles classed as "raw material" for manufactures, among which I discover over half a million sterling worth of doors and window frames!

In presence of this mighty invasion of England's markets by the products of foreign manufacturing enterprise and skill, the question naturally arises, is she making good the loss of her home market by greater sales abroad? The Free Trader is prepared to maintain that the loss of the home market can be no disadvantage. The English products that were displaced by foreign goods were products she could not manufacture to advantage—"mouldering branches;" let them go. Her capital, disengaged from these unprofitable enterprises, will flow into the natural channels where it can be much more profitably employed, and her trade will develop more rapidly than ever. This is a most fascinating theory. It is the very efflorescence of the poetry of political economy. But, as the poet is "of imagination all compact," so is this. For while England's home market is being filched from her by the foreigner year by year to a greater and greater extent, her exports at the same time are falling away with a rapidity that is simply appalling. In 1890 the "total value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported" was, in round numbers, 263½ millions sterling. In 1891 it fell to 247½ millions, while last year it amounted only to 227 mil-

lions. The value of the total exports has for some years been maintained by increased sales at smaller profits. But we at length reach a point below which profits cannot go, and that point would seem to be reached in England.

The loss of trade to the extent of 36½ millions sterling in two years is sufficiently startling. But it would be an error to suppose that while England imports over 95 million stg. worth of manufactured and partly manufactured articles, she exports of the same description of goods 227 millions worth. This latter figure is the "total value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported." From this amount we must subtract for "raw material," "animals" and "fish" the sum of 21½ millions stg., leaving 206¾ millions as the total value of the export of articles "manufactured and partly manufactured," as against an import of 95 millions, exclusive of 12¼ millions worth of flour and the metallic products above referred to.

This then is the lamentable condition into which a policy of free imports has reduced the matchless, world-pervading industries of England. This is the result, as seen in the trade taken as a whole. A more detailed statement would present facts even more impressive. It would show that in everyone of the great lines of English manufacture, there has been a great falling off in the value of exports. I may cite as examples the textile and metal industries, in each of which there was, during the first eight months of 1892, a decrease of exports to the value of over eight millions sterling as compared with the exports during the first eight months of 1890.

While, thus, the policy of Free Imports worked good to English manufacturing industry at a time when the articles freely imported could not include manufactured products, it is abundantly evident that it is now imposing a strain upon that industry which threatens disaster. If, then, the giant indus-

tries of England, rooted in experience and skill, upheld by vast wealth, and assisted by all the prestige of a well-earned reputation, are unable to endure the strain of this policy of so-called Free Trade without danger, surely it were little short of midsummer madness to expect the comparatively insignificant manufacturing industries of Canada to survive so fierce an ordeal. The example of England ought to be a warning to Canada, and we ought steadily to keep in view the fact that during that period in which so-called Free Trade worked well for English manufacturers, the conditions were exactly the reverse of those which confront Canada to-day. Then, England's manufacturing industries were overwhelmingly strong, and she had no competitors in her own markets. To-day, Canada has for competitors the mightiest industries in the world, and her own industries are in comparison utterly insignificant.

The fast-failing exports to foreign countries, together with the steadily increasing inflow of foreign manufactured goods, is producing a deep impression upon many minds in the United Kingdom; and a movement of immense power is unquestionably making against the existing fiscal policy. It is felt that trade both at home and abroad is going from bad to worse, and that something must be done, and soon done, if dire calamity is to be averted. This opinion is so prevalent that last year the then prime minister gave voice to it at Hastings, on the eve of a general election. The words following are certainly the most remarkable, in reference to the fiscal policy of the country, that have fallen from the lips of any leading English statesman since the days of the Corn Laws:

"There is a matter which occupies our minds, and in which, I think, the prosperity of this country is greatly involved. I allude to the question of our external trade. After all, this little island lives as a trading island. We could not produce in food stuffs enough to sustain the population that lives in this island, and it is

only by the great industries which exist here, and which find markets in foreign countries, that we are able to maintain the vast population by which this island is inhabited. But a danger is growing up. Forty or fifty years ago everybody believed that free trade had conquered the world, and they prophesied that every nation would follow the example of England and give itself up to absolute free trade. The results are not exactly what they prophesied, but, the more adverse the results were, the more the devoted prophets of free trade declared that all would come right at last; the worse the tariffs of foreign countries became, the more confident were the prophecies of an early victory. But we see now, after many years' experience, that, explain it how we may, foreign nations are raising, one after another, a wall, a brazen wall, of protection around their shores which excludes us from their markets, and, so far as they are concerned, do their best to kill our trade. And this state of things does not get better. On the contrary, it constantly seems to get worse. Now, of course, if I utter a word with reference to free trade I shall be accused of being a protectionist, of a desire to overthrow free trade, and of all the other crimes which an ingenious imagination can attach to a commercial heterodoxy. But, nevertheless, I ask you to set yourselves free from all that merely vituperative doctrine, and to consider whether the true doctrine of free trade carries you as far as some of these gentlemen would wish you to go. Every true religion has its counterpart in inventions and legends and traditions which grow upon that religion. One of the difficulties we have to contend with is the strange and unreasonable doctrine which these Rabbis have imposed upon us. If we look abroad into the world we see it. In the office which I have the honor to hold I am obliged to see a great deal of it. We live in an age of a war of tariffs. Every nation is trying how it can, by agreement with its neighbor, get the greatest possible protection for its own industries, and, at the same time, the greatest possible access to the markets of its neighbors. This kind of negotiation is continually going on. It has been going on for the last year and a half with great activity. I want to point out to you that what I observe is that while A is very anxious to get a favor of B, and B is anxious to get a favor of C, nobody cares two straws about getting the commercial favor of Great Britain. (Cheers.) What is the reason of that? It is that in this great battle Great Britain has deliberately stripped herself of the armor and the weapons by which the battle has to be fought. You cannot do business in this world of evil and suffering on those terms. If you go to market you must bring money with you; if you fight, you must fight with the weapons with which those you have to contend against are fighting. It is not easy for you to say, 'I am a Quaker; I do not fight at all; I have no weapon,' and to expect that people will pay the same regard to you, and be as anxious to obtain your goodwill and to consult your interests, as they will be of the people who have retained their armor and still hold their weapons. (Hear, hear.) The weapon with which they all fight is admission

to their own markets—that is to say, A says to B, ‘If you will make your duties such that I can sell in your market, I will make my duties such that you can sell in my market.’ But we begin by saying, ‘We will levy no duties on anybody,’ and we declare that it would be contrary and disloyal to the glorious and sacred doctrine of free trade to levy any duty on anybody for the sake of what we can get by it. (Cheers.) It may be noble, but it is not business. (Loud cheers.) On those terms you will get nothing, and I am sorry to have to tell you that you are practically getting nothing. The opinion of this country, as stated by its authorized exponents, has been opposed to what is called a retaliatory policy. (A voice, ‘No, no.’) Oh, but it has. We, as the Government of the country at the time, have laid it down for ourselves as a strict rule from which there is no departure, and we are bound not to alter the traditional policy of the country unless we are convinced that a large majority of the country is with us—(cheers)—because in these foreign affairs consistency of policy is beyond all things necessary. (Cheers.) But though that is the case, still, if I may aspire to fill the office of a counsellor to the public mind, I should ask you to form your own opinions without reference to traditions or denunciations—not to care two straws whether you are orthodox or not, but to form your opinions according to the dictates of common sense. I would impress upon you that if you intend, in this conflict of commercial treaties, to hold your own, you must be prepared, if need be, to inflict upon the nations which injure you the penalty which is in your hands that of refusing them access to your markets. (Loud and prolonged cheers, and a voice, ‘Common sense at last.’) There is a reproach in that interruption, but I have never said anything else. . . . Now, I am not in the least prepared, for the sake of wounding other nations, to inflict any dangerous or serious wound upon ourselves. We must confine ourselves, *at least for the present*, to those subjects on which we should not suffer very much whether the importation continued or diminished; but what I complain about of the Rabbis of whom I have just spoken is that they confuse this vital point. (Cheers.) They say that everything must be given to the consumer. Well, if the consumer is the man who maintains the industries of the country, or is the people at large, I agree with the Rabbis. You cannot raise the price of food or of raw material, but there is an enormous mass of other articles of importation from other countries, besides the United States, which are mere matters of luxurious consumption—(cheers); and if it is a question of wine, or silk, or spirits, or gloves, or lace, or anything of that kind (a voice, ‘Hops,’ and cheers)—yes, there is a good deal to be said for hops—but in those cases I should not in the least shrink from diminishing the consumption, and interfering with the comfort of the excellent people who consume these articles of luxury, for the purpose of maintaining our rights in this commercial war, and of insisting on our rights of access to the markets of our neighbors. (Cheers.) As one whose duty

it is to say what he thinks to the people of this country, I am bound to say that our Rabbis have carried the matter too far. We must distinguish between consumer and consumer, and while jealously preserving the rights of a consumer who is co-extensive with a whole industry, or with the whole people of the country, we may fairly use our power over an importation which merely ministers to luxury, in order to maintain our own in this great commercial battle. (Cheers.)”

The words, “at least for the present,” which I have italicised are somewhat significant

It has been alleged that Lord Salisbury at a recent speech in Liverpool repudiated, or endeavored to explain away, what he said last year at Hastings. Let me now quote from the *Times*’ report of this repudiating or explanatory speech, together with the *Times*’ comment upon it. and let the reader judge whether Lord Salisbury explains away, or modifies, or in substance reaffirms his former utterances:

“I am very nervous to allude to it, because I have found when I have uttered most innocent and tentative observations that I am always accused of re-imposing a duty upon corn, and you will therefore forgive me if I say that I look upon the duty on corn as outside the dreams of any politician, and I am perfectly convinced that if a duty upon corn be re-imposed it would be so precarious a hold that no sane man would invest a farthing on the security of its continuance. Having put that question aside, I will invite your attention to the very curious and remarkable fiscal problems, which are now being worked out for our benefit by other nations. The great question which I think really divides us on the question of fiscal legislation is, whether it is lawful, and if lawful, whether it is expedient, to use your tariff as a fighting weapon. I have always been of opinion that the doctrine held by distinguished free-traders on this subject is somewhat too absolute, and when people say that reciprocity means protection I am tempted to doubt whether they have taken the trouble to clear their thoughts, which is necessary in dealing with fiscal science. But the matter, I hope, will be one which need not be settled in controversy. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Blaine, by his calm legislation, undoubtedly succeeded in securing some very advantageous stipulations for his country in negotiations with other Powers. The results have not been so definite nearer home. France and Italy, France and Switzerland, may be said, in a tariff sense, to be at open war. One thing is quite certain—that that war does infinite harm to both parties concerned. How it will end it is impossible for us to guess, but we must watch the issue of the campaign with the very deepest attention, for

it is full of lessons for ourselves. (Hear, hear.) Everyone will agree that such a war is usually injurious to both parties concerned, and that we ought to keep out of it as long as we can (Hear, hear.) But my impression is, that with tariff wars, as with other wars, it may happen in spite of the terrible injury which the making of war inflicts on all who take part in it, that it may be necessary to avert greater dangers. (Hear, hear.) I earnestly beg of you to study this question with an open mind and a clear appreciation of the issues concerned, and not allow yourselves to be pushed aside from it by any pre-conceived opinions or any watchword from scientific men. (Hear, hear.)"

Lord Salisbury last year said, "I must impress upon you that if you intend, in this conflict of commercial treaties, to hold your own, you must be prepared, if need be, to inflict upon nations which injure you the penalty which is in your hands, that of refusing them access to your markets." This year he says, "My impression is, that with tariff wars, as with other wars, it may happen, in spite of the terrible injury which the making of war inflicts on all who take part in it, that it may be necessary to avert greater dangers."

This is about as explicit a re-affirmation of the principles he laid down last year as could well be imagined; and it is clear that the election of Mr. Cleveland to the presidency has not induced him to doubt the expediency of re-imposing duties upon certain lines of manufactured goods.

The *Times*, commenting upon Lord Salisbury's speech, says: "Lord Salisbury does not himself accept all the tenets of the economists as eternal and necessary truths. He is, indeed, quite alive to the great mischiefs done to all parties who engage in them by tariff wars, and he is, consequently, of opinion that we ought to keep out of such wars as long as we can. But he confesses that, in tariffs, as in other matters, he is not by any means an advocate of peace at any price. He thinks that a tariff war may be a necessary evil—an evil which, in the end, will avert still worse calamities. He admits that Italy, France and Spain are all suffering severely from

the contests in which they are engaged, but he hints that the late Mr. Blaine did succeed in winning some concessions highly advantageous to his own country, by brandishing the American tariff laws in a menacing style before the eyes of other powers. In discussing fiscal questions, it is indeed idle, as Lord Salisbury pointed out, to ignore the changes in the state of the world's markets which recent years have brought. Protection has grown all around amongst the great and little powers, and all of them are now busy in extending it to their colonies and dependencies."

That a prime minister of England should give expression to such views on the eve of a general election and find himself at the termination of the struggle not only not expelled ignominiously from power but actually endorsed by a large majority of the constituencies of England proper, is indeed potent proof of the width and the depth of the movement in favor of tariff reform in the mother country.

Lord Salisbury's remarks about "corn," i.e. wheat, have been regarded by some friends of the movement in favor of preferential trading within the empire as evidence that the leader of the Conservative party is inclined to regard that policy with disfavor. It should be recollected, however, that the reaction against "Free Trade" runs so high among the farming classes in England that proposals for a re-imposition of duty upon corn, of a very extreme nature, are being made.* It is, therefore, only natural that Lord Salisbury should desire to disavow any sympathy with these views, and, as far as possible, to allay, by discountenancing it, an agitation which is

* It is urged that the price of wheat in England should be raised to 42s. a quarter. When Lord Salisbury spoke in Liverpool, wheat was selling in London at about 30s. a quarter. If we assume that the payment of duty is borne in equal proportion by the producer and consumer, it will be necessary, in order to raise the price of wheat to 42s., to impose a duty of 24s. per quarter—a duty of 75c. per bushel.

mischievous. It is also to be borne in mind, that the reversal of England's fiscal policy to the extent required by the advocates of preferential trade is a vast revolution which requires time for its accomplishment. It may well be that it will not come about all at once but gradually; when it does come, those changes in our favor which are least obnoxious to the prejudices of free traders being first conceded. In that case, the duty on corn would probably be the last concession made.

For England the great need, the great desideratum, is the development, the building up, of Greater Britain. England's future is with her Empire. That is a fact that is becoming more and more apparent, and is being more and more appreciated by the English public. England's own people within her own Empire are, as has often been pointed out, incomparably better customers for her wares than are the subjects of foreign powers. This is true to an exceedingly great extent. "It is demonstrable from the official tables," says a leading English journal, "that our colonies purchase per head of the population nearly seven times more than the people of the United States." From an English standpoint then, the true policy is to develop these best markets by increasing the number of their purchasers. By giving preferential treatment to settlers in Greater Britain, England can increase the population of this country to an incalculable extent, and thus vastly develop her trade. This is England's true and saving policy, even if we give her no preference in the markets at all. We hear of our small trade with England. It would not long be small if she gave to Canadians preference in a market that is open to every description of goods we produce, and is equal to that of the U. S. and several of the great European powers added together.

Under such circumstances, the difficulty for us would, perhaps, be rather that we had too many than too few

emigrants. Our climate, however, will always guard us against an influx of the scum of southern Europe. But be this as it may, it is quite evident that the possibilities of extended trade for England in this direction are almost illimitable. A lively appreciation of this fact is taking possession of many of the leading minds in England, as is evidenced by utterances of public men, by leading articles in the great organs of public opinion, and by resolutions passed by chambers of commerce and Conservative associations. Of these resolutions the two most noticeable are that passed by the Conservative Union at Sheffield last December, and the very remarkable resolution passed still more recently by the Chamber of Commerce of Birmingham itself. This resolution is as follows:

That, as in the opinion of this meeting the future prosperity of British commerce must increasingly depend on our commercial relations with our colonies, and recognizing the fact that Canada has, by the resolution of her Parliament, invited the mother country to enter into an arrangement for reciprocally preferential duties, we hereby urge upon the Government the necessity of taking that invitation into their immediate and most serious consideration.

The resolution of the Canadian House of Commons now referred to was passed towards the end of April of last year. The resolution of the Chamber of Commerce was carried in January. So that this movement in favor of preferential trade is making such progress in the mother country that within nine months of the action of the Dominion House of Commons, a resolution strongly endorsing it is carried by the Chamber of Commerce of the city that is in the minds of all men associated with the political career of John Bright himself—and this, too, although the results of the Presidential election in the United States had become known in the interval. Could any reasonable man desire more convincing proof that this great British cause is making substantial headway in England? The cable brings us stirring news on the 22nd

ult. For it appears that, Home Rule and threatened civil war notwithstanding, this question is still to the front. The Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom have been discussing it. The Birmingham Chamber, not content to let it rest, has apparently moved the adoption of its own resolution by the representatives of trade and commerce from all parts of the United Kingdom. Inasmuch as the Canadian offer stands alone, and has so far received no support from our sister colonies, he would be a sanguine man who should expect the resolution to be carried by such a body as the Association of Chambers of Commerce. It was rejected, but not until "after considerable discussion," and apparently not until a second resolution of a similar nature had been moved by the Middleborough Chamber, was the discussion brought to an end. Unfortunately, experience

proves that we cannot be sure of what has taken place until the arrival of English papers. But of this we may be convinced, that the cable report does not err in the direction of too great friendliness to the cause of British unity.

The friends of Imperial Reciprocity in Canada may be well assured of ultimate victory for the noble cause they have espoused. There are formidable difficulties to be overcome, difficulties hard of solution. But they will be fused and moulded by the earnestness of purpose born of a union of the sentiment and the self-interest of a patriotic and practical people. The great tide of public opinion in Britain and in Greater Britain is flowing ever deeper and stronger in the desired direction. Obstacles in its course will from time to time alter the direction of a portion of the current. But let no man mistake the little eddy for the main stream.



EAST AND WEST.

BY PROF. EDWARD J. CHAPMAN, PH.D., LL.D.

THE PROLOGUE.

ART thou the old dream dreaming?
Poor heart, of the morrow beware—
Death may lurk in the brown eyes' veil'd
gleaming,

In the white throat so wondrously fair.
The tones that wild heart-throbs awaken—
The sheen of the gold-shower'd hair—
The touch that thy soul hath so shaken—
May lure thee, and leave thee—ah,
where ?

Trust it not, the wild, treacherous glad-
ness—

The twin hounds of Passion and Pain
Are swift to arise—in their madness
They rend, and they rest not again !

The day-dream is sweet in the dreaming,
But dreamless the night's dull despair,
When the voice, and the touch, and the
gleaming,

Have lured thee, and left thee—ah,
where ?

“ We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.”

THE WEST.

The sultry day is well-nigh done,
Aflame is all the fiery west—
The giant snow-peaks, one by one,
Are crimson'd by the great red sun
Whose glory gilds each gleaming crest.
And far—upon the golden sky,
A black fleck floating silently—
A solitary eagle sweeps
Its way across those trackless deeps :
As trackless as a frozen sea
Whose waves have never stir nor sound
In all its weird immensity.
Below, the foot-hills stretch around
Mile after mile—untrack'd, untraced,
A desolate and dreary waste
Of shattered rock and clinging pine,
Deep-cleft by many a jagged line
Of lonely gulch and cavern hoar,
Where night is in the noon of day—
And months and years go on alway—

And still, as in the days that were
Those western hills are wild and bare,
The eagle's home, the lean wolf's lair—
Unchanged, and changeless evermore !

But deep within—the rocky core
Of those lone mountains, rent and old,
Is seam'd and vein'd with glittering ore,
And lurid with the gleam of gold.
So, to those savage wilds have come
A few wrecked souls, as savage. Some
By the fierce gold-thirst thither led,
And some from human vengeance fled,
And some world-chased by bitter wrong—
Rough, reckless, bearded, bold and strong,
They come from far-off lands and climes,
But little speak of earlier times,
Each living as it seems him best,
Alone, and heedless of the rest.

The daylight softly ebbs away,
Though lingering still with tender ray,
And still the sunset's waning glow
Climbs slowly up those wastes of snow :
But here and there faint stars are seen
In the blue gaps that lie between
The glimmering peaks, and all below
Is grey with creeping mist. The stroke
Of restless pick, whose rhythmic clang
All day among the mountains rang,
And many a wild, weird echo woke,
Is silent now ; but yet no sound
Or stir of life is there reveal'd
Among the scatter'd huts around.
To-night they linger long a-field,
Those toilers of Earth's stony womb—
But now, slow-growing through the gloom
Dark forms in shadowy groups appear :
And two among them gently bear
A human burden—ghastly, wan,
And black with powder—one in whom
The likeness of a living man
Is well-nigh all crush'd out. And they,
Those hard, rough miners—tender now
As very women—softly lay,
With silent footsteps, sad and slow,
Their comrade in his lowly hut,
Where gaunt and grey 'the rocks out-jut
Across the jagged rift below.

He wakes again to life at last,
 But not to consciousness or pain—
 The throb of agony has pass'd
 Though life doth still awhile remain.
 And they who stand beside him there,
 And bathe with rough but pitying care
 His blood-stain'd breast and fever'd brow,
 He knows them not—his spirit now
 Is far away from that lone spot
 In scenes long-left, but unforget—
 A stately terraced walk he sees,
 Pale-tinted by the crescent moon :
 The odour of the summer breeze,
 The whisper of the swaying trees,
 Fall softly on his soul — and soon
 A clinging form is by his side —
 Their lips are one—the whole world wide
 Has not so fair a form for him —
 His heart beats fast, his senses swim
 Under her whisper'd words. Alas !
 That such should be, and come, and pass,
 Even as the wind that stayeth not.

Well may the listeners shrink—God
 wot !

A laugh from dying lips to hear :
 In sooth, it hath a ghastly sound
 That well may cause a throb of fear
 In hearts as bold as those around—
 And bitterly, though faint and low,
 From those pale lips the accents flow :

I told thee, when thy fantasy
 Had sicken'd and had ceas'd to be—
 When thou, unmoved, my name couldst
 hear,

Or hear it with a shrinking fear—
 When hand met hand, and no quick thrill
 Came, as of old, thy heart to fill—
 And that one memory had become
 A blear'd ghost, wan and wearisome—
 Thou hadst but one brief word to say,
 Or look — and I no more would blot
 The brightness of thy life's young day,
 But drop from out that life away,
 And be as thou hadst known me not.

I told thee, when the thing was said,
 I would go down without a cry—
 A bubble—and the wave goes by,
 And all the past is blurr'd and dead.
 Why should I curse thee ? All around
 The dead leaves drop. The wintry ground
 Is bare and black, that once was green—
 The song-birds of the summer's sheen
 Where bleak winds blow no more abide—
 All life's poor glammers wax and wane—

Then how shouldst thou unchanged re-
 main,
 In all this change of time and tide !

The damp of death is on his brow,
 The flame but feebly flickers now—
 A struggle for the strangled breath,
 A gasp that faint and fainter grows :
 And then the long, deep, calm repose,
 The one long hush of death !
 They draw the hood across his face,
 And leave him to his Maker's grace !

THE EAST.

(ONE YEAR LATER.)

Blithe, and bright, and debonair,
 Is Deercliffe Court this afternoon—
 The roses in their flush of June
 On terrace, lawn, and gay parterre,
 In glowing masses fill the air
 With summer fragrance. All around
 Fair forms are floating, and the sound
 Of light patrician laughter blends
 With faint-heard strains of melody—
 And friends are gaily greeting friends—
 And warm and bright the summer sky
 Its cloudless azure dome extends
 O'er all that courtly company.

Within the vast ancestral rooms,
 The noble hosts of Deercliffe stand
 With winning smile and ready hand
 To greet their throng of guests. Rich
 glooms

Upon the blazon'd arras throw
 On Parian groups their purple glow :
 And bowers of tropic plants, between,
 Roll back the sunlight's rippling sheen :
 And high above, in long array,
 Steel-coated warriors grim and grey,
 And ermin'd judges, stern and cold,
 And plum'd gallants, gay and bold,
 Who many a roaring catch had troll'd
 In those old halls, in days that were ;
 And maidens in their bloom of May,
 White-throated with their pearl-deck'd hair
 And poor dead smiles, long pass'd away.
 Look down upon as bright a scene
 As in those halls hath ever been.

She stands beside a marble fawn,
 Gold-crown'd above her low pale brow
 With sun-flush'd tresses and a glow
 On lips and cheek of pearly dawn.

Lithe as a tawny lioness,
 Her form has still, in its slim grace,
 A young girl's beauty. One may trace
 In all its swaying loveliness
 The natural pose and pride of race
 Subdued by inborn tenderness.
 Her picture : you may see it there —
 It hangs upon the southern wall
 Among the rest, more fair than all,
 With its great waves of tawny hair,
 And tender mouth, and gold-brown eyes
 Wherein a wistful yearning lies.

Beside her stands the noble Earl,
 In act and instinct, to the core,
 True to his rank, if nothing more :
 All coldly courteous. In the whirl
 Of public life, no passing blame
 Had ever touched his ancient name.
Noblesse oblige, his motto ever :
 And so he held, without endeavour,
 The world's respect, his peers' esteem,
 His young wife's love—well so t'was said—
 But love, the passion and the dream,
 Scarce troubles now a young girl's head.
 What, if without our world it lies—
 Shall hearts for that be void and sore ?
 Rank, wealth, world-homage won—what
 more
 Is wanted for a paradise ?

Gay goes that garden festival !
 Around, the glorious roses glow ;
 Their fanfares gay the bugles blow ;
 The tennis-lawns and pathways all
 Are bright with beauty and the gleam
 Of radiant gems and silk and lace,
 And many a memory-haunted face
 Within the rooms, in dazzling stream
 (Fit pageant for a painter's dream)
 The guests move onward. Some have
 pass'd
 With their young hostess, free at last,
 Through all the glittering living maze,
 Within the noble gallery,
 Where paintings of the old art-days —
 Of Rubens, Titian, Veronese—
 Rank upon rank, unbrokenly,
 Enshrined in deathless glory, shone—
 With many of our modern day,
 Fit co-mates, so the world will say,
 When Time's slow touch shall o'er them
 stray,
 And mellowing years have come and gone.

A passing group has paus'd before
 A strange weird painting—done by whom

None knew—its legend only bore
 The picture's name : "a lonely tomb."
 So fraught the scene with sense of pain,
 That many a passer turns away :
 But those who stop, perforce must stay,
 And look, and lingering, look again.
 A sunken cross—the sea—the shore—
 A levelled sand-heap—nothing more
 To tell the lonely sleeper's tale —
 A grave beside a storm-blown sea,
 And on the land, nor leaf, nor tree,
 And on the sea no gleam of sail
 Or glint of wild bird's restless wing,
 Or sight or sign of living thing—
 A scene that doth the soul oppress
 With its wide, utter loneliness.

Between the lines the tale is read,
 A voice amidst the silence said—
 Certes ! the scene is sad and drear :
 But in the Western wilds, last year,
 I came across a scene as dread,
 A grave as silent, lost and lone—
 The cloven ice-cliffs overheard,
 And shatter'd rocks around it thrown !
 In truth, a strange titanic tomb
 Whose walls were never built or plann'd
 By human skill or human hand—
 But in their silence wide and dread,
 Those walls will hold their lonely dead
 Close-curtain'd till the crack of doom !

They turn'd—and in the speaker knew
 A soldier and a traveller, too,
 A paladin of high renown
 In all the most exclusive sets :
 One met to-day in ducal halls,
 At midnight crushes, masques, and balls,
 Then heard of in some far-off town
 Among the moslem minarets—
 Or where the Calmuck deserts lie
 In their untamed immensity—
 Or pillar'd date-palms stately stand,
 Green islands in a sea of sand,
 Within the Nubian's burning land—
 Or where the wide Maranon flows,
 And forest upon forest grows,
 And Cotopaxi's gleaming snows
 Are white against the Western sky !
 All gathered round, and eagerly
 The Colonel question'd—what and where
 Was that strange tomb of which he said ?
 And who was he, the lonely dead,
 Who slept his last long slumber there ?

And so his tale the traveller told :
 Last year, he said, when western woods

Were flush'd with autumn's red and gold,
 I cross'd the rocky solitudes
 Among the cloud-girt mountain chains
 That rise from Arizona's plains,
 By sombre gorges deeply cleft,
 Where Time's denuding hand has left
 Stern record of his patient toil,
 And hurrying streams in wild turmoil
 Leap darkling to the distant sea.
 And there, in those far wilds, did we—
 I, and my silent Indian guide
 And our brave mules—climb patiently,
 Until one sultry eventide,
 Slow toiling up the mountain side,
 Across a miners' camp we came :
 The topmost peaks were still aflame
 With the red sunset's dying glow,
 But all was grey and dark below.

And in the camp there was no sound
 Or stir of life ; but all appear'd
 Lone and deserted, till we near'd
 A distant hut in which we found
 The miners gathered, mute, around
 A dying comrade. As I gazed
 Upon the dying face, its eyes
 Turn'd upon mine with sad surprise
 In their last lingering look. Amazed,
 I stood, till memory found the clue,
 And then the poor dead face I knew—
 Poor Geoffrey ! everybody's friend !
 Who thought that such would be his end ?
 Countess ! I think you knew him, too :
 Young Geoffrey Vernon ! Was it not
 At Deercliffe—at this very spot,
 I met him once, two years ago ?
 With sudden effort she suppress'd
 The wild fierce throb that tore her breast,
 And turn'd, and slowly answer'd—No !
 I do not think it !—all the same,
 I do remember, now, the name—
 I pray you, let us hear the rest.

Her voice was hard, and strange its
 tone ;
 As voice of one that would subdue
 A moan's low cry. A livid hue
 Came o'er her cheek, and then, anew,
 As quickly as it came, was gone—
 Unseen, unheeded. And again,
 With voice that held no touch of pain,
 She said, I pray you, then, say on !

Well, there is little more to say—
 I kept the death-watch till the day
 Came greyly, and the stars were gone.

I

Then follow'd the strange burial :
 The strangest that has ever been
 Before or since, or ever shall
 In all the coming years be seen.
 The hills above the camp, that night,
 Threw back a lurid spectral light :
 And suddenly among them shone
 A solfatara's fiery cone,
 Between the fissured rifts upthrown.
 And with the dawn a seething flood
 Of pitch-like, black, and trailing mud
 Pour'd from its throat, and forced its way
 Far down the narrow gorge that lay
 Darkly beneath it. There they placed
 (Within a few rough boards encased)
 The body of the silent dead.
 And one they call'd "the preacher" there,
 Uncover'd and with low voice said
 A few scant words of hurried prayer.
 Then came the wave : a moving wall,
 It crept around the coffin-lid,
 And rose and rose—and all was hid
 Beneath its black and massive pall
 That froze to solid rock anon !
 And ever as the years roll on
 The secret of that silent stone
 Lock'd darkly in its hidden core—
 The god that drove its tenant forth
 From home and kin, o'er sea and earth,
 To perish there—remains unknown,
 And so remaineth evermore !

* * * * *

It seem'd as though the cruel day
 Would never end—and all the while
 To force upon the face a smile,
 And this and that, O God ! to say
 Whilst all the thought was far away—
 And all the glitter and the gleam,
 The greeting forms that came and went,
 Seem'd but the glamour of a dream
 That work'd to her bewilderment.
 But now at last the day has pass'd,
 The lingering, gleaming, ghastly day—
 The carriages have roll'd away—
 And she is free—at last—at last !

* * * * *

She stands alone within her room—
 The night has come : the moon, on high,
 Sails softly through the summer sky—
 The floor is flecked with light and gloom—
 The glory of her loosen'd hair
 Is all about her—white and bare
 Her shoulders and her white feet shew
 Like marble in the pale moon-glow.

And light as one that moves in dream
 She seeks the costly cabinet
 Wherein her rarest jewels gleam,
 And stooping, wildly takes from it
 A few poor letters—three or four,
 She had not dared to treasure more—
 And these, why keep them now, she said;
 To keep them were a bitter jest
 On this great lie of life, at best,
 And here they do but mock the dead!

No need has she to scan again
 Those words of passionate power and pain,
 That branded were in heart and brain.

One lingering, clinging kiss—the last—
 And through their leaves the swift flames
 pass'd,

And the grey ashes, one by one,
 Dropt silently, and all was done.
 But as the last gleam o'er them swept,
 Through all her soul a terror crept
 And shook with sobs her shuddering
 breast—

Her hands across her eyes she press'd,
 But that dread face she needs must see—
 And all the yearning Past is there—
 And low she moans, in her despair,
 O Jeff! poor Jeff!—it *had* to be!



TALES OF WAYSIDE INNS.

NO. I.—THE LAWYER'S TALE.

BY HENRY LYE.

IN the summer of 18—, a visitor to the pleasant town of Walkerton would have been surprised by the presence of two eminent judges, one of the Chancery, and the other of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Judicature for Ontario; with whom were three of the rising counsel of Toronto, and several of the leading lawyers of the county of Bruce who have since become famous in the profession.

The occasion of the gathering was the trial of the usual charges against the newly-elected member of the Dominion Parliament, and the cross-petition against the defeated candidate, a process very much like that of fishing in the Saugeen river during a spring freshet; because a great deal of mud is stirred up in the hope that by some good fortune a fish, however small, may be landed, or one hidden which may make an inopportune appearance.

Many were the free and intelligent voters who had become so drunk during the election, or its preceding campaign, that they could not swear for sure who had furnished the whiskey, who had treated them, or whom they had treated; in fact, would not have been surprised to learn that they had forcibly broken open the bar of the saloon and stolen the liquor.

Many were those who had been promised rewards of pelf or pence for the proper use of their franchise, but who could not be sure as to the party promising, and could not repeat their original stories of shame as told by them to their own counsel, when the opposing counsel conducted their cross-examination.

Many were those who had travelled to the polling place by railway on the day of the election without having been called upon for fares or tickets, but could not be sure as to whether the conductor had been negligent of his duties, or that their immunity arose from accident or negligence rather than design; and many were those who testified to the giving or receiving of bribes without being able to assert that votes were influenced or agency established.

Wearisome work was all this; dry as the dust in the streets; neither more pleasant nor more health-giving; confessions of moral turpitude, with no excuse other than that "the serpent tempted me and I did drink," or "I did vote for payment or for promise of reward;" the precipice of the volcano of perjury being so nearly approached by some of the witnesses as to cause a painful yet dull curiosity to creep over us as we listened to their evidence.

Quite worn out by some days of these unsavory revelations, when the immediately local evidence was concluded the court adjourned for the purpose of discussing the future proceedings and probabilities, and it was found that there were yet several charges to be examined, the witnesses to which resided in or near the then charming village of Port Elgin.

Visions of the bright waters of Lake Huron delighting the mental vision; whispers of cool breezes refreshing the weary brains; prospects of delicious fish fresh from the purest of pure waters; of real country cream, and poultry and fruit; anticipations of delightful dips in the deliciously cool waters, shaded by ancient forest trees,

and of neat-handed Phyllis waiting upon their moods and orders, crept over counsel and court, filling their hearts with compassion for the hard-working sons of toil, who would be unduly deprived of the delights of hay-making and of the sweet odors of the clover now in bloom, if they were dragged all the way from Port Elgin to Walkerton, there to be kept in the dry and dusty town until their turn came to testify. Besides, it was fair to presume that some of the expected witnesses were as yet innocent of knowledge of evil, and if they were brought to Walkerton, they would be likely to be contaminated by contact with the wickedness of their neighbors, and might not go home quite sober.

These considerations caused court and counsel disinterestedly to decide to adjourn to Port Elgin. An early breakfast enabled the party to take the train, which landed them in Port Elgin in time for luncheon.

Here some one suggested that the "inning" was a *gast-haus* kept by a typical German, whose ample proportions and absence of waist indicated economy with good living, and gave delicious promise of generous fare to weary, way-worn travellers.

"Improved" off the face of the earth is that dear old inn; gone where the good Dutchmen go is that dear old host; married again is his then youthful yet buxom frau, who now presides at the table d'hôte of a distant village, fondly frequented by fishermen who tell tales of mighty catches, and by commercial travellers, whose catches are more melodious, although some of their tales are not more savory than is meet.

Trooping into the *gast-haus* came our travellers, whose early breakfast and ride through the green fields and leafy woods had given them appetites kings might envy. Some of them ordered tankards of lager, which they held foaming to their lips, and drained in one appreciative gurgle; but as

some of the party were so wicked as to be unable to further load their conscience by drinking beer, they instructed the landlord to procure milk for them.

It was yet too early for luncheon, so the Court at once commenced on the dull round of question and objection by counsel who, on both sides, were afraid of possible and not altogether improbable developments to the detriment of their several clients. The usual dry details of dirty doings persistently presented fell flatly, but we had one variation which was more interesting than usual. It appeared that one of the more active of the canvassers for the defeated candidate was an iron-founder and machinist. He had called upon a *haus-frau* who controlled the votes of her husband and of two sons, all of whom left their worldly affairs to her good management. She poured out the tale of woe and wrong most volubly in her broken English as follows:—

"Mr. Schmidt, he kooimt to mein haus und him ask voe mein Hans vas, und Direk und mein Adolf. Mein Hans vas in der felden und Direk vas in der schtable mit der gows, und mein Adolf vas droonken. Hans und Direk und Adolf nicht sprecken ainglish me. Herr Schmidt nicht sprach deutch mit me; Schmidt sprach mit me for vote mit Siegel; me not vote for nodings, me. Him say him nicht want for mein vote, Him vill dass Hans und Direk und Adolf fight mit Siegel. I shust tells him 'mein Hans und mein Direk und mein Adolf vork mit der plow und der oxen und nicht fight einmal mit Siegel, Nein! Nein!' He sprach 'nicht fight.' 'Vote, vote,' him said. 'Nicht fight, neider vote; he vork,' I tells Schmidt. Schmidt put him hand in ein him pocket und pull out vun roll von silber moneys und him tell me das ist funfsig thaler, und him ask 'vote mit Siegel?' Den he go to mein bureau und open de drawer und steek der roll von silber moneys in der drawer und shust take mein key

und lock der drawer, und him tell me 'Hans und Direk und Adolf vote mit Siegel.' Und Schmidt he sprach 'no open der drawer till election vor bei or de coonstable meit come.' Him take mein key und say 'election vorbei Hans get key und fünfsig thaler.' Und Hans und Direk und Adolf vote mit Siegel. Und Hans gets der key und opens der drawer und him find dis Schmidt ein schkoundrel; he sheat me in der schurch." "See," said the enraged frau, as she laid on the table before the astonished Court a large roll of iron washers such as are used by machinists, and which had been neatly rolled so as to appear like a roll of silver quarter-dollars.

It had been decided that the party should dine in the early evening, and in the meantime should partake of such luncheon as could be hastily prepared; but some of them were discontented on finding this simple repast to consist of rye bread, lager beer and Limburger cheese. Still they could not find fault with this, because their coming had been unexpected, and consequently no special orders had been given. Some of them were wickedly mirthful at the expense of those who objected to the aroma of the Limburger; but time brings about its own revenges and consolations.

The ordering of a special dinner was entrusted to the Court stenographer, because his broad Scotch dialect was somewhat akin to the speech of the host and his frau, beside all which, he had the advantage of his training in phonetics. For all his nonsense, conjuring up pleasant memories connected with *Der Vaterland* during his "grand tour," and of the time when he was a graupus on the Grampian hills, he essayed a task the result of which should astonish and charm the eyes and palates of the party; but he found it necessary to supplement his speech by gestures and signs.

He had no doubt that by pointing to the shining teapot on the shelf, and by taking up a cup and saucer half-a-

dozen times, by holding a pitcher in his hand whilst he imitated the lowing of a cow, by smacking his lips, crowing like a rooster, and other similar performances, he had made satisfactory progress; but glancing out of the window he thought he saw a flock of tender-looking spring ducks, so he persevered until he was sure he had made the haus-frau understand that there must be six of them prepared for dinner for the Herren, the Judges, who having not enjoyed the somewhat primitive luncheon, had determined to adjourn very early for their evening meal.

Visions of sweet morsels to be heaped on their plates as plentifully as though all were Benjamins and the host a Joseph, were present to all as they enjoyed the fragrant odor as of fish freshly caught in the now bright blue water before them. Quick was the response to the summons to the clean dining-room where on the floor was freshly strewn golden yellow sawdust from the mill whose motion made melody in the distance.

On a clean pine table, innocent of cloth, were dishes containing potatoes, saur-kraut, a large fowl and the six ducks specially ordered. We noticed six new chairs, six new plates, six new cups and saucers, and six new knives and forks, and felt flattered by the evident attention of the host, and his recognition of the quality of his distinguished guests.

With all the impatience born of hunger and anticipation, the stenographer commenced to carve the fowl, but as his knife was new and as yet innocent of steel or grindstone, his vehemence landed the fowl in the lap of the senior judge to the discomfiture of the scribe who thenceforth became a short-hander in the carving line. We learned subsequently that in obedience to his orders, the host had slain Chanticleer, the patriarch of his barnyard, who would no more wake the misty morn by his crowing.

Although it is not unusual to find

that a turkey has been stuffed with oysters to the loss of the flavor of both turkey and oysters, we had not been prepared for a like preparation of our ducks, so were not disposed to admire what appeared to be ducks stuffed with fragrant fish; for, although we did not find any fish in the ducks, yet the flesh of them was so strongly impregnated with a fish-like flavor, that we somewhat reluctantly ate them, our hunger overcoming our fastidiousity.

Now for a sail or a row on the bright waters of the bay, shining in the shimmering light of the still summer evening, whilst the sun beamed brightly, as he sank to his setting, casting a rosy tinge upon the clear waters of the lake.

Our host procured boats and oars and fishing lines and bait, but although we had a really delightful hour on the water, none of us caught any fish, nor could we buy any from any of the fishermen, who we learned were all employés of American firms, who sent all the fish caught in that locality to be sold in Detroit or Cleveland; so that fish was then as difficult to procure at Port Elgin as is milk at a dairy farm, or peaches at Niagara.

As the large party taxed the sleeping accommodations of the gast-haus, the juniors did not grumble to occupy the upper rooms—nor, on their survey were they overwhelmed by the honor of having been asked to “go up higher,” because they, on the next morning, each reported that his apartment was so close to the roof that he could not stand up in it, and was wholly without furniture other than the bed, so that he had to hang his clothes on the floor until morning. When on rising they adjourned to the pump in the yard, they found an ample supply of soft-soap and pure water for their morning’s ablutions, at which they gave, as was due, place and precedence to their Lordships of the Chancery and Queen’s Bench Division of the High Court of Judica-

ture for Ontario, who preceded them to the long, home-spun, hempen towel hanging behind the bar-room door, where it had been in general use for an indefinite period, and bore marks of many encounters and much patronage.

The stenographer had somewhat the advantage of the rest of the party in this matter, as his amiability and humility had prompted him to accept as a sleeping-place the pine bench in the bar-room, where his conscience and the hardness of the couch had prevented his sleep, and prompted him to an unusual early rising, which gave him the cream of the water of the pump and the comparative dryness of the towel.

The “ducks” of the previous evening’s repast had been rather too rich for the weak digestions of some of the party, so they had not much appetite for breakfast. The others partook of the more homely fare of pork and saurkraut and black coffee laid before them, to the entire neglect of the cold fowl remaining from the previous evening. So all were disposed for an abrupt ending of the sessions of the Court held at Port Elgin for the convenience of the people of that locality by the kindly consideration of their Lordships, the Judges, and the attendant Counsel.

Learning that a train would leave the station about noon, it having been delayed on its way from the northward, the party decided to seek a more southerly clime without more delay. So a message was sent to bid the landlord to have the bills and the baggage all ready.

The messenger soon returned and announced that everything would be ready in due time and that the landlord was very sorry to part with his guests so much sooner than he had expected.

The messenger beckoned one of the counsel aside and held with him a whispered consultation, during which both of them gave vent to sounds of

mirth which discomposed the Court, and at the close of which the counsel borrowed a five dollar bill from each of his companions, who were just a little suspicious of his manner and incredulous as to his need, but as they had perfect faith in his solvency, and as each of them had return tickets to Guelph where their next sitting was to be held, none of them felt it unwise to leave themselves with but few dollars remaining in their purses.

The Court having now risen, all wended their way to the kindly gast-haus, some expressing their desire for a parting glance at its inmates, buxom or burly, and some for a stirrup-cup, whilst the Junior Judge gave judgment against the local method of cooking ducks.

The ample form of the host filled the door-way. With his long clay pipe in one hand, he smiled and bowed as he handed to the Senior Judge

THE BILL.

Here is a true copy of it :—

" Der Choodges und les Avocats."		
1 Gowe pour Lait.	30	Thalers.
1 Rooster, sans Plumes.....	6	"
6 Gooles pour Dinnare.....	6	"
6 Chairs.....	6	"
6 Coteau et Forks.....	5	"
6 Goopes et Sosers.....	6	"
30 Biers au Lager.....	6	"
5 Lodgings a' Chambre.....	10	"
1 Loger au Coucher.....	1	"
2 Botes pour le lac.....	20	"
12 Winns pour le feesh.....	1	"
1 Monge Tonnere.....	1	"
Oder tings.....	12	"
Baiser der Madschew.....	10	"

Here was a "stated case," on which the Court were not previously prepared to give judgment; on which the lawyers expressed their "opinions" without first insisting on "retainers," oblivious of the maxim invented by one of their craft to the effect that "He who is his own lawyer has an unwise man for his client," whilst the eyes and mouth of the Stenographer opened so wide that his sleep has ever since that time been disturbed by the lock-jaw.

"The Bill" had been prepared by the Deutch inn-keeper, assisted by a Frenchman who was foreman of the neighboring saw-mill; hence the confusion of languages.

Exclamation in time gave way to enquete and demand for further particulars, when it was explained that the various articles of furniture had been bought specially for that occasion and might never again be required. This was a reasonable explanation, fully justified to date by the fact that the Court could not express any intention of revisiting that locality, nor, unless I am mistaken, has any similar Court been held there since this one whose proceedings are here recorded.

You may, perhaps, imagine the internal sensations of each of the gentlemen when it was ascertained that the "6 Gooles pour Dinnare" were not the six persons who had partaken of the repast, but six "gulls" ordered by the stenographer, under the impression that the beautiful fowl swimming on the bay were "ducks."

The cow for milk was insisted upon as an equitable charge, because no member of the household proper ever drank anything except lager, and as milk had been insisted on, the "Gowe pour lait" had been bought to supply the special demand.

Here was a bill of one hundred and twenty dollars, equal to twenty dollars for each of the party, all of whom blushingly repudiated the charge *re* "Baiser der Madschew," and not one of whom had more than ten dollars in his pocket, except the one who had borrowed the "fives."

The Court now gave unanimous judgment in language such as is not commonly heard in Courts where the swearing is generally according to rule, and sometimes is not quite so sincere as it might be.

I refrain from depicting the emotions which now paled the lofty brows or now flushed the cheeks long strangers to blushes; whilst the advocates accused each other in respect to one of

the items or asked the stenographer as to his knowledge of ornithology as relating to gulls and ducks; the stenographer meanwhile giving vent to his feelings in Gaelic so sweet and strong that it may yet be heard reverberating amongst the hills where the gentle zephyrs blow.

A common declaration was fyléd; but not being in accordance with the Act, 37 Vic., it was found ineffectual, as the landlord, with kindly forethought, had carefully locked the baggage of the party in an inner room, lest the gentlemen of the law might be tempted to break the law by leaving the hotel without first paying the bill. So, lest they should lose the train, now heard in the distance, a subscription was made of all the funds of the party; a compromise settlement was arrived at, which has not yet been submitted to the Divisional Court for its approval or ratification, and a—let us say—more experienced party left Port Elgin for Guelph, fully impressed with the beauty of the old song, anent

“The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

As these occurrences took place in the early history of the country, long before the Wellington, Gray & Bruce Railway system was completed, I may be slightly in error in some parts of my narrative—as the oft-told tale is like the snowball—it increases in bulk and changes its form as it rolls along.

Germans are so slow, so matter of fact, and so honest, that one cannot accuse our host of any idea of a practical joke or of any intention of overcharge or of any departure from the strict justice of the case; but the cadence of the wheels of the railway train, the sighing of the breeze, the murmur of the trees and the smiling of the fields and flowers during that journey from Port Elgin to Guelph, seemed to be singing refrains—sometimes of

“He who will not when he may,
He may not when he will.”

and now of “Six Gooles, Baiser der Madschew,” whilst occasional screeches were heard which did not proceed from owls, although all the members of the party were worshippers of Minerva.



A FAMOUS CANADIAN SHRINE.

BY J. J. BELL.

ON the north shore of the River St. Lawrence, 22 miles below Quebec, opposite the eastern end of the island of Orleans, and nestling at the base of the hills which skirt the river, lies the little village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. At first sight there is nothing to distinguish it from the hundreds of villages which form the centres of the parishes in the Province of Quebec, except that the sign "Hotel," or "Maison de Pension," hangs in front of a larger proportion of the houses. There is the same long, straggling street, the clean, white-washed houses, the long wharf projecting far enough into the stream to allow the steamers to land at low tide, the convent, the priest's house, and the substantial parish church, with its glittering tin roof and spires the main feature of the landscape in all Lower Canadian villages. But Ste. Anne has a more than local reputation, and is a favorite resort for pilgrims, drawn thither by the miraculous cures which are said to be performed by the patron saint from which it derives its name.

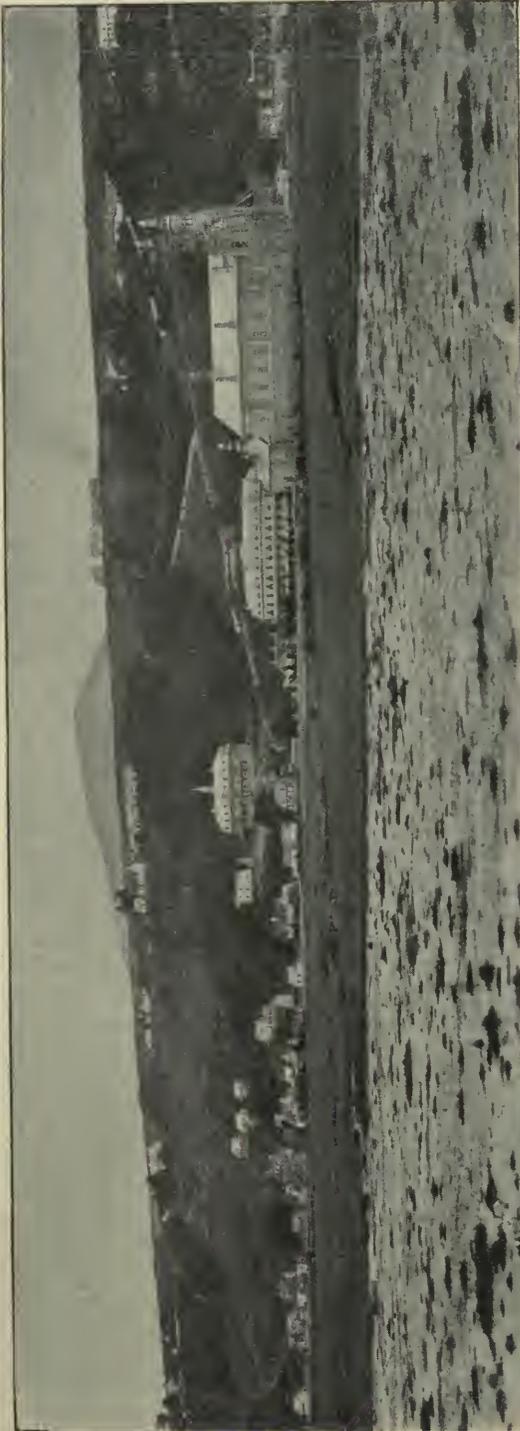
Leaving Quebec, with all its historical associations, one beautiful summer morning, our steamer proceeded down the south channel of the St. Lawrence towards Ste. Anne. On the left we caught a glimpse of the Falls of Montmorenci, gleaming and dancing in the sunshine, which were soon hidden by the island of Orleans, formerly called the island of Bacchus by Champlain, from the thick network of wild grape vines which formed an almost impenetrable hedge along its shores. The island is now a famous resort for Quebeckers, and summer cottages may be seen interspersed with the neat white-washed houses of the inhabitants. Rounding the eastern end of

the island, the steamer was soon moored at the long wooden wharf, which towered above us, for the tide was out.

A brisk walk brought us to the only street the village boasts, running parallel to the shore. We soon reached the church, and met with unmistakable evidences that thither the blind, the halt and the lame resort. Here was an aged man leaning on the arm of his son, there a mother carrying her sick babe, yonder a girl leading her blind sister, all in quest of the healing which La Bonne Ste. Anne is believed to be both able and willing to impart.

The church is a massive stone building, more pretentious than those of neighboring parishes, and well it may be, for few enjoy the revenue which it possesses, the willing offering of the crowds who visit it. Over the front gable is a statue of Ste. Anne, and there are three niches containing statues of Christ, the Virgin Mary and Joseph.

Crossing the little grass plot in front, we entered the church, and there, to testify to the reality of the miraculous healing, were two pyramids of crutches, bandages, spectacles and canes, left behind by grateful sufferers who had no further need for them. The interior of the church is profusely decorated, the walls and ceiling being covered with frescoes, chiefly of shipwreck scenes, for La Bonne Ste. Anne has a special regard for sailors. The grand altar is very showy. Both it and the pulpit were removed hither from the old church. Here we see the beautiful altar-piece by Le Brun, and many of the tablets are very old and by good masters. Behind the altar, and over the door of the Sacristy, is a picture of ancient date, presented to the church by some sailors who had been saved



STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

from shipwreck by the intervention of Ste. Anne. The picture is eight or ten feet square, and represents Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee. One of the old guides told us it was painted during the Saviour's lifetime. The ship, with its bulging sides and high poop, looks ancient enough to sustain this belief, were it not for the British ensign at the mizzen peak. In front of the chancel is a life-size statue of Ste. Anne, the wonder-working figure of the place. In one arm she holds her infant daughter Mary, while the other is uplifted in the act of imparting a benediction. On one of the fingers of this hand is a ring, and on her head a richly-jewelled crown, placed there by Mgr. Taschereau, the first and only Cardinal of the Roman Catholic church in Canada.

The Church of Ste. Anne has recently been enriched by a further gift of great value. The Count of Paris, whose exile has prevented a continuance of his former visits to Ste. Anne d'Auray in his native land, has sent a memorial of a visit to the new Ste. Anne, in the form of a bas-relief, in solid silver, hand-engraved by a skilful workman, representing his ancestor, St. Louis, King of France, offering his sceptre to Ste. Anne at the time of the Crusades. This gift of Louis Philippe will henceforth

be preserved and shown as among the most precious possessions of the shrine. Along either side of the church is a row of chapels communicating

with the main auditorium and with each other by archways. These were provided and furnished by various parishes in the diocese. One, given by St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, is in all its surroundings suggestive of the patron saint of Ireland. The walls are green, and the harp and shamrock are freely worked into the decorations. On the altar is a statue of St. Patrick in his episcopal robes crushing a serpent under foot. In these chapels penitents are to be seen kneeling at the confessional, and in the church, at all hours of the day, pilgrims come and go, to pray, to seek for healing, or to return thanks for health restored.

Across the street, at the base of the hill, is the old church, built in the early part of the century to replace a still older one destroyed by fire. Though small and unpretentious, it is in some respects more interesting than the modern structure. It was here the first miracles of healing were performed. The first stone of this old church was laid by the Governor, M. D'Argenson, in 1657, and in three years, by the faithful labor of those early settlers, the work was completed and dedicated to La Bonne Ste. Anne, in loving memory of Ste. Anne D'Auray and the celebrated pilgrimages to the shrine of Brittany's patron saint. Ste. Anne early rewarded their labors, it is said, for while the building was in course of erection, a habitant, Louis Guimont by name, though suffering terribly from rheumatism, was toiling at the stonework, when he found his health suddenly restored. Picture the joy of this devout and simple people when they found that the blessed benison of healing, miraculously imparted by the good Ste. Anne in the old home on the coast of France, was graciously ex-

tended to the home of their adoption in the New France on the shores of the St. Lawrence. Henceforward Ste. Anne de Beaupré became famous, and very soon from the old world came gifts and offerings to the shrine, paintings and costly vestments, among other relics a bone of the finger of Ste. Anne. These were all removed to the new church when it was dedicated in 1876. Around the old church is the



A SHRINE.

grave-yard where the forefathers of the place sleep, and hard by is a grotto modelled after that of Our Lady of Lourdes in France. Here, from a fountain, healing water plays, thought to defend people from evil spirits, lightning, and other dangers. Near by is the presbytery where the priests live, and a little way up the wooded hillside stands the convent of the hospital nuns, who busy themselves in nursing and caring for the suffering

pilgrims. At all points are contribution boxes for the offerings of the faithful.

All the surroundings remind one that this is no ordinary place. The very air is full of old-time beliefs and quaint legends, for many are the traditions regarding Ste. Anne de Beau-pré. Long years ago the priests were the only missionaries of that lonely district, and thrilling are the tales of hardships endured during perilous journeys to Baie St. Paul, or Petit Cap, at that time almost the only settlements along the rocky shore. Doubtless more than one devoted missionary shared the fate of Father Filion, who, while on a pilgrimage, in 1679, was caught by the tide and drowned as he waded along the shore or climbed from point to point of rock. The story goes that a brave nun, Sister St. Paul, finding the body, towed it behind

her canoe to Ste. Anne, where it found a last resting-place in the old church-yard.

We were not privileged to witness one of the reputed miracles wrought at Ste. Anne. Whether they are of the nature of faith-cures, or the result of the exercise of strong will-power exerted under the stimulating influence of the place, it is not my purpose to discuss. It is an undoubted fact that many who have gone there cripples have come away cured.

Previous to 1889, pilgrimages to Ste. Anne were made by steamer, saving that a few toiled thither on foot. In that year the ubiquitous railway found its way there. During the first three months it was in operation 35,000 passengers were carried to Ste. Anne,—an evidence of the popularity of the place. It has now become a winter as well as a summer resort.



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

(*A Political Sketch.*)

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

No career in the recent history of British politics and statecraft is so interesting, so striking and remarkable, as that of Arthur James Balfour. Seven years ago, a comparatively obscure member of a great party, he is to-day its recognized leader in the House of Commons, and the acknowledged successor to Lord Salisbury as National Conservative leader, and appears destined to become before long Prime Minister of England. Born in 1848, he has attained this position in the teeth of British prejudice against young men, and at an age when most aspiring politicians are laboriously working their way upward through Under Secretaryships and the ordinary routine of ministerial promotion. An aristocrat to the finger tips; with land in London, land in Scotland, land in Surrey, land in Australia, and family connections with the proudest and oldest of English families, he has been for several years the idol of a large section of the British Democracy. A nephew of the Marquis of Salisbury, and by nature indifferent if not actually indolent, he has conquered the prejudices and difficulties which lie before a politician who is open to the popular accusation of owing his rise to a powerful relative or to family ties, and has become noted for the hard, resistless labor with which he has successively controlled the Irish Office and guided the affairs of the House of Commons.

Mr. Balfour was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered Parliament in 1874 as M. P. for Hertford. This constituency he continued to represent until elected in 1885 for Manchester East, where he was re-elected in 1886 and 1891. He is Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews, and an Hon. LL.D. of Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin. During the critical period, in 1878-80, when the Berlin Treaty was being negotiated and Lord Salisbury had control of the Department of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Balfour was his private secretary, and as such accompanied his uncle and Lord Beaconsfield to Berlin. During the short-lived Administration of 1885 he was President of the Local Government Board, and in 1886, upon Lord Salisbury's return to power, became Secretary of State for Scotland. But with the return of Conservative rule, the tide in the progress of what was destined to be a great career, had come, and in a few months after being given this not very onerous post, the dilettante politician, the man of letters, the philosopher, indifferent and somewhat cynical speaker, the man who seemed to be positively out of the running for political power, who had been utterly eclipsed within his own party by Lord Randolph Churchill, and who was thought to be without genuine ambition or any special ability, was announced to have accepted the most difficult and onerous position in the Government—one which had driven W. E. Forster,—stern, rugged and honest,—into retirement; which had caused the death of good, genial Lord Frederick Cavendish; which had turned gray the hair of Sir George Trevelyan; had driven Sir Michael Hicks-Beach into retreat; and destroyed the reputation of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman—the Chief-Secretaryship for Ireland.

What is the secret which has brought fame instead of shame to

Mr. Balfour out of a post which had been the grave of dozens of political reputations and, up to his time, the making of none? The key to the enigma cannot be found in Mr. Balfour's previous career. He had not taken a very active part in the House. His gifts were derided by opponents as being entirely academic. His tastes undoubtedly inclined him toward literature and a literary career, though the natural indolence of his character did not seem to promise greatness as a literary man. He was thought to be a mere man of books, who could not put his theories into practice—a sort of lesser John Stuart Mill. He spoke seldom in the House, and then rather negligently and indolently, though with flashes of evident wit and incisive retort. True, he had been one of the famous Fourth Party, composed of himself, Mr. (now Sir John) Gorst, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, and Lord Randolph Churchill. But though a believer in Tory-Democracy, and a not undistinguished member of that little band, he was entirely eclipsed by Lord Randolph, and apparently beaten out of sight in the race for power and office—if, indeed, it could have been termed a race, so far as he was concerned. His views, however, upon party names and principles, then, as well as now, may be described with considerable accuracy from a letter written April 29th, 1892, by his one time leader and now almost rival, Lord R. Churchill :

“After all, since the Revolution, the designation ‘Tory’ has always possessed an essentially popular flavor in contradistinction to the designation ‘Whig.’ It has not only a popular but a grand historical origin. It denotes great historical struggles, in many of which the Tory party have been found on the popular side. Lord Beaconsfield, who, if he was anything, was a man of the people and understood the popular significance of names and words, invariably made use of the word ‘Tory’ to characterize his party, and whatever the Tory party may be deemed to be at particular moments, I have always held from the commencement of my political life that, rightly understood and explained, it ought to be and was intended to be the party of broad ideas and of a truly liberal policy.”

Thus, intensely proud of the past and Tory in his desire to preserve its historic and national continuity, Mr. Balfour is known to be by no means rigid in his conception of modern movements and in his comprehension of the necessity for change and development. But at that time the coming statesman had written a book entitled, “The Defence of Philosophic Doubt,” which aroused misconception. It was not as daring as its name indicates; nor was it of a nature to prevent his being a consistent adherent and earnest supporter of the Established Church. But it served the purpose of stamping him amongst his political opponents as a sort of metaphysical theorist, a scouter of Liberalism and a doubter of Conservatism. And in none of his appointments had he made any notable mark. The Scotch Secretaryship was never anything but vanity and vexation of spirit to him. Indeed, it is related that he would lie in bed until near mid-day, and when he did get up, he would, languidly clad in a dressing gown, receive his callers. It is also said that the only thing or man he did believe in at this time was his uncle. Though exaggerated, it was this sort of popular sentiment which prevailed concerning Mr. Balfour at the time of his appointment as Irish Secretary. The office was given to him in the teeth of party distrust and the ridicule of his opponents.

Lord Salisbury had not very long to wait, however, before he found that the prestige, popularity and future of Conservatism in England had been preserved and ensured by this much criticised action. The new Secretary began by being despised. He went on to be hated. He has now conquered the respect and admiration of his opponents, and the unbounded laudation of his political friends and followers. At first, in the elegant language of the Irish benches, he was a “palsied mash-er,” a “perfumed popinjay,” and a “mollycoddle.” Immense was the contempt of the Irish members and the

Radicals at the idea of Ireland being ruled by a tall, attenuated shadow of a Cromwell such as this. Nicknames and ridicule were poured out in unstinted measure, and "Miss Balfour" and "Nancy" were the mildest of all the descriptions used and pointed by the flowery language of which only natives of Erin's Isle are capable. But the results of a strong, united and contemplated attack by an unbroken Radical and Irish phalanx was very different from that anticipated. This gentle-looking, aristocratic and delicate man had withstood a shock which had broken his most powerful predecessors, and he merely smiled or lounged in his seat with the attitude of one who was only slightly bored, but was otherwise unaffected by the surrounding storm. His persistent good temper was exasperating beyond all endurance to the excitable natures of the men who were attacking him. His assumed light-hearted indifference in disposing of his enemies seemed to them intolerably insolent, and was far more aggravating than any amount of abuse or strong language.

Yet Mr. Balfour was not then, and is not now, indifferent to the needs of the Irish people and their sufferings or in any degree heartless. He is simply a thorough believer in the policy of his party. Where Mr. Gladstone and, perhaps, other statesmen would have some horrible haunting doubt that after all they might be mistaken in their Irish policy, Mr. Balfour believes implicitly in the necessity of his own, and the consequent improvement in the condition of the people. During the long and finally successful struggle with the Land League, which he pursued unflinchingly to the finish, the present Conservative leader saw but two forces in Ireland—one the Crown and Government of a United Kingdom, the other a body of men illegally banded together to govern Ireland in hostility to the union of the countries, and in opposition to the wishes and interests

of a large section of the Irish people. Whether rightly or wrongly, this was Mr. Balfour's view of the situation, and his determined and successful contest for what he considered the supremacy of law and order, have won for him the power which he to-day holds in British Conservatism, and the respect of even his bitterest opponents. When, a few years ago, he visited, as Chief Secretary, many parts of Ireland, it was to be received with a respect which astonished England, and a total absence of abuse or insult.

It goes without saying that for some time Mr. Balfour was hated with a vigor and intensity of which we in Canada have little conception. Before assuming charge of the Irish office, he had the appearance of a man who would not live very long, and a recent writer describes the appointment as being like the presentation of a ticket to the grave. He was always taking medicine, needing fresh air, and generally ailing. "On the very day when his acceptance of the Chief Secretaryship was announced, the mantel-piece of his library was liberally littered with pill boxes and medicine bottles." Yet within two years, this fragile-looking, indolent, and dilettante politician had admittedly crushed the most violent Parliamentary opposition a statesman has ever encountered; had overcome the greatest national organization the Irish party ever established in the Green Isle; and while preserving peace and quietness in Ireland, had built up a reputation which made him leader of his party in the House of Commons. Is it any wonder, apart altogether from the comparative merits or demerits of his policy and that of his opponents, that Mr. Balfour should have been hated? It is related that, somewhere about 1888, the Irish Secretary was dining in Dublin at the same table with the genial Father Healy, and in the course of conversation, asked the priest:—"Do the Irish really hate me as much as their newspapers say?" "My dear

sir," replied the reverend gentleman, "if the Irish hated the devil only half as much as they hate you, my occupation would be gone." Whether absolutely true or not, the story indicates a real condition of affairs then existing.

Writing in July, 1889, a correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, says of Mr. Balfour:

"I have seen him in the House of Commons when the entire Opposition groaned at him, sneered at him, laughed at him ironically; when he has been unceremoniously, even violently, interrupted, and when he has been subjected to bitter attacks, and to taunts and accusations offensive to the last degree, and he stood there calmly, folding his arms, and smiling, as if to say: "Well, when you have finished I will continue." And he did continue. He always continues. That is why his opponents are so extremely bitter against him. If he winced, if he gave way to resentment, the Opposition would know better how to take him. As it is, he irritates them by his composure and his easily assumed cynicism. He is a good fighter in debate; he spares no one, and asks no one to spare him."

This speaking ability is largely an outcome of his position as Irish Secretary. At one time the reverse of a ready speaker, his present tendency to hesitation, like that once displayed by Fox, is due not to poverty in his vocabulary, but to the wealth of language at his command. He is not only to-day the most formidable debater in the Commons,—not even excepting Mr. Gladstone,—but he is equally at home lecturing to the University of St. Andrews upon "Desultory Reading," or addressing the Church Congress, upon "Positivism." In this respect, Mr. Balfour resembles the "Grand Old Man," Lord Rosebery and one or two other contemporaries. His sarcasm can be intensely keen and cutting, as for instance, in the reference to Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., and his alleged passion to be always blacking something: "Yesterday it was Lord Spencer's character, to-day it is his boots."

Of his public style, outside the walls of Parliament, the *Liverpool Courier* has given an excellent description in

connection with a speech delivered to 7,000 people, in November, 1890:

"Mr. Balfour has the happy distinction of not only being a successful debater, holding his own against the most bitter tongues and keenest intellects in the most critical assembly of the world, but is a forcible and eloquent platform speaker, combining a scholarly diction and brilliant descriptive faculty with a strong and telling dramatic effect. These characteristics evidently came as a surprise to the majority of the audience who listened to his great speech on Tuesday night. His voice is eminently adapted to a large audience such as gathered in the Circus. It is a quality of voice with which few public speakers are gifted, and reminded some of the older politicians present of the fine ring of Mr. John Bright's voice when he addressed large audiences, in the zenith of his intellectual and oratorical capacity, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. Mr. Balfour also knows how "to suit the action to the word," and at times last night his gestures were exceedingly dramatic. So far from his speech being cold or unsympathetic, it was throughout full of fervour, and, at times, rose to an impassioned intensity. * * * His descriptive efforts in recounting his visit to the coastland of Ireland, its chasms, moorlands, rocks and shores bordering on the 'melancholy main,' was one of the finest pieces of word-painting ever uttered from any platform. It showed Mr. Balfour's acute powers of observation, his sympathetic nature and warm heart for the afflicted people of Ireland, and touched the sympathy and roused the enthusiasm of the vast audience."

In April, 1888, he was entertained at a great banquet by the National Union of Conservative Associations, and was received in a manner which might well make the greatest man proud of a two years' administration of a single department. Two years later, and he was hailed as Conservative leader in the House of Commons. The Liberal view of Mr. Balfour, or at least, the opinion which it is desired to popularize, is that of a violent, truculent, overbearing, supercilious person, who is never happy unless he is fighting some one, which he does in a most unscrupulous fashion. As already pointed out, this is not the opinion of the House upon either side, but it is a good party view to cultivate upon the outside of its walls and amongst people who can only know Mr. Balfour by name. The view of those who know him well is that it would be difficult in the whole range of modern

political life to find a more interesting personality and one marked by greater refinement, more polished culture, greater considerateness, warmer feelings and more abundant fairness. To his friends he is most charming, and according to one who knows him well, "has all the fascination of manner that distinguishes a great noble who is too sympathetic to be haughty and too intelligent to be dull." To his party he personifies those fighting, staying qualities which all true Britons love. From the Conservative standpoint, and aside from our belief in the benefits or otherwise of Home Rule, his policy has been the most successful ever pursued in Ireland. It has been, unquestionably, a gallant, firm and consistent administration of the affairs of that country from the point of view at which Unionists look upon its troubles. Everywhere the law of the Imperial Parliament and the authority of the Queen had been re-asserted and re-established. The unwritten law of the League, enforced by outrage and murder, no longer terrorized the people when he and his party left office. Witnesses were not afraid to tell the truth, criminals were brought to justice, evictions had almost ceased, boycotting was practically destroyed, and, in the general opinion of the party, liberty had been restored to a country previously groaning under the coercion and oppression of a disloyal and illegal organization. In the words quoted by Mr. Stuart-Wortley, M.P., while introducing Mr. Balfour to the guests at the National Union banquet last June:—though now in Opposition the party still looks upon its leader as having the Star of Victory floating above him, while the country feels that "if again the rude whirlwinds should arise, if fresh darkness the dawning of peace should becloud, the regrets of the good and the fears of the wise shall turn to the pilot that weathered the storm." It is this confidence in his ability to fight, in his capacity for facing great odds, and

ultimately winning victory out of the dregs of defeat, which makes Arthur James Balfour one of the three foremost statesmen of England to-day. In the conclusion of his speech upon the occasion just referred to, will be found a specimen of the oratory which interests and attracts the huge audiences which delight in listening to him:—

"The country has to choose—will have to choose in the course of a few days, for which party it will cast its votes. There is the party of vague and indefinite promises—there is the party of performance in the past, which gives you a clear indication of what they are prepared to do in the future—which we have done. There is the party which, if it comes into office, will have to govern Ireland, but which, when in Opposition, coquetted with crime in Ireland—(cheers)—and there is the party which has put down crime and disorder in Ireland—(cheers)—and which, in putting down crime and disorder, has saved the rights and liberties of the majority in that country. Which will you have? (Loud cheers.) There is the party which desires to hand over Ireland to the certainty of misrule and the probability of revolution—(cheers)—and there is the party which desires to continue the same policy of steady administration which has been so successful in the past. (Cheers.) Which will you have? (Cries of "You.") There is the party which puts Home Rule, and the endless discussions and the empty discussions which must precede Home Rule, in the forefront of its programme,—and there is the party which desires to continue in the immediate future the policy of the past. Which will you have? (Cheers.) There is the party which, in foreign affairs, will wreck your interests in the future as it has too often wrecked your interests in the past—(cheers)—by dubious and doubtful policy, and indecision even more fatal—(cheers)—and there is the party which, through six eventful years—years fraught with peril—(hear, hear)—with every difficulty; years not of assured calm, but of incessant disquiet, has steered your destinies without war, without threatenings of war, and without that expenditure which war or the threatenings of war bring upon you. Which party will you have? (Cheers.)"

Mr. Balfour has proved himself the sort of man whom Britons like. He combines pluck, physical and intellectual power, supreme self-confidence and disdain of opposition, in one happy and harmonious whole. He inspires hatred and regard in equally strong measure. He has proved to be a man who constitutes Imperial Unity a creed, and British prosperity a species of gospel. He has proved

himself to possess a special aptitude for administration and a complete comprehension of the lessons of history. And he has brought success out of previous disaster, disappointed the expectations of his enemies, exceeded the wildest anticipations of his friends, and proved a tower of strength to his party, where it was feared he would be but a broken reed.

Yet Mr. Balfour is not passionately fond of politics, as such. Like Lord Hartington, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, he took up his task more from a sense of duty than from a desire to achieve political renown. Mr. Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, and the late Sir John Macdonald, were never averse to the honor attached to one who governs a great country, and liked office for the position itself, as well as for the immense power to achieve national good which accompanies it. But Mr. Balfour would probably prefer discussing books with Mr. Morley, or Sir John Lubbock, over a dinner-table, to debating politics with them in the House or the country. And it is greatly to his credit that such should be the case. It shows the sincerity and patriotism which underlies apparent indifference to attack, and great ability as a hard hitter at opponents. It helps to maintain the quality of impersonal sarcasm and fence with which he meets antagonists, and aids in restraining him from those personalities which so degrade portions of the polit-

ical world, and to which he never will stoop.

Upon the whole, Mr. Balfour's career has therefore been a remarkable one. To the young man it is eminently instructive. The very fact that it is considered almost a lie in some quarters to suggest that he possesses a single virtue, as it is deemed a necessity in others to crown him a perfect hero; proves that he has that steadfastness of character which enabled him first to follow and then to lead in one unswerving path. He is a Conservative of the Conservatives, an aristocrat of the aristocrats, yet all classes respect him, and Liberals and Radicals alike admire him. He has never been ashamed of his colors; he has never deserted his leader, but has always stood closely and courageously by his side. He conquered ill-health, disinclination to politics, a natural indolence of character, the calls of a pressing and attractive social world, the innate desire for a quiet literary life, the allurements of aristocratic ease and pleasure, at the call of duty and the wish of his leader. In doing these things, and in proving his allegiance to what he believes to be the principle of British power and the party of true British progress and unity, Arthur James Balfour has proved himself a great man, and stamped his name indelibly in the wide pages of British annals and the modern history of our race.



THE THREE FIVES.

BY CECIL LOGSDAIL.

THE State of Texas, which is, of course, the largest in America, is not what it used to be a half a century ago, though there are still parts where the most heinous offences are committed without the offenders being brought to justice,—where, in fact, differences are speedily settled in defiance of the law at the point of a revolver, which nearly every man carries at his hip,—and where men and women still fall victims to the designs of the unscrupulous highwayman. If the visitor writes his autograph in an hotel register, he not infrequently finds the hotel clerk has a six-shooter at his desk ready for use at a moment's notice: the bartender in the adjoining saloon is never without this formidable weapon, which every Texan learns to handle as a necessary part of his early education: the gambler, in many country towns where monte, faro-bank, roulette, and other games of chance are played every day in the week for money, deals his cards with the ugly instrument lying on his pile, or "stack," of American dollars: the ranchman and the cowboy are not considered of the fraternity if they cannot discharge all the chambers of their revolvers with deadly aim at ten paces in as many seconds, neither may they be found sleeping or awake without their fire-arms being primed and loaded, ready for any sudden emergency: nay, the school-master has been known not infrequently to protect himself from mutinous and unruly scholars by suddenly "drawing" on them unawares, while there are instances on record of quite modern date, where the latter have put that unenviable gentleman to rout by similar methods. The crime of murder is not understood by Texans as we understand it; and there are two

expressions (which shall be nameless), either of which, if a man, in the heat of excitement, or with deliberate attempt to insult, uses in denouncing his opponent, is held to justify the taking of life. But, so nobly and loyally do they protect their women, that an insult offered to them never fails to draw upon the offender the merciless retribution known as Lynch law.

In San Antonio, Texas, "the beautiful city of the Lone Star State," it was not more than three years since a by-law was passed prohibiting gambling in all public resorts,—to wit, the theatres, music and dancing halls, saloons, beer gardens, and the like. Before that time, there was hardly a street in the city in which the pedestrian could avoid the din and excitement incidental to these haunts of vice. Mexicans of the unwashed type, vulgarly called "Greasers," negroes and cowboys, formed the usual company in the more public places, the more respectable class meeting for similar purposes in elegantly furnished parlors connected with the theatres, or in private clubs formed for that purpose.

San Antonio is not only celebrated as the site of the siege of the Alamo but is one of the most characteristic and picturesque of all Southern cities. Though immense business houses have long since taken the place of the old Mexican adobe huts in the heart of the city, the plazas still remain to-day as they were laid out by the Spanish conquerors, and the ruins of ancient Spanish missions surround the city on all sides. On the plazas to-day, as of yore, are to be seen open-air restaurants, at which *chili con carne*, *enchiladas*, and other Mexican dishes are served by pretty Mexican women in picturesque costumes. The cathedral

of San Fernando, of Moorish architecture, from the tower of which the cruel tyrant, Santa Anna, displayed the blood-red flag of defiance when he first laid siege to the Alamo, lends dignity and historical interest to the more thriving and populous portion of the city. From the numerous beer gardens, lit up in the evening by Chinese lanterns suspended from shady lime-trees, around which innumerable sun-flies flicker and buzz incessantly, come the intoxicating sounds of music, sometimes that of a well-trained orchestra, and sometimes the dreamy, plaintive voice of mandolin or guitar. Cosmopolitan in its character, every element of international life seems here to be represented. The wealthy American, with his jaunty, swaggering air,—the swarthy negro, “wearing the livery of the sun,”—the Mexican, with his huge *sombrero*, driving his team of oxen to market, or peddling canaries and other birds,—the Chinaman, with short pantaloons and shoes turned up at the toes,—the cowboy, in his thick woolen shirt, with long head of hair waving over his shoulders beneath a wide-brimmed hat, wearing huge spurs at his heels and a six-shooter at his belt,—all these cheek by jowl in the thoroughfares, and each has his own peculiar interest in that city.

As before stated, up to three years ago gambling was carried on in the public halls, and, it might be added, the theatres were generally of a disreputable order, such as would not be tolerated in this country a week without the performers finding their way into the police court on a charge of indecency. All this seems, doubtless, very strange to sober-minded Canadians, who not only forbid gambling everywhere and at all seasons, close all saloons on Sunday, and even consider street car traffic on that day as inconsistent with a healthy, moral observance of the fourth commandment, but it is largely to be feared that climatic influences have a strong bearing on public morals. If those born and raised in Northern cli-

mates have reason to be thankful for the possession of more quiet, even temperaments, allowance should be made for those excitable, passionate natures, who invest everything, like the sunlight, with the air of romance and poetry, who adore the beautiful even in its most commonplace aspects (if beauty ever can be commonplace), and who love their mistresses with such intensity of feeling as to become psychological phenomena to the more calculating and sober-minded. Softly poetical, when love's insinuations are timidly accepted; boisterously passionate, when they appear to be slighted, or when extra effort is needed to captivate the unwilling and wavering spirit, dark and murderous when spurned or deceived, as if life and light have for ever lost all charm,—there is no wonder that murders are of frequent occurrence, and the Southern people are for the most part a brave and loyal race.

After many vain attempts, the respectable inhabitants of San Antonio, by a sharply contested poll of the town, were at length able to close the public gambling dens. The wealthier portion of the gambling community thereupon sought for a secluded spot where they could meet together in secret to carry on their favorite pastime, and thus avoid the watchful eye of the police. Similar laws have been known to make law-breakers in a like manner, in communities presumably more moral. A house designated the “Three Fives” by common consent, partly because it had a mysterious reference to a well-known game, and partly for the reason that the building stood close to the small river which flows lazily through the heart of the city, in the midst of a cluster of trees fifteen in number, was selected as the most convenient. It was speedily furnished in the most elegant and sumptuous fashion, at enormous cost, by a somewhat dissipated, but otherwise fascinating Mexican, named Signor Muguerza, who had just married a very beautiful

country-woman, whom he had brought to that city. It was a marriage, however, in which the man had grossly deceived the woman, both as to his character and antecedents, so that she had threatened, on finding out the character of her new home, to leave him and return to Mexico. This was prevented, however, by the Signor himself becoming hopelessly involved in debt, and, it was said, by his having killed a gentleman who discovered him in the act of cheating at cards. Be that as it may, he speedily fled the country, leaving his wife behind him to carry on a business to which her fine sensibilities unfitted her, and to eke out an existence in an atmosphere altogether uncongenial to her refined and sensitive nature.

On entering the building, which was only accomplished by thoroughly understanding the secret spring attached to the door, the visitor found himself in a court roofed with glass, containing the choicest flowers, ferns, and plants emitting a delicious odour, with a small grotto in the middle, about which several fountains played from the mouths of nymphs and satyrs. Then at the entrance of the grotto, after giving the pass word, would appear the most fascinating of all the attractions to be met with in this strange house,—that of the beautiful Mexican woman before alluded to. Usually dressed in a loose white robe, with a yellow sash fastened at her waist, she wore no ornament but a few flowers at her breast, one or two yellow roses or a bunch of violets. She was rather tall in stature, and a perfect blonde, with pale features, light hair and lustrous pale blue eyes, reminding one at a glance of the land of perpetual summer, being the exact counter-type of the darker, more sensuous, and more common order of Mexican beauty, whose "dagger will sometimes follow close upon their smile."

The history of Senorita Muguerza,—for so she styled herself,—is quite a romance. A glance into her private parlor would have shown the casual

visitor far different things from what he would naturally expect. Here was a library stocked with choice books, an easel with a canvas upon it more or less finished, which was an admirable portrait of the Senorita herself, several fairly well executed paintings in oil hanging from the walls (all the handicraft of someone she had fondly loved at one time or another), a piano with the beautiful Mexican waltz *Sobre las Olas* lying open just as that someone had left it, a mandolin and a guitar suspended on either side of it from two brackets, a violin case, a comfortable-looking cat lying ensconced on a bear-skin rug, a pet dog, and numerous other articles of taste and refinement quite out of keeping with the surroundings. But what would certainly occasion the greatest surprise was the sight of a huge crucifix, with a reproduction of the "Madonna and Child," and "Christ coming to Judgment," to right and left, covering nearly the whole of one side of the room.

The wealthy had in vain endeavored to enlist the sympathy of the beautiful Senorita, who had been prophetically christened *Infelise*, because she was a posthumous child. She detested gambling and secretly despised all who entered the parlors of the "Three Fives" for that purpose; nor could she be persuaded under any pretext to go therein while play was going on. Enormous sums had been wagered from time to time by vain Lotharios that they would successfully attack the heart of this proud and beautiful woman, but all in vain. The citadel was unapproachable, unassailable, impregnable. Neither wealth, position, nor polished manners could avail the possessor aught.

One day, however, there entered the house unobserved a dissipated, dilapidated-looking Mexican, who quietly walked through the parlors eagerly scanning the faces of the players as they staked their moneys in the various games of poker, roulette, monte, faro-bank, and the like. The man he

wanted was evidently not there, so he sat down on a lounge, called to one of the waiters for a bottle of *mescal*, made for himself a cigarette after the prescribed fashion among Mexicans, drew the curtains about him, and soon became absorbed in deep meditation. The waiters at once held a council among themselves to discuss the question as to who he was, and how he had got there; but they arrived at no settled conclusion.

The stranger had not been secluded many minutes before he was aroused by the sound of music overhead, when, with a smile of satisfaction, he again called to the waiter and bade him inform the *Senor* upstairs that a friend awaited him below. The man addressed had no idea what gentleman was intended, for the music proceeded from the *Senorita's* own room, and the mistress had forbidden all visitors, her custom being to conduct the members from the grotto to the elevator and there leave them. Moreover, the sound of mandolin had never been heard before within the recollection of any one present.

"Do as I bid you," angrily exclaimed the stranger, in Spanish, "and don't stand staring there like a jackanapes."

A voice of suppressed passion, irresistibly tender, now accompanied the deft fingers as they plucked the strings of that favorite Spanish instrument, and the stranger below grew visibly agitated as he listened.

A few minutes later the music ceased. Had the stranger looked into *Infelise's* charming room but a little earlier, he would have seen that beautiful woman kneeling with fixed eyes before the crucifix, with a stream of light falling all about her,—an angel as it were, tempted by evil spirits. A tall, handsome, dark-eyed Spaniard, with smiling face suddenly surprised her.

"My adored one," said the *Senor* addressing *Infelise*, who had risen from before the crucifix with the marks of tears on her face. "I know

all now. I know why you sent me away—why you rejected my advances. It was death to me to leave you, but I have risen again full of hope and life to tell you I know all. You were married; but you are no longer married now—your husband is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed *Infelise*, her red lips becoming paler. "Dead! did you say?" she repeated, like one dazed.

Senor Guatemala was silent. "Just as I left them," he murmured after a pause, glancing about the room. "How poor that portrait is of you, *Infelise*! I shall try again. What do you say, my beautiful?"

"Answer me, Juan, how do you know he is gone? How did he die?" she asked impatiently.

"He was killed in a quarrel," replied *Senor* Guatemala, uneasily.

There was a pause. "Tell me, Juan," she cried, falling down at his feet, "was it you that killed him?"

"I hated him because I loved you, *Infelise*," he replied tenderly. "Out of love for you, *Infelise*, dearest—look at me—think of the monster—the dog that I should call him!"

"O Juan, Juan, leave me—I cannot further speak with my husband's murderer. *Santa Madre*, thine aid has failed me." Then quickly rising to her feet she walked across the room, and, turning round, began to upbraid him in the most virulent terms, denouncing him as a traitor and a murderer, and calling the Holy Mother to witness that she was innocent of her husband's blood. Then, wringing her hands in despair, she sank back on the lounge and laid her open hand on her breast, as if she were making a strong effort to suppress the agitation which had almost choked her utterance.

"Forgive me, *Infelise*," he pleaded, moving towards her with troubled face and outstretched arms, his whole frame quivering with indescribable passion. "Forgive me, or—I will follow him like this," and in an instant the bright blade of a knife passed across his breast.

With the celerity of a panther she sprang forward, uttering a wild shriek of pain. The struggle lasted but a few seconds, when, with almost super-human energy, she caught him by the wrist and wrested the weapon from his hand.

Then, foiled in his attempt, he in turn began to denounce her for her coldness towards him, her want of heart, her foolish dread of retribution in rejecting his suit—for having led him on to commit this rash act and darkened his life for ever. He implored in the same breath as he cursed, and smote himself as he prayed. Pathetic and terrible by turns, his eyes flashed with unnatural fire, while she stood before him, the weapon concealed behind her, like one in a dream."

"Go!" she exclaimed peremptorily, after a pause. "I had a sacred love for you, Juan, once, such as a sister might have for an only brother, but now I hate and despise you as a traitor and a coward. Move one step towards me, and as my hand is ready on this spring, I will summon the house to my aid."

It was at this stage that Senor Gautemala took up his mandolin, and sang with indescribable pathos the love song that had so curiously agitated the stranger below. Under the spell of his seductive verse, Infelise forgot all her anger, and like one hypnotized, saw only the constant object of her day dreams in the dark-eyed Spaniard before her. Now soft and insinuating, now boisterous and passionate, his rich, quivering voice rose in a *crescendo* till it flooded the room, and then softly dying away again he fell on one knee, and looking up into her eyes, sang the last line in a whisper—"I'm dying, my angel, for thee," bringing the tears into Infelise's eyes, and making her exclaim against her will, "Yes, I love thee."

The messenger below knocked at the door. For an instant, like two guilty beings suddenly discovered,

each looked into the other's eyes. Then, with a gesture well understood by Senor Gautemala from Infelise, he went to the door and disappeared.

The stranger below had gone by the time the Senor reached the parlors, nobody knew where. Truly his movements had been mysterious. The gentlemen for the moment stopped playing at the tables, and one of them asked the new arrival for the password, which was satisfactorily given. Then another Mexican, seemingly unknown to all present, was similarly challenged, with the like result. The singular appearance of these men caused consternation among the recognized members of the fraternity, until the last stranger to arrive challenged Senor Guatemala to a single game of poker. This being accepted, the players resumed their games, and Senor Guatemala and the other stranger betook themselves to a private room.

"How high do you play?" asked the stranger.

"As high as you please," said his opponent. "I am playing to oblige you and not myself."

"Come, now," said the other, smiling, as he shuffled the cards, "you play to win."

"I am indifferent," replied his opponent with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Don't you know me?" asked the stranger.

"No, no," answered Senor Guatemala curtly.

"You will know me soon," replied the stranger with a touch of irony.

Then they commenced to play. For some time the game went pretty even, each winning by turns, but Senor Guatemala at length perceived that the stranger had an object in view. Whether he had come there with the intention of ruining him, he could not tell, but he noticed his cunning opponent looking about him at intervals as if he were either in quest of some person, or else desirous of feeling safe that no one was looking on.

It came to the stranger's turn to

deal, and, after shuffling the cards, Senor Guatemala insisted on his right of cutting. Each looked at his hand.

"How many cards do you want?" asked the dealer.

"I don't want any," replied Senor Guatemala.

"I take one," his opponent volunteered.

"I bet twenty dollars," said the Senor.

"I raise you fifty more," replied his opponent.

"A hundred better," said the Senor.

"Two hundred," replied the stranger.

The two went on raising each other fabulous sums, until Senor Guatemala declared he had no more money and demanded a show of cards.

"Four aces," said the stranger, triumphantly.

Senor Guatemala quietly laid down his cards, which showed that he had a "royal flush," and was about to take up the money, when the stranger, leaning over the table so as to cover the bills, and fixing his eye on his antagonist, exclaimed: "So you don't recognize me, Senor Guatemala? I am *his brother*."

"Whose brother?" asked the Senor, amazed.

"His!" cried the stranger, pointing to a figure behind his opponent's chair.

"Her husband!" cried Guatemala, quickly rising.

* * * *

"You can have her now," exclaimed Infelise's husband, as he bent over the dying body of his victim with diabolical satisfaction. "I have finished my work better than you did, after all."

When, attracted by the dying man's groans, one of the attendants entered the room where he was lying unconscious, the ghastly truth soon spread that Senor Guatemala had been stabbed to the heart, and the murderer and his accomplice had escaped. Touched by his entreaties to be near Infelise, one of the few remaining players rushed into her room to break the news to her and warn her of the danger she incurred in longer remaining beneath that roof. To his horror he discovered that a tragedy of a far more dreadful nature had been committed, but whether suicide or murder there was no evidence to show. Infelise, the beautiful and unhappy, lay with her arms clasped as if in supplication, her eyes resting on the crucifix—dead.



FROM EAST TO WEST.

BY GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

(I.)—IN THE EAST.

THE fading light of a late summer afternoon lay in long rays across the floor of a New Brunswick school-room. It glanced hither and thither upon the large globe, played among the figures on the blackboard, and reached to the desk of the master.

The master was alone. A book lay open on the desk before him, and one long white hand supported his head, bent above it. His profile, upon which the sunlight lingered, was severe, yet kindly. Perhaps it was in the tender curves of his lips that this kindness was most apparent, while his severity seemed that of impatience of all evil things. For the rest, his face was that of a dreamy scholar, although of one whose dreams had not come true.

Presently the door beyond his desk was opened and a young girl entered. He looked up and she advanced toward him.

"I have come to say good-bye," she said in a singularly sweet, low voice.

He gazed at her with an expressionless face. "To say good-bye? You are going, then?"

"Yes, in the morning." Then there was a little space during which neither spoke.

In the room of modern sculpture in one of the great art galleries there is a graceful figure, with a most saucy and bewitching little face, and across the pedestal is written, "I am the Rose of Sharon." Such a face had this girl, although with eyes made serious, and chin grown to show quiet determination. Moreover, the corners of her mouth had at times a pathetic droop.

"But I thought you were not going for another week at least," he said,

breaking the silence, "your duties do not commence there until next month?"

"No. But I am going now." One would have fancied there was some defiance in her tone, but presently she added, "I wish to become used, in some measure, to the people."

"Do you think then that the people of the West are so different from those of the East?"

"I had supposed so," she answered in some surprise, "but I dare say the children are much the same over all the world."

"The young ones here will miss you. Had you thought of that?"

"Yes, I had thought of it; or rather I had thought that I shall miss them. But they will have—my successor. Have you seen her? Is she—is she *very* beautiful? She is tall and fair, is she not?"

He smiled. "'A daughter of the gods,' and so on? Well, I do not know. Yes, I have seen her. She is somewhat older than you."

Miss Weir at that moment felt her youth to be a reproach, but she said, "She will then doubtless be a more efficient assistant for you than I have been."

Again the master smiled, although by no means mirthfully. "Her age is in her favor, surely; but I had the pleasure of teaching you myself,—she may have many erroneous ideas that will need correcting."

"She will have a wise and kindly master. Well; I must no longer interrupt your reading."

"Indeed you do not interrupt me. I fear I was not deeply interested," he added with a sigh.

"What?" she said, smiling, glancing at the book opened at "The Grammarian's Funeral." "Not interested

in your favorite Browning," and she thought, "When he is dead some poet will write verses like those about him."

"Will you write to me sometime, Cecile? Will you let me know if your new life be pleasant or hard for you?"

"Surely, if you wish it. And now, good-bye, Mr. Allen."

He looked at her as if he did not understand. Then he reached out his hand to her across the desk. He did not rise, and she felt hurt by his inattention. She glanced at his hand resting upon the desk, palm upward, with fingers curled to receive her own, and swiftly recalled how often it had lain on the book before her, as his eyes, bent upon hers, discovered whether or not she yet understood the matter he was explaining to her. She put her trembling little palm upon his own, and the long fingers closed over it for a moment. Then he released her hand and she moved toward the door. He had looked away to the window through which the sunlight came, and she paused with her hand upon the latch.

"Good-bye," she said again, very softly.

Whereat he turned his face toward her; but from it the dreaminess, the kindness and the severity had been swept away by a great wave of pain—it was a face of hopeless anguish; and his eyes, looking into her own, were eloquent of dumb suffering.

Deep surprise was the girl's first feeling, swiftly followed by wondering pity, and then, while she looked timid sympathy, her lips tried to smile hopefully; in response to which his own lips parted in an attempted smile, but the effect was ghastly. And then, because she felt she might be looking upon a grief she had no right to see, with one last gentle glance at him, she opened the door, and stepping backward, passed thereout. He leaned forward and listened to the light footsteps passing along the hall, heard the outer door opened and closed; then

he sank back into the chair and stared helplessly before him.

The light left the floor and reached the opposite wall, where it lingered for a moment before it was altogether withdrawn. The dusk gathered deeper in the corners, and the stillness grew oppressive. At length the master arose. He reached his hat from its nail, opened the drawer of the desk and closed it again absently; went from window to window, fastening them, then passed out at the door, locking it after him. As he reached the stairway, he paused for a moment, then slowly ascended the steps. At the upper landing he opened a door and entered the room. Still enough light remained to enable one to distinguish all objects clearly. There was her desk, at which she was sitting but now,—and where she would never sit again. He would come up here the next day, and the next, and the next, for months, and years perhaps, but instead of her sweet young face above the desk there would be another that of a stranger with pale, thin hair piled high on her head, with faded eyes and sunken cheeks. And when this stranger spoke, her voice would be high pitched and piercing: when would he hear Cecile's sweet voice again? And the young boys and girls, they had loved Cecile; they would never love this stranger. There were the lilies in the cracked glass on her desk, that had been brought by the little maid with the dreamy eyes; and the great yellow apples, the offering of the freckled-faced lad who was never out of mischief. When those two came to-morrow, seeing these still there, they would be sorry the teacher had forgotten to take them. Cecile usually thought of such things—perhaps he had better take them away himself. Cecile loved lilies, he knew, and she also loved this little girl. It might be that she had bent over them but now; that her breath had mingled with theirs. Yes, he would take them. He sat down in her chair and

reached for the lilies, but as he held them her face came between him and them with its vivid, dark, bewitching beauty; and he ceased to struggle with his pain. His head sank upon the desk, crushing the flowers; and he sobbed as a strong woman might sob.

The dusk slowly deepened to dark in the room. At last, rising in a slow, helpless way, he took up the broken lilies and passed out of the room, and down the stairs to the street.

(II.)—IN THE WEST.

Cecile Weir sat alone in her cosy little room. The wood crackled and the flames leaped upward in the fireplace; the curtains were drawn closely at the windows, for without a fierce, biting wind blew the light snow hither and thither in dense clouds.

Miss Weir had been reading, but the book lay on the floor at her feet, and she sat with hands clasped on her knees, her consciousness lost in a reverie. Three years had past since she came here—three years since she said good-bye to Robert Allen. He was never quite absent from her thoughts. His face, as she had last seen it, affected her powerfully. She felt a great pity for him, and this swiftly developed the latent love—latent only because he had never seemed to wish it. Try with what determination she might, she could not force from her heart the thought that somehow his look of suffering was connected with love of herself. Why then had he not told her? Surely, he must have known she could not fail to care for him, Robert, greatest among men. He had desired her to write to him, but this she had never brought herself to do, wishing first to hear from him. Did he love her? But to her he was one with all high things; she had this one hope to make sweet her life, that she would some day meet him and know all the truth; but this meeting seemed long delayed, and meantime the longing to

see his face, to hear him speak, seemed at times greater than she could endure. As for the daily life—the children, the young pupils, loved her, and for the most part were quick to learn under her teaching; so that the parents being proud of them, liked her for that; and the old people loved her for her unflinching kindness. Her school was in the midst of a small collection of houses, named a village; although indeed the houses were some little distance one from another; and this village was surrounded by wide farming lands. To the south there were several large cattle ranches. A railway passed through the village.

An ember fell together, sending up a spray of bright sparks, and Cecile started from her chair, suddenly remembering Martha Wiggins, the Yankee woman with "faculty," her house-keeper, but who also assumed the position of foster mother, general adviser and protector to the young girl. Martha had gone out to attend to the needs of their one cow, and had been gone long enough to arouse apprehension for her safety in this storm. But Miss Weir at that moment heard her enter the outer room, their kitchen and dining-room combined, and went out to her. Martha stamped the snow from her shoes, shook out the wide skirts, unbound the shawl from her head and neck, and removed the man's coat she wore, and was then ready to answer Miss Weir's question as to whether or not she was quite frozen?

"No, I ain't; but my hands is purty cold," and she held them, almost purple with frost, before the kitchen fire. Miss Weir drew a rug before the door, under which the snow sifted.

"Come in here, Martha," said Miss Weir, drawing her into her own particular room,—her library. (It contained some fifty books in all.)

Martha sank down into the easy chair before the fire in deep content, and presently she said:—

"I've got some news fur ye, I guess. Ye know that Bill Howe

down to the corners? Well, he just cum by as I was a-tryin' to fix up the hen house some, an' he got off his hoss to help me." Miss Weir smiled, for she understood the serious nature of Mr. Howe's intention in regard to Martha—"and he said that that Berry gang had found the man who had ben stealin' hosses down to Tom Higgses' ranch,—caught him over near Pumpkin Hill with one of Higgses' best hosses. But the queerest part of it is, he was comin' this way, and seemed as innercent as a new born babe, when they rode up to him and ast him whar he got that hoss: said a feller sold it to him this mornin'. But that didn't satisfy that Berry gang. He is at Berry's saloon now, with six or eight of 'em. They kalkalate to hang him bright and early in the mornin',—it was so cold and blustery to-night they couldn't seem to manage it. But dew yeou know," and she bent nearer to the horrified girl and spoke in a lower tone, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if that Eastern chap (he is from the East, Bill Howe said,—quite slim and good-lookin') did tell the truth about that man's sellin' the hoss ter him, because, you know, Tim Berry—old Berry's son—he cum by here this mornin' afore daylight, as I told yeou when he give me that letter fer yeou, and he was ridin' a big, black hoss I never seen afore, and as fer as I know, none has seen him sense (I ast Bill Howe myself, sort of suspicious like, to make him think some), and yeou, nor I, nor nobody else, never heard of no lynchin' or any other divilment but what Tim Berry was into it afore. Ain't that so?"

But Miss Weir did not answer. She arose and went over to the waste paper basket from which she took a crumpled sheet of paper, and this she spread out on the table. It was Tim Berry's annoying note. She was thinking, with horrified pity, of this man from the East. When she returned to the fire, Martha was nodding drowsily.

"Mother Martha," she said, stroking her thin hair affectionately, "had you not better go to bed? You are so sleepy."

"Wall, p'raps I had," said Martha, rubbing her eyes; "but I hate to leave yeou—yeou will be so lonesome."

"Oh, no, I will not. I have this book to read"—stooping to pick it up from the floor—"besides I shall soon go to bed myself."

"Wall, yeou fix the fires and see to the doors," the older woman cautioned, as she ambled off to her own room, which opened upon the kitchen.

Miss Weir, left alone, fell into worried thought. Surely the man from the East must not be hanged,—she shuddered in the warm firelight,—but how to prevent it? Doubtless Tim Berry had taken the horse. Some people, who did not like to speak their thoughts, had been suspicious of him for some time,—but, at any rate, this hanging was only murder. Berry's saloon was about a mile from the village towards the grazing country, situated where it would intercept the cattle men, as well as the farmers, coming to the village. If she went there and asked the men not to hang this man, it was likely they would grant her request. She knew they would do nearly anything for her when they were sober. Bill Howe would probably be there by this time; and Jim Foley and Silas White, should they be present, would help her. As for the others, they were rough, bad men without doubt, but she had no fear of them; and she knew their respect for herself. The wind, blowing from the north, would be with her all the way. Indeed, it was not the storm she dreaded, nor had she any dread of the men themselves, but she felt a great reluctance to make an exhibition of herself. However, the man from the East must not be hanged. So Miss Weir, after stepping to the open door of Martha's room, and ascertaining, by her regular breathing, that she was safely asleep, went to her own room, and exchanged

the soft house dress for one of rough homespun with short skirts. She drew on a long pair of leggings, fastening them securely, put her little feet in warm overshoes, reached for her belted cloak, pulled the warmly-lined hood over her dark curls, found her wool mittens,—and was ready. As she passed the table, she took Tim Berry's letter, which she folded and placed in the pocket of her wrap. She then turned down the flame of the lamp, and was tip-toeing softly across the kitchen floor, when her dog Hero got up from before the fire, and stretching his hind legs lazily, came towards her, putting his nose in her hand. Him she bade remain where he was and be a good dog, but he followed her to the door, which she opened softly and closed upon him, regretting that the misplaced rug would permit the snow to drift in, to Martha's annoyance, and hoping the dog wouldn't bark to get out and follow her, and so awaken Martha. But once outside, there was no time for thought, save as to how she should reach Tim Berry's, for the wind caught the light form as if it would bear it from the earth; the driving snow blinded her, and the cold stung her face. She drew the hood closer, and turned southward, where an almost direct road led to Berry's. She found the road, and the wind drove her onward, seeming at times to lift her from her feet. The snow was deep, and stayed her steps. Sometimes there was a high drift through which she must wade, and several times, being deep in the snow with the wind rushing upon her, she fell face downward in the drift, and with extreme difficulty regained her feet. But after a time that seemed endless, close at hand shone the lighted windows of Berry's saloon dimly through the storm. Leaving the road, she waded through the drifts to the door. There were loud voices within, which ceased suddenly at her knock, and there was a silence; then

a gruff voice spoke in a lower tone, and shuffling feet came towards the door. It was opened, and Timothy Berry himself fronted her.

"It's the little school mam," he cried, after peering at her. "Why, why," he went on, much overcome by surprise, and forgetting to let her enter, until admonished by his wife to bring her in and shut that door, which he did.

"Holy mother!" cried Mrs. Berry, bustling forward, "and it's a stormy night ye have taken, Miss Weir, to pay us a nebborly call; but it is glad we are to see ye. Oh, it's our Tim will be the disappointed bye that he didn't be at home when ye cem. Mary, girl, bring a chair for the leddy, and you, Patsy, fetch a hot drink, for it's froze she must be entirely."

"Thank you, no, Mrs. Berry," said Cecile, firmly, to the woman, and then glanced at the circle of men who had been drinking about the table, each one of whom had arisen and shoved his chair towards Mary for Miss Weir's use—all, save that other man, sitting apart from them, bound to his chair, on whom her eyes fell without seeing his face, and who was leaning eagerly forward, straining at the cords, gazing at her,— "I will not sit. Indeed I did not come for a neighborly call, but because I learned," and she turned toward the men, facing them calmly, "that you have seized a stranger, whom you accuse of having stolen a horse, and whom you intend to hang; and I am come to ask you not to do this thing."

There was an amazed silence; the men stared stupidly at her—eight pairs of eyes staring at her. She noticed that one had a difficulty in keeping his feet, two others had sunk back into their chairs, and all were more or less under the influence of liquor, a plentiful supply of which still remained on the table.

At length Mr. Berry broke the silence.

"Why, you see mem, anything to

obleege a leddy—anything to obleege a leddy,” and he looked at the other men, “but this—why—*this* is different?” addressing one of the men.

“Yes, a damn sight different,” assented that man, a stranger to Cecile, who was regarding her with fascinated eyes.

“You must ’scuse Dave, mem—but that’s it—that’s it—a damn sight different, *this* is, and—Where was I? Oh, yes. Anything to obleege a leddy, *of course*, but this,” and looking at all the men again he shook his head solemnly, whereupon each of the other men shook his head solemnly, gazed reflectively into his empty cup, and shook his head solemnly again.

“Listen to me, sirs,” said the girl. “You will hang this man you say: suppose him to be innocent: doubtless he is innocent. He was coming this way, which he would not have been doing with a horse stolen from here; he says a man sold the horse to him. What will you do when you find that he is innocent, you having hanged him?”

“We’ll hunt up the other feller and hang him too,” said Dave, with tipsy gravity.

“And you will have murdered this man to no purpose, this stranger from the East, from some part of which you all come”—and here she turned her eyes upon the bound stranger, who was watching her eagerly. Her face lighted with swift gladness; she took a step forward and reached out her hands toward him.

“Robert! oh, Robert!” she cried, using the name by which she called him in her thoughts. Their eyes met for one happy moment, and then the confusion of voices recalled her to the gravity of the present time. She faced the men with a new determination, a sudden defiance.

“Listen,” she said. “I know this man. I know him to be incapable of theft as of any other evil thing. He was my friend long ago.”

“Was he your sweetheart?” asked

Mr. Berry, forgetting himself so far as to leer at her.

“He was not, sir; he was my teacher. You have been pleased, all you men, by the manner in which I have taught your children; all things that I have taught to them he taught to me, and I know that he is an honest man.”

Had these men not been drunk, they would without doubt have believed her; but as it was, by some artful suggestion of Berry, who seemed to know how to impress an idea upon a tipsy consciousness, they thought that he was an old lover of hers, whom she was attempting to shield; he had led her astray, was Berry’s insinuation.

In the meantime, noticing that they did not heed her statement, she said, looking calmly at Mr. Allen:

“Have you no proofs of your innocence, Mr. Allen?”

He had forgotten his bound self; he was only conscious of being very sorry that Cecile should be put to such annoyance for him, and he wanted to knock the men down: now recollecting himself, he answered, “Why, there was a receipt I insisted upon receiving from the man from whom I bought the horse. This man took it from me when he was also kind enough to take my purse and other trifles. I told him its nature, but he, as well as all these others, professed not to be able to read. There it is, on the shelf, together with the other things.”

Cecile went over to the fireplace and took from the shelf the slip of paper. She glanced at the signature, and then at Mr. Berry with eyes lighted dangerously. “This is undoubtedly a receipt from the man who sold the horse,” she said.

“Some trick of hisen,” said Berry, shrugging his shoulder at his captive.

“No, I think not; especially as it is signed by your son, whose name he could not have known.”

“What?” demanded Berry, glancing half fearfully at his companions.

"This ere hoss thief just writ it hisself," said Dave, in answer to Berry's look.

"The body of the receipt is in Mr. Allen's handwriting, but the signature is undoubtedly that of Tim Berry."

"Let me see it," said Mrs. Berry, snatching at it.

"No; you will pardon me. I will show it to these gentlemen." And she went up to the table and spread it out before them, keeping her hand upon it. The men glanced from it to each other doubtfully.

"Listen again," she said, "This morning Martha Wiggins told me that Tim Berry had passed our place before daylight, when she was attending to some out of door work, that he rode on a big black horse she had never before seen, and he gave her this letter for me;" and she took it from her pocket and spread it out so that the two signatures should be brought together.

"Shameless," said Mrs. Berry, looking at the girl reproachfully.

Cecile turned sharply upon her, "Surely a most shameless letter, as you say, madame."

"Let me see it," said the father, suspiciously, "read it to us."

"Very well, if you desire it :

'Deer Mis Weer :

'Beggins yer parding for the libburty I takes in addressin ye, as I know ye air stuck up like, as why shouldnt ye be with a face like a angel an' me a worshipping it day an night, ever sence that day down by the adlers when ye cum bye and me wantin to kis ye, but ye was so cool and mity lookin that I didnt menshun it ; I hant no chans to spek to ye, but if ye will just give me a little ray of hope, tell me mother, and I will cum some night and fetch ye, fer I am goin out west ; I am sick of this ; I am goin to start a salon, and ye kan have yer karridge just like a ladic.'—

"There is more of it, but there is nothing in common between this letter and this receipt, save the signa-

tures which are identical, as you see—the same inability to keep a straight line, and the same humility in the use of capital letters. Now men, consider this matter clearly : I have no wish to throw a suspicion of blame upon any innocent man in order to shield another, even Mr. Allen, whom I esteem above all men ; but here is a man who has gone from among you without one word of his intention to go—a man many have suspected ; who has given a receipt for a horse sold, whereas you know he has taken no horse from his father's place." (Mr. Berry never had one.)

But Mr. Berry had been admonishing his companions by various winks and whispered words, and they, in their present state being more susceptible to such method of reasoning, looked, with one or two exceptions, quite unconvinced by Cecile's words ; and Mrs. Berry was wailing "Oh Tim, me poor lad ; to think the gurl ye luvd should hev turned upon ye like this—after all ye have done for her—after all ye have done for her ; like a snake in the grass ; Tim, Tim, me poor bye—" and so on.

And Mr. Berry spoke, looking for approval to the men : "It is too bad entirely that this worthless hoss thief should have used ye so, like he did—likely now he was to see ye after he stole the hoss, and put ye up to this yarn. Why Tim—why, Tim is—gone to Kansas City to buy me some likker, as I tould ye, didn't I, byes ? That's all nonsense about Tim. He never went near Pumpkin Hill," and he looked with ponderous defiance at the girl. "And," he went on, after a solemn pause, to give his words their terrible effect, "now that we know all the things this hoss thief has been up to (looking meaningly at Miss Weir) "Why I say,—why, say," scowling fiercely around the circle, "the sooner we settle his hash the better." And he whispered, "We'll get the gurl away and then we can shoot him—hang him after—it will be safer · we'll

shoot him first, and hang him after, see!" And some of the men nodded a grim assent.

But Cecile had heard. With eyes blazing mad defiance, she gazed from one to another of them, whose eyes fell, and then fully upon Berry, from whom she did not remove her gaze. "And so," she said, with sarcastic lips, "you will hang this man to shield your worthless son? If you do so, I shall forward this receipt and this letter to the authorities, and doubt it not, he shall be arrested. But as for you—for you all—you shall be lawfully hanged for murder. I myself will see that this is done." The men again felt her terrible eyes, and shifted uneasily in their chairs. Those the most sober among them began to think there might be something in Miss Weir's view of the situation. Mr. Berry was quick to notice the change.

"There, there, little Beauty," he said, attempting to come nearer to her, but standing away with hand soothingly extended, "You go away to bed—you can't go home to night, ye know,—that's it, little Beauty—let the Missus take ye away to bed, and we won't hurt your friend; not yet: we will think about it: yes, we'll think about it," with a grinning wink aside.

But even while he was speaking, Cecile held out her hand toward the most fierce-looking of all the men, "Your knife for a moment, please, Mr. French;" and the big, rough fellow, with a dazed wonderment as to what she would do with it, unsheathed his great blade and gave it into her hand.

She passed by the men and went over to their captive. They actually held their breaths in amazement as they saw her swiftly cut the cords that bound him to the chair, stoop and cut the cords from his feet; and Mr. Allen arose unbound, smiling, and, save for their presence, free. As Mr. Berry saw this, he reached for a revolver which he was about to aim at his breast, but at once Cecile stood between them.

"Mr. Berry," she said, "if I were you, I would not shoot."

"No—no," from several of the men, "Put up yer shootin' iron, Berry," and Dave himself added, "It's mighty unpleasant shootin' whar there is a lady—whar thar is ladies," with an apologetic bow toward Mrs. Berry, who sat huddled in her chair with her apron over her head, moaning fitfully.

"Yes, Mr. Berry," said Cecile, "it would be especially unpleasant for me, in this case; as you might kill both Mr. Allen and myself. And your young children are fond of me—you would not like to make little Mary cry?"

Mr. Berry had not thought of that; little Mary was the one darling of his heart—why, there she was, crouched in the corner gazing upon her father with wide, fearful eyes. He put down the revolver with resigned helplessness.

Cecile pushed Mr. Allen backward toward the door, he trying vainly to put her from before him. She, however, went over to the mantel piece with no appearance of fear or haste, and took therefrom Mr. Allen's things, which she returned to him together with his coat. What little wits still remained among the men seemed to be stupefied with wonder and something like admiration. But as the two reached the door, little Mary rushed forward and sank upon her trembling knees before her father, clasping his legs, "Oh, the cold—oh, the great snow," she gasped: "Don't let her go, dada—the poor teacher, in the cold, in the big snow," until, receiving no hope from her father's eyes, she went over to Cecile and tried with weak strength to drag her from the door.

And those men who saw, never while they lived, forgot the marvellous sweet change that came upon Cecile's face as she bent to brush the hair from the child's forehead. "Do not cry, little one," she said. "There, petite, do not weep; I shall be safe; but if I see the holy angels, I shall tell

them you were sorry for us," and the girl, still smiling upon the child, opened the door and went out with Mr. Allen. But when the door was shut, and both their captive and the girl were gone, gradually the senses came to the men. One sprang up crying—"Look out there, and bring them back. We would not touch a hair of her head, or of his either, for her sake. Bring them back, I say, they will be lost in the storm." The door was thrown open, and they hurried out into the tempestuous night, while the wind, rushing in, blew the light from the dim candles. They cried out for the stranger to come back, to bring back the girl; they should not be harmed; but no answer could they get. The footsteps of the two, fast filling up, seemed to lead toward the road, but no further could they be traced, because of the rapidly drifting snow. Jim French suggested that they get lanterns and seek them, and if found, help them to her place; and this was done, but the searchers were obliged to return, not being able to find a trace of them through the blinding snow.

* * * * *

Not until the door was shut, and they were in the midst of the storm, did Mr. Allen realize into what peril he had permitted Cecile to come. He said, shouting in her ear because of the storm, "You must go back, Cecile; they will not harm you, and you cannot live in this storm."

But Cecile cried back, "I am coming with you; you must come to Martha's with me: it is a mile away and the road you do not know; unless I go with you, you also will be lost," and shaking his hand from her arm, she started as speedily as was possible along the road leading to the village, he hastening to overtake her.

She had a plan that, if thought necessary, he could at the village reach the east bound train which, passing through, stopped at five o'clock in the morning—before the lynchers

should have recovered from their drunkenness sufficiently to again seek the supposed horse thief.

Mr. Allen had no choice but to let her have her way, although he was in despair for her sake—the soft little maid.

They walked, or stumbled rather, side by side through the drifts, the wind hurling the snow in their faces, freezing the breath on their lips and making speech impossible, he aiding her as best he might with his circling arm, at times lifting her over deep drifts, holding her tenderly the while.

But the time was long, and still there shone no village lights in sight. Still they struggled forward, buffeted, beaten backward, with blood turning to ice, as it seemed.

Suddenly there appeared dark objects through the driving snow, coming nearer to which they found a clump of fir trees.

"We are lost," Cecile gasped, and he only heard the word "lost."

"We have left the road—I know not where," she cried with stiffening lips that trembled. He cursed himself madly for allowing her to come—for not carrying her back forcibly to Berry's. The little Cecile would die; it was nothing that he also would perish—that he did not think of.

It was found that the firs surmounted a little hollow, in the depths of which there was comparative calm. The snow that had drifted in had become hardened and bore their weight, and the thick green boughs shielded them from the fury of the blasts. And here they could hear each other's speech.

He stripped off his coat and wrapped it around her, while he sought with bared, numb hands to chafe some warmth into her stiff fingers. "Why have you done this thing for me, my poor little love," he asked with measureless tenderness, holding her close to him.

"Because I loved you so," she answered, looking up at him with dreamy eyes.

He saw that the fateful drowsiness was already stealing upon her. Oh, what could he do? He must keep her awake until they could make one more effort to find safety. Still he chafed her hands; he struck the little cold face, the darling face he loved, to keep consciousness alive. He knew at last that she loved him: he had been so poor, and he had a fear of her, she was so beautiful, but he held her now: after all, what did it matter that they would die? Doubtless it was better so; he would never bring pain to her; she would never cry because of him.

Their lips pressed together had no warmth, but their eyes spoke undying love, one to the other.

"Does it matter so much, my Robert, that we shall die? It is good to be dead. For never again can space separate us. Soon we will hasten away on this great wind, and it will not be cold for us, although our bodies are frozen here in the snow. Look up. Do you not see the stars shining away above the storm? We will be there soon—with the great God."

The drowsiness was stealing upon his own senses. "Yes, little wife, that will be best; are you cold, darling? There; there; we will go to sleep soon."

But a dark object came bounding to their feet.

"It is Hero," said Cecile, sleepily—"good dog—I guess you barked and Martha let you out;" but the dog caught her dress and would draw her away. Seeing which, a great hope came to the soul of the man. "Cecile," he cried, shaking her, "has the dog not come for you?"

"Yes, I suppose so; good dog: send him away," pettishly, as the dog pulled fiercely at her dress. "Let me stay here; it is warm, and out there the storm is; make him go away."

"But," he said, speaking bravely and clearly, "think of the little

house which shall be ours in the dear old town, Cecile. The warm fire lighting up the room, and you and I together there—think of the garden when summer shall come again, the soft sunlight, the long shadows and the tall lilies. I planted them for you, Cecile, long ago—and you walking between them, coming to meet me in the evening. Let us make haste. That is better than to be dead, is it not?"

She smiled faintly, and made one brave effort to escape the drowsiness. He lifted her in his arms and followed the dog out into the storm. But it seemed that the wind had in some measure abated. He could see more clearly. Still, with his light burden, he made slow progress. But at length, God be thanked, there was a light. They came nearer and nearer, he speaking cheerily to Cecile, striving to keep her awake; but she answered him only with a slow murmur, asking to sleep. The dog led them toward the light. There was an open door, and a woman standing with a light behind her, and toward her the dog bounded, barking gladly. The man came out of the storm with his dear burden, and stood before the waiting Martha, whose eyes were wild with mad fear and anxiety. Seeing Cecile at last, she could only gasp "Is she—is she alive?" but she seized the girl without waiting for a reply and bore her within, Robert following her. She laid Cecile upon her own bed, fearing to take her at once into the heat, and went for cold water. Presently she came to Robert, who was waiting without, anxiously, yet hopefully, and said, "She will be all right; but now ye just go in thar," pointing to the spare room—"and I'll fetch ye enough cold water to thaw ye out. Ye can tell me all about things in the mornin'."

ODDS AND ENDS.

The First Protestant Church in Canada.

ALTHOUGH the majority of the military and government officials who took up their residence in Canada after the conquest in 1759 were Protestants, little was done for thirty years in promulgating that faith which it might be expected would be introduced when Canada became a province of Protestant England. Services were held in the garrisons by the chaplains, and clergymen were appointed for a few of the more populous centres, but no churches were erected. In some cases the Protestants held their services in the Roman Catholic churches, which were kindly lent for the purpose, and an old record tells of a gift of some wine and candles by a Presbyterian congregation in Montreal to the Recollet Fathers as an acknowledgment of their kindness in giving the use of their church for Protestant services.

The first Protestant church was built about the year 1786 at Berthier-en-Haut, by Hon. James Cuthbert, seigneur of Berthier and Lanoraie, for the use of his family and a few English-speaking residents of the neighborhood, most of whom were employed by him. The form of worship was that of the Church of Scotland, of which Mr. Cuthbert was an adherent. The clergyman, according to the custom of those days, was tutor to the children of his patron, teaching on week days and preaching on Sunday.

The church was a plain stone building, with tin-covered spire, in the style of architecture then much in vogue. It continued in use till some time in the present century, when it was converted into a mortuary chapel. The old-fashioned pulpit, with its quaint sounding-board and steep stairs, still remains, though the old building is fast going to decay. A tablet on the interior wall reads:—

JAMES CUTHBERT, ESQ.,
Only son of the HON. ROSS CUTHBERT,
Seigneur of Lanoraie and Dautrie,
Died 30th March, 1842.
AGED 42 YEARS.

“Blessed are the merciful,
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see God.”

High up on the outside is the following inscription:—

THIS CHAPEL WAS ERECTED BY

THE HON. JAS. CUTHBERT, ESQ.

LORD OF THE MANOR

of Berthier, Lanoraie, Dautrie, New York
Maskinonge, etc.

And the first built since the conquest of New

FRANCE, 1760.

And in memory of Catharine Cuthbert, his
Spouse, who died March the 7th 1735,
age 40 years, Mother of 3 sons and
7 daughters, 19 years married.

Caroline, one of her daughters, is interred
in the West end of this chapel near her
mother. She was a good wife, a tender
mother, her death was much lamented by
her family and acquaintance.

ANNO DOMINI, 1782.

The second oldest Protestant church bell in Canada, cast in the year 1774, hung in the steeple of this church. The oldest is on the English church at St. Andrew's, Que., and was cast in 1759, the year of the conquest.

In Ogden's "Tour Through Upper and Lower Canada," published in 1799, the church at Berthier is referred to, and the fact mentioned that it was the first Protestant place of worship erected in the province.—J. J. BELL.

NEW BOOKS.

America not Discovered by Columbus. An Historical Sketch of the Discovery of America by the Norsemen in the Tenth Century. By RASMUS B. ANDERSON. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 12mo., pp. 164.

This small volume deals with a subject which is naturally attracting a good deal of attention at the present time. The author, who is Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin, has the advantage of having read the original accounts of the events which he describes; and he has evidently treated the subject in the true historical spirit. He has made no attempt to make a great book out of the matter at his disposal, but has told his story in a simple straightforward manner, well calculated to carry conviction to the minds of his readers.

Vitus Bering: The Discovery of Bering Strait.

By PETER LAURIDSON, Member of the Council of the Royal Danish Geographical Society, Editor of Jens Munk's "Navigatio Septentrionalis." Translated by Julius E. Olson, Assistant Professor of Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin. With an Introduction, by Frederick Schwalka. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 12mo., pp. 215.

This little book is sure to have a large number of readers among those who are fond of history, travel, and adventure. Though it has other qualities to commend it, it has a romantic interest which ought to secure it many readers, especially among the young. In addition to the light which it sheds upon the character and career of the hero of the story, and incidentally upon the general subject of Russian explorations, it contains chapters of great interest to the general reader, including descriptions of the remarkable forms of animal life on Bering Island, and of the tragic events which brought this great geographical enterprise to a close.

Two Knapsacks. By J. CAWDOR BELL. Toronto: The Williamson Publishing Co. Crown octavo, 490 pp.

This is a Canadian story of a kind not often seen, and doubly pleasing on account of its novelty. It is the story of two companions, women-haters, a Toronto lawyer and a pedagogue, who set off for a summer pedestrian tour from the shores of Lake Simcoe, and up and over the Blue Mountains, down into the Beaver Valley and up and away on the uplands of Grey, where they meet a fate little dreamed of as possible when they left Toronto. The plot of the story largely centres around the doings of a swamp whiskey gang in the lake settlements of Grey, and it has its thrilling and even awful incidents, which are well told. But for the most part the volume is full of racy, chatty, character-sketching, in which the sunny side and the foibles of human nature are dealt with in a manner that has scarcely been rivalled by any Canadian writer. The humor pervading the book is exquisite, and the reader on almost every page finds a bit of excellent wit or a delicate pun, dropped so naturally and unexpectedly

as to excite a smile or a laugh. It is emphatically a summer holiday book, very like in its vein to Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," but in its peculiar humor, as well as in its plot, much superior. As to its authorship, there are suspicions that the lively and cultured pen from which it comes is that of a prominent divine well-known for scholarly attainments and great versatility. But whoever the author may be, the intrinsic merit of "Two Knapsacks" is such as to ensure it a wide popularity.

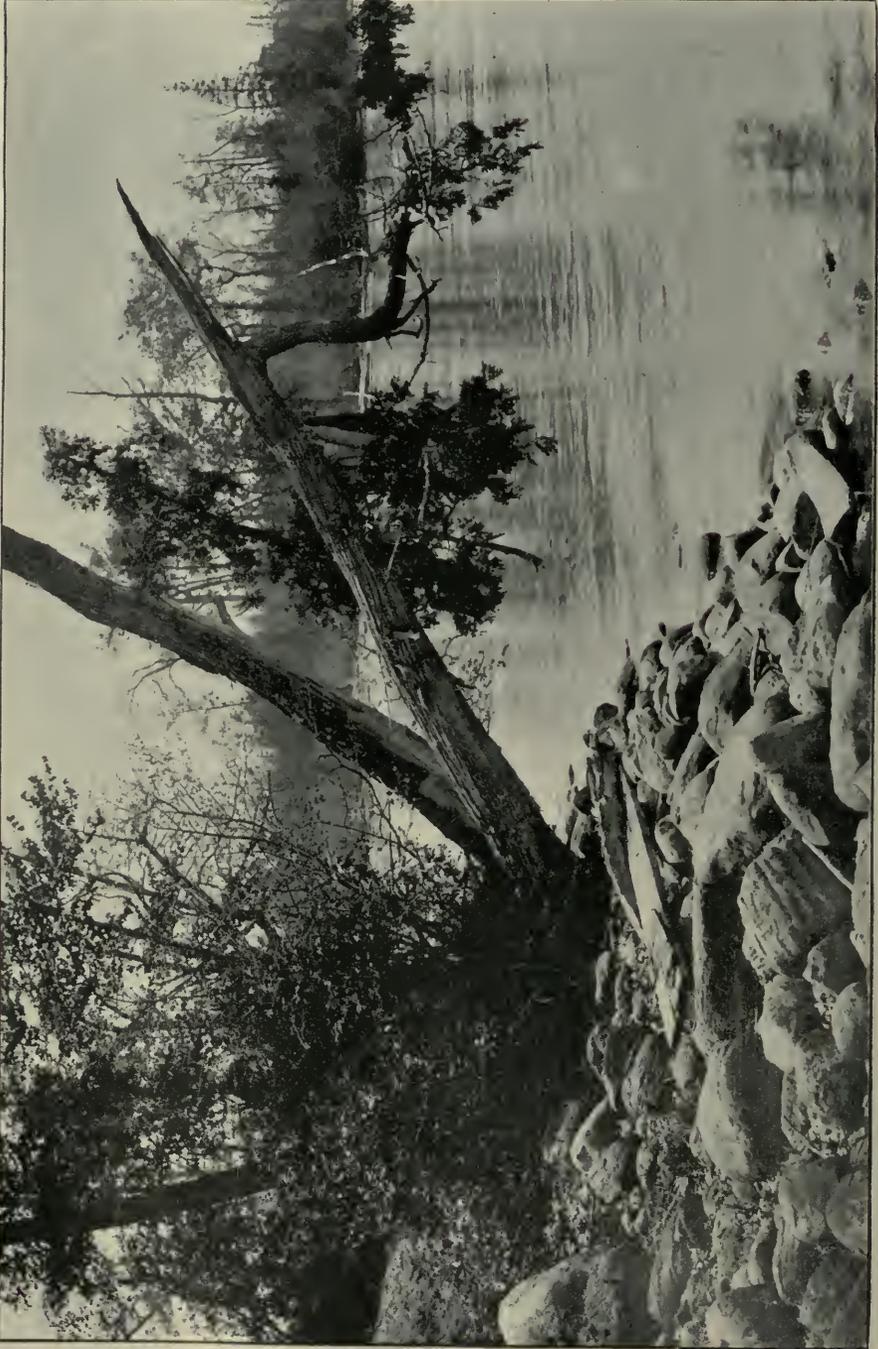
The Early Bibliography of the Province of Ontario. A supplemental chapter of Canadian Archæology. By WILLIAM KINGSFORD, LL.D., F.R.S.C. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison; Montreal: Eden Pickin. 12mo, 140 pp.

This little book is supplemental to Mr. Kingsford's work on Canadian Archæology, which was published in 1886, and gave a history of the first printed works in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The present volume represents a vast amount of patient investigation, such as the author has shown in his History of Canada, and gives much additional light in regard to the early books and pamphlets published in Ontario. While primarily intended for the literary and political student, it is full of interest to any intelligent Canadian, inasmuch as it sheds side lights on the social and political condition of the country from year to year. In fact, the work is not only invaluable to the student, but in itself is almost an education on Canadian politics. It is interesting and well written.

An Island Paradise and Reminiscences of Travel.

By H. SPENCER HOWELL. Toronto: Hart & Riddell. Royal octavo, 300 pp.

In these days of travel, when almost every corner of the globe is described by many pens, to write a book of travel at once interesting and trustworthy is no easy task. But Mr. Howell has accomplished this work in the present volume with marked success. His description of the Hawaiian Islands is one of the best that has yet been published. The style is light and graceful and a keen eye for the beautiful and novel both in scenery, customs, and legends, is evident on every page. Little of importance to the general reader is omitted, yet the narrative of travel is never tedious, but always fresh and entertaining, the author realizing that a traveller, in order to make his descriptions attractive, must now have something new to tell, or must tell his story in a new way. Moreover, unlike many travellers, Mr. Howell has taken pains to carefully verify his quotations of facts and figures, of history and legendary story. A portion of the volume is given to glimpses of Australian, Asiatic, and European cities, and here, as in the portions given to the "Island Paradise," the scenes are viewed from the standpoint of a cultured Canadian, and in this respect are all the more interesting to Canadian readers. The work is well printed on the best of paper. The illustrations are good, and in every way the volume is one of the most entertaining of recent Canadian books.



A LONE LAKELET IN MUSKOKA.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1893.

No. 3.

EDUCATION VS. CRAM.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

"Nothing extenuate,
nor set down aught in malice."

—*Othello*.

"WHAT is Truth?" once asked doubting Pilate. What is Education? may well be asked by some doubters of to-day.

It is strange how the very natures of entities frequently become transformed. It is equally strange how the meanings of words may be wrested from their original signification.

We see how, in evolution, the puny and acrid crab may be developed into the large and luscious sweeting. We have learned how, according to the law of degeneration, the very soul-essence, subtle, elevated, all-embracing, of such a term as *education* may be contorted and cribbed into the dwarfish limits of such a Calaban-monosyllable as *cram*.

That these two words have become synonymous terms to the average Canadian mind of to-day, there can be but little doubt; yet, that the words themselves, as regards innate and ultimate signification, are as wide as the poles asunder, can be as little a point of dispute.

For what is their pedigree and what their kinship?

Education, as the genealogy, *i. e.*, the etymology of the word, informs us, is a Classic, from the Latin: *educ*, *edu-*

care; from *e*, out, and *duco*, *ducere* to lead; therefore, to lead out.

Cram, as the genealogy of the word informs us, is a Teuton, from the Anglo-Saxon: *crammian*, to stuff; therefore, to press or squeeze in.

Whether "to lead out" and "to squeeze in" be synonymous terms is a question that certain exponents of latter-day Canadian educational methods have decided to answer in the affirmative.

But a question of some significance yet remains. Is the ultimatum of these exponents of latter-day methods, of a truth, an all-authoritative and final one? Have others, more especially those in whose special interest all educational institutions are founded and maintained, any voice in the matter of deciding whether the terms are really synonymous, and whether the processes suggested by the two terms should be pursued on equal and parallel planes?

The answer is obvious. Those most interested, that is, those being educated, or having young people to educate, have a voice, and a very loud voice, in the matter, and it is full time that this voice were making itself heard, to combat, on the one hand, the open effrontery of political expedience, and, on the other, the secret, but no less self-interested and too often dangerous, hobby of private egotism, which, out-

side of the fact, that it is established by patronage as the educational Sheehinah of the hour, has, not infrequently, little or nothing else to commend it for its high office.

Words are potent factors in the economy of the intelligence, and their true functions and applications should not be lightly tampered with, confused, or misapplied. They have souls as truly as have men. Many words, indeed, have more soul than have many men.

Having settled, to some extent, the etymology, the soul-meaning, and the relative merits, suggested rather than asserted, of the two words *Education* and *Cram*, it may, now, not be out of order to discuss a few questions, as to the relations these words and their meanings and methods bear to ourselves, the place they hold in the Departmental vocabulary of Canadian pedagogy, the influence they exercise in the great plan of public instruction, the extent to which the practice of the one may have encroached upon the province and therefore the practice of the other.

And this discussion will necessitate a few plain statements, questions, suggestions, and criticisms, with regard to some salient points in the Educational system of the Province as a whole. Here the word *Educational* is used in its broadest and most popular sense, viz., the means, whatever they may be, taken for the mental equipment of the so-called pupil or student for the intellectual conflict of life.

Let us begin at the beginning, with the system itself.

The Canadian system of education is certainly a very fine thing in theory, none, perhaps, superior; but, practically, in the hands of a political Head Master and his nominees and associates, it is not altogether the fine thing it appears in the dawn-light of a first experience.

When a system, deliberately and persistently, holds out inducements for young men, whether to the intellectual purple born or not, to quit good farm-lands, and confiscate comfortable homes,

for the purpose of flooding city, town, and village with legal deed, questionable practice, political chicanery, and doubtful divinity, one may well question whether the term successful, in its true sense, should be applied to such a system.

We are training thousands of young men to be useless members of society or worse, not only non-producers themselves, but mere adventurous spiders, gorging themselves, whenever practicable, upon the life-blood of those who are producers. We are striving, might and main, to give thousands of young women, many of them of lowly origin, the education of ladies—save the mark!—and permitting them to starve upon the pittance of the sweating-house, as teachers—again, save the mark!—when they might be earning decent wages as domestic servants; starve, that is intellectually and socially, for the mere body, after all, is one of the last terms to be thought of in the equation of life:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Body—Spirituality} &= 0 \\ \text{Body} + \text{Spirituality} &= \text{Infinity.} \end{aligned}$$

We are training trustees to be hard, sordid and grasping usurers, and those who depend upon trustees for employment to be truckling, underhand time-servers. "Give me \$50 per annum less than my friend, and ensure me his position, and the bonds of friendship may be dissolved, and honor may perish." Is this, or is it not, the educational legend of the hour?

Any scheme or special system of education to be a thoroughly successful one, should avoid trying to equalize the masses socially or intellectually—compliments and regrets to the talented author of "Looking Backward." This Utopia of universal levelness has been often explored before, is being explored to-day, we know with what results. Here are a few instances for consideration, taken hap-hazard from the page of modern or contemporary history: The French Revolution, with *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, the Chicago dynamite outrages, German

Socialism, Russian Nihilism, the Negro problem, the Chinese difficulty, the Labor and Capital question.

In our Public Schools, what are our special systems doing? They are turning out tens of thousands of animated square-finished pegs to fill round offices, or animated round-finished pegs to fill square ones. All, or most, of the same stereotyped pattern. All of the same material. All with the same fuddled mentalities—little wonder, considering the air they breathe, and the stultifying process undergone—and all more or less useless. *Here* are five-hundred boys and girls, who have been taught book-keeping in a Public School. *There* is the head of a firm, who desires a competent book-keeper. Will he engage one of the Public School certificated, or will he look for a practical and practised hand, who has learned his trade at the fountain-head of all trade, hard-headed experience, not at the morbid desk of a \$250 school-marin, or the pretentious black-board of a beardless sciolist?

Here are five-hundred other boys and girls with different natures, intellects and tastes, of different birth, position and prospects.—What shall we do with them? Gather them up and chuck them all into the same mill: the gentleman or lady by divine right, the pauper or vagrant *ditto*, the prospective accountant, artist, musician, literateur, professor, tradesman, farmer, mechanic, business-man, shop-girl, waitress, servant-maid; the clown, the imbecile, the industrious, the idle, the knave, the genius, the fool. In they go. The crank is turned by the other cranks, and after the grinding process, they emerge, no longer as individualities, but a sort of concrete, hit-or-miss patterned hybrids—crushed strawberry and cream, perhaps, without wit enough to skim the cream or grow the strawberries, or do anything, but wonder what Nature intended them for, and why Education, with a big E, has made them what they are, which latter process is

"The most unkindest cut of all,"

for they had been early taught to look upon Education, with a big E, theoretically, as a friend indeed and in need—why then, practically, should she bear them this bitter grudge?

Again, our system or scheme of Public School education tends to subordinate the individuality, the mental liberty of the instructor, to the autocratic fiat of an almost irresponsible inspectorate, which is, at once, too numerous, too interfering, and too domineering.

The teacher is not the free agent he should be. He is a mere passive machine in the hands of his immediate superior, and that superior is his inspector. What the functions of a school-board are, or what the duties of a Secretary, is an enigma to some. Truly, our masters are many!—The teacher has to obey orders and hold his tongue. The man best qualified to express an opinion on matters scholastic, and therefore to inform the public on such matters, the true, inward working of the system, is never heard from. He is practically muzzled. The inspectors do all the talking, and of course they use their own colors in embellishing the system. If the teacher open his lips, he is banned; he may pack up his household gods and go. We are overrun with Inspectors, many of whom, apparently, have little to do but air their own pedantic notions, harry their subordinates with reports, and bully those who show signs of a desire to exercise the divine right of personal freedom in their vocation.

A rigid system of education, like any other rigid system, is destructive of liberty, of the best personal effort, of the highest results. Under it, pupils do not do their best, their special talents get no chance; teachers do not do their best, their personalities are cramped, they are simply slave-drivers, exacting the tale of bricks without straw, at the autocratic bidding of some Pharaoh of the hour.

A rigid system of marking, as the result of daily class examination, is bad, nothing could be worse; for, of course, the reports, with which the teachers in many centres are pestered and overwhelmed, are founded upon these markings.

Let us examine some of the direct results of this periodical, often hourly, marking of lessons.

The teacher's time is wasted. Valuable moments are filched from instruction, to be frittered away in recording the standing of pupils, and this at the close of every lesson. A teacher's office is to teach, not to do second-class official work. Let the public thoroughly understand this.

This system of marking, necessitates payment by results, a thing bad in itself, worse in its effects. It handicaps the slow and the quick, the plodding and the superficial, the naturally dull and the naturally bright. It is pitting lame men against athletes in the arena of the class-room. What will be the inevitable result to the lame men? The slow pupils, that is the lame, acquire bad mental methods, there is no thoroughness; in the strife for marks they have to make a showing or be forever lost, hence, their work is hurried, superficial, ill-understood, ill-digested, in the worst sense of the word. This superficiality, engendered in the class-room, follows the unhappy subject like a shadow into his after life and into business. The natural consequence is, that in business, as in the school-room, he is a failure. Failure means discontent. Discontent begets unhappiness. Unhappiness leads to looseness, drunkenness, despair, ruin, suicide.

According to the present system of tuition, there is too much pencil work on slate or paper, as mere examination, too little teaching. It is extremely doubtful, whether, in some centres, more especially in the upper forms, there is any teaching at all in the true sense of the word. Lessons are assigned in the schoolroom. They are pre-

pared at home. Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock midnight, sees the pupils at their tasks; the strong, the weak, the callous, the nervous, now with a headache, now with disgust at their hearts, now in tears—children who should be in the sunshine by day and in their beds by nine o'clock at latest. The next morning finds them at their desks in the school-room. Examination begins. Scribble, scribble, scribble! Slates or paper; nothing oral, nothing of interest, nothing by way of supplement from the overseering, enlightened mind. There is no time. The examined scribble for bare life. "Facts, facts, facts, sirs," are wanted. No matter what the hand-writing is like, no matter what the spelling is like, no matter what the style of composition is like. Facts, facts are the all in all, the "open sesame" to the outer and healthful sunlight of knowledge and culture.

As a natural consequence, the spelling, the writing, and the composition are, in many cases, execrable. The examination over, the marking begins; that over, another slate or paper recitation is in order. So on through the weary hours. And the teacher, instead of being a mentally expanding agent, illustrative, explanatory, critical, is a mere pedagogic recording-machine, inscribing hourly on his registering tablets the number of marks obtained by his class of puppets in their automatic dance of intellectual death.

Many have no chance of ever arriving at anything like distinction in this march or jig of stultification by honest means, so, as all is fair in love and war, and this system of marking and instruction is a species of war—brains and predilection against time, cram, and common-sense—why, they do what others do in love and war, they cheat and lie. They have memoranda snugly concealed in secret nooks, books under desks, etc., etc., etc. Doubtless thumb-nails and wrist-bands do other duties than their natural ones. Lying becomes the rule, not the exception,

barefaced, unabashed falsehood. It grows with the pupils. Like the ill-formed business habits, it follows them into after life, dogging them like sleuth-hounds of evil, into the professions, to the polls, to the parliament! These boys are our future electors! These girls are our future honest women!

Well, some-one will say, this is a very bitter tirade against Provincial Education. Have you any antidote at hand, Mr. Caviller? It is very easy to vilify, to break down, to demolish. How would you reconstruct? What fairer edifice would you raise upon the ruins of the system you assail?

Let us make, simply but emphatically, a preliminary statement. Men are *not* born equal, never *have been* equal never *will be* nor *can be* equal—once again, regrets but unqualified admiration to Mr. Bellamy ungrudgingly accorded.

Why should education, and here we include higher education, so-called, be, in a country like Canada, the one-sided jade she is? Does education consist simply in stuffing halting Greek and Latin, lop-sided mathematics, frowsy, archaic, Addisonian English, history, geography, Euclid, and priggish fashions into the heads of our young democracy? Is there nothing outside of the "humanities" worthy of being called Education? Has the mobile intelligence, the subtle instinct, the grand physique, the nimble, sensitive touch of the artisan, mechanic, artist, or musician nothing in common with the term? Does the ponderous hammer of "the village blacksmith" never smite out a syllable of it as it rings on through the centuries against the God-shaping anvil of Time? Does the facile finger of the moulder shape no letter of it, fashioning it deftly from the clay, ere embodying it as a thing of beauty or use in the stubborn, lasting metal? Does not the graver grave something of it on the block before him, to carry a message into the centuries to come? Does not the mariner trace its characters on the yeasty waves, spell out its

legend from the story-book of the stars? Has not the miner to hew it, syllable by syllable, patiently, unfalteringly, everlastingly, from the earth-embowelled rocks? Does not the artist idealize it in his fadeless pigments, the musician utter it in his pulsing chords, the architect and the engineer elaborate it in the memorials of their great professions? Is not the Suez Canal deeper than a legal quibble, and the deck of an ocean leviathan broader than many theological dogmas? Does not Tubal Cain antedate Judge Jefferies, stupendous monstrosity as he was, and are not the Pyramids of Egypt older than even Osgoode Hall?

Twelve years ago, we were told that the population of the country was four millions some odd hundred thousands. A short time since, a census was taken, and we were told that the population, as a whole, had increased but half a million.

Again, twelve years ago, we were told that the City of Toronto numbered some 80,000 inhabitants. To-day, its population is nearly 200,000. Many cities, towns and villages have increased in population, not, perhaps, to the same comparative extent, but largely.

Why do we touch upon this topic at all in an article upon educational principle and method? Because it is, in a way, intimately, though seemingly, indirectly, connected with the subject. It is suggestive, first, of a fact, and then of a deduction arising from that fact, a corollary to the problem of population.

The fact is this, that, in twelve years, the population of the country, as a whole, has grown comparatively little, while that of many individual cities and towns has grown largely. This fact is alone well worth pondering. But what is the deduction to be drawn from the fact? One of two conclusions is inevitable. That the centres must have received the surplus supply either from within the country or without. Whichever it be, it is matter

of grave import. For, if the centres have been recruited from foreign sources, where are our own people? Have they sought other and fairer fields of labor? If, on the other hand, the centres have been recruited from within, what is becoming of our rural population? The answer is manifest. It must be shrinking. The young, and sometimes the old, are flocking to the cities, with not seldom disastrous results to the rural districts, while the professions and business callings are becoming over-crowded, ill-served and under-paid.

As to certain direct results of this centralizing of the population, the mayor of Toronto, in a late statement of views on municipal questions, says: "Our city population has increased 93 per cent., and our law expenses have increased 360 per cent." And again: "Ten years ago our police force numbered 132, to-day it numbers 286."

After all, is the great end of life to become a lawyer without clients, a doctor without patients, or an evangelist without converts? Is the great end of life to ape the gentleman without a single attribute worthy the name; or is it, as some fondly imagine, to attain to a possible wealth, wrung, not by patient toil through the proper channels of all self-acquired wealth, honesty and diligence, but from the unfortunate, the dupe, the needy, or, not infrequently, the fellow, but less fortunate, adventurer?

We prate of equality in this land of liberty, where the very name of aristocrat makes some sensitive noses twirl in ineffable derision to the skies, yet we are too good, many of us, to be either honest farmers or intelligent mechanics. We sneer at the airs and graces of the old-world gentry, yet who so great as some among us, at playing the rôle of that gentry? A pitiable, tenth-rate business it is to be sure, but it is rampant in our midst. We pride ourselves on our manliness and brotherliness and the dignity of

labor and the honor of the crooked finger and horny palm of toil; yet, with all our academies and institutions of learning, where is the industrial school, cognate and universal, which teaches students to be men as well as gentlemen, instructs them how to acquire a competency by honest means, instead of filching it from their fellow-creatures' pockets?

In all young, sparsely settled colonies like Canada, there should be an industrial school affiliated with every establishment of learning in the popular sense of the word. Geometry should go with the carpenter's rule and plane, and Greek with the Spartan code of frugality, integrity, loyalty and self-denial. And the legend of such an institution should be, not notoriety, but honor; not society, but man; not mere idle faith, but saving works. The Alumni, should, moreover, be instructed, that the "*divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will,*" has, in infinite wisdom, seen proper to set bounds to social communities, and that the irrevocable fiat, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther," of natural law cannot be annulled at a wish or in one generation. They should be told, that it is at least as honorable to be a laborer in a coal mine as a highwayman in a Chamber of Deputies.

What should be the aims of a true education? A higher intelligence and a higher morality. What are the aims of an education that is not true, but spurious? Cram and the bubble success in the examination halls.

What should be the motto inscribed above the portal of every school in the land?

An honest man is the noblest work of God.

What is the legend, implied if not expressed, too frequently found usurping that lofty vantage ground?

A certificated incompetent is the noblest product of cram.

Then, next to honesty, what shall be said of reverence—not the awe of

the occult, which is two-thirds fashion and one-third fear; but the true reverence of man for his superior fellow; reverence for the image of the Divinity in man, not the flunkey's reverence for mere wealth and tinsel; reverence for the white hairs of virtuous age, worth, nobility of character, learning, and all the beauty of science and art in nature and man, for its own sake, the excellent handiwork of the Invisible, more excellent because invisible, and manifest solely in its outward tendencies, crowning him king, who, without it, is a mere Philistine, and wresting from false monarchs the usurped insignia of their pretended royalty, leaving them beggared, outlawed Lears indeed?

Where is the reverence in childhood and youth for all that is superior in experience and learning? How many boys think it worth their while to lift their hats to Culture, or stand abashed in its most sovereign presence? Nay, rather, does not the bread-and-butter miss, scarcely into her teens, expect that august and consecrated Spirit to bend in lowly obeisance to *her* feminine conceits, demanding as a right, what is merely accorded her, on account of her sex and her weakness, as a privilege? Which privilege may be ultimately withdrawn, if that sex persist in arrogating to itself offices, emoluments, and professions, for which, as a rule, its members are not fitted either physically or mentally, but who are encouraged in their fallacious and mischievous course of conduct, by the cupidity of some, the sentimentality of others, and their own gullible, short-sighted egotism.

Speaking of a true education, what are the avenues by which the temple of that most austere and lovely deity, the goddess of learning, may be approached? Are they patience, laborious research, years of diligent, patient study, complete mastery of fundamentals, the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the skeleton, before clothing its bare bones of

essentials with the tender and dimpled beauty of superficial accomplishments? Or, are they indecent haste, contempt for the arbitrary but imperative dicta of fundamental principle, impatient murmuring and rebellious distaste for the lengthy service in letters which marks the veteran, which decorates his presence with the insignia of an honorable refinement, and ensures him, mentally, a reward more subtle yet, that rare and priceless order of merit, on whose fair yet silent face is blazoned the unmistakable legend, "for distinguished conduct in the field,"—the bloodless battle-ground of intellectual and moral supremacy?

In the opinion of many who are yet clothed and in their right mind, the system wanted but one item to complete its catalogue of superficiality and folly. That item has lately been supplied, to wit, compulsory club-swinging in modern fashionable attire. Not only is the exercise in question a sight for Greeks and Gods to marvel at; but, through its instrumentality, there is room for grave surmise, that more than one Mr. Mold has been summoned to a premature exercise of his vocation by the side of his silent client.

One of the greatest banes of the present educational system is the examination hall, coupled with the certificate mania. They are a curse to young Canada, a blight on the rising generation.

A writer in the *Week*, commenting on the educational machinery of the Province, once said: "It runs too smoothly—there are too many inducements held out to the youth of both sexes in Ontario to enter upon studies, for which the majority of them, I by no means say all, are by nature and circumstances wholly unfitted."

Is this statement rational? Is it fair? At present, it is a well-known fact that there is a plethora of so-called qualified teachers throughout the Province, treading on one another's heels in the race for scholastic position, and often outbidding one another

in those slave-markets of cram, sections where the cupidity and animalism of trustees may be paramount to the claims of a generous enlightenment. Why should this be so? Are we educating our youth to be true citizens, cultured, conscientious, refined members of the body politic and social, or, are we merely holding out inducements in other slave-markets of cram, for votaries to renounce the righteousness of their honorable occupations on the farm, or at the counter, or peradventure, in the scullery, that they may, after a term of months, which should be years, be passed and labelled; "Certificated:—This side up with care; not to be shaken before engaged, lest the effervescence subside, once and for ever?"

A little learning is a dangerous thing. It is a little learning which is revolutionizing society, making men, ay, and women, ashamed of their manhood and womanhood, and dissatisfied with their occupations and birthrights. Half the social unrest of the present generation is directly attributable to the Henry Georges of the educational platform, who, without any of the ability which marks their prototype, recklessly fling open the doors of discontent, to give access to the iconoclasts of all that is best in tradition and culture; who would filch the sacred flame of wisdom from its vestal altars, without effort or acknowledgment, and magnify the apotheosis of cram at the expense of the aristocracy of legitimate learning and labor.

Are we then over-educating the masses? By no means. We are simply not educating them at all. We are merely charging them with the damaged powder of cheap clap-trap, that they may, by happy chance, explode periodically in the Examination Halls, with the least danger to those sphinx-like creatures, the propounders of the annual conundrums.

"Education," as we have endeavored to show from the very derivation of the word, means, "to lead out." In-

structors of Canadian youth are striving might and main to *cram in*. In the High Schools it is, moreover, the teacher who works, that is, who does the really useful work. The pupil is a mere baby in his hands, irresponsible, inane, flaccid, spoon-fed with the pap of stereotyped rigmarole, or depleted with the skim-milk of stale examination papers, to get an idea of the *style* (*sic*) of the probable examiners! This, education forsooth! Education is strong, self-reliant, robust, aggressive, fearless. But what is the outcome of all these labors, and all the surfeiting of the unfortunates in our hands? What is the direct result of Cram? Another contemptible, rhyming monosyllable,—Sham. *Cram* and *Sham* form the constellation of shoddy, the Gemini of humbug.

The Old World, as we well know, is full of sham. That terrible sinner, the old world! O Chicago, the virtuous! O Quebec, the Pure! Poor old lady! Her wrinkled visage must be saddened oftentimes indeed, by the load of suppositious infirmities superimposed upon the already very real burden of frailties she has to bear. Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the African explorer, wishing to purchase furs in Canada as the natural home, ascertained with surprise, that the articles in question are more expensive here than in Europe. "Well," she said, laughing, "the Old World is good for something after all, if it is only for cheaper furs." It was but a jest, yet something of a moral lurks within its depths.

"This Canada of ours" is a new country. What should be the concomitants of a new country? A fresh, fair, young soul, and an unsophisticated nature. There should be no such words as *cram* and *sham* for youth. These are the associates of age, of outworn pleasure, disappointment, satiety, the sign of the approaching end. Yet, what do we find? We find *cram* enough in all conscience. Has it yet cast its gruesome and enervating shadow over the fair landscape of Canadian

being? Has sham, too, fallen like a nightmare eclipse across the pathway of the western sun?

Let us leave the question for each to answer according to his conscience or his ability, and propound but one more in conclusion.

Do we not hear self-gratulation and self-glorification everywhere? Yet where is the proof of all the glory and all the gain? Where is the *Ultima Thule* of the educational process? Where is the pinnacle to the basement of learning? What should it be? Unhesitatingly, let it be said, a high literary taste and a standing literature. Where is either to-day in Canada? An echo answers, "Where?" Has any nation ever become truly great until she have given birth to a literature? Search the archives of the past for an answer. Will Canada, or any other nation to be, become truly great until she have a literature? Again, search the same archives for an answer. What inducements is Canada holding forth to literature, to its excellence of true culture and true refinement, to make it worth its while to settle in her midst, brooding over the land like a fair dove, softening asperities of being, enlightening dark places of intellect, elevating low phases of morality, sublimating human entities into something like the semblance of the Divine?

Politics, egotism and sectarian intolerance are lords indeed. Literature! We never heard of her. Who is she? Is she wealthy? Is she a church-member? Has she votes, property, place or power? Or is she a sorry, neglected wench, worn and footsore, a mere hand-maiden of party or sect,

seeking precarious subsistence from door to door, sometimes slipshod and vulgarly fulsome, sometimes pranked in grammarless jargon, a thing for foreigners to marvel at and scholars to deride, but otherwise, too often denied acknowledgment or remuneration, fain to turn her steps to other callings, where decency at least may be assured, and the wolf of want driven from the door.

This is a lugubrious outlook, surely, a strange homily to have followed such a text:

*"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."*

Happily, there is no night without the dawning. It is, indeed, not infrequently darkest before the dawn. That the present state of nebulous purpose and practice may be but the prelude to a glorious sunrise is the sincere wish of many a loyal heart; a wish that contains within itself the germ of a possible accomplishment; for, there are some fine traits in the Canadian national character, elements, which, if properly nurtured and judiciously developed, might combine to form a strong and great people, if only the youth of the country, its future hope and pride, be not dandled at the outset into national impotence by the inefficiency of cram, or corrupted into mere provincial thugs, Pharisees, or harlequins, by false teaching and false example in politics, in sectarianism, and in letters. That the clouds of superficiality and sham may, ere long, break and disperse before the strengthening beams of the sun of reason and truth is the sincere wish of all Canada's true friends.



BRITISH HOPES AND BRITISH DANGERS.

BY A. H. F. LEFROY.

THE British hope and the British danger are the two matters upon which depend the justification for the existence of the Imperial Federation League. For if the continuance of the Imperial Union is not destined to promote the material and other interests of the various communities which compose the Empire, then the cause which the members of the League are banded together to advance is not a good cause, but a bad cause—not a wise cause, but a foolish cause. And if the Imperial Union is certain to continue, and there is no reason for any uneasiness, then we are making much ado about nothing—we are disturbing ourselves and others very unnecessarily.

Let me deal with the latter point first. It is by far the less important. For if the continuance of the Imperial Union is assured, and if it be destined to bring such benefits to the British race, as we believe it is, then even if it be that we are disturbing ourselves unnecessarily, what does it matter? At least we are occupying our minds with a very interesting subject.

But how does this matter stand? Is there no occasion for uneasiness? Is there no reason to be up and doing? That was not the opinion of the Hon. W. E. Forster, the founder of the League, and whom I may safely call one of the strongest minds among modern English statesmen. That is not the opinion of Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is forever telling us that it is the inevitable destiny of Canada to break away from the Empire. That is not the opinion of Sir Charles Dilke who, in his *Problems of Greater Britain*, warns us that "the danger in our path is that the enormous forces of European militarism may crush the old country and destroy the integrity of our

"Empire before the growth of the newer communities that it contains has made it too strong for the attack." That is not the opinion of Mr. Parkin, than whom no man has had a better opportunity of ascertaining the feeling of the people of the various colonies and of the United Kingdom, and of their political leaders, and who tells us in his work on *Imperial Federation* that "it becomes more evident from day to day to those who watch carefully the current of events, that the continued unity of the Empire will only be gained—as great ends have ever been gained—after a severe struggle with contending forms of thought."

Consider a very few facts. In 1837, when the Queen came to the throne, the entire sea-going commerce of the Empire only amounted to the annual value of £210,000,000. Now it has already reached the enormous figure of £1,200,000,000. Of that £1,200,000,000, £740,000,000 represents the annual value of the sea-going commerce of the United Kingdom; £460,000,000 represents the annual value of that of the colonies and dependencies. So that the sea-going commerce of the colonies and dependencies is already of an annual value more than half that of the United Kingdom; and it is increasing nearly twice as fast. For the sea-going commerce of the colonies and dependencies has increased nine-fold in the last fifty years, whereas the sea-going commerce of the United Kingdom has only increased five-fold. Moreover, of the £460,000,000 representing the annual value of the sea-going commerce of the colonies and dependencies, £273,000,000 represents the annual value of the sea-going commerce of the colonies and dependencies between themselves and with foreign

countries. So that in this large proportion of the sea-going commerce of the Empire, the tax-payer of the United Kingdom has no direct interest whatever. Now all this gigantic sea-going commerce requires a proportionate naval defence, yet out of every pound sterling annually expended on this naval defence, the tax-payer of the United Kingdom pays 19s. 5½d., and the colonies and dependencies only contribute 6½d. Add to this that the total annual revenue of the United Kingdom is £89,000,000, while the annual revenue of the colonies and dependencies combined is already £105,000,000. Is that a condition of things that can continue?

Look at it in another aspect. Each of the great self-governing colonies is collecting round it a little cluster of foreign questions of its own. Here in Canada we have our disputes with the United States; in Newfoundland they have their disputes with France; in Australia they have their difficulties with the French in New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, and with the Germans in New Guinea; in South Africa they have their difficulties with the French in Madagascar, with the Portuguese and Germans on their own continent. Is it not inevitable that becoming, as we are, so powerful—beginning to think, as we are, so much of ourselves—and justly to think so much of ourselves—is it not inevitable that we shall shortly desire to have a more direct influence upon the foreign policy of the Empire? And how can we demand a direct influence upon the foreign policy of the Empire, unless we become part owners in the naval and military forces by which alone a foreign policy can ultimately be enforced?

Yes, it is inevitable that before very long the people of Canada, Australia and South Africa will be invited to nail the Union Jack to the mast-head, and once for all to amalgamate with each other and the rest of the Empire—to take up the full citizenship of the Empire, but also to bear a fair propor-

tion of its burdens. What will their answer be?

If that invitation—if the necessity for coming to a final determination—arrives in a time of war, I have no doubt what the answer will be. If the people of the colonies were to see the enemies of England gathering round her, their national feeling would awake, the hereditary loyalty of Canadians would blaze forth, the spirits of Australians would rise, and in the heat of the tumult the mighty imperial mass would be welded into one. No, the danger is that the time for coming to a final determination will arrive when all is peace—when all appears safe. Then there will be those who will pose as the peculiar friends of Great Britain—who will declare that none love England more than they do—but who will say to the people of Canada, and to the people of Australia, and to the people of South Africa: you have large territories, you have enormous resources, you have important interests peculiar to yourselves, and in which the rest of the Empire is not concerned; you should enter upon the path of separate nationality—it is better for you, it is better for Great Britain, it is better for all concerned. Will their voices prevail? Ought their voices to prevail? What is the British hope?

What is there in this conception of a united British Empire which so stirs the minds and warms the hearts of men? and not of your plain man only, but the strongest minds and the noblest hearts that the race has ever produced?

What was it that moved the mighty mind of Milton to write those lines which so fitly preface every number of the journal of the Imperial Federation League: "O, Thou, who of Thy free grace, didst build up this Britannick Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter islands about her, stay us in this felicitie?" What was it that awoke the eloquence of Edmund Burke, when he declared

that to restore order and repose to an Empire so great as ours was "an undertaking that merely in the attempt would ennoble the flights of the highest genius, and obtain pardon for the efforts of the meanest understanding." What was it that inspired the muse of Alfred Tennyson when he wrote those lines :

" We've sailed wherever ships could sail,
We've founded many a mighty state,
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great? "

I don't think it was merely a feeling of national pride, though no one ever sympathized more with a noble and generous national pride than Tennyson—no one unless it was great Shakespeare himself. I am sure it was not any conception of the Empire as a huge trade organization, a gigantic joint-stock company for the production of wealth. Yet this trade aspect of the matter is most important. We know that what conduces to the material prosperity of a people, conduces also to its advancement in other and higher ways. We know that wealth produces leisure, and leisure in higher natures affords the opportunity of mental advancement. We know that wealth renders possible the collection of precious works of art, the founding of noble libraries. Therefore the trade aspect of the matter is a most important aspect. Now, what do we find?

Here we have within our own Empire the greatest market in the world. We have Great Britain with its population of 35,000,000 or 40,000,000, three quarters of whose working classes are artisans—Great Britain, which has to import every year fabulous quantities of food products from every quarter of the globe, amounting now to the enormous annual value of £153,000,000; Great Britain, which has to import in fabulous quantities the raw material for her manufactures,—timber, cotton, wool, flax, hemp and jute. So that the total imports into Great Britain every year are now com-

puted by Sir Julius Vogel, one of the greatest authorities on the subject, at no less a value than £435,000,000, almost the whole of which could be produced by her own colonies. On the other hand, we have vast territories such as Canada and Australia, containing the best wheat-growing areas, the greatest pastoral areas in the world, containing unlimited virgin resources, requiring only capital and men to develop them. What material for a trade combination have we here—greater than any that would be possible among foreign nations—a customs union, as Sir Julius Vogel says, covering 8,000,000 of square miles, and comprising even now more than 300,000,000 of people. And is it not obvious that the maintenance of the political union immensely increases the likelihood, the possibility of such a trade organization being arrived at? The Imperial ministers, the Imperial Parliament, though they have wisely divested themselves of all power to bring pressure upon the people of the colonies, yet from their position at the centre of affairs, by reason of the old Imperial prestige and the Imperial organization, have great advantages and facilities for devising and imposing upon the whole Empire any general arrangement of which the people of the Empire generally approved.

But again, of what character must our future trade chiefly be? In what direction must we chiefly look for great trade expansion in the future? Clearly in the direction of maritime trade. Already fifty per cent. of our trade in Canada, in spite of a high protective tariff, is maritime trade; seventy-seven per cent. of Australia's trade is maritime trade; eighty per cent. of New Zealand's; eighty-five per cent. of South Africa's. And all this maritime trade requires adequate naval protection. Now, do we derive any advantages from our Imperial connection in respect to the protection to our maritime trade? What is specially required for the protection of maritime

trade in these days of steam navigation is naval bases and coaling stations at appropriate places along the great trade routes. Glance at the map; eastward from Great Britain you have them—Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Bombay, Trincomalee, Singapore, Hongkong. Southward along the west coast of Africa, and round by the Cape you have them—Sierra Leone, St. Helena, the Cape, Mauritius, and away to the great harbours of Australia, some of them already strongly fortified—King George's Sound, Melbourne, Brisbane, Thursday Island, and Auckland in New Zealand. Away to the west you have them—St. Lucia, Jamaica, Bermuda, Halifax, Vancouver, Esquimalt, and so back down the Pacific to Australia,—all of them won by the valour of our ancestors and under our own flag.

Thus we have the means for organizing a most complete system of naval defence for the maritime trade of the future, and at the least possible cost, by reason of the co-operation of all the parts. We have the means of organizing a joint system of naval and military defence, which shall not only defend our commerce, but shall render us unassailable by any power, and mean perpetual peace—the Pax Britannica established, humanly speaking, upon an unassailable footing, and an immense power of carrying on that secular agency for good in the world which Lord Rosebery has recently attributed to the Empire.

But pause for a moment to consider whether it is no advantage to the people of such countries as our own, or of Australia and South Africa, to move forward in our national life in close connection with such a country as Great Britain,—such countries as ours, where every man, and one might almost say every woman, has to work and to work hard for their living, where we have little time and little energy left for higher mental advancement, where it requires all our energies to develop the enormous resources of

the great territories in which we are as yet a mere handful. Is it no advantage to us to carry on our national life in close relation, in constant touch with Great Britain, with all its accumulated mental as well as material wealth, with England which has always been the fertile mother of heroes, with England which can show a roll of statesmen and of soldiers, of men of letters and of men of science, of poets and of philosophers—which it is not vain-glorious to say—which it is sober truth to say—can be equalled by no other nation in the world?

And now to sum up, what is the British hope? Look forward but a short generation or two—our sons, our grandsons will see it—millions upon millions of British subjects occupying some of the most favoured territories in the world, chiefly in the temperate zone, living on their own soil, under their own flag, carrying on an enormous trade with each other and with foreign nations, carrying on that trade in security and peace, possessed of vast naval and military strength,—able to withstand the great powers that are to be,—Russia, which it is computed will have in fifty years' time, in Europe alone, a population of 150,000,000, or the United States which will have a population of at least 130,000,000,—supreme in their naval and military strength, yet saved from any temptation to aggression by reason of the commercial pursuits and pacific tendencies of the people; safe from internecine strife by reason of the law-abiding character of the race, and the national willingness to submit to constituted authority; settling all their disputes between themselves before some imperial court of arbitration; founding their national life upon the basis of British law; carrying forward to their ultimate development the principles of British parliamentary government and popular liberty; living, in the words of Edmund Burke, in that "close affection which springs from common names, from similar

privileges, from kindred blood, and equal protection;" forming, in the words of the historian Lecky, "one free, industrial and pacific empire, holding the richest plains of Asia in subjection, blending all that is most venerable in an ancient civilization with the redundant energies of youthful societies." Yes, the glory of England shall not fade, unlike the powers of old she shall not decay, but expanded and developed into her magnificent Empire, she shall carry forward in the time to come her mission of advancement and civilization.

That is the British hope. What is the work of the League? Not so much

to construct schemes, to invent machinery, to devise a constitution for the Empire—not so much that—but rather this: to preach the gospel of the British hope to a British people, to do what in us lies to secure that when the time for final determination shall come, when we arrive at the parting of the ways, the mind of Canada shall be one mind,—the voice of Canada shall be one voice,—that so far as she is concerned she will forever preserve and maintain our glorious Empire.

[The substance of this article was embodied in an address delivered at the annual meeting of the Toronto branch of the Imperial Federation League, on March 22nd, 1893.]



LET US SMELT OUR OWN STEEL.

BY WM. HAMILTON MERRITT, F.G.S.,

Member Iron and Steel Institute, England, Late Commissioner Royal Commission on the Mineral Resources of Ontario, etc.

AT the recent opening of the splendid new science schools at McGill University, Dr. Raymond, of New York, in a very eloquent speech, pointed out the great change that had come over the world in the last twenty years owing to the marvellous advance of science during that period. He stated that notwithstanding the fact that fifty per cent. of all existing appliances had been rendered obsolete owing to the rapid changes, yet in spite of it the world was growing rich for the first time in its long history. Dr. Raymond pointed to the Bessemer Converter, which revolutionized the making of steel, as the great factor of progress and wealth in the present age.

Was he aware that *we have not one in Canada?* I doubt it, for I think that for our shame he would have had pity, and would have spared our feelings.

We ought to produce every pound of railway or street car rail that is used in this country.

I do not think many of your readers are aware that during the last fiscal year (1892) we imported of iron and steel manufactures from

The United States	\$1,805,000
Great Britain.....	\$1,672,000
Total.....	\$9,477,000

We imported 83,000 tons of steel rails, valued at \$1,738,661.

We imported of pig iron from

	Tons
Great Britain.....	43,727
The United States.....	25,110
Total.....	68 918
Valued at \$886,485.	

We import of raw material (including steel rails) five times as much as we manufacture in our own country.

I boldly make the assertion that Canada's greatest deficiency lies in not producing her own iron and steel.

We have built magnificent railroad systems, have created splendid steamship lines, and are constantly projecting others. These may be said to be our greatest works, and what are they but *Iron and Steel?*

If we had produced it all in Canada, and were now manufacturing that which will be used in all the newly-projected railroads and steamship lines, to say nothing of what is required in a multitude of other things, there would be at least a million more people in Canada to-day.

We cannot point to any great nation in the world which does not manufacture its own iron and steel.

One who has never visited a "black country" cannot conceive the stupendous scale of each member of the family of industries that goes to make up the creation of iron and steel. There are the underground world teeming with miners to produce the ore and coal, the busy neighborhoods where the forests supply charcoal, the great traffic of these products by the railroads to some central point for smelting, the men day and night round the blast furnaces, the swarm of workmen at puddling and rolling the product, if iron, or converting the pig into steel and then rolling it. In all of these industries the consumption of nearly every other product is so prodigious that a thousand other trades are permanently benefited, from the farmer, who pro-

duces food for the workman, to the cloth-maker who turns out his Sunday clothes.

Let me quote a paragraph from the controversy between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Blaine. Mr. Blaine writes as follows: "Mr. Gladstone may argue for Great Britain as he will, but for the United States we must insist on being guided by facts and not by theories; we must insist on adhering to the teachings of experiments which 'have been carried forward by careful generalizations to well-grounded conclusions.'.....Mr. Gladstone boldly contends that 'keeping capital at home by protection is dear production, and is a delusion from top to bottom.' I take direct issue with him on that proposition. Between 1870 and the present time, considerably more than 100,000 miles of railroad have been built in the United States. The steel rail and other metal connected therewith involved so vast a sum of money that it could not have been raised to send out of the country in gold coin. The total cost could not have been less than \$500,000,000. We had a large interest to pay abroad on the public debt, and for nine years after 1870 gold was at a premium in the United States. During those years nearly 40,000 miles of railway were constructed, and to import English rail and pay for it with gold bought at a large premium would have been impossible. A very large proportion of the railway enterprises would of necessity have been abandoned if the export of gold to pay for the rails had been the condition precedent to their construction. But the manufacture of steel rails at home gave an immense stimulus to business. Tens of thousands of men were paid good wages, and great investments and great enrichments followed the line of the new road, and opened to the American people large fields for enterprise not theretofore accessible. I might ask Mr. Gladstone what he would have done with the labor of the thousands of men engaged in manu-

facturing rail, if it had been judged practicable to buy the rail in England? Fortunately he has given his answer in advance of the question, for he tells us that 'in America we produce more cloth and more iron at high prices, instead of more cereals and more cotton at low prices.'"

Yet we *rich Canadians* can well afford to send out money for our iron and steel and go on borrowing!! In the report of the recent Commission on the mineral resources of Ontario, some information was given about the question of Iron and Steel Smelting. The report states: "The industry is of first-class importance, and every proper means should be taken to secure its establishment in Ontario;" and that "it is unquestionably in a country's interest not only to smelt its own ores, but to refine and manufacture the metals, providing always that the various operations can be carried on economically and without taxing other interests indefinitely for their maintenance." There is little question in my mind that the Ontario Government should offer a bonus of say \$2 a ton for all iron and steel smelted in the Province for not less than ten years, and a liberal inducement to have the industry started immediately.

If we smelt with charcoal we have everything requisite in our midst close at hand, if we smelt with coke (and we could well do both) we need not bring the raw materials any further for smelting in Ontario than they are brought to Chicago, where the largest steel rail plant in the United States is situated.

The few notes given will have shown that there certainly exists a great gap in the chain of our national development, for who will deny that iron and steel are the back bone and sinews of a nation?

The next two questions which inevitably follow are:—

1. Can we make iron and steel; have we the materials?
2. Have we market for it if made?

I shall be obliged to answer these important questions shortly, but I think satisfactorily.

I shall not allude to Nova Scotia, where smelting is carried on, and where in more than one locality ore and coking coal occur at no great distance from one another.

With regard to Ontario, I may say that a few years ago I visited the Laurentian iron-producing district in New Jersey, and afterwards read a paper before the Canadian Institute, pointing out the mineralogical and geological similarity between that iron ore-producing belt which stretches from New Jersey round through the north of New York State, and continues on into our iron ore-producing territory in Eastern Ontario. The pleasing point to me, beside the similarity of their occurrence, was the proved permanency of these ore beds, one which I visited being worked at a depth of 600 feet, and in several places along a length of two and one-half miles. As a rule, abandonment of these deposits has come not so much from the lack of ore, or the exhaustion of the veins, but from heavy expenses, etc., when too great a depth has been reached.

The yield in 1890 was:—

	TONS.
For New York State.....	1,253,393
For New Jersey State.....	495,808
Total.....	1,749,201

Of this amount nearly all the New Jersey output was magnetite, 6,000 tons being red hematite, and in New York State 945,071 tons magnetite, 196,035 were hematite, 30,968 tons limonite, and 81,319 spathic ore.

I was able also to point out that as a rule these New Jersey ores contained more phosphorus than our Eastern Ontario ores.

The year after visiting the Vermilion, Goegebic, Menominee and Marquette iron ranges on the north-west and southern shores of Lake Superior I read a paper on these ranges for the same reason that I had treated on the

New Jersey deposits, namely, because it has been proved, in the case of the Vermillion range, that it runs into Canadian territory to the south-west of Port Arthur, and it is also by no means improbable that we may find similar ranges on the north or east shores of the lake, where we have vast areas of rocks of the same geological formation. In fact, as I was able to point out, the mode of occurrence and the formation (save the jasper) is very similar to the deposits at Sudbury, though the iron in the latter case is a sulphide instead of an oxide. This latter fact alone served to magnify in my opinion the importance of the Sudbury deposits.

A description of the magnitude and richness of the above-mentioned Lake Superior iron ranges would, if justice were done to them, read almost like a romance. In 1890 they produced 8,893,146 tons, this quantity would represent a train-load of iron ore passing a given point about every twenty minutes, day and night, for twelve months.

Year succeeds year, and yet still we remain content with a half-hearted "iron policy," and import our iron and steel from England or from the United States, save a very small proportion which is manufactured in Nova Scotia.

The following figures speak for themselves. Those of Canada have been available only for the last few years.

PRODUCTION OF PIG IRON IN UNITED STATES.

	Net Tons.
1860	919,770
1873	2,868,278
1882	5,178,122
1890	10,260,000
1991	9,000,000
	Gross Tons.
1892	9,157,000

PRODUCTION OF PIG IRON IN CANADA.

	Net Tons.
1887	24,827
1888	21,799
1889	25,921
1890	21,758
1891	20,153
	Gross Tons.
1892	22,584

Last calendar year the United States produced 146226 of a gross ton of pig iron *per capita* of the population. In Canada last fiscal year we produced 4676 of a gross ton of pig iron *per capita* of our population.

In the United States they produce 405 times as much pig iron as we produce in Canada, and yet their population is only thirteen times that of the Dominion; or, in the United States each person has 31.27 times as much pig iron manufactured for him in his own country as he would have if he had lived in Canada.

This comparison is drawn not for the purpose of belittling the efforts of those amongst us who are striving to build up our metallurgical industries, but to invite attention to the disparity which is exhibited in the working results, and which no one can believe legitimately exists in the possibilities of the two countries.

It will be remembered that, as stated in the beginning of this article, we import per annum over twelve million dollars' worth of iron and steel, and manufactures of the same.

I shall, lastly, briefly touch on the question of market. I merely allude to home market, for what foreign demand might spring up for a superior grade of nickel steel, did we make it, I shall not attempt to predict.

The fact that I have pointed out that, *per capita*, there is 31.27 times as much pig iron produced in the United States as there is in Canada, seems to prove one of two things, either that there is a great deficiency in Canada that can be legitimately made up by smelting and manufacture, or that the average Canadian is lower in the scale of civilization than I believe him to be.

I think that if the matter were investigated, it would be found that Canada uses *per capita* as much iron and steel as the United States.

As to the amount of the consumption, nothing more disinterested can be quoted as authority than the geologi-

cal survey of Canada. In the report for the year 1887-88, page 37 of Part S, we find that "during the years 1886 and 1887 respectively there were imported for consumption into Canada the equivalent of 345,000 tons of pig iron and 283,000 tons of steel. If to this is added the amount of pig iron consumed as such, it will be seen that, excluding all the iron and steel entering into such highly manufactured articles as cutlery, surgical instruments, edge tools, machinery of all kinds, engines and many other hardwares and manufactures, there was a total consumption equivalent in pig iron in 1886 and 1887, respectively, to about 415,000 tons and 356,000 tons. If made in the country, this quantity of pig iron would represent to our makers at actual prices a value of about \$5,000,000; it would necessitate a yearly supply from Canadian iron mines of 1,000,000 tons of ore, and, before this ore could be melted into pig iron, and further made into the different mercantile articles of iron and steel, which are now imported, it would also require about 3,000,000 tons of coal."

Taking this amount, say 400,000 tons (which we must believe is constantly increasing from year to year), *we have the product of 27 to 28 blast furnaces being used per annum in Canada.* Yet it is often said by people who do not investigate these matters, that one blast furnace would glut our market. I take the basis of furnace output, the standard (from English furnaces) adopted by Mr. Bartlett, and alluded to in his evidence before the Mining Commission, page 398. Mr. Bartlett is the author of a book on the manufacture, consumption and production of iron, steel and coal in Canada. It may be added that he is one of the ablest and most authoritative writers on the subject in Canada, from the standpoint of both theory and practice, and his evidence contains an epitome of many of the most important facts and statistics bearing upon it.

In 1879, after I had been for some time at smelting works in North Staffordshire, I wrote an article, "A Few Words about Iron," in the *Canadian Monthly*. In it I pointed out that iron of the finest quality was being produced at that time in North Staffordshire for \$5 a ton, while it was costing \$20 a ton at Pittsburg to smelt a bessemer grade, prices in both cases, not including management, interest, etc. I then stated that I was at a loss to know how we in Canada were to build up our iron and steel industries under a smaller protection than the United States.

I have yet to be enlightened on that point, and the existing state of affairs seems to indicate that no satisfactory basis has yet been arrived at. It would surely be better to have no protection than a protection which is a tax on the consumer, and yet will not build up a national industry.

The expenses in connection with the establishment of smelting works are so enormous that without a policy which says "*We ARE going to smelt our own iron and steel,*" little can be hoped for.

But once such a policy is adopted, whether by protection or by bonus, and the gigantic industries connected with iron and steel manufacture can be set running, we shall have taken an even greater step in the commercial development of our country than we took when we built the Canadian Pacific Railway.

There is not one blast furnace in the whole Province of Ontario, and yet she uses about \$6,000,000 worth of imported iron and steel. We have fine ore deposits, ample flux, and abundance of wood for making charcoal.

The whole province would be benefited by our smelting our own iron and steel. Iron ore occurs in so many parts that it is difficult to say

what portion of the province might not be directly benefited by mining, while the whole Dominion would witness a general renewal of prosperity.

The Government of the United States insisted that rails of American manufacture should be used where Government grants were given, and every country in the world, without exception, has adopted most extreme policies of protection and bonus to build up their iron and steel manufacture. The whole history of the world points to the fact that in every country the iron and steel industry has been fostered in its initiatory stages by extraordinary measures on the parts of the governments—by bonus or by protection. The reason is obvious; the expense of starting the industry (and the multitude of industries connected with it) is immense. The cases of the policies adopted in the United States, France, Germany, Belgium, Russia, Italy, etc., in this direction are too well known to need more than a mere allusion. Even *Free Trade* England built up her iron industries by such slight "revenue tariffs" as \$31.63 a ton on bar iron, if in British ships, but if imported in foreign ships, \$38.56; iron slit or hammered into rods, less than $\frac{3}{4}$ in. square, \$93.33 per ton; wrought iron not otherwise enumerated, for every \$486 of value, \$243.33 per ton; wire not otherwise enumerated, \$577.92 per ton; hoop iron, \$115.58 per ton, etc.

The experience in all countries has been that after the iron and steel industries were once created and supplying the national wants, the duties or bonuses were gradually reduced.

What we need is a *steadfast, determined policy* that we shall smelt our own iron and steel, and not be dependent on the rest of the world for our large supplies of these important materials.

THE CANADIAN GIRL.

An Appreciative Medley.

BY HECTOR W. CHARLESWORTH.

UNQUESTIONABLY the charm that lurks about Canadian girlhood differs little from the charm that girlhood in all ages and all countries has possessed. The enchantment that is upon Greek Homer's delicious tale of Nausicaa has been wafted down through the centuries like some rare and mystic perfume, and is exquisite and mysterious as ever in the English Hardy's pictures of girlhood to-day. The unrequited love of the maid with "a Pair of Blue Eyes" enchants as do the old stories of the dream maidens. The diaphanous charm of girlhood may perhaps for those who have sought a too intimate realization of it have faded, the enchantment vaped away, but still the poets dream on as always they did. In writing of Canadian girls I would not then be so rash as to claim any distinctively beautiful characteristics as peculiarly Canadian; and one is always recognizing in the literature of foreign countries some girl who seemed a Canadian—Heaven preserve us from the word some one tempted of the devil has made—Canadianne—pure and simple. True, some of the likenesses to be found are best kept to oneself; for there are a good many people who lack the humanizing faculty to understand one's discovering that some noble girl possesses the exact tendencies which, with environment propitious to that end, would make her such a Sappho as Daudet painted; but this process of tracing womanly tendencies leads as frequently to pleasant ends, and one is delighted to discover a Rosalind or a Desdemona among one's immediate acquaintances. Verily, all the heroines of romance are here in Canada.

Canada has produced no novelist with genius sufficiently strong and

penetrating to bring him fame. But the time for one is surely coming. Here is abundance of the material that enables the story-teller to enchant as well as to convince. The drama of human passion and sacrifice which seems to form the basis of all creative art is going on in our midst and awaiting the artist who will portray it. The Canadian girl is making sacrifices, dreaming dreams, breaking hearts, throbbing with passion, just as girls have been since the world began; and when the supreme simplifier springs up—Stevenson says that the great novelist is not 'he who depicts "life as it is," but rather one who makes a beautiful and simple exposition of one phase of life—on the advent of the simplifier, he will find a maidenhood glorious enough to tempt the brush of any artist. Perhaps the supreme simplifier whom Canada is to produce will be a woman.

We in Canada grow up so near to Nature that the little doings of men have somehow been viewed by our poets merely in relation to the vastness of Nature as we know her. The throbbing song of heartbeats is drowned by the music of trees and winds and many waters. Canada's people occupy a very small portion in the vast landscape of Canada herself, and no one cares to look too closely upon life while there is still so much of the green things of the earth to love. As a people we are yet callow; but in regarding the strong and independent womanhood who are to be the mothers of future Canadians, one cannot help feeling that he is justified in hoping for glorious things in the future.

What does seem to be the typical characteristic of Canada's girls is a sort of temperamental force which

belongs to all of them and which is full of promise to the nation. It has begun to show itself in many ways. We find in our women practical independence, strongly marked, combined with a demure regard for propriety and form, and partaking in no degree of the crude and vulgar revolt from restraint which begets the female stump orator. The Canadian girl is regarded abroad as a child of Na-

breeze. But Canadian girls are something more than irresponsible nymphs who are forever basking in the smiles of Nature. In addition to making religions for themselves, some are devoting considerable attention to the task of being "not like other girls."

Ah! this longing to stand apart from the throng; how a girl loves to imagine herself a new type, or an old type redivivus. A maiden will say ingenuously, "I am an old-fashioned girl," "An old-fashioned girl with modern tendencies, I should say," we reply. "No, I am simply old-fashioned,"—she insists. "But you analyse yourself, you know;" "I do not. There!" Many girls in Canada, and probably everywhere, are carried away by the craze of Marie Bashkirtseff, they are all deciding as to what sort of girls they are, usually before any of them have gone through any of experience's many crucibles.

The few girls who come to definite conclusions about themselves invariably decide at the same time that they are superior creatures. Heaven be thanked that though there are many girls who practise self-analysis, most of them learn that the only reliable way to find out about themselves is to live on and court experience.

It is said that the girls of the smaller cities of Canada are in danger of losing their frank charm through their anx-

ture. In the literary Mecca of New York she is always first of all "an authority on outdoor sports." At home she may have posed as an authority on Browning and Greek verbs, but to the editors at the point of gravitation she blooms forth as one who has shaken off some of the rusty shackles of social convention, and revels in the delights of sunlight and

ity to know life and grasp its problems. They are tackling the strong meat of "Therese Raquin," in revolt against the milk for babes, which has in the past been considered proper reading for the young person. It seems that the monotonous pleasures of the manufacturing towns are beginning to stale, and the girls have awakened to a desire to know what life is in



MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

the centres, where the fierce breath of the multitude parches that which is fresh and beautiful, and that they are seeking such knowledge in the pages of the French novelists. These are not the old-fashioned girls. But we can gratefully reflect that these girls still retain the love of sun and air and freshness, and still cling to those outdoor pleasures which act as a balsam to a fevered mind. And, if like the old composers of sonatas, I may be



MISS JULIA ARTHUR.

permitted to go backward in the theme and tum-tum a little in the bass, I should call it the independence of temperament asserting itself in another guise. "Hey, dey," saith Mrs. Grundy, "you will be making excuses for profanity in the boarding-school, presently." Can it be that girlish independence is seeking this channel?

It is the strong, richly-colored beauty of the Canadian girl that is most delightful to contemplate. Beauty of form is more prevalent than beauty of face.

Here is a tall girl who reminds one of an exquisite tea-rose with a long, graceful stem. Her hair is touched with gold, her eyes are dark and warm, her face lights up with expressions that would fire a Raphaël or a Dante Gabriel Rossetti, to glorious flights of genius. Or another—a girl who is not so tall, and whose form is exquisitely rounded, whose hair is dark and silken, whose eyes in a moment of excitement are like a ray of sunlight in a glass of dark-red wine, whose cheeks are warm with the delicate hues of health. These are two contrasting types that are to be found in every social assembly in Canada, I think. Their forms are vigorous with a glow of health, and elastic with a sap of life. The expressions of the faces show more keenness of perception and general alertness than are characteristic of the English girl, and more health and magnetic glow than are possessed by the American girl.

A lively girl in boating flannels "bossing" a craft with feminine decision and crispness, is a pleasing vision and one often seen in Canada. To the reflective admirer of collective Canadian girlhood, she is all the more pleasing when she takes him for a sail and assumes supreme command. The Canadian girl shows a decided aptitude for commanding; there is none of the Anglo-Saxon belief that woman is the weaker vessel.

Woman's rights movements make small progress in Canada, because the Canadian woman gets what she wants without let or hindrance: because she has so many privileges, the right to vote on a subject in which she takes little or no interest seems not worth striving for. Canadian legislators are quicker to grant privileges to women than Canadian women are to demand them. The average girl possesses an impulsive force or magnetism that makes its conquests without strife.

It is this quality that is responsible

for the fact that, as enquiry has shown, the marriage of Canadian women to Englishmen seldom fails to result in a considerable measure of discontent and unhappiness, unless the girl has received her education abroad. Deep-rooted in the character of every English bred man lurks the idea that his wife is his chattel. "My wife, my horse, my dog," says he. In England it was once lawful to dispose of a wife by auction sale. Much of the common law of England is founded on the system of matrimonial barter practised by the Saxon ancestors of the English people. The common law awards commercial compensation to the Englishman for the loss of a wife's affections. So shrewd an observer as Max O'Rell has marked the subordinate position that an English wife occupies in the household; the English wife never fails either to educate her daughters to a state of submission. The wife-beaters are all Englishmen. In Canada our social and natural conditions have somewhat tended to entirely emancipate the girl from all degrees of subordination to her brother, short of mere physical supremacy. Perhaps the admixture of the liberality of the Scotch, the generosity and chivalry of the Irish, with the English customs, and the assimilation of the best social traits of many nations which is now going on in Canada, has had something to do with this happy result. The absence in Canada of rigid caste regulations, the diminution of that toadyism to superiors and tyranny to inferiors characteristic of England, and, above all, the freedom from restraint in education, has bred a Canadian independence and breezy self-reliance that assimilates poorly with the English desire to dominate. Miss Canada loves John Bull because he lets her alone. When, however, an Englishman marries a Canadian girl—very conscious, we may be sure, of the honor that the son of so glorious a nation is bestowing on a colonist—he is surprised to find that his wife is in the habit of asserting

herself with independence and good sense that are exasperating. All is well, if she is merely self-assertive to outsiders, but if she does not take kindly to a thoroughly subordinate position in the household, the quarrels attendant on matrimony in all countries are trebled in number, and bitter in the extreme. Seldom has there been a Canadian girl married to a man of English training who has not suffered many an unnecessary heartache in the early years of her married life. It is not that Englishmen are not all right at heart, but they do not understand



MISS ATTALLIE CLAIRE.

the sensitive pride of a Canadian woman; conquests that by a little sympathy could be made without strife become bitter fights at the introduction of a tone of command.

Turning to the channels through which the temperamental force of the Canadian girl has begun to show itself—I say begun, because the development along the lines of art has been almost wholly confined to the past ten or fifteen years—late years have seen the birth of a school of woman poets whose works show a breadth and virility unapproached by the woman-singers of the rest of the continent.

One of them, whose soul burned with passionate delight in the vigor and beauty and freedom of Canada and Canadian things, has already passed away. This was the late Isabelle Valancey Crawford, a poet whose fame among us came after her death; in the little work she left behind her are found passages so rich in color and warmth and beauty as to make the pale analytic verses of the magazine blue-stocking seem weak and colorless indeed. It is well-nigh impossible to secure a volume of Miss Crawford's poetry, and she is known solely through

A crane, belated, sailed across the moon;
On the bright, small, close-link'd lakes green
islets lay;
Dusk knots of tangl'd vines, or maple boughs,
Or tuft'd cedars, toss'd upon the waves.

Or, turning elsewhere at random,
one finds something about

"Torn caves of mist, wall'd with a sudden gold,
Reseal'd as swift as seen—broad, shaggy
fronts,
Fire-ey'd and tossing on impatient horns
The wave impalpable—"

Miss Crawford's lines do not sound like a woman's at all. Her imagery is always grand and never grandiloquent; her lines burn pictures into the brain that cannot be forgotten, and in reading them one cannot help feeling that she wrote with a consciousness that her word-painting was for all time. Mr. Lighthall has regarded her in something the same light, for he suggests that her death in February, 1887, was caused by the fact that she received absolutely no recognition in her own country. And though her publisher is not of the same opinion, those who knew her say that she was one of those tensely-strung, highly sensitive organisms whom such matters would certainly affect. It is gratifying that such a tragedy would be impossible for a poet of her standing at the present time.

Miss Pauline Johnson has a heritage of aboriginal characteristics which make her the most Canadian of Canadian girls. Her work is so generally known as to require no quotation. In totally different tones, but with a breadth and force and freedom as notable, are the poems of Mrs. Harrison—"Seranus," the third of the women whose ringing notes have sounded forth with a national strength and beauty in the last decade. Her volume of song with its felicitous title of "Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-Lis," is well known. One of the strongest efforts in it is an ode to the memory of Isabelle Valancey Crawford, with whom she has much in common. But in addition to the richness of her songs of Nature, she has considerable passion



MISS CAROLINE MISKEL.

the selections incorporated in the "Songs of the Great Dominion." The gentlemen poets—many apologies for the phrase, sirs—in whom Canada is rich, have none of her dramatic forcefulness. She loved grandeur of the titanic description, and her passion for Nature in her richest colors was intense. She sings of

"A cusp'd dark wood caught in its black embrace
The valleys and the hill, and from its wilds
Spik'd with dark cedars, cried the whip-poor-will.

for humanity, especially for French-Canadian humanity, with all its romance and simplicity. Her songs of the habitant have a lyric clearness and a keen breath of life about them, inspiring as the songs of Beranger and the early Elizabethans are inspiring. And these three women, distinct individualities, unequalled in America for warmth and force, do not stand alone; there are many other women singers with the lyric freshness of expression, their songs flavored to a delicious but unclinging degree with color and enthusiasm.

The delicacy and strength woven in the exquisite mesh of Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald's poetry are as remarkable; and the force of this young lady, when she wrote as "Bel Thistlewaite," cannot be overlooked; she is a typical Canadian girl. There is Miss Helen Fairburn, of Montreal, as bright and as trenchant; while in a totally different key is the dreamy pantheism of Miss Helen Merrill, of Picton. A short lyric entitled "Sand Waifs," written on the celebrated sand dunes of Prince Edward county, and published obscurely in a work on that county edited by Miss Merrill, is characteristic and worth quoting:

Let me lie here so—with the sands of centuries
whirl'd round me,

Let me dream in the wind,
Of a time beyond all times ere the white sands
were sifted—
Swept ashore by the sea.

Let me dream—age follows age 'mid a whirl of
suns

And stars and moons—
Voices of strange men sound, and race after race
goes by
So follow the path of souls.

Let me lie here, so—I fain would dream always

On these white, eternal hills,
In gold-dripping suns and dead sands swirled,
Sifted and swept and swirled.

If this article aimed to comprehensively describe all the excellent things that the Canadian girl has done, the writer's task would be indeed vast.

One can but attempt to suggest the beauty and strength of Canadian girlhood that lies all around us. It would be folly to attempt to exhaust the list of Canadian women who have done things worthy of mention. The Canadian girl who has carried the fame of Canada's self-reliant girlhood into all countries is Mrs. Sarah Jeannette Duncan Coates, the authoress of "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London." Her achievements are exactly typical of her nationality and training. She went around the world



MISS MARY KEEGAN.

and wrote a book about it as none else have done, preserving refreshing vitality and force, while at the same time never stepping across the line of good form and propriety. Other women of this continent have made the same journey and earned only a reputation for lack of femininity. Mrs. Coates, or it is more natural to call her Miss Duncan, with her crisp force is another of those striking girl-individualities that have sprung up during the recent period of rapid development.

To the stage, the realm which gives the opportunity for the most exquisite appeals to the imagination and finer instincts of humanity, the contributions of Canadian women have not been great in quantity, but the quality is excellent. It is not generally known that the greatest emotional actress native to this continent—the woman who, though she is now past her prime, can strike to the hearts of her audience with force that almost appals—is a native of Canada. I refer to Miss Clara Morris, whose mastery of pathos and womanly emotion is appreciated all over this continent. Her *Camille* has been debated upon, but is regarded unanimously as the most warmly-human portrayal of the character ever made by an English-speaking actress. Miss Morris went in her teens from western Ontario to Ohio, and shortly afterward appeared on the stage in the humblest capacity—for her educational advantages had been small. She was a ballet-girl for some time before her dramatic ability was discovered, and it is interesting to add that it was to Mr. McKee Rankin, another Canadian, that she owed the opportunity which advanced her to the position of one of America's greatest actresses.

Miss Julia Arthur, a native of Hamilton, Ontario, who with a short stage experience has become the leading lady of A. M. Palmer's Stock Company in New York, is another instance. She is an actress possessed of more dramatic force than any other leading lady in the American metropolis, except Ada Rehan. The free, broad manner in which she paints her effects, and her womanly incisiveness are particularly remarkable. She is a typical Canadian girl, well representing the type of finely-shaped face and spiritual expression often seen in Canada.

Miss Attalie Claire is a Toronto girl who with her voice and her personality conquered London. Her dramatic ability and breezy humor made her a popular favorite at once.

Another Toronto girl is Miss Edith

Kingdon, now the wife of the possessor of the late Jay Gould's millions. She left the stage at the very dawn of her artistic development; if she had remained she would now be occupying an exalted position amongst actresses. The story of the self-reliance and independence with which she actually forced her way into recognition is amusing and characteristic. Two younger girls who both have the "grip o' it," are Miss Caroline Miskel and Miss Mary Keegan. Miss Miskel is a representatively beautiful girl with a statuesque presence and great personal force. Her success in the twelve months she has been on the stage has been due to the typical Canadian ability to paddle one's own canoe; the same is true of Miss Keegan, who has not been heard in America yet, but who has, like Miss Claire, conquered London.

I hear it from New York that the Canadian girl approaches the metropolitan editor or the metropolitan manager with a womanly directness and independence that brings her what she wants without difficulty; this has been remarked in several American publications. The explanation is found in her ability to retain her good breeding and maintain her self-reliance. In art and music the story is the same, although the results are less remarked; perhaps Canadian women may still look to Madame Albani as their most noted exemplar, possessing as she does the most glorious voice that God has yet given to a woman of this continent. The lady artists have hardly yet begun to make their mark. But among them are numbered some of the most sympathetic painters in Canada, with an instance here and there of original strength and vitality. They will soon have outlived the purely dulcet period of creative art, and we can look to the future for some great achievements in this field.

It is to the future that we are all looking. The Canadian girl's position

and doings in the future are difficult to surmise. But she will rear noble sons for one thing, and that is even more important than voting. Her form, long-limbed, lithe and beautiful with health; her soul, strong and warm and human, will inspire the men of the future to noble things. Charles Mair, referring to Laura Se-

cord, sings, and we may quote his lines as appropriate to the Canadian girl of the present :

“ Ah ! faithful to death were the women of yore,
Have they fled with the past, to be heard of
no more ?
No, no ! Though this laurell'd one rests in the
grave,
We have maidens as true, we have matrons
as brave.”

A SONG.

An Endymion, thou art sleeping
Underneath the dreamy pines,
Where, by trembling branches broken,
Mystic moonlight ever shines ;
There the clouds like snowy billows,
Sweep across the swelling hills,
And the midnight song of slumber
Is the music of the rills.

Ah Endymion, youthful Hebe
Closes still thy misty eyes,
That they may not see the glory
Of the bending moon-lit skies,
Is it true that sweeter visions
Than of dreamy Latmos hill,
Radiant with light celestial,
All thy sleeping moments fill ?

Silent as through broken cloud-waves
Dian's glory softly shines,
I would come and kneel beside thee,
Underneath the dreamy pines.
By my hand should not be broken
Any bud of wood-bloom sweet,
Nor the lily's stem be bended
By the passing of my feet.

Ah Endymion, I am kneeling
In the moonlight white and still,
Where the pine-wood boughs are waving
On the dreamy Latmos hill.
Fain to call thee from thy sleeping
To a world as fair as this ;
Fain to break thy silent slumber
With the magic of a kiss.

IS CHOLERA COMING ?

BY PETER H. BRYCE, M.A., M.D., SECRETARY PROVINCIAL BOARD OF HEALTH,
AND DEPUTY REGISTRAR-GENERAL, ONTARIO.

EVER since the days of Hippocrates, the father of Medicine, those who have practised the healing art in Europe have told of a disease called cholera (from *χολη*, bile, and *ρεω*, to flow), characterized, as its name implies, by an effluxion of bile from the liver, and by causing a diarrhoea more or less acute. Until recently, medical writers have assumed that this severe disease so often spoken of must have been what is now called cholera Asiatica. There seems, however, much reason to doubt whether outbreaks of cholera Asiatica had ever been known in Europe before the present century, as history is silent regarding epidemics of the disease there. It is, hence, natural to suppose, as communication between Europe and India, the home of cholera Asiatica, was but slight before the advent of the present century, and then mostly only by the long sea voyage around the "Cape," that the epidemic which, starting in India in 1817, gradually pushed westward, reaching northern Europe in 1829, was the first occasion on which this Asiatic plague had ever shown its grim visage to the western world.

Hippocrates, in his treatise "*De Aëribus*," states that when the summer is wet diseases are of longer continuation, and that children are subject to convulsions and suffocation, and that men have dysenteries, diarrhoea and epial fevers, and therein illustrates what has long been recognised by physicians as the conditions under which cholera, *simplex* or *morbus*, has, if not its genesis, at least its opportunity to develop freely.

The frightful mortality, however, which attended the first epidemic appearance of cholera Asiatica in western

Europe speedily led medical observers to conclude that they had to deal with a plague whose coming and going was unknown; a disease "*monstr' horrendum, informe*," and one before which medical science and experience appeared as helpless as were western arms against that whirlwind of destruction caused by Attila and his horde as they descended from the unknown steppes of Western Asia, conquering in their resistless march a large portion of modern Europe. Thus it was while that European physicians saw in many cases of cholera *Asiatica* symptoms and signs with which they were familiar in cholera *morbus* and cholera *infantum*, they soon recognized in this new disease one of those *maladies fulminantes* which had only occasionally appeared in western Europe—as the plague in the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries. Unknown in its mode of transmission, seemingly as swift as the wind in its diffusion, sudden in its onset, and deadly in its attack, this disease had disarmed its victim by fear even before it made its fatal appearance. In a word, the people bowed before the mysterious visitant as to a scourge from the hand of the Almighty, and either prayed, hoping that the hand of the Destroyer might be stayed, or blasphemously bade him do his work—they meanwhile acting on the Epicurean maxim of "*Dum vivimus vivamus*," or acted as others, of whom Boccaccio speaks regarding the plague in Florence, "Between these two rehearsed extremities of life there were others of more moderate temper, not being so daintily dieted as the first, nor drinking so dissolutely as the second, but used all things sufficient for their appetites,

and without shutting themselves up walked abroad—some carrying sweet nosegays of flowers in their hands, others odoriferous herbs, and others divers kinds of spiceries."

Such, then, is cholera as it was known in its first appearance in Europe, in the epidemic extending from 1829 to 1837, the disease in the latter year dying out in every point over the immense territory which it had overrun during the period. Regarding this terrific explosion of the disease, we may use the trite maxim, "*Per aspera ad astra*"; for during this period sanitary science in England, its modern home, took its rise.

Through the efforts of a philosophic London lawyer, the late Sir Edwin Chadwick, some spasmodic sanitary investigations were made during this period as to the conditions of those parts of the city where the incidence of the disease was most severely felt, and, growing out of the need for statistics as an element in the enquiry, the work of collecting and registering vital statistics was begun in England in 1837.

The latter work has been continuous ever since, but with the disappearance of cholera in 1837 the public sanitary conscience became seared, and not until the next most severe epidemic of 1849, succeeding the typhus fever of 1847, was the English public aroused to the need of systematic health inspection under a permanent organization. Thus, in November of 1849 appeared the first annual report of the late John Simon, C.B., F.R.S., addressed to the City of London Council, he being the first Officer of Health for the city. Therein, in two remarkable papers, he dealt with the questions of "House Drainage and Water Supply." Before this, indeed, sanitary committees had existed in many cities, and even in Canada comprehensive Health Acts had been passed after the cholera of 1832; but while their temporary enforcement may have effected something, sanitary progress

was impossible, so long as the view was held that cleaning-up became a necessity only when disease was actually present.

Such being the history in brief of cholera Asiatica as it has appeared to the western nations in this century, we may now properly refer to the disease in the place where it seems to have long existed, and where all modern epidemics of it have had their genesis.

All modern authorities seem agreed that *the home of cholera* is to be sought for in India, and perhaps more especially in lower India and the Indian Archipelago. Certain it is that at the present day cholera is endemic in lower Bengal, notably along the delta of the Ganges, and that, according apparently to the seasonal conditions of any year, it may tend to take on an epidemic character.

According to Deputy Surgeon-General Bellew, of the Indian army, who has written "*The History of Cholera in India, from 1862 to 1881*," the disease appears in triennial cycles; but other observers fail to find sufficient evidence to sustain this theory. Certain it is, however, that it has periods of reerudescence, dependent partly upon atmospheric and seasonal conditions, and partly upon the movements of population. This is especially true as regards India, since time and again the annual fair at Hurdwar, a small town of 20,000 inhabitants, situated on the Ganges some thirteen miles from the point at which the Sacred River debouches from the defiles of the Himalayas, has been the occasion of outbreaks of the disease. Although the water of the river is very cold coming from the melting snows of the mountains, yet owing to its passage through a low-lying country abounding in dense jungles and swamps, it bears much suspended vegetable organic matter. For centuries the Ganges at this point has been viewed with peculiar veneration, and there yearly is held a fair or festival

to which pilgrims come from all parts of Hindustan for the purpose of bathing in its holy waters. Every twelfth year is a Kumbh Mela, and its festival is looked upon as a specially holy season. The sacred day is the 12th of April, and a bath at high noon of that day is held as being peculiarly auspicious. The details of the fair of 1892 may be illustrated by what occurred in 1867,—an epidemic year. The year 1866 was, according to Bellw, the first of a triennial cholera period. A number of outbreaks had occurred in different localities, but none was serious. The year 1867 was a Kumbh Mela, and some 3,000,000 people on the 11th of April were said to have been encamped on five square miles on the western side of the river at Hurdwar. No cholera practically had been reported in the camp up to that date—one or two persons only having died of diarrhœa. The bathing place was a space 650 feet long, by about 30 feet wide, shut off from the river by rails, which prevented the people getting into deep water. Into this space pilgrims crowded from morning to sunset. The water within this space was thick and dirty, partly from the ashes of the dead, brought by relatives to be deposited in the water of the river-god, and partly from the washing of the clothes and bodies of the bathers who were all decently, though lightly, clad. Pilgrims dip themselves under water three or four times, and then drink of the holy water whilst saying their prayers. The fakirs and traders had arrived on the ground for several weeks preceding the 12th, and having before that day performed their ablutions, were ready for business. On the 11th, there had been a down-pour of rain, and the water was loaded with organic matter, while the weather was hot and sultry. Nine cases of cholera were reported on the evening of the 12th. By the 15th, the encampment had disappeared. In the Punjab it was noticed that, in every large station

along the caravan routes, the first cases of cholera occurred in returning pilgrims. By the end of April in the Punjab alone 4,284 deaths had occurred, and by the end of 1867, 46,061.

This summary of the history of that serious outbreak of 1867 is practically a history of every epidemic outbreak of cholera we are acquainted with. Summed up, the conditions are, (1) some single centre or locality—a single specially filthy house, perhaps, where cases of cholera have been, it may be a year or more before, and where the germs of the disease have lain dormant in organic filth; (2) an atmospheric condition of moisture and heat, under which organic decomposition or microbic growth is specially rapid; (3) the reception into the system of the germs of the disease—or, as some are inclined to believe, even of the miasms produced by the free multiplication of the *spirillum* or germ of cholera in decaying organic matter—by ingestion of food or drink by one or more persons; (4) one or more undetected mild cases, before the conditions have been very favorable for its severer manifestations; (5) its dissemination by means of these first cases through the agency of the non-disinfected bowel discharges.

Experimental investigations have, within the past ten years, made the fact, already suspected, abundantly evident that the germs of cholera, whether within or without the body, possess in their very nature a capacity for rapid multiplication during a short period, under favorable conditions, much greater probably than the germs of almost any other microbic disease. It is thus an easy matter to understand that, with organic filth in abundance in cities, towns and villages, especially in some of the crowded cities of the Orient, where, as in Cashmere, the height of the genealogical tree, and the length of the line and the influence of a man's ancestry, is measured by the size and varied contents of the

kitchen *midden*, the presence of germs of any specific character is all that is necessary, when heat and moisture, the two other conditions for their rapid multiplication are added, in order that the outbreak of the disease should be of that severe and explosive character which marks an epidemic of cholera.

Not only in eastern countries, however, have cholera epidemics been marked by such characters, but outbreaks in Europe since 1832 up to the most recent Hamburg epidemic, have also signified their dependence upon the presence of organic filth for their rapid development.

With a better sanitary administration and a greater intelligence amongst the people, it is to be expected that epidemics of cholera in Europe will only take place in any serious degree when the germs of the disease find some specially favoring condition for their reception into the human system, and one not readily controllable. This one condition now known to be occasionally present in the large cities of Europe, is some polluted public water supply.

The Government reports of the epidemic in London in 1849 refer especially to the polluted public wells; and many instances of outbreaks in smaller centres were traced to the same source. Here and there localized outbreaks occurred; but in few places indeed, when the town water supply was protected from pollution did any very serious outbreaks occur. Indeed since 1866 cholera has never obtained a serious hold in Great Britain, in consequence of the great development of sanitary administration in all parts of the United Kingdom. This fact is neatly summed up in a sentence by the late Sir John Simon in his annual report for 1875:

“Briefly, then, if the constantly developing and constantly accelerating commerce between India and the rest of the world is not to carry with it a constantly-increasing terror of pestil-

ence, the safeguards, I apprehend, will consist, not in contrivances of the nature of quarantine to maintain from time to time more or less seclusion of nation from nation, but rather in such progressive sanitary improvements on both sides as will reduce to a minimum on the one side the conditions which originate the infection, and on the other side the conditions which extend it.”

Having then illustrated the conditions which generate an outbreak of cholera, and having described its methods of dissemination and extension to epidemic proportions, a word may be said regarding the disease itself. To most of the present generation in America and especially in Canada, cholera as a disease is known only as a name, or from a knowledge of its affinities to cholera *nostras* and cholera *infantum*. Since 1854, cholera *Asiatica* cannot be said to have existed in Canada except in one or two isolated and transitory outbreaks. The name, however, both from the recollections of it in the minds of people living during 1832, 1849 and 1854, and from present newspaper literature, is still sufficient to excite an interest and create apprehensions in the minds of the public, enough to make reference to its clinical phenomena a proper part of this article. Its first manifestations in any outbreak are, as those common to the beginning of an outbreak of any disease, usually of a mild and often of a misleading character. The conditions favoring it will not as yet have been present in their intensity. If beginning in early summer, the heat is not usually great, nor the decomposition of organic matters rapid. Hence, cases of diarrhœa and other forms of gastric and intestinal disturbance of perhaps more than ordinary frequency and intensity will be all that is observable. An occasional death therefrom may have taken place; but not until the incidence of sultry, moist weather will anything like an explosion of the disease take place. Then

cases suddenly become more numerous, and instances of sudden seizures will be reported. Such consist of attacks of vomiting and cramps, followed by intense diarrhœas of a specific character, marked by what is commonly referred to as *rice-water* stools. Sudden and extreme prostration follows, and death, in some cases, within a very few hours, marks the true nature of the disease. Some writers of authority, as Surgeon-General Bellew, divide symptoms into three stages, viz.:

(1.) *Malaise*, attended by dyspepsia, with slight looseness of the bowels and more or less flatulence, indicating derangement of the functions of the liver and change in the character of its special secretion. This form of the malady occurs at all times and seasons, varying in intensity, especially in epidemic seasons. Owing to the prolonged duration of the exciting causes during epidemic seasons, it shows a tendency to increased severity of symptoms, notably under neglect or careless treatment of the body while in this state, as by improper food, exposure to the weather, fatigue, etc.

(2.) *Diarrhœa*, often spoken of as dyspeptic or bilious diarrhœa, or premonitory diarrhœa. Such is of course only an aggravation of the preceding symptoms, usually dependent upon sultry weather suddenly followed by cold, or as a consequence of the neglect or careless treatment of the earlier stage. During this stage there is usually but little fever, while the copious diarrhœa may be painless, and, though occasionally hæmorrhagic, often is accompanied by a sensation of relief which is hailed as a good omen after the preceding *malaise* and depression. Such hopeful feelings may, however, prove most fallacious, and, leading to a neglect of the disease, may result only in a fatal termination through the onset of the third stage of,—

(3.) *Cholera*. The word used in its restricted sense means an effluxion or flow of bile, and is by many writers made applicable especially to the

malignant form of the disease. This is characterized by the symptoms of serous or hæmorrhagic diarrhœa, with suppression of the action of the kidneys. Such malignant form of the disease may, during epidemic seasons, mark some cases almost from the onset of the disease, and without the premonitory diarrhœa; but such cases are almost invariably precipitated by special causes, such as errors or excesses in eating and drinking, exposure to dampness and night air, loss of rest, overwork, physical exhaustion, etc. Such attacks are commonly ushered in by hot and cold sensations, or fever and chills; these are followed by giddiness or faintness, with giddiness of the head, and a small, rapid and weak pulse, accompanied by a peculiarly depressing sense of oppression or sinking at the stomach, along with a nauseating headache. The features become suddenly pallid and pinched, quickly succeeded by a lividity and pervaded by an expression of alarm. The breath is chill and dank, the voice thick and husky, and the skin cold and clammy. Externally the body seems lowered in temperature, while internally in the abdomen, a burning heat and fever is present. Accompanying, or quickly succeeding these symptoms, vomiting is present, usually of an acrid, bilious character, while the characteristic diarrhœa of an excessive and watery character follows. With this may come relief from the cramps previously often present; but, if so, the latter are soon replaced by excessive cramps in the limbs, with extreme restlessness and distress.

Such, then, briefly stated, is the symptomatology of cholera in its more important features, and enough to fully indicate, in a popular way, the characteristics of the disease.

During the last several years, studies in many bacteriological laboratories have served to greatly elucidate the *modus operandi* of the virus of cholera. It is known that during the multiplication and development of mi-

erobes, they elaborate from food materials, and apparently give off, as by-products or excretory materials, certain substances. These, in the case of disease-producing forms, as of diphtheria, tuberculosis, etc., have been designated as toxines or poisons, and by their absorption through the mucous membranes of the respiratory and digestive tracts, are assumed to be the means by which the phenomena of disease are produced. Received into the circulation, they presumably attack special portions of the nerve centres, and, in the case of cholera, set up the irritations of the digestive tract already indicated, as well as producing paralyzing effects on the organs of circulation. Along the lines of these recent investigations we are likewise to look for those results, already in some degree obtained, whereby *vaccines* against these various microbial diseases will serve to rob them of their virulence, and to produce results as beneficent as those flowing from the wonderful discovery of Jenner for protection against small-pox.

Having dealt with the phenomena of cholera as a disease, and with the principal conditions which have marked its outbreak and epidemic appearances in the past, and in its native haunts, it becomes of interest to discuss briefly the prospects of its appearance in Canada during 1893. With the many escapes since 1854 of Canada and the northern States of the Union, although ships have time and again, even so late as September, 1892, brought the disease to our Atlantic coast, we might, off-hand, say that this evidence is sufficient to assure us that it will not this season gain an entrance through any of the many possible avenues of communication with Europe; and probably the results might verify such statement. The question, however, as a scientific one, cannot be so decided, and certainly no government, no municipal council, and no health officer could, recognizing their several responsibilities, though

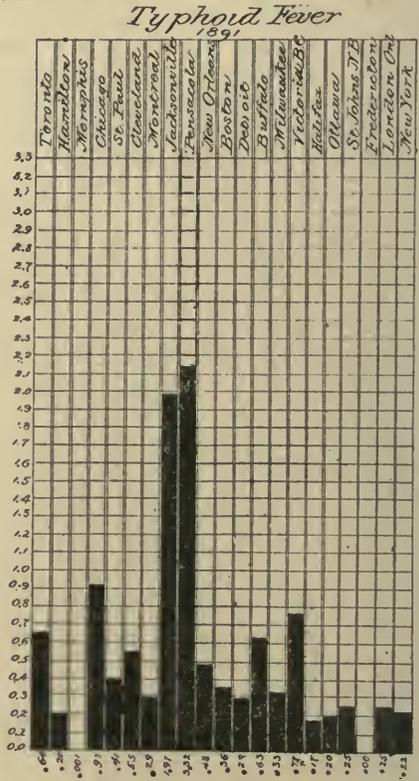
believing this, avoid the uncomfortable consciousness that the old proverb, "It is the unexpected that happens," might be illustrated in the present instance. In order, then, that we may clearly understand the problem, we have to remember (1) what conditions the dissemination of cholera; (2) to what extent does the disease at present exist in Europe; (3) what are the channels by which its progress westward may take place; (4) what degree of receptivity exists in the many crowded centres of population on this continent, and (5) what are the measures which are being taken in both Europe and America to oppose its spread.

We have already spoken of the point referred to in the first factor of the problem. With regard to the second, it may be said that the reports of the newspaper press, as well as the more accurate information received through medical and public health journals, indicate in the most positive manner that the disease had last autumn made its appearance in several hundred places in Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium and France; that very imperfect information has shown its continued presence in many places in Russia during the winter, and its recrudescence within the last month in several centres from which emigrants are moving westward. Remembering, however, what conditions the epidemic spread of the disease, as regards temperature, it cannot be expected that cholera will, even if unopposed, make itself seriously felt in Europe till warm weather appears; although at date of writing, April 17th, telegraphic reports from Paris state the mortality there to be thirty per cent. in excess of the average, and that 150 deaths from cholera have occurred at Lorient, a town in north-western France. Regarding the third point, it may be said that the tendency of cholera to spread westward will be along the lines of continental commerce, especially in the matter of the transportation of emigrants from Russia and Eastern Ger-

many. This is principally by way of Hamburg, Stettin, Antwerp and Bremen, as seen in the fact that in 1891 some 190,000 steerage passengers sailed to New York from these ports alone.

With regard to the question of the receptivity of cities and towns in America for the germ of cholera—in other words, of the question of conditions favorable to its spread—one must speak with caution and discrimination. In many respects the cities of Canada and the Northern States are of recent construction, and are relatively free from the narrow streets, alleys and closed courts of the old cities of Europe. Air and sunlight enter houses in America to a degree unapproached in old continental cities and towns. Manufacturing is of comparatively recent development in America; population per acre, with a few exceptions, is relatively sparse; the streams have only in a few instances become polluted to a degree at all comparable to those of Northern Europe, and many cities have water supplies of first-class purity. The people generally have more intelligence, and submit with general readiness to health laws. In Canada, notably in Ontario, and recently in Quebec with its more recent provincial health organization, municipalities have developed rapidly, within recent years, a regard for municipal cleanliness, and a determination to have public water supplies of undoubted purity. If one is to judge, however, from the death rate per thousand from typhoid—and it is the only reliable criterion—the undeveloped state of municipal law, the lack of scientific knowledge of the dangers of pollution in the past and of the methods for protecting public water supplies, the system of annual elections, and the peculiar methods of municipal politics in American, and too often in Canadian cities, have, in many instances, enabled water works franchises to be given to companies, and to be constructed even by city fathers on a principle which has been

applied more to supplying quantity than quality.



This diagram illustrates, unfortunately, a fact, which in connection with the possible introduction of cholera, and its known intimate relations with polluted water, as seen in the Hamburg outbreak, does not make pleasant reading.

England has escaped, notwithstanding her extended commerce, since 1875, every European outbreak of cholera, and measures her freedom from danger practically by the quality of her public water supplies. At least one Ontario city may, with her record during the past three years from typhoid, lay these facts to heart and seriously ask herself whether, if cholera should unfortunately make its appearance in America, she can expect to keep free from its ravages.

The last point, referring to the

measures being taken to prevent the spread of cholera, is too large to admit of adequate consideration in this place. Germany has realized fully her danger, and Hamburg has not slumbered during the winter. A total of \$1,000,000 has been expended there since last summer for cholera purposes. Physicians, heads of families, ship-masters, etc., are required to report every case of suspected diarrhœa. Bacteriological examinations are made of the discharges from every suspected case for the germ of cholera. There are five cholera camps all equipped and ready for service, and, with the city hospitals, they have a capacity for 1,200 cases. All emigrants arriving at Hamburg for transport are said to be detained there several days for inspection, and all ships sailing for United States' ports have to have a clean bill of health before these emigrants are allowed to embark. A suspicious fact, however, and one requiring explanation, is the tendency seen on the part of certain shipping companies to bring these continental passengers into the United States *via* Canadian ports. It makes the necessity for most stringent quarantine at Canadian ports apparent. That much has been done at the great American ports during the past winter to prepare for cholera, is unquestionably true; but that New York, the great *entrepot*, is inadequately equipped for dealing thoroughly with the constant stream of importations there, is evident from the report of the Inter-State Sanitary Conference held there on the 5th of the present month. The complaints recently made by the

Mayor of Halifax further show that a tendency to continue the old routine of *taking everything for granted*, is still evinced on the part of the quarantine authorities there; while the occurrence of two cases of small-pox on the 14th of April amongst immigrants by the SS. Vancouver, in their passage to Manitoba *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway illustrates what may happen when summer comes. Much has, however, been done with a view to increasing the efficiency of the St. Lawrence quarantine, and with provision made for the routine disinfection of the effects and clothing of all immigrants, whether from infected countries or not, as required by an *Order-in-Council* published in the *Canada Gazette* of April 22nd, the Grosse Isle service will certainly do much to lessen any danger approaching Canada by that channel. Provincial and local boards in Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba, are showing commendable activity. Local sanitation, general cleaning up, cleansing or closing of wells and vaults, construction of isolation hospitals and disinfecting apparatus, greater attention to notification of infectious diseases by physicians, and an anxiety on the part of the individual public to avoid any possible causes of danger, all indicate that in Canada, cholera, unless it arrives in epidemic form from some cholera centre, which Chicago might readily become if the disease once got a foothold there, will be shorn in a large degree of those powers for evil which have made the name almost synonymous with Despair.



THE CANALS OF MARS.

BY S. E. PEAL, F.R.A.S., RAJINAI, SIBSAGAR, A-SAM, INDIA.

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the secrets of the rapid advance in all branches of industry and scientific research in our day, is the remarkable subdivision of labor. No man can hope to excel in all branches at once, still less to be an "admirable Crichton," and be equally well posted in all the scientific lore of our times. The "expert," by sticking to his particular branch, and partially ignoring others, wonderfully assists the general progress. But there are not wanting symptoms that this may at times be carried to an extreme, and the "Canals of Mars" would seem to be an instance where the astronomer might gain a little by noting the results of the work of geologists.

The question is one which involves the distribution of land and water on another globe, and hence does not interest the geologist on our own. Nevertheless, to the astronomer seeking a clue to the "distribution of land and water" on Mars, the latest discoveries of our geologists in this particular department, should have some interest. Yet, so far, one of the most remarkable discoveries in geology of recent times, which bears directly on this subject, seems to have escaped notice, *i.e.*, the permanence of continents and ocean basins. Formerly, it used to be supposed that our terrestrial ocean beds and continents had frequently, or at least occasionally, changed places. Or, as Tennyson expresses it:

—“Oh, earth, what changes hast thou seen !
There where the dull street roars hath been
The stillness of the central sea.”

For instance, our chalk was formed at the bottom of some former Atlantic: thousands of fathoms below the surface of our widely isolated oceanic islands, are the summits of vast ranges, on continents now submerged.

All this is now changed, not suddenly, but as the slow outcome of recent geological discovery and researches begun in the days of Charles Darwin, who was one of the first to notice that all true oceanic islands are volcanic. Neither on their surfaces, nor yet in the ejected *débris*, do they ever show a trace of stratified rock, though the latter is so often seen in the *ejecta* of terrestrial volcanoes on continents, or in shallow seas.

Mr. A. R. Wallace, in "Island Life," at page 330, says that "during the whole period of geologic time, as indicated by the fossiliferous rocks, our continents and oceans have, speaking broadly, been permanent features of our earth's surface." At page 150, he says "there is the strongest cumulative evidence, amounting almost to demonstration, that for all known geological periods, our continents and oceans have occupied the same general position they do now." Regarding the great ocean floors, Mr. J. Murray tells us that "the results of many lines of investigation seem to show that in the abysmal regions we have the most permanent areas of the earth's surface"—vast plains at a depth of about three miles, covering 8-16ths of the globe, which are subject to slow, steady subsidence; the shallower seas, covering 3-16ths and continents 5-16ths, being fluctuating regions.

Professor J. Geikie, in his address to Section E (Geography) at the British Association, (*Nature*, Aug. 11) said: "We must admit that the solid crust of the globe has always been subject to distortion, and this being so, we cannot doubt that the general trends of the world's coast lines must have been modified from time to time by movements of the lithosphere." It seems to be the general opinion that

SOUTH.



NORTH.

THE SUPPOSED CANALS OF MAES, AS OBSERVED BY SCHIAPARELLI.

the configuration of the lithosphere is due to the sinking in and crumpling up of the crust on the cooling and contracting nucleus. According to Professor Winchell, the trends (of the great world ridges and troughs) may have been the result of primitive tidal action. He was of opinion that the trans-meridional progress of the tidal swell, in early incrustive times, on our planet, would give the forming crust structural characteristics and aptitudes trending north and south. The earliest wrinkles to come into existence, therefore, would be meridional or sub-meridional, and such is certainly the prevailing direction of the most conspicuous earth-features. So far as geological research has gone, there is reason to believe that these elevated and depressed areas are of primeval antiquity, that they antedate the very oldest of the sedimentary formations. We may thus speak of the great world ridges as regions of dominant elevation, and of the profound oceanic troughs as areas of more or less persistent depression. Our globe is a cooling and contracting body, and depression must always be the prevailing movement of the lithosphere.

In regard to the cause for the persistent subsidence of ocean floors, M. Faye points out that "under the oceans the globe cools down more rapidly, and to a greater depth, than beneath the surface of the continents. At a depth of 4,000 metres, the ocean will still have a temperature not remote from zero Centigrade, while at a similar depth beneath the earth's crust the temperature would not be far from 150° C.

The great areas of subsidence and upheaval on our earth are very distinctly marked out by a lobed and meridional arrangement, due, as Professor G.H. Darwin thinks, to tidal rupture in early stages of crust formation—a view also put forward by Professor A. Winchell. There can be little doubt that these great recent discoveries, when taken together, give us the clue to

the cause for the present distribution of land and water on our earth. They are the results arrived at by our greatest geologists and mathematicians, and should, therefore, be of the highest value to all who desire to study or interpret the permanent features of other globes.

Tested by our moon, we find them borne out in the most remarkable manner. The steady, slow subsidence of the lunar *marea* or seas, is beautifully evidenced in the arrangement of the vast crevasses or fractures of the crust, called "clefts," in regard to which Mr. A. C. Ranyard in *Knowledge*, Sept., p. 173, says: "The evidence brought forward by Mr. Peal, with regard to the general subsidence of the great lunar *marea*, seems to me conclusive." And the evidence of pronounced meridional arrangement is equally clear. From Walter to Cassini, we seem to have evidence (of several kinds) of the existence on the prime meridian of a vast "meridional shoal," or submerged continent, (possibly the cause for the real libration), bordered on the east by Mares Nubium, O. Procellarum and Imbrium, while on the west we see Nectaris, Tranquilitatis and Serenitatis, each series having a meridional arrangement, and having towards each limb the well-known N. and S. series of vast walled plains. The great Sirsalis cleft, 400 miles in length, is a huge meridional anticlinal fracture of the crust. So that on our satellite, these two fundamental features are equally seen to be structural characteristics, and the slow persistent subsidence of ocean floors, together with the meridional arrangement of the land and sea areas, due to tidal distortion, or rupture, in the early stages of crust formation, are common features of the earth-moon system. But on Mars, which has no large satellite, and whereon the effect of solar tides, according to Professor Darwin, is "inconsiderable," one of these two features is practically absent, the result being a totally different

distribution of land and water. There is a conspicuous absence of large equatorial oceans, placed meridionally as our Atlantic and Pacific, and in lieu of them we see an equatorial girdle of land masses, and only two oceans, one on each pole.

This peculiar arrangement, there can hardly be a doubt, is due to the following causes: Firstly, that on Mars, the earlier phases of crust formation began at the poles, and, as time went on and further condensation took place, these sites became sea basins. By the slow subsidence of the floors of these polar oceans—which would be the coldest and densest portions of the crust—the emergence of the equatorial land-girdle would at last follow as a natural consequence. Secondly, the comparative continuity of this latter, again, would be assured by the absence of a large satellite, causing tidal rupture, as in our case, solar influence being, as Professor Darwin says, “inconsiderable.”

Thus the two features so conspicuously seen, as influencing the distribution of land and water on our earth, *i.e.*, permanence and subsidence of ocean floors, together with tidal distortion, inducing a sub-meridional arrangement, would seem to be valuable aids in interpreting the distribution of land and water on Mars. The above would account for the two polar ocean basins, the peculiar landgirdle about the equator, and lastly, for its being more or less intact, and not cut up by large water spaces or oceans.

But though “inconsiderable,” the solar influence would yet cause limited tides, a little before, during and after the equinoxes, and also tend to cause an “overspill” from one basin into the other, when one of the poles was turned towards the sun. Such tide-water, passing across the equatorial land girdle, by the lowest levels, would cause channels or “canals,” which the “bore” would tend to straighten, especially if in alluvial strata.

At the equinoxes the tides would, during the daytime, be drawn up the canals, from *each* polar basin, on to the equatorial regions by solar attraction, the return flow taking place at night.

Thus, even with but limited tides, the effectual circulation of the water on Mars would probably much exceed that seen on our earth, and its heating by the solar rays, to a large extent, daily, in the tropics, be greater than with us.

The circulation of this heated water in each polar basin might well account for the smallness of the “polar caps,” the network of canals across the equator acting as an efficient water heater, mitigating thereby the rigors of the arctic and antarctic climates.

The occasional duplicity of the canals may possibly be due to the presence in them of a series of islands, like the sand “churs” of the Brahmaputro. This river is very seldom indeed found to flow in one channel, and some of the islands of more permanent nature, like the “Majuli,” or middle land, are 130 miles long by 10 to 20 broad. From an elevation of 20 or 50 miles, in fact, this river would undoubtedly present the appearance of a series of long loops. The singular feature of the whole case is, that, so far, there appears to have been no reference to the above, as a possible solution for the peculiar distribution of land and water in Mars, in any astronomical publication. But if the geological axiom of the permanent subsidence of ocean floors, so clearly seen on our earth (and moon) also applies to Mars, we can see at once that the completeness of the equatorial land girdle is due to the absence of tidal rupture by a large satellite, and also an intelligible reason for the origin of the “canals” as *tideways*—open to the polar basins at each end.

(Paper read before the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto.)

A TRIP AFTER BARK IN NORTHERN ONTARIO.

BY THOMAS C. BIRNIE.

AS MANY know, birch-bark is a very important thing among Indians and hunters; especially in a country that abounds in lakes and streams. With it they make many useful things, but above all, their canoes, which are as useful to the hunter of the woods as the horse is to the hunter of the plains.

The bark of the birch, like the bark of most trees, peels best in June. But the Indians, when they want a supply, generally put off getting it until July, on account of the bears. June is the month in which the bears mate, and though the Indian, at most times of the year, is only too glad to meet with bears, yet he knows that both bears and wolves, in places where they are numerous and have collected in large numbers, are dangerous at their time of mating. This is especially so with bears. They go tearing about the woods, often fighting with each other, and, absorbed as they are, neglect seeking their food, and often get very hungry. The she one, too, feels very important, attended by so many rugged gallants, and will attack indiscriminately everything she meets; and the he ones, anxious to secure her favor, eagerly back her up, making it very dangerous to meet with a herd at such a time, and the Indians are careful to avoid their haunts at this season of the year.

But June had passed, and we hoped the bears had become less savage, and as our two Indian friends, Wig-e-maw-way and Nan-e-bo-tho, were about starting for a supply of bark, Ned and I thought we would join them, for we wished to see the part of the country they were to visit, having some thoughts of starting a hunting and trading station there the following

fall. It must not be thought that the right kind of bark can be got anywhere about the forest: sometimes the Indians go hundreds of miles for it, and the place to which we intended to go was very distant. It could have been got nearer, but getting it nearer would require an overland journey, and the longer distance was the easiest, as it was by water, with the exception of a few portages we would have to pass.

Our route lay up a river—the Maw-e-net-e-che-mon, the name signifying, "They chased him with a canoe." And here our Indian friends told us one of their lingering traditions of the terrible Iroquois. And it is very pleasant to travel up a wild river with an Indian, whose confidence you have gained, and who is well acquainted with the traditions of his tribe, and the past and present history of the place. The language of the Indians is very expressive, and enables them to give a concise name to a place, describing its character, or any incident connected with it; and many a place is marked with a name which makes it a Gettysburg or Waterloo to them. This makes a trip up their wild routes, with an intelligent Indian for a companion, a very enjoyable one.

Now you come to a falls: it is "The place where Big Otter sleeps." Big Otter was an Indian hunter, who, in the excitement of the chase, ventured too far, and was swept over these falls, and, as is the Indians' custom in such cases, when they find the body, they bury it near the place. You go and take a look at the lone grave. It is a lonely spot, but when you think of the human bones you have seen tossed about by rude and careless workmen, or carted away from some cemetery

that has become too valuable to let the dead rest there in peace, you think Big Otter sleeps well beneath the pine trees, with the wild, free winds singing a requiem in their tops.

Or you come to a wild, rocky lake, amidst whose yawning chasms the storm wind shrieks and howls, while the echoing thunder reverberates from rock to rock. It is "Lake Ween-daw-goo"—"the dwelling-place of the spirit of the thunder-storm." You must pass it reverently, or the spirit will come, enveloped in dark clouds, lashing the waters into fury, and roaring and shooting fire at you.

Or, as you paddle along, you come to a creek of dark, polluted water slowly oozing out into the river from a small lake of a very dreary and desolate appearance. Some grim rocks and bare sandhills are seen, but the Indians tell you no living thing is found in its waters, or anything verdant seen about its shores. It is "The place of death." Whatever we may think of the Indian from the degraded specimens we have seen of him, it is literally true that he "sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind." To him "millions of spirits walk the earth both while we wake and while we sleep," and though they may not be spirits that correspond with our ideas, to him they are realities, surrounding him on every hand. Left to his own communings in his lonely wanderings amidst the mysteries of nature, everything around him is alive with the invisible and every odd-looking thing he sees is the home of some spirit, ready to do him good or do him harm. It is no wonder, then, that such a place as this excites his superstition and becomes the abode of an evil spirit, or that his fancy has supplied it with one coming down in the traditions from long ago.

They tell you that long ago this part of the country was the residence of a celebrated pow-wow (medicine man), noted for his skill, and feared and hated for the way in which he used it. A number of the Indians, at different

times, had suffered through his influence with the evil one. At last, Shaw-wun-e-ge-lihik, a much-loved chief, sickened and died of a disease mysterious to the Indians. Suspicion was at once fastened on Wah-wun, the pow-wow, and in a secret council the Indians resolved to put him to death. Stealthily they crept up to him in the dead of night, and, pouncing on him, secured him before he could get his medicine bag (they think the potent spell lies hidden in it), and brought him before the chiefs and old men of the nation, who condemned him to be burnt to death for sorcery. Poor Wah-wun, naturally bitter and vindictive, had his evil passions aroused by such barbarous treatment, and while the flames were gathering around him, true to his character, he bequeathed to them his curse. He said: "May the evil spirit curse you. May your hearts be faint in time of battle, and your scalps ornaments in the wigwams of your enemies. May the evil mind that dwells in the marsh light on you and blast your corn, blight your children and kill your game," and then Wah-wun's spirit went off in a black cloud and settled down here, lived here and has ever since remained, trying to put his curse into execution.

Thus we journeyed on, sometimes passing through lakes wild and rugged-looking, while others were beautiful as fairy-land, crowned with lovely islands, the shores lined with park-like plains, beneath which lay smooth, sandy beaches, and where, in the distance, might be seen the stately moose, or the lonely bear, as it paced its solitary way in search of some new feeding-ground.

Then, again, we would pass up some quiet stretch of the river, where the water animals, attending to the wants of their young, would enliven the scene. Thousands of birds along the banks made the woods vocal with their joyous songs; and it seemed very strange to meet with the companions of your childhood's home in such a

place as this. You expected to see wild and savage creatures. It is nothing to see the bear or the wolf. But to see the darling little humming bird that flitted about the honey-suckle that entwined your mother's door, or hear the sweet song of the robin that gladdened your childhood's days, seemed strange indeed; but it was all very pleasant. And so was the paddle against the swift-flowing rapid, and the camp by the waterfall, whose never-ceasing murmur soothed you to rest.

Passing on, we came to a great wild rice marsh, where thousands and hundreds of thousands of wild geese and ducks were congregated, many of them with broods of young ones. Some of these marshes are of vast extent, and are the favorite resort of innumerable water-fowl. It is well known how anxious the migratory birds are to return to the north, and, no sooner does the spring open up a spot of water, than geese and ducks begin flocking to it, and before the ice and snow are all gone, thousands may be seen together in flocks, presenting a scene of life and joy greatly in contrast with the dreary aspect of the place a few weeks before. Here they breed and multiply, luxuriating in the plenty and security of their wild northern home, at first living on the old rice still lying in the water, and the succulent grasses which soon start to grow in it. But it is not until the rice begins to ripen that they revel in the abundance which is spread around them. Then the young ones have learnt they have wings, and seem delighted to use them; the old ones, too, seem to know the necessity of their young being practised for their long coming flight, and morning and evening flocks numbering thousands and tens of thousands may be seen flying from one part of the marsh to another. But, though they are preparing for their long journey, they are in no hurry to leave, and it is only when the ice begins to close in the rice-fields,

they show uneasiness, which is a sign they are about to depart. And after marshalling their hosts—sometimes a number of broods together, sometimes only a single one—they rise up above the obstructing trees and hills, and wing their way to the sunny south.

Nor alone to the wild geese and ducks is the wild rice marsh a prize. The Indians, too, value it very highly, not only as a game preserve, but also for the rice, of which they are very fond, and often gather it and store it away for winter's use. We read of the inhabitants of the Nile sowing their crops from boats, but here we may see the harvesting done in canoes. The rice grows in the water and the Indians sail through it, bending the heads of the rice over their canoe, and threshing it out with their paddles, the grain falling into their canoe.

They have two methods of preparing it. One is to simply dry and winnow it; in the other, which involves a great deal more labor, they roast it in their kettles, and then pound it in a mortar. The last method makes it much the better, as it takes the black skin off and makes it a very palatable dish, not only relished by the Indians, but in places not too distant where it is sometimes brought, the whites readily buy it for three dollars a bushel.

The rice-gathering is often a time of merry-making, and makes a picnic which others than Indians would greatly enjoy. Happening at a time of the year when the forest is thoroughly enjoyable, men, women and children have a happy time. The "lords of creation" go off shooting geese and ducks, while the women are busy attending to the rice. The boys and girls do pretty much as they please, and, like white boys and girls, some of them are too lazy to do more than lounge around, while the more industrious ones either help their mothers or go with their fathers and take their first lesson in the hunter's art, while some few of the boys, who are yet to become the noted

hunters of the tribe, strike out for themselves, and if they are lucky enough to return at night with a wild goose hanging at their girdle, which they have captured with their bow and arrow, they become the heroes of the hour, and rightly so, for they have achieved a difficult task. But all seem very happy, feasting on ducks and geese, and enjoying their "outing" quite as much as their pale-faced brethren could do.

After a rather tiresome paddle over the tortuous course of the river in its windings through the marsh, we came to a falls, which the Indians call "Re-che-wa-saw-qua-sing—The place that can be seen from afar." Here the river tumbles over a ledge of rocks, one may say, right into the marsh. A swell in the ledge of rocks divides the river, and causes it to flow over in two channels. On the little island thus formed, an immense pine tree towers aloft and makes a very prominent land-mark that can be seen from afar. And, probably, what has impressed these lone travellers more deeply, you come within a few miles of this tree hours before you reach it. Indeed, at once place you are nearer to it than you are an hour later, though you may have paddled hard all the time, a bend of the river sending you very far out of your way.

Leaving here after a short day's paddle, we reached a beautiful basin, a little below a lake. Here we camped, and, as it was Saturday night, and we intended to remain until Monday, we made a little extra preparation for our comfort. Our two Indian friends had left us and gone on to the lake, where they had an uncle by the name of Me-no-ma-na living, and where they intended spending the next day. They gave us an invitation to go with them, assuring us of a hearty welcome, but we said we would rather remain where we were, but would call up and see their uncle the next day; and they, knowing the next day was one we held in respect, importuned us no further.

After they had gone and we had made preparations for our stay, we took a stroll about the place. It was a lovely evening and a lovely spot to enjoy it. The basin is a very pretty one. The land on the side upon which we were encamped ran back for a quarter of a mile or more, nearly level. No fallen trees or brush lay on the ground, and there was very little undergrowth, but enough of small pine trees grew scattering about to make a grateful shade. The ground was covered with a carpet of many-colored mosses, which gave the whole place the appearance of a fine park. The other side was high; hill after hill rose up till the last was lost in the blue distance. At the lower end of the basin, a curiously-formed cliff of rocks rose up, garlanded with twining plants. It was a place one might expect to find associated with a legend, and the Indians tell a story very much like one we have all heard about other places, of a beautiful maiden who threw herself from this rock. Sometime after dark we saw a light coming down the river a little distance from the shore. It was a son of Me-no-ma-na hunting deer with a light.

When the weather becomes hot and the water warm, deer often flock to it to paddle about in it, and feed on the water-plants, especially in places where the flies are bad; and the Indians then often slaughter them in great numbers. They attach two clapboards, eight or ten inches wide and about eighteen inches long, to a staff, one in a horizontal, the other in a perpendicular position, and then fasten the staff, like a little mast, in their canoe. They place the torch—a cotton rag twisted and saturated with turpentine,—or, if not able to get that, a piece of very resinous pine wood—on the horizontal board, thus making a kind of dark lantern, which enables them to see anything ahead of them, while they and their canoe are hidden in the darkness. A dark

night is best, and it must be calm, not only to keep the light from blowing out, but to prevent the scent of the boatman being carried to the deer. Then, a person can approach very near a deer standing on the water's edge, so near that I have known the animal, when fired at, in its sudden consternation to spring right on the canoe. Before you get used to it, it seems very strange to see a wild deer standing in open view, gazing at you without offering to move, while you sail up to within a few feet of it.

This is an easy method of hunting deer, but one that does not bring much credit to the hunter. When the Indians wish to speak contemptuously of one, they say "he hunts with a light."

The next day we went to see our friends' uncle. We found him located on a beautiful lake, and living in a snug little log house, with potatoes and other vegetables growing around him. We thought it a hunter's paradise. Here he was surrounded with game, and when he wanted a deer, all he had to do was to put a torch in his canoe, or call out his dogs, when one would soon be got; or, if he wanted a partridge, or a duck, it was to be found at his very door; or fish, the lake was full of them. In the trapping time, the surrounding country was full of fur, and we could not help wondering why so few Indians adopted his plan of life. The red men, like ourselves and the "gulls and crows," like to flock together and gather into settlements, where necessarily the game becomes scarce for miles around.

Poor Me-no-ma-na was in trouble. He was a pow-wow, and we found him with a hawk's skin fastened to the wall, busy chanting and beating his drum to it, invoking its aid to save his son, a young man of seventeen or eighteen, who lay on a mat near by, apparently far gone in consumption. When we came in, he ceased his weird music, and knowing how these things appeared to us, with natural good

breeding he apologized, telling us not to mind, but he had to do something to try and save his son. To some the scene might have appeared absurd, if not ludicrous; to us it did not, for we felt he only voiced the wail and the weakness common to humanity in the presence of death, and the hawk's skin to the Indians is no more than the images and pictures in some of our churches are to us, and to which some of us bow down; for hawk skins to them, as the images and pictures to us, only represent the unseen spirit which lies beyond our ken.

It may be thought their pow-wows are a set of impostors who deceive their brethren, but this is not so. The pow-wows and other Indians believe it a gift from their mun-e-dooos, or gods; or rather that some god has taken them into its special favor, and when that god has made itself known by appearing to them in their dreams in the shape of some beast, or bird, or reptile, they procure the skin of that creature, and drying it, put it in their medicine bag, and ever afterwards, when they seek their protector's help, they hang the skin up, and appeal to it.

Out of respect to poor old Me-no-ma-na and his trouble, we did not stay long, but, promising to meet our friends there early next morning, we returned to our camp.

The Indians have a burying-ground here, to which the different hunting parties, from far and near, bring any of their number who happen to die when out on their hunting trips. Towards evening we paid it a visit. Their manner of making their graves is very tasteful, considering their rude means, and looks quite picturesque in the lovely places they often choose for the last resting-place of their friends. They heap up the ground over the grave as we do, then place four small logs of wood around the border, and roof it over with clap-boards split from the cedar tree; and then enclose the whole with a fence formed from logs

of wood of about an equal size, standing endwise and made even at the top. At the head of the grave they drive down a stake, hewn smooth on the inside, and on it paint figures descriptive of the person who lies beneath. Some of these figures are very striking and beautiful. We noticed one tiny grave, and on the stake a blossom, broken and hanging down, was painted—a most appropriate emblem of the dusky little darling who lay beneath.

After our walk, we sat down on the bank of the river to enjoy the fine prospect before us. Before long a large buck, which had taken to the river to escape the wolves, came swimming past. As he floated by he was tempting sight, with his large, spreading horns, and had it been another day our hunting instincts might have been aroused, but as it was we let him go in peace.

After the sun went down, the water animals of different kinds came from their hiding-places and commenced their gambols and their search for food. We watched them till it became too dark to see; then we repaired to our camp, spent a while in conversation, and retired to our humble but sweet bed of cedar boughs to sleep.

The next morning the wind threatened to be ahead, and, as we wished to get across the lake before it blew hard, we started shortly after day-break.

When we reached the old pow-wow's, we found our friends ready and waiting for us. After two hours' paddling we reached the other side of the lake, with appetites sharpened for our breakfast.

After breakfast we entered a large creek which ran through a low, rich flat, covered with rank ferns and umbrageous elms and soft maples. Deer frequented these flats in large numbers and had well-beaten paths running in different directions. And along with the tracks of deer were the tracks of wolves. For in any place, especially attractive to deer, there, too, are sure to be wolves. And as we passed along, more than once

our ears were assailed with the low, mournful howl of a wolf strayed from the pack, or the more dismal yell they make when banded together. But we did not wonder to find wolves plentiful, for not only the paths told us deer were numerous, but every little while, as we passed round a bend of the winding stream, a deer would bound off with a snort, perhaps not twenty feet away. We nearly ran on top of one which was lying in the water hiding from the wolves.

When one looked into this wild flat with so thick a covering of wide spreading trees and dense undergrowth, he felt it was a perfect lair for wild beasts, and as he listened to the dismal yell of wolves he was ready to wonder how deer could willingly frequent such a place. But, strange as it may appear, deer are not disturbed at the voice of their enemy; when a little distance off, in fact, they do not seem to know what it is, and men may shout and wolves howl within thirty or forty rods of them without giving them much concern. Yet deer are quick, remarkably quick, to distinguish between the falling of a branch or the noise of the trees shaken by the wind, and the breaking of a stick by being trodden on. To the first sounds they pay no attention, while the last sound puts them on the alert at once, and yet the report of a gun or the sharp shout of a man, at equally close distances, gives them no alarm. It is true it attracts them, and is often used by the hunter to stop them when they are passing on the run, but it is their curiosity, not their fear, that is aroused. It would seem that nature provides them with an instinct that helps to secure them from immediate danger, while it leaves them free from the distressing fears a real knowledge of their situation would inspire. This is a merciful provision, and it enables them to enjoy their life while it lasts. Then, nature has taught them that water is a refuge from their great enemy the wolf; and, when they are pursued, to it they run,

and if a lake is within reach they are safe. A river, unless a large one, affords them less security, for the wolves, if hard by, will follow down the stream on both sides and often get them in the end; though sometimes they catch a tartar in so doing, for if the deer is a large one, and it comes to a shoal, it will remain there, and if the wolves come out to it and the water is not too shallow, the deer will defend itself so dexterously with both hind and fore feet that the would-be destroyer often becomes the destroyed. They will also flee to a creek when hard pressed, though that is not often of much avail. Yet even here they sometimes baffle their pursuers; for nature has endowed them with a good deal of cunning, and they use many devices to hide their scent, not only lying under water with their noses alone sticking out, but sometimes finding their way under an overhanging bank, in order to reach which they must have wholly submerged themselves; and, last of all, if they are annoyed too much, they entirely desert the place, and seek another where they can find more peace. So, we see, the yell of the wolf as it resounds in some dismal swamp, is not as terrible to them as might be supposed.

These flats extended for eight or ten miles, and were the resort not only of bears, deer and wolves, but, what pleased us more, we saw numerous signs of beaver, otter and mink as we passed along, and as we were nearing our destination, we hoped to have some fun as well as profit among them at some future time.

Farther on, the land turned higher, and soon evergreens lined the banks of the stream. Here we saw numerous signs of bears, some of them of very recent origin. The signs grew more and more plentiful as we passed along, showing that the bears had had a high time here a few weeks before, and our Indian friends congratulated themselves on having put off their trip as long as they had.

Bears have a curious habit in their mating season, of reaching up and biting the evergreen trees along their line of march, and tearing off the bark. Some of the Indians call it their "blaze," or mark. They say the he-bears, now and again, as they march along, stand on their hind legs, and, reaching up as high as they can, bite the tree, as a sign to any bears that may follow, as much as to say, "If you can reach that, it may be safe for you to follow, but if not, you had better stay behind." Others, not quite so imaginative, say it is to clean their teeth; but as they only do it at this time of the year, I think it is because they like the taste of the sap, which flows copiously under the bark at this season. Or it may be from some propensity such as makes a cat scratch a chair or table leg, or a dog, at certain times, scratch up the ground—the cause of which nobody seems to know.

But now a break in the trees showed us a lake was near, at which we all rejoiced, for we were weary after our day's paddle, and now were nearing our journey's end. We soon entered the lake, and, passing over to an island, camped for the night.

We were all in good humor, and after feasting on a beaver the Indians had shot during the day, our conversation gradually turned upon bears and bear-hunting. This led to stories about them in their mating season, and as the Indians have a genuine dread of them then, it has led to many traditional tales, many of which would eclipse the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor. The Indian is so accustomed to fall back on legends to answer the many questions which suggest themselves to his circumstantial mind, that he is prone to the marvellous, and when on the mythical, nothing is too extravagant to exceed his belief. When conversing with you on a subject within his reach, he shows himself an observant being, and traces cause and effect with a great deal of

accuracy, but question him on something beyond his knowledge, and he at once flies to the supernatural, and will tell you the wildest tales in support of his views. He will relate a personal adventure without exaggeration, in a calm, rational way, but let him turn to a traditional one, and nothing is too strange or impossible for him to narrate as fact. Our friend, Wig-e-maw-way, for instance, bore deep scars received from a bear in an encounter in which he nearly lost his life. Yet he would tell this story in a simple, truthful way, but let him get to a story of "long time ago," and he would become excited at once, and his flashing eye, impassioned manner, and wild gesticulation, in the dim, shadowy light of a camp-fire, made a picture any artist might covet.

The next morning the Indians went after their birch-bark, while we launched forth to take a survey of the lake and pick out a location for our future home.

There is something very fascinating in coasting around a wild lake which the eye of the white man has never seen before. A strange thrill passes through you as you look on waters which have danced and played in the sunlight for thousands of years, and now seem to leap with a fresh joy as they meet you for the first time. And these solemn old hills, which were old when Adam was young, seem to stare at you and wonder at the new thing which now comes to disturb their repose. And could they speak, what a tale they could tell!

But aside from the interest we take in looking at the work nature has done when she was young, and which has only now been revealed to us, there is a pleasure which none but the rover knows, in exploring a wild lake. Not only are new sights and scenes presenting themselves as you round every bend in the shore, but here its wild denizens, unaccustomed to the presence of man, are often abroad in daytime, and in the security of their

wild home, act out their native moods. It is one thing to see a wild animal in its native wilds, and another to see it the pet or prisoner of man, where it soon loses the characteristics so necessary to its existence in its wild habitat regions. It was a very pleasing thing to me—and I think would be to many of my readers—to see the beaver working at its dam, or busy bringing in its winter stores, or, what might be of more interest, to see young deer or wolves on the beach skipping about like playful lambs or happy dogs. It looks so strange and different from what you expect, that it is hard to think they are the wild and savage creatures that they are. But let your presence become known, and all is changed. One wild stare, and away they fly into the thicket.

Or, if you want to leave this world, and dwell among goblins and ghosts, coast around some wild, lonely lake, alone in your little dugout, as night is coming on and the wild creatures of these wild places are leaving their lairs. As the gloom thickens, the fierce yells of wolves ring out from the top of a neighboring hill, or the scream of a lynx is heard from an adjacent thicket. Silence is hardly restored before strange, unearthly sounds come from a marsh, accompanied by the splashings of uncanny creatures at play. Then the lone, weird cry of the loon, in answer to the ghostly hootings of the great horned owl, breaks the stillness of the night, and you find your way to the camp, ceasing to wonder that the Indian lives in a world of spirits.

We returned from our cruise well pleased with all we saw, and could easily believe what our friends told us, that the country, far and near, abounded in game. And as the place was well situated to catch the hunters who passed on beyond, and as these passages would be before and after the hunting season, we expected to be able to do a little trading without interfering much with our own hunt.

The lake, too, was a beautiful one; dotted with pretty islands, and in every way adapted to make a pleasant forest home. The only thing against it was its name. The Indians called it *Min-e-gob-e-shing*, "the place of the big eyes." The name did not suggest pleasant memories, for the "big eyes" were the frozen, swollen eyes of an unfortunate hunter, who perished here from exhaustion and cold; and as the lake hereafter would be "our lake," and as it was a bright, cheerful one, we called it *Pretty Lake*.

When we returned to our camp, we found our friends had already arrived with their bark, ready for a start homeward the following morning. So, after a good night's sleep, we started down the creek on our return journey.

When we drew near the old *pow-wow's* he appeared with his face blackened, and then *Wig-e-maw-way* said, "*Pe-na-she*, the *pow-wow's* son, is dead." And so it was. He had passed away the night after we had left, and now lay arrayed for his burial. The old man had put away his drum and his hawk's skin, as now of no avail, and he sat with a heavy heart mourning for his first-born son. But no outward manifestations bespoke the struggle within, and he calmly spoke to us about his son's death. He said he had seen *Ne-wak-e*, a distant and unfriendly *pow-wow*, prowling around there in the shape of a black dog. Soon afterward his son fell sick, and in spite of all he could do, grew worse and worse; for *Ne-wak-e's* god was stronger than his own, and his son's body grew so full of pain and weakness that he was glad to leave it, much as he loved chasing the wild deer, or hunting the moose and the beaver.

A number of the friends had collected and we felt they would rather be alone than have strangers among them at such a time as this, so we told our two friends we would go on to the burying ground and camp there, and help them to lay *Pe-na-she* away the next day.

Taking the old man by the hand, we silently bade him good-bye, and proceeded on our way to our old camping-ground.

On visiting the burying-ground next morning, we found a deep grave had been dug, to hide *Pe-na-she's* body, as the Indians said, from the wolves and the fishers, for they are very careful of their dead, and the reputation of our "resurrectionists," has travelled far and near among them, and fills them with horror. They say "the wolf, the fisher and the white man's doctor are the only brutes that rob the grave."

About ten o'clock we saw the canoes coming on their solemn journey with the dead to its last home on earth. It was a simple sight, but to us one more impressive than would be the grandest pageant made at the burial of a monarch. There was no sham or display here. All was sincere; for whatever the Indians lack, they have faith, and they were now with their loved one on the first stage of his last and lonely journey. They knew *Pe-na-she* hated to leave his friends and his hunting-grounds. The song of the birds was still pleasant to him. And as the fawn lingers about the place where its mother has been killed, so his spirit would linger about the grave for six moons, hating to leave his body, and fearful of starting on the unknown journey to the spirit land. But at last his body would waste away, and he would have to go; and then they could see him travelling day after day and week after week towards the setting sun. And would he be able to walk the slippery pole that lies across the dreadful river that separates this world from the one beyond? Or would he fall off and be carried by the rushing torrent into the dreadful abyss? They hoped it would be well with their son and brother, but their hearts were sad.

The canoes soon arrived; and the dead hunter, lying in his birch-bark coffin, was carried to the grave. He

was dressed in all his finery, his hunting belt strapped around him, with his tomahawk and knife fastened to it and his gun laid by his side.

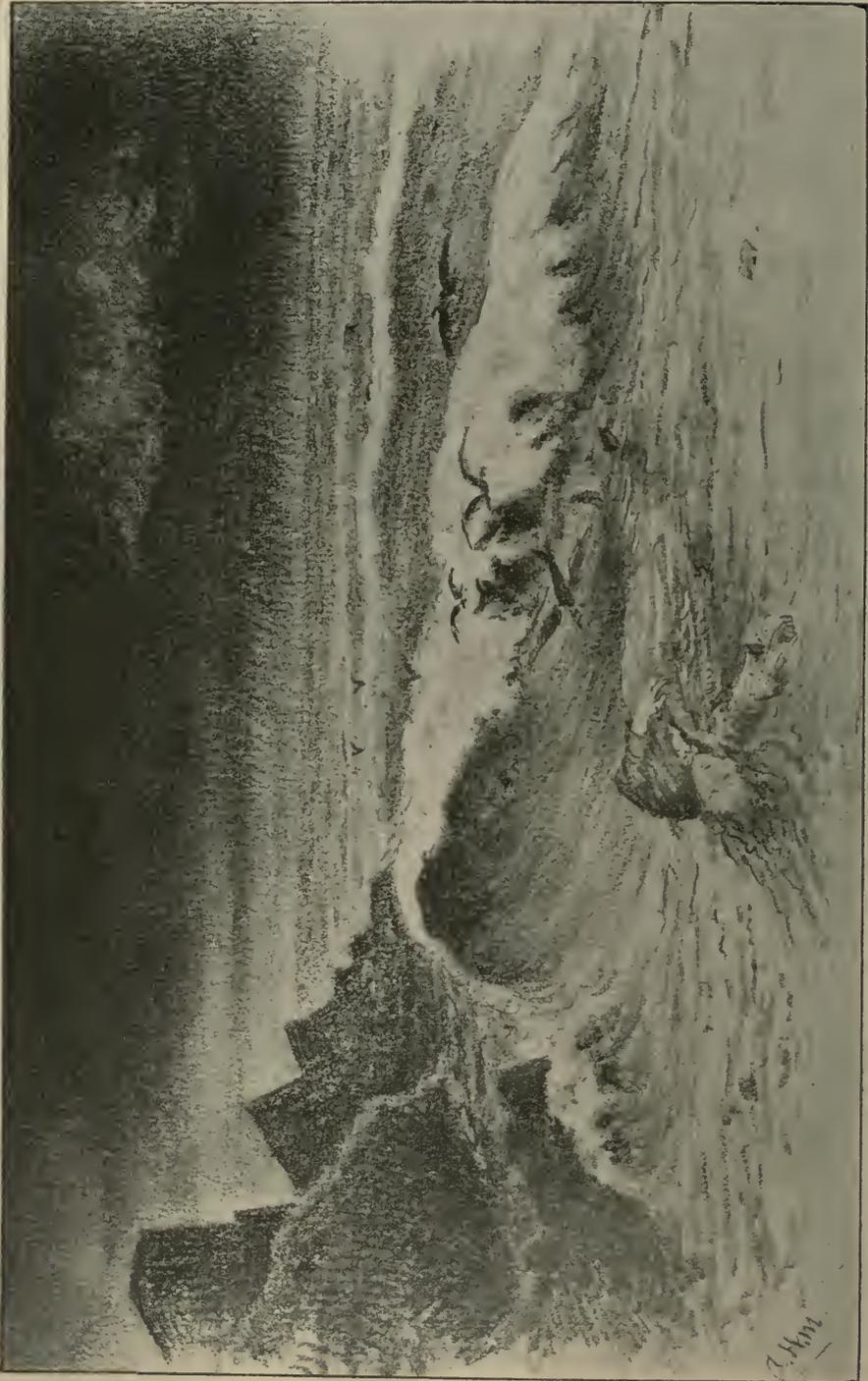
Soon he was lowered into his grave, and the last solemn "feast with the dead" commenced. A little fire was made at the head of the grave, and all sat down around it. The food was passed around and eaten in silence, for Pe-na-she was now in the land of silence; and why should we disturb his spirit with our noisy talk.

A way down to the coffin had been dug out at the side of the grave. After the feast was finished, the old pow-wow went down and carefully adjusting the things lying beside the young hunter and left some medicine, in case he might need it before he reached the spirit land. Then the old mother went down with some food and a pair of moccasins, and with a mother's tenderness placed them with her dead son. But, less stoical than the father, as she left she gave a dismal howl, which probably sounded better to savage than civilized ears. Last of all, a young maiden timidly stepped down and placed a wild rose on his breast, which eloquently told the story so well-known to all human hearts. Now a birch bark cover was placed over

the coffin, some slabs placed over it, and the grave filled in. When all was done, a pole was stuck in the ground leaning over the head of the grave, and some food left hanging to it, that Pe-na-she's spirit might not want while it hovered about the grave.

It is hard for us to sympathize with those who have been trained into a different way of thinking from ourselves, and, perhaps, some of my white friends will laugh at the story I have told. But to me it was deeply interesting. It was simple nature's grappling with the mystery of life and death, and if they have solved the great problem to their satisfaction, why should we laugh at them? Do we not try to solve it ourselves? And, perhaps the Great Father smiles at our attempts as we do at their's, and in the end it may be found that they were as near the truth as the wise ones among ourselves, who tell us we shall "float as airy nothings in the illimitable void." Be that as it may, I left the old pow-wow with feelings more akin to all mankind, and I hoped that he and I might find our way through the darkness, and, at last, meet in the happy hunting country that lies beyond the grave.





THE GRAY NORTH SEA.

W. H. M.

THE GRAY NORTH SEA.

(With Illustration by the Author.)

THE sky is cold by the gray North Sea,
And the voice of the waves is a dirge to me ;
And the rocks are rude that stoop to the main,
'Neath the murk of mist and the swoop of rain ;
They stoop and scowl, thro' the curtain gray,
From the dim of dawn to the dark of day :
The beach is barren and bleak the sand,
And the weed is dank as a dead man's hand ;
It pulses and floats on the sullen tide,
Like dishevell'd locks of a drown'd bride,
And the dirge is drear of the gray North Sea,
And its voice is harsh as a voice may be.

The waves wash in, and the waves wash out,
And they swirl and eddy the rocks about ;
They scan the shingle, they search the shore,
And mutter a plaint by the strand evermore.
What do they say to the night and me,
These restless waves of the gray North Sea ?
Do they tell of the warrior Vikings bold,
The hardy Norsemen, of ballads old ?
Do they whisper of love by the lonely shore,
Or speak of the sons of song and lore,
That have lived and loved and sung again,
To the wail of wind, and the drift of rain,
By the rolling hills of the yeasty plain ?

Tarry, O billows ! Your sorrowing show,
As hither and thither ye darkly flow ;
Stay but a moment, ye Northern wind,
To leave but a guess of thy grief behind ;
Settle ye night, o'er the gray North Sea,
But whisper thy care to the dark and me.
Nay, that were vain, for thou can'st not say,
O waters sullen, O cloud-rack gray !
But, tho' breakers harry, and tempests start,
I'll read me the rune of thy restless heart,
Down by the deep where the surges be,
Thy secret of terror, thou gray North Sea !

A miser is stooping above his store,
And he fingers his treasure o'er and o'er ;
A miser is stooping above the beach,
And he laps the guerdon within his reach ;
A golden hoard, a glamour of gold,
Tho' the one be young, and the one be old ;
For the miser's love is of years and cares,—
But the billow togeth with silken hairs.

The sky is cold by the gray North Sea,
 And the petrel pipeth plaintively,
 A wail for the living,—a dirge for the dead,—
 For the dross of earth, and the golden head ;
 But thy secret erst is no secret now,
 This rune of thine, with the marble brow !

Deliver the prize thou has reft from me,
 'Tis my treasure-trove, O thou false North Sea !
 Restore the lost to the lips of love,
 Tho' the tempest's scowl be black above ;
 Fling up white arms to the stooping cloud,
 Lay bare white bosoms and cry aloud,
 And writhe in thine anguish, keen and cold,
 Round the tangled locks,—the runes of gold ;
 But yield thee thy burden of mystery,
 And go on thine errand, thou gray North Sea !

—A. H. MORRISON.



GLIMPSES OF BERMUDA.

BY FANNY HARWOOD.

A TRIP to the Bermuda Islands, the land of the lily and the rose, is well worthy of the taking at least once in a lifetime. The climate, during the winter and spring months, is all that could be desired, while the exquisite colors of sea and sky, mingled with the dark cedar foliage and white coral houses, cannot possibly be imagined; it must be seen to be appreciated. The spring of 1892 being particularly unpleasant, I determined to

Hamilton, the principal town. The course of the steamer, as she nears the Capital, is through innumerable islands. It is said that there are as many islands as there are days in the year; and the passage through the winding, intricate channel is very interesting. The wharf at Hamilton was crowded with gaily-dressed people, ladies in light summer costumes, men in tennis flannels, and natives ready to come on board and give assistance.

We, on the "Orinoco," expected to be at once on shore, but were disappointed, for no gangway or bridge was thrown out to the steamer; only two long poles, which were soon covered with black men, who, to our astonishment and amusement, began to make a bridge for us with planks and ropes. This year, it is said, a pier has been built out to meet the steamer, and saves at least three quarters of an hour's delay in landing. On getting ashore, we drove off at once to the Princess Hotel, one of the large hotels in Hamilton. The hotel is delight-



MAKING A BRIDGE TO THE STEAMER.

fully situated beside the water, and has a large grove of palmetto and oleander trees near it, which, with a broad, well kept coral drive, as an approach, produces a very favorable impression on arriving. The other large hotel, "The Hamilton," is in the town, and some little distance from the sea, and is preferred by many who do not care to be so near the water's edge.

Hamilton itself is not a very large

town, the population being only about 15,000, but during the winter, and especially between the 15th of March and the 15th of April, it is crowded with visitors, many having to be turned away from the hotels for want of room, and all the boarding-houses, of which there are a great many, being full. Many people take small cottages, hire a native servant, and keep house for themselves; and those whom

also stand ready for those who care for driving. Sail boats and row boats are collected round the steps leading down to the water, and parties of friends take them and go off, either for the day, or for two or three hours' coral-fishing or oyster-catching. These amusements are always practicable during the spring, for the weather is nearly always favorable, and the sun is gloriously bright and warm.



THE PRINCESS HOTEL.

I met, who had been sufficiently fortunate to secure a cottage, found it more pleasant than hotel life. But, in a place like Bermuda, hotel life is very amusing, and particularly at the big hotels, for there is always something going on. Every morning the broad drive in front of the hotel is filled with donkey boys, with their little carts, waiting to be hired, but woe betide the unlucky being who hires a donkey and does not understand how to make it go. Very nice carriages

My first few days were spent in walking about Hamilton and enjoying the sunshine and semi-tropical life,— a very pleasant experience after an eastern-Canada winter. One of the favorite walks is Cedar Avenue, which is near the Hamilton Hotel, and is a beautiful archway of cedars. It is entered from Victoria Park, always open to the public, with well-kept gardens, and a band stand, where the regimental band gives concerts every Friday afternoon. The Governor's

residence is at the other end of the avenue, and is interesting and generally open to visitors. A little further on, along a lovely walk, is the village of Pembroke. Pembroke church is one of the most frequented churches in Hamilton, and the poinsettea trees in the churchyard, when covered with their scarlet leaves, are worth going a long distance to see. There are a number of small villages within easy walking distance of Hamilton, which are all pretty and interesting, particularly the little village of Devonshire, where there is a most picturesque, old church and churchyard. The old church is not used now. In the centre of the churchyard stands an old cedar tree, said to be two hundred years old, with a flourishing young cedar growing out of the old trunk. Paget, also, is a pretty village, opposite Hamilton, and reached either by a boat, rowed by a black man, or by a ferry, leaving every half hour, or by a walk or drive through Hamilton, past the Royal Palms, which are five beautiful granite palms standing by the roadside, and round the bay along a road lined with coral cottages and pretty residences, where flowers grow in great luxuriance. Banana patches, groves of aloe or century plant and palmetto trees and palms make the drive very varied and interesting, especially to one from the north. At Paget there is also a pretty church, with pleasant grounds about it. A little beyond Flatts, another village with picturesque ruins scattered about, is a place called the Devil's Hole, where about forty varieties of fish are kept. When a sufficient number of people are collected, the caretaker feeds the fish with loaves of bread, and the fish fall over each other

and jump some distance out of the water in their eagerness for the food. The angel fish there are exquisite-looking creatures, of a bright metallic blue and yellow, and their fins being spread out give them the appearance of flying fish.

The drive to St. George's, which is twelve miles from Hamilton, at the other end of the long, thin island, which, by the way, is by far the largest of the Bermuda group, is one of the most beautiful in the entire group of islands. The north shore road, which we took, follows the seaside the



IN THE "NORWOOD" GROUNDS.

entire way, and we could never tire of beholding the wonderful blue of the water on one side, and the contrasts of cedars and palmettoes and white coral cottages and quarries on the other. Nearly every cottage has its own little quarry beside it, where the blocks out of which it was made were cut. These blocks when freshly cut are very white and dazzling. At St. George's there is a very old church, in which is an old communion service belonging to the reign of Queen Anne. There are some beautiful palms in the Governor's gardens also, and in the wall a tomb, in which is said to be buried the heart of Sir George Somers, whose ship-

wreck here in 1609 was the occasion of the colonizing of the island a few years later. The south shore road from Hamilton gives one an idea of the scenery on the other side of the island. That on the south shore is much more tropical, as it is sheltered from the winds, while the north shore in some places has a very weather-beaten look. The roads all over the island are very good, being entirely of coral, and in some places being literally cut through the coral rock. They are always kept in good order, but the glare of the sun on the white stone is very trying to the eyes. Any one

excursion is to Prospect, where the regiment is stationed. Built on the heights, the village commands a magnificent view. On Sunday the garrison chapel is crowded with strangers, and when the service is over, the band plays in the grounds for an hour.

Among the great beauties of Bermuda are its lily fields. About the end of March or the beginning of April they are in their glory—every lily-patch is in full bloom, and the scent is at times almost overpowering. Many boxes of lilies are sent out of Bermuda at this season, and those visitors who leave about the middle of April, travel back to New York amid thousands of boxes of lilies and onions,—the two great exports of the Island.

The show place of Hamilton is "Norwood," the residence of General Hastings. "Fairy Land," as it is called, which is in the grounds, is a most exquisite little islet, the banks of which are overgrown with mangrove bushes, and many varieties of aquatic plants. A pleasant way of visiting Fairy Land is to hire one of the black boys, with his boat, and be taken in and out of the little bays. Through a glass, provided by the boatman, one can see the



A BERMUDA COTTAGE.

walking or driving much should provide himself with dark glasses or a thick veil. It is interesting to note that Bermuda is the most northern point at which the coral insect still carries on the work of piling up its submarine architecture.

One beautiful excursion, which we unfortunately had not time to make, is to Somerset and Ireland island, where the great dockyard is. A large arsenal establishment and a great basin, which will accommodate a whole fleet at anchor, and an enormous floating dry dock, are the principal features of interest there. Another favorite ex-

bottom of the water, which is a garden of growing corals and anemones and variegated shells, around which the fish disport themselves. By moonlight, a row there is said, by those who have taken it, to be beautiful beyond description. A great many of the other residences are well worth seeing. The owners take much pride in them, and some of the gardens are kept in beautiful order, although in Bermuda there is great difficulty in making a garden, there being only a thin coating of earth on the solid rock, and additional earth having to be brought, in many cases, a long distance.

The Bermudas are far out in the ocean, six hundred miles from the Carolina coast, and an equal distance from Nova Scotia on the one hand and the south of Florida on the other. They are far, too, from other islands, and although the islands and islets that make up the low-lying group are numbered by hundreds, they are embraced within a space of twenty miles in length by six miles in breadth, and have a land surface of only 12,000 acres, or scarcely a thousand more than the Canadian Island of Pelee in Lake Erie. The group is lonely enough in situation; but excepting in a sense which does not often occur to one, the situation does not impress itself on the mind of a visitor, for there is so much to see and admire in this Venice-like place, in the blue sky, transparent water, white coral soil and rich tropical vegetation, and, after all, if one wishes to hear from home, there is the telegraph cable to Halifax, and friends in Canada can be communicated with in a few hours at most. And the climate is delicious. Scarcely ever chilly, its winter is like a Quebec or Ontario early summer, but much more equable, and in the hottest month of summer, or even in June and September, owing to the constant sea breeze, the thermometer never marks so high as in southern Canada; in fact, even 90° in

the shade is scarcely ever known, nor is the constantly great moisture of the air felt to be oppressive.

And here a visitor meets everywhere with kindness, and when he



OUR BOATMAN.

has the good fortune to become acquainted with many of the residents, he is treated with so much of genuine hospitality as to make a visit to Bermuda one of the pleasantest memories of life.



TALES OF WAYSIDE INNS.

NO. II.—THE WITNESS'S TALE.

BY HENRY LYE.

NEITHER the Rhine nor any other river is comparable with the Niagara for its rapidly changing, yet ever interesting scenery. Sometimes it is magnificent in its majesty. Here it is beautiful in its tints and shadows; there it is dreadful and even appalling in its intense and resistless vehemence.

The eloquence of a Gough or the pencil of a Bierstadt alike fail in the attempt to describe its wonders; and Fenimore Cooper or Walter Scott might attempt to blend its legends, its traditions and its historic events, and remain dissatisfied at his want of power to do them reasonable justice. Poets, painters, historians and novelists have alike fallen under its spell, to despair of their skill, and have thrown themselves into the vortex of its mighty cataract as sacrifice to irresistible majesty.

Had Niagara been known to the Greeks, we should never have read of the Olympus or of the Styx. No Siren could lure to destruction so surely as its swift-gliding current; no Paræ could be so resistless as its snake-like rapids; no thundering so continuous as the ever-resounding roar of its mighty falls; no vengeance, no chimera so direful as its all-destroying whirlpool, and yet, withal, the Niagara is as full of beauty as of sublimity. After all its mad tumult and rage we find, from Queenston to Lake Ontario, the calm and peace as of a life whose long warfare is o'er, and whose beauty and happiness are earned by being purged from all earthly dross.

Happily renowned will be the man or woman who becomes the Homer-Shakespeare-Scott-Cooper-Tennyson-Whittier of the Niagara. From Fort Erie to Fort Massasaugua, each of

the forty miles of its course furnishes scenes of tragedies, legends of derring-do, memories of brave deeds by women and by men—the whole presenting a field into which longing eyes have been cast by many whose hearts have failed them when they have essayed to enter it; and, therefore, I am like one of the rear guard of the Tuscan army, in that I cry "Forward," while those in the van are crying "Back."

A short distance below the International Railway Bridge, at Fort Erie, there was one of the cleanest, quietest and in every way most comfortable little inns to be found on this continent—just one of those places you find with surprised delight and leave with lingering regret, determining to return to its grateful shade whenever opportunity may occur.

Here, on one of my visits, I met an invalid from some part of the United States, who told me this tale of his experiences as a witness in Canada, an experience which, he said, led him to abandon Ontario as a place of residence.

We sat by the river—shaded by a stately elm which grew on the banks, the murmur of the bees in a linden tree that spread its fragrance around us mingling with the murmur of the waters, as they glided hurrying by—when he commenced.

"I am a person of some means, which do not depend on my own exertions. I am generally credited with a good moral character, and as being of a peaceful disposition—quiet and somewhat reserved in my habits, content to oblige my neighbors without prying into or busying myself in their private affairs. I was staying at

this inn, about two years ago, when two persons arrived, apparently from different directions. It was clear they met here by appointment, and for the purpose of discussing some matters of business, as they often met in a private room, and whenever seen together were reading and talking over long, legal-looking documents.

I met them at meal times, and once or twice outside as they were slowly walking about and talking, but I did not attempt to learn the nature of their business, so was somewhat surprised when, one evening after supper, I was asked by one of them to witness their signatures to some documents which appeared to be in duplicate, filling several type-written pages. I was told that my signature was a mere matter of form. Each of them signed in my presence, and I affixed my signature as witness, but neither of the parties volunteered any explanation of the subject matter of the documents, nor made any remarks which would give me any idea of their contents.

After the completion of the documents, of which each of them took one, we sat for some time and partook of wine and cigars, which one of the gentlemen had ordered, but our conversation was altogether about the scenery, the weather, fishing and such like general or impersonal topics, and then we retired to our neat little bed-chambers, which were filled with the perfume of the honeysuckle and the roses growing in the garden below.

On the next morning we went on our several ways, and I gave the matter no more thought until about a year or so afterwards, when I was startled by being served with two subpoenas, one at the instance of each of the parties, to give evidence in the case of *Orr vs. Dee*. I think you will agree with me that I could not well be more ignorant of the matter apparently in dispute, more innocent as to its cause, or less interested in the result, so, believing that "Those who

make the quarrels should be the only ones to fight," I refused to receive the subpoenas or the conduct money, and said I did not intend to have anything to do with the matter.

When the case came up for trial I was not there, so the counsel on both sides demanded the issue of a bench warrant against me, which was served by an officer who did not seem to be enjoying his life over much, and yet was not inclined to have much sympathy for others, for, when I yet refused to meddle in a dispute in which I was not interested, or to stir one foot in the direction of the court which was trying to mix me up in its disagreeable litigation, he took possession of me by main force, and, when I defended myself and my clothing from his clutches, he handcuffed me, so that I was obliged to accompany him.

When we arrived at X—, I was taken to the court-room, and, when the case in progress was closed, that of *Orr vs. Dee* was called.

The counsel for the plaintiff, in opening the case, explained that this was a suit for the performance of a contract contained in an agreement, made in duplicate after a very voluminous correspondence between the parties, and which, at a conference between them, had resulted in the acceptance by the defendant of all the propositions and views set forth in the letters written by the plaintiff, of which letters copies would be laid before the court and duly proved, if the defendant refused or neglected to produce them.

He then went on to explain that the defendant contended that the agreement as produced by the plaintiff was not the agreement really consummated between the parties, and that the defendant produced another document, asserting it to be the true agreement entered into on the day of its date, asserting that this was substantiated and corroborated by the letters which he had addressed to the plaintiff from time to time before an interview was

had, and that it was the belief that his views were to be adopted which led him to consent to meet the plaintiff, at a place mutually convenient, for the purpose of completing the documents.

This had, to me, an ugly sound, and confirmed me in my determination to keep myself out of the quarrel.

It may conduce to the appreciation of the subsequent proceedings to explain here that, although neither of the counsel on either side had had any conversation with me, yet each believed the other had, and that I was in a very bad situation, because if I had known sufficient of the contents of the documents to establish either that produced by the plaintiff or that produced by the defendant, then the opposing counsel would treat me as an adverse witness; so, as a matter of precaution, both the counsel for the plaintiff and the counsel for the defendant treated me as an adverse witness from the beginning, on the principle that, if I established his case, well and good, but if the contrary, he would not be too much prejudiced by my evidence.

My name was called, and I was told to go up into the witness box. No sooner had I taken my stand there than the clerk pushed a book into my hand and told me I swore, which I promptly denied, as I do not use any profane language. Then he asked me if I was a Tinker or a Tunker or something of that sort. I could not understand what he meant, so I told him he had better look out if he intended to insult me. This seemed to quiet him, so he now asked me if I had conscientious objections to taking the oath, to which I replied that I had reasonable respect for the third commandment. Then he said I could "affirm." I told him I preferred to mind my own business, and that I would not interfere in the matter one way or another.

This seemed to make him mad, and he began telling the judge that I was a bad man whom they had been obliged

to bring before the court by a bench warrant, and had had to manacle for resisting the officer in charge, and that now I would neither swear, nor affirm nor nothing.

His Lordship, without more ado, committed me to the jail until I would consent to give evidence, to which I observed that it was none of my business, and I wished to keep clear of other men's quarrels. This did not avail me, however, so down I went, not willingly, nor yet making any disturbance or outcry, but being forcibly hauled by two constables, who appeared to rejoice in my troubles and to have no respect for my clothes, which by this time had suffered severely.

I am sure no one could have tried more earnestly or persistently to keep out of mischief, but notwithstanding all this, I was kept in jail for two days, when the case was again called up. I was brought into the courtroom once more and placed upright in the pillory or whatever you may call the place where the witness has to stand on his feet for days together, whilst the judges, the criminals, the lawyers and the jurymen are furnished with comfortable seats.

I don't know what sort of a hocus-pocus they then went through, but after a little while the counsel who had explained the plaintiff's case pushed a paper into my hands and asked me if that was my signature, to which I replied, "Yes."

"Did you see the plaintiff and the defendant sign that document?"

"I saw those signatures affixed."

"Do you see the persons in the court room who signed it?"

"I do."

"Which are they?"

I pointed them out, but I could not be sure which was the plaintiff and which the defendant.

I thought I had already trouble enough about a matter which did not concern me one iota, but I now began to experience the real misery of the

lot of a witness who neither knows nor cares anything about the matter in dispute. The counsel now took the document and began turning over its pages.

"You were staying at the same inn as the plaintiff and defendant for some days?"

"Yes, I was."

"You remember that they held long conversations during that time?"

"I do."

"And they finally came to an agreement?"

"I suppose so."

"You *suppose so*?" then thundered the mighty voice of the lawyer. "Why don't you answer plainly, 'Yes' or 'No.' Have you not sense enough to know that they did?"

"I only know——," I stammered out, when, in a voice which brought down a large piece of the ceiling, he shouted, "Answer me, 'Yes' or 'No.' Let us have none of your shuffling. Did they come to an agreement?"

"Well——." But it did not appear to be "well," for, in a voice, the suppressed rage and the sarcasm of which would have increased the fame of Garrick or Irving, he began:

"I don't want your 'wells' nor your 'supposes:' I want a plain, straightforward answer without any prevarication!"

"I am not 'prevaricating,'" I said, in the attempt to explain that I did not know anything more about the matter.

The counsel then threw back both sides of his gown and his coat, and putting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, he said, in tones which sounded like the thunder afar off mingled with some buttermilk, "Are you a born idiot, or are you assuming idiocy on this occasion for the purpose of insulting the court?"

This seemed to wake up the judge, who had not been giving much attention up to this time, and apparently had not noticed what had gone before.

The judge then turned to me, and

with a frown which burst my collar and loosed one of my shoe laces, intimated to me that if I did not at once answer the question, he would again commit me for contempt of court.

The old joke on the subject flashed through my mind, but I did not attempt any reply, nor, in fact, had I time, as again came the awful demand, "Now, answer my question."

"I was going to tell you——." But I got no further, as the counsel now jumped towards me with both feet and shrieked, "Answer my question, 'Yes' or 'No.'"

I naturally hesitated a moment, when there came forth, in tones which reminded me now of the stealthy approach of a burglar coming up the stairs, and now of the impending calamity of a night-mare, "Is it impossible for you to tell the truth? My question is a very simple one," and then, with another yell, "Did they come to an agreement?"

"I don't know," I replied, thinking that this was the plain fact of the case, but this did not mend matters, as now, with one foot on a chair and one hand in his breeches' pocket, the eminent counsel, with the incisiveness of a gang-saw cutting a whole log into boards without making anys awdust: "You were in the company of these men for several days, they had several discussions, you witnessed their signatures to this document, and yet you dare to come before this court and swear that you don't know whether they arrived at any agreement or not. What is the court to infer from all this except that you are deliberately lying?"

I now appealed to the judge, and asked him if witnesses were brought to that court to be insulted.

The judge very kindly explained to me that every person was, by the law, held to be innocent until he was proved to be guilty, *except a witness*, and that, although a lawyer dare not use insulting language concerning the court or the opposing counsel, or the

jury, or even a prisoner in the dock, yet he had a perfect and long-established right to use any term of approbium he might think fit when addressing a witness, and the court could not interfere.

Seeing that his lordship now spoke in a reasonable tone of voice, and seemed to regret his inability, I answered him to the effect that if he had no power to protect a witness from insult, if he would kindly adjourn the court for about fifteen minutes, I would settle the matter with the lawyer myself.

I saw a half-twinkle in the judge's eyes, but he answered quietly, "The case must go on."

The lawyer, however, seemed to think he had better look out for his bones, so he addressed the judge to the effect that I had intimated an intention to commit an assault, and that I should be bound over to keep the peace.

The judge now admonished me that I must not seek any personal satisfaction from the learned counsel, nor commit any breach of the peace, or I would be very severely dealt with, as lawyers and lunatics are privileged persons, who are not held accountable for their language.

Well, those two lawyers—first the counsel for the plaintiff, and then the counsel for the defendant—badgered me for two long days, and neither of them would allow me to explain that all I knew about the matter was that I had witnessed the signatures. I was kept on my feet during the whole of those two days of mental and physical agony. I have been in the doctor's hands ever since, and came to this inn for the benefit of its quiet situation.

When I was removed from this purgatory, pillory, stocks, hades, or whatever you may call a witness box, I felt sufficiently interested in the case to desire to know what it was all about, so sat down and listened whilst it was shown that the plaintiff and the defendant each produced what purported

to be one of the duplicates of an agreement signed by both parties and witnessed by me. Those duplicates did not agree except in the first and last pages. Both were type-written by the same class of a machine; each agreed with the letters written by the party producing it; each party brought the stenographer who had prepared duplicates of an agreement; each of these produced his original notes to show that his was the genuine document.

There appeared to be no question as to the fact of the parties having met, as each contended for his own version of an agreement arrived at and executed; but it was evident that *one* of these had substituted the pages intervening between the first and last of the documents produced by him.

The judge told the jury to give a verdict for the party they believed, but did not charge in favor of either. The jury retired, and after a very long time sent word that they were evenly divided, and that there was no possibility of their arriving at a verdict.

The judge then made a long speech, promising to draw the attention of the Government to the necessity for better provision for the identification of type-written documents by the simple expedient of requiring every page to be signed or initialled.

I am not sufficiently versed in Canadian law matters to know what became of the suit, but as I was afraid lest I should have again to give evidence in it, I determined to leave Canada. You see if I am served with a subpoena here I can be across the border in half an hour, and I don't think a bench warrant will fetch me back again to be stigmatised as a scoundrel of many vices.⁵

My intention in repeating this tale is to draw public attention to the cruel and cowardly treatment of witnesses, and to the terrible danger presented by the present practice of preparing important documents by type-writers.

BOOKS AND POINTS.

BY HELEN A. HICKS.

"Books for good manners."—*As you like it.*

"Points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle."—*Winter's Tale.*

THAT every articularly-speaking human being has in him the stuff for at least one three-volume work of fiction, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes declares to be one of his cherished beliefs. Assuming this as a fact, and given also a conscience which would permit him without qualm to make copy of his friends, Mr. William Bell Scott might have stood higher in the literary world as the author of a three-volume duodecimo novel, than he now figures as the garrulous and somewhat egotistic father of his Autobiographical Notes. What characters he might have given us! Harold Skimpole, though by no means one of the best of Dickens' creations, has always been doubly interesting, because he was supposed to stand for Leigh Hunt. Mr. Scott had plenty of quite as good material to his hand, celebrities who, discreetly but thinly veiled, might have afforded amusement for a generation; but he has preferred to give them to us under their real names, and with all their little weaknesses, together with his own opinion of them appended. It is to be supposed that the old man, himself a little of an artist and a little of a poet, meant all this kindly. The result, however, has been almost as disastrous to the literary hero-worshipper as was Froude's Life of Carlyle. The most effectual image-breaker seems after all to be the unconscious one, and Mr. Scott's tendency to "stippling" on the weak points of his artistic and literary friends leaves us with many illusions dispelled. We learn with regret, mingled with much laughter, that Professor John Wilson wrote rapid verse, was fond of cock-fighting,

and carried "game eggs" to church in his coat-tail pockets; and our surprise increases when we are told that Carlyle said of him, "Ha! Christopher was a good deal of a man, no doubt, but the whiskey was too much for him!" Mr. Scott once had the temerity to criticize "Heroes and Hero-Worship" to its author, and the reply he received from the sage of Chelsea led him to make the remark that "Carlyle not only felt himself wiser and better than other people, but he had a pleasure in letting it be seen that he thought so." Carlyle after all was only an able shoemaker who stuck to the last, and he was a monomaniac besides. Mrs. Carlyle wore a low dress when it was not the fashion, and held the erroneous opinion that she was a *raconteuse*. We are told that William Motherwell was a genial creature with a Conservative craze, who believed that "Toryism was bound up with poetry." Charles Lamb's writing was, like himself, essentially middle-class. Tennyson had settled everything in his own mind, and therefore did not care to hear other people's opinions. Ruskin left the Hogarth Club because the members invested in a billiard table and he could play no games. Mrs. Siddons was "a woman without a heart, a monster in nature!" Leigh Hunt "could not argue and would not develop a charge." Rossetti was so solicitous for a favorable reception of his poems that he always worked the oracle by having laudatory notices prepared for the leading journals, under his supervision. He also stole the title for his poem, "The Stream's Secret," from Scott. Alma Tadema had the atrocious habit of rising before anyone else in the house, rushing out to bathe under a waterfall twenty feet

high, and returning, shouting to the still sleeping members of the household to look alive and turn out. George Eliot owed all her keenness in delineation of character to Lewes. When everybody was talking of their marriage, Carlyle eased his mind by saying: "Ah! *George Eliot* is a female writer of books like myself and himself. I got one of them and tried to read it, but it would not do. Poor Lewes! Poor fellow!" Mr. Scott was good enough to remark, though, that George Eliot was "the most bland and amiable of plain women, and most excellent in conversation, not finding it necessary to be always saying fine things."

It is refreshing to learn, however, that when Mr. Scott was not employed in sonnet or picture-making, or in assisting his friends Swinburn and Rossetti with their political effusions, he was bent on the charitable purpose of discovering some new genius to the world. Both Millais and Holman Hunt were his debtors for encouragement, and Walt Whitman owed his recognition in England to Scott's perception of his merits. A copy of "Leaves of Grass" was sent him as a curiosity. "Instantly," he says, "I perceived the advent of a new poet, a new American and a new teacher, and I invested in several copies." As almost all the recognition poor old Walt ever got came from England, the good gray poet had reason to be eternally grateful to his benefactor. It was "Dearest Scotus," too, who revealed to Rossetti the fact that he was a poet by temperament rather than a painter. "Lifted to a rhetorical moment I said much, affirming that the value of his paintings lay in their poetry, that he was a poet by birth-right, not a painter. After this I found there was established in his mind a new prevailing idea, and when we left for London he had begun to write out many of his lost poems, his memory being so good."

And yet, after this, and all his stric-

tures on poetry and art, Mr. Scott modestly remarks that he really supposes he was not born to put the world right, and has no desire to set the Thames on fire! Can he, too, have arrived at that tranquilizing and blessed conviction of native dullness, which is the greatest of earthly comforts? But no, the position is not tenable.

Considering the vast amount of unremitting labor and the great talents which have been devoted to it, the creed of "Art for art's sake" seems to have had a surprisingly slender hold on the popular imagination. Balzac and Flaubert have sown, the Goncourts and all the young Symbolists have watered, yet the plain, simple common folk, whom Lincoln thought God must have loved because He made so many of them, have promulgated a gospel for themselves, more easily understood than this essentially aristocratic literary creed. It is the gospel of the commonplace, and its good tidings are not artistic but ethical. Among Anglo-Saxon nations a literature has always been more valued for the teaching it conveys than for the form it displays. Some time ago Tennyson sounded a warning note against "the poisonous honey brought from France," the sweets of which Swinburne and the young men who followed him showed so much fondness for; and in the period of review and final summing up of opinion which has followed the laureate's death, one of the chief sources of interest has been in the ethical value of his poetry and the revelations of his friends concerning his religious faith. Mrs. Weld, who is a niece of Lady Tennyson, says, in a paper entitled, "Talks with Tennyson," which appeared in the March number of *The Contemporary Review*, that Tennyson loved to talk of spiritual matters, and that "no clergyman was a more earnest student of the Bible."

"I believe," he is reported as say-

ing, "that beside our material body we possess an immaterial body, something like what the ancient Egyptians called the *Ka*. I do not care to make distinctions between the soul and the spirit as men did in days of old, though, perhaps, the spirit is the best word to use of our higher nature, that nature which I believe in Christ to have been truly divine, the very presence of the Father, the only God, dwelling in the perfect man. We shall have much to learn in a future world, and I think we shall all be children to begin with when we get to heaven, whatever our age when we die, and shall grow on there from childhood to the prime of life, at which we shall remain for ever. My idea of heaven is to be engaged in perpetual ministry to souls in this and other worlds."

This last recalls to mind Browning's conception of the future life:

"What if heaven be that, fair and strong
At life's best, with our eyes upturned,
Whither life's flower is first discerned,
We, fixed so, ever should so abide?"

One stanza in Tennyson's "Ancient Sage" is quoted as expressing his philosophy of faith better than anything else he has written:

"Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond, to forms of Faith?
She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of 'Yes' and 'No,'
She sees the best that glimmers through the
worst,
She feels the sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer through the winter's bud,
She tastes the fruits before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
She finds the fountain, where they wailed
'Mirage.'"

This is the positive faith in Tennyson which must have succeeded that time when, in the attempt to "solve the riddle of the painful earth," he was only able to "stretch blind hands," and "faintly trust the larger hope."

When John Bull has a grievance he writes to the *Times*. The middle-class Frenchman has taken a different

way of righting his wrongs. He pours them into the ear of some popular and sympathetic journalist, who is expected forthwith to take all the responsibility attaching to them on his own shoulders. M. Francisque Sarcy, the dramatic critic, has lately been tormented by the confessions of scores of French matrons who swear by the nine gods that life with its vulgar and never-ending cares, is a burden too heavy to be borne, and who request the oracle to kindly indicate the speediest and most efficacious means of getting rid of it. Mr. Sarcy has contented himself with replying in the words of Alfred de Musset, that

"Il n'est de vulgaire douleur
Que celle d'une âme vulgaire."

What can have become of French galantry?

In the death of Hippolite Adolphe Taine, France has lost another of her literary veterans of glory. He was the man who was so well known to Englishmen on account of the great interest which the works of English writers possessed for him. The author of that "History of English Literature" which brought upon him the charge of atheism by the Bishop of Orleans, also wrote critical essays on English Idealism and English Positivism as exemplified by Carlyle and John Stuart Mill. He was the first to apply successfully the method of the *milieu*, originated by Sainte-Beuve, to literary criticism. "M. Taine," Theodore Child said of him not long ago, "is an intellect; he is a realist in the spirit of Flaubert and Goncourt, a documentary analyzer who seems to consider that what is most truly existent is the visible and tangible man, with his flesh, nerves and blood, his senses and his appetites. M. Taine is now the emeritus constructor of a vast philosophical system from which the tide of contemporary thought has retired, leaving it high and dry, but

imposing still. And so he continues, far from the hubbub of contemporary interests and ideas, building new wings and massive towers to magnify the volume of his work, and on Thursdays the curious loungers may recognize him as he passes, with small steps, on his way to the Institute, a man of mediocre aspect, with blurred and fugacious features, in which we distinguish two eyes of prodigious clearness and pronounced obliquity, blinking and squinting behind spectacles. M. Taine is one of the few famous Frenchmen who resist all the snares and assaults of interviewers, and who persist in refusing to allow their portraits to be sold or published."

THE SONG OF THE TOILER.

OH ! number not at eve thy deeds,
 Nor with the morn thy works proclaim :
 In silence sow the golden seeds,
 And reap with songs the grain.

Count not thine alms as yellow gold,
 Nor for the garnered harvest wait :
 The ripe seeds drop, and buds unfold
 Their blossoms soon or late.

Yet answer not for recompense
 The morning call that comes to thee :
 Labor is thine, and bitter sense
 Of failure oft thy fee.

Still in the hollows of thy hands,
 Bring of thy store of bread and gold ;
 But write not even on the sands
 Thy deeds, though manifold.

Good deeds to Heaven's chancel rise,
 And, though none know when years requite,
 Ever our poor self-sacrifice
 Bringeth its sure delight.

Yet weary feet that find no ease,
 And restless souls that long for light,
 And hearts that strive in vain for peace,
 Are with us day and night.

Shall we not strive through cloud and stress,
 Though all men's love be in eclipse,
 And naught of simple tenderness
 Comfort our trembling lips ?

'Midst weary days and years, not rouse
 The power to rise above mean cares ?
 Surely God's angels kiss the brows
 Of toilers unawares.

Surely rich blessings reach strong men
 Who pledge their faith where duty lies,
 Toiling and asking, faithful when
 Silence alone replies.

—W. T. TASSIE.

FORT NELSON AND HUDSON'S BAY.

BY D. B. READ, Q.C.

SINCE Hudson's Bay and the surrounding territories became geographically and politically a part of the Dominion of Canada, all eyes are turned in that direction. The valuable fisheries that exist there, and the fact that a railway or railways are being built from Winnipeg to the coast of the bay are sufficient reasons for endeavoring to make ourselves familiar with that region. We ought to know its early history and the conflicts that have taken place, and especially between the English and the French, resulting in the occupation of the coast country and the far interior of the Hudson's Bay country, and of posts and places, forts and trade houses, by the British and the Dominion.

We learn from French sources that in 1545, only eleven years after Jacques Cartier's discovery of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and his visit to Montreal, one Alphonse, a native of Xaintonge, in France, fired with ambition and love of discovery, made a voyage to the North coast, but that Jean Bourdon penetrated still farther, and that in 1656, with a vessel of thirty tons burden, he explored the whole coast of Labrador, and then went on his course till he reached the Strait of Hudson's Bay, which he succeeded in getting through, then entered the great bay, and went on till he reached the head of these waters, after having made a circuit of seven to eight hundred leagues (French), and that the place he reached was but one hundred and thirty leagues from Quebec by land.

This voyage of Bourdon was made for the purpose of establishing a trade with the Indians of Hudson's Bay.

In 1661, the Indians having become aware that there was a nation of

strangers (not Indians) in their vicinity, sent deputies by land to Quebec, with a view of entering into trade with the French, and at the same time asked that a missionary might be sent to them.

Viscount d'Argenson, who was at that time the French Governor at Quebec, received the application of the Indian chiefs with grace, and undertook to send to their country a Jesuit Father named Dablon, together with Mr. de la Valliere, a gentleman of Normandy, accompanied by Dennis Guyon, Deprez Coutie, and Francois Pelletier. The names of these gentlemen are familiar to the French-Canadians of the present day, both in a civil and political capacity. These gentlemen thought to make the journey, and for that purpose engaged Indians of the Saguenay to pilot them to their destination.

This expedition, however, turned out disastrously; the Indians after making some attempt to conduct them on their journey being obliged to confess that they did not know the route, refused to proceed in the enterprise. In 1663, the Indians, still anxious to get up a trade with the French, sent to Quebec to request Mr. d'Avagour, the then Governor, to send them some Frenchmen, with whom they could establish trade relations.

The Governor this time sent five men, who made their way to the bay by land, and took possession in the name of the King of France. On this occasion they planted a cross on a height of land; they also placed at the foot of a large tree the King's arms engraven on brass.

The English now had their turn. In the year 1656, two French Canadian gentlemen named Des Grozeliere

and De Radisson conceived what was then considered a chimerical idea, the establishing of trading posts even at the extreme western or south-western part of the bay coast. With this object in view they determined to take a different course from former expeditions. They adopted the Lake Superior route, the Lake of the Woods, Lake Winnipeg and the Nelson river, and in this way reached the bay at the mouth of the Nelson river. Thus it was demonstrated that the bay could be reached as well by the Superior route as by the Straits.

These French-Canadians afterwards applied to the French Government at Quebec, and to the home government in France, to allow them to conduct ships to the heart of the fur countries by way of Hudson's Straits. Both Governments refused their application. They then proceeded to Boston in the British colony of Massachusetts, thence to London, where they were received by British merchants, who were but too glad to engage them in the cause of establishing a trade with the Indians in the region of Hudson's Bay.

Mr. Gillam, connected with the Newfoundland trade, was entrusted with the duty of prosecuting the discovery, and to interest himself on the side of the English traders. He sailed in the "Nonsuch" ketch into Baffin's Bay in 1667 to the height of 75 degrees north, and from thence southward to 51 degrees, whence he entered a river, to which he gave the name of Prince Rupert, and finding the Indians favorable he erected a small fort there. This success induced the English Company shortly afterwards to establish forts or trading posts at Monsipi and at Kichichouanne.

As I gather from French accounts, the two French-Canadians, Des Grozeliere and De Radisson, accompanied Gillam on his expedition.

The planting of Fort Rupert on the coast of the bay was the first attempt the English made in establishing trade with the Hudson's Bay; and was really

the foundation of the Hudson's Bay Company, that great trading company which so long governed the North-west and monopolized the trade in that country.

The persons interested in the vessel which took Gillam and his associates to the coast, upon the return of Gillam applied for a patent to Charles the Second, who granted them the Hudson's Bay charter, dated the 2nd May, 1670.

Thus we have presented the singular fact that two French-Canadians, by their enterprise in visiting the coast by way of Lake Superior, baffled by the French and French Colonial Governments, threw themselves into the hands of London merchants, who became the founders and proprietors of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The London company, having got their grant, were not slow in availing themselves of their privileges, and soon erected a fort or trading post at the mouth of the Nelson river, which was interchangeably, as between the French and English, called Fort Bourbon or Fort Nelson. The question as to who was to secure the trade with the Indians of Hudson's Bay was daily growing in importance.

Des Grozeliere and De Radisson, who had succeeded in giving a foothold to the English on the coast, were adventurers, as ready to serve the English as the French, or the French as the English, as best suited their interest. Leaving the service of the English they went to France, and, as the French historians say, repented of the mistake they had made in discovering to the English the advantages of Hudson's Bay, obtained pardon from the French king, promised to do better for the future, and returned to Canada.

The patronage of the King of France having been obtained, a French, or French-Canadian Company was formed for the purpose of contesting the claims of the English in Hudson's Bay, and to turn the trade in the direction of Quebec and France to the exclusion of the English.

Des Grozeliers and De Radisson were given the command of two vessels to trade with the natives of the Hudson's Bay region.

These two vessels succeeded in reaching the Saint Thérèse river, now called the Hayes river, which the map will show flows into Hudson's Bay at or near the debouchure of the Nelson river. Here they built a fort after the fashion of forts of that day, about seven leagues from Fort Nelson.

Three days after the arrival of the two vessels which Des Grozeliers and De Radisson commanded, there arrived from Boston another colonial barque, but this time it was from the British colony of Massachusetts. Still four days afterwards, another English vessel arrived from London, and anchored in the Nelson river near the Boston vessel. The French and English colonists fraternized. The colonists were jealous of the English, and the French historian alleges that becoming apprehensive that they would be seized by the English and made prizes of, they put themselves under their protection.

The English on the London vessel endeavored to make a landing near Fort Nelson, but were opposed by the holders of the fort. The ice beat so furiously against their vessels that they were compelled to cut their cables and sail out into the bay, where they were shipwrecked with the loss of forty men.

Des Grozeliers and De Radisson of the French vessels entered into a treaty with the Indians, left eight men to guard the fort and departed for Quebec.

A misunderstanding soon sprang up between Des Grozeliers and De Radisson and the French or French-Canadian Company, and the adventurers threw up all connection with the company, set out for Paris, and put themselves in the hands of Lord Preston, the British Ambassador at Paris.

The French story is that Lord Preston employed all the means at his disposal to induce the adventurers to go

to London to unfold their designs, and succeeded.

Des Grozeliers and De Radisson offered the English traders in London to restore to them Fort Nelson, which they would have no difficulty in doing, inasmuch as they had left one Chouard, nephew of De Radisson and son of Des Grozeliers, in charge of the fort.

What is called the treachery of Des Grozeliers and De Radisson obliged the French company to take other measures, if they wished to build up a trade with the Indians of Hudson's Bay: accordingly, in the following year, the company sent two small vessels into the bay. These vessels were under the command of M. de la Martinière, who on reaching Fort Nelson, was surprised to find it in possession of the English. Martinière wintered six months in the river Matcispi, opposite Fort Nelson, made a treaty with the Indians and on the 16th July set sail for Quebec: he would have remained longer in the Hudson's Bay country to await assistance from France, but his people apprehended danger from want of provisions, and being in danger of being blocked in by ice for the winter, set fire to the fort and left. In the course of his return voyage to Quebec, he fell in on the coast of Labrador with an English ketch, which was making its way to bay, but was obliged to succumb to the Martinière and his companions. The English ketch became the prize of the French voyager.

In the year 1685, the French company having laid before the King of France a statement of the action, or, as termed by them, the usurpation of the English, in having rendered themselves possessors of Fort Nelson, obtained from His Majesty and his council a concession of the full and exclusive enjoyment of the river Saint Thérèse (Hayes river).

In 1686, the Chevalier-de-Troyes captain of infantry at Quebec, accompanied by three Canadian brothers

and many others, set out from Quebec on foot, with the design of making conquest of the three English forts at Rupert, Monsipi and Kichichouanne. They started on their journey in the month of March, carrying on their backs their canoes and provisions, and, after many trials, arrived before Monsipi on the 20th June. The French relater of the incidents of this perilous and fatiguing march says, "Il fallait etre Canadien pour supporter les incommoditez d'une si longue traverse."

It would be too long for a magazine article to enter into all the details of this undertaking: it is sufficient to say that the English fort fell under the blows administered by the French Canadians, and that Troyes and D'Iberville, the commanders of the expedition, and indeed, all their compatriots, gained much eclât for the parts they played in the enterprise.

To judge of the magnitude of the undertaking, one has to take into account the rough and wooded country the French Canadians had to traverse, with but themselves to do the carrying of the boats, and provide commissariat for the successful accomplishment of their mission.

Having succeeded in taking the three forts to which I have referred, the French could well afford to lie on their oars for awhile, even though the Hudson Bay Company by the occupation of Fort Nelson should be enabled to diminish their catch of fish or deprive them of a goodly number of beaver skins, martin, loup marins or sea wolf, caribou and deer, and the skins of the many other wild animals which infested the woods and forests surrounding Hudson's Bay.

Here I may make a diversion, to make special allusion to the beaver or "castor," the national emblem of Canada. Of all the animals in the Northwest, the beaver was held in the greatest reverence—that was because of its capacity for hard work, perseverance and skill in building houses for themselves, and for the wonderful intelli-

gence they displayed in all their operations. Monsieur de Bacqueville de la Potherie, cousin of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in 1722, who accompanied the expedition to which I have referred, in one of his letters giving a detailed account of the voyage, also gives a detailed account of this animal, of its haunts, how it worked, felling trees for its winter hut, how it provided means of escape in case of flood or the burglarious action of other animals, and indeed, of all its qualities of architect, carpenter, joiner, mason and all other mechanical arts required in the construction of houses. Writing of the castor (beaver), he says: "Elle est si admirable que l'on reconnoit en lui l'autorité d'un maitre absolu, et véritable caractère d'un Père de famille, et le genie d'un habile Architecte; aussi les sauvages disent que c'est un esprit et non pas un animal."

We will now return to Fort Nelson. This fort, the importance of which was recognized both by the French and English, we have seen fell into the hands of the English of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1687, and had since been under their control.

In 1694, the French and French Canadians having possessed themselves of the Forts Kichichouanne, Rupert and Monsipi, now turned their attention to the capturing of Fort Nelson. The King of France supplied the Quebec company with two vessels, the *Poli* and the *Salamander*, to lead an expedition for the recovery of this fort. D'Iberville was given the command, and proceeded to Quebec where he engaged one hundred and twenty French Canadians to go with him to Fort Nelson. He and his compatriots set out from Quebec on the eighth of August, and arrived before the fort on the twenty-fourth of September. D'Iberville besieged the fort for eight days, and then bombarded the fortifications for eight days. The garrison was not a very large one, only fifty-six men. On the 12th of October,

the fire of the besiegers becoming too hot for the besieged, the fort with the garrison of fifty-six men and fifty pieces of cannon was surrendered, and the Quebec company became master of the field.

At the end of fifteen months, D'Iberville returned to France, leaving one La Forêt governor of the place.

In 1696, the English appeared before the fort with four vessels of war and one gun boat. La Forêt disputed their landing as well as he was able; all, however, of no avail, as the garrison was soon compelled to surrender the fort, making it a stipulation that they should retain the beaver skins in the fort; a stipulation which, the French say, the English failed to keep, and took the beaver skins and an Iroquois Indian Chief with them to England.

The French government, incensed at the conduct of the English, now determined to make vigorous efforts to re-establish their authority at Fort Nelson. For this purpose, the King sent out a squadron of four prime vessels, the *Pelican*, the *Palmier*, the *Waesph* and *Le Profond*, with instructions to capture Fort Nelson at all hazards.

These vessels, after a voyage of nearly six months, arrived in view of Fort Nelson on the 3rd September, 1697.

Two days afterwards, they were surprised to find three ships, under full sail, coming up the Hudson's Bay. These ships were the English ships, the *Hampshire*, fifty-six cannons and 250 men; the *Dering*, of thirty-five guns, and the *Hudson Bay*, of thirty-two guns.

Mr. de Bacqueville, one of the officers of the expedition, gives a full and particular account of all the manoeuvres of the French squadron till it reached Fort Nelson, and made war upon the English and their vessels, amidst the ice of Hudson's Bay and on land up to that time more frequented by the Esquimaux, bears, wolves and other wild animals than by civilized

people. His account of this outward-bound voyage, and all its incidents, from its beginning to its termination, though most interesting, can only receive a short notice here. Suffice it to say, that Serigni, Lieutenant of *Le Palmier*, with this expedition, on its setting out from Rochelle, on the 7th of April, 1697, found himself in command of the fleet, owing to the absence of D'Iberville, who had been occupied conducting an enterprise for capturing the English forts or trading-houses on the coasts of Newfoundland and Cape Breton. It was the King's instruction that D'Iberville should be placed in command at Plaisance, a large and beautiful bay of Newfoundland, and be responsible for the success of the expedition to Hudson's Bay.

When the French squadron arrived at Plaisance, they found that D'Iberville was absent, making war on the English settlements in Acadia (Nova Scotia). Before M. d'Iberville arrived at Plaisance, M. Du Brouillon, governor of the place, had made an unsuccessful attempt to take St. John's (Newfoundland) by sea, and had returned to his government. When M. d'Iberville came back, DuBrouillon and he concerted together as to the best means to be taken to possess themselves of the island. The plan adopted was a combined attack to reduce St. John's, the principal place of the island. M. d'Iberville appointed Montigni, lieutenant of a Canadian infantry company, to be his lieutenant; and then, with Du Brouillon in command of a detachment, the combined forces took up their winter march. The enterprise proved successful and St. John's fell, under and by the skilful management of an able commander. Whatever credit was to be taken out of the capture belonged to the French Canadians, to whom D'Iberville had given the foremost place in the campaign. D'Iberville also had in his retinue Pierre Jeanbeoville, an Abenaki Indian Chief, and L'Abbé Baudoin, who rendered much service in inspiring the

Canadians with increased courage by administering to them the rite of absolution before engaging in battle. The operations for the reduction of Newfoundland resulted in the taking of upwards of thirty harbors and fishing-places in the hands of the French. This was a great blow to the English commerce in Newfoundland, which thereby became crippled and well nigh lost to the British nation.

To return to Hudson's Bay. We have said that the opposing English and French squadrons met before Fort Nelson on the 3rd of September. As soon as the English came within fighting distance of the French they formed themselves into line of battle. The combat soon commenced in earnest.

The French had determined to have Fort Nelson or die in the attempt. They first attacked the *Hampshire*, then the *Dering*, and soon the *Hudson's Bay*.

The sea fight between the opposing ships was well sustained by both sides for several hours.

The result, however, was against the English. The *Hampshire* was sunk, the *Hudson's Bay* struck her flag, and the *Dering* put to sea, no longer able to withstand the prowess of the French arms.

The treaty of Rigswick was signed that year, and left the French in possession of all the forts on Hudson's Bay.

During the next fifteen years, the English trade was restricted, but by the treaty of Utrecht, A.D. 1713, all

the territories of the bay were ceded to the English.

The Hudson's Bay Company were at once restored to the rights and privileges which they had enjoyed under the patent of Charles II., A.D. 1670; these rights and privileges they enjoyed uninterruptedly, in the exercise of which they amassed great wealth, for a period of more than one hundred and fifty years.

On the 19th day of November, 1869, the company, by deed, surrendered to Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, all the rights of government and other rights, privileges, liberties, franchises, powers and authorities which had been granted to the company by patent of Charles II., and by an order in council, dated at Windsor, on the 23rd day of June, 1870, Her Majesty in council, granted to the Dominion of Canada, Rupert's Land and the Northwestern Territory, by virtue of which, under certain conditions and reservations, Canada became possessed of the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company.

As we have seen, French Canadians had much to do in the outset in opening up the Hudson's Bay trade with the Indians, and it would seem no more than justice that the Dominion of Canada, occupied, as it is, by a mixed people, of Anglo Saxon and Norman descent, should be restored to their own in the possession of the territories, rights and privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company.



TO HISTORY UNKNOWN.

BY STELLA EUGÈNIE ASLING.

I.

"AND now it is your turn, Ouida." But dreamy, dark-eyed Ouida did not reply just then.

We were a party of school girls, and had been spending the day at the lake shore of Penetanguishene, just near the Provincial Reformatory for boys. We had been all through that great stone building, entered our names in the visitors' book, and had been led through the lofty corridors and spacious dormitories by the guard. We had seen the school-rooms, music-rooms and chapels; looked with interest at the manufacturing of matches and furniture; peeped into the kitchen, tasted the bread baked by the boys, and altogether had thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. But the day came to a close, and so, while waiting for the boat, we sat on the shore in the evening twilight and told all the stories we could remember of the early days of the locality—when Governor Simcoe had first stationed troops at Penetanguishene, when the first settlers had "jobbed" and "fished" and "hunted" and lived from hand to mouth.

"Ouida, we're waiting for your story," says Clara, impatiently. "We all know yours will be the best, for your nurse, Madame Bienville, has crammed your brain with legends since your infancy. Do you see ghosts flitting among those shadowy islands, that you are looking across there so earnestly?"

"I'm trying to pierce the mists of two hundred and fifty years," Ouida answered, smiling. "You laugh at my faith and my traditions, yet,

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human ;

That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not ;
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened,
Listen to this simple story' :

"It dates back to before the time of which you have been speaking," she continued. "No man lives who remembers the time. It was before Penetanguishene rose in its terraced beauty, or that massive stone structure threw long shadows over the water; when the south-west corner of the bay was called Wenrio, and the spot on which we are sitting was known as Ihonitaria.

Here a peaceful nation dwelt, cultivated their land and lived in harmony with one another.

II.

One morning, when the birds were singing their sweet matins, when the flowers had just awakened to the first warm kisses of the sunshine, a little canoe shot out from the rude wharf of Wenrio. Lightly and gracefully as the swan, it glided over the water, turned the bend in the bay and approached the landing at Ihonitaria. The occupant of the canoe was a young girl about sixteen. A very child of nature was this wild flower of the forest, and our great "creative mother" had lavishly heaped her gifts upon this—her favorite child. Her eyes were large, and soft and brown, like those of a gazelle. Braids of dark, glossy hair crowned her head, and her face was radiant with health and innocent joy.

After a time she laid the paddle down in the bottom of the canoe and looked over into the calm water. Did

a mirror in the most sumptuous apartment in the civilized lands reflect a more perfect picture? And yet, as she looked, her face recalled a dim memory of a dead mother. An expression of pensive sadness crept into the depths of her dark eyes, but only for a moment; the next, she listened for a moment to the song of the birds, then joined her sweet voice to theirs, and singing, continued her way.

Suddenly she looked to the top of the hill: the song was hushed, the paddle remained motionless. A plumed warrior, more kingly than anything she has ever seen or dreamed of, is leaping lightly over stones and fallen trees down the hill-side.

He saw her, too. As he approached, the canoe touched the landing, and lightly and gracefully as a leopard, she sprang from it. Then, erect, and with a queenly dignity, she stood before him; for, was she not the daughter of the chief of the Hurons, and the acknowledged beauty of her tribe?

And, silently, with a low bow, Eugène d'Aillebout acknowledged her sovereignty as he would have a princess of the Parisian court.

III.

Eugène d'Aillebout belonged to one of the noblest families of France. His love for adventure had brought him to Canada. He was a model of knightly chivalry, dauntless personal bravery, and patriotism—a good representative, in fact, of those early emigrants whose adventures and achievements have been called “The Prose Epic of the Canadian Nation.”

For a moment they looked at each other in silence. He came from a court where pomp, fashion and licentiousness reigned supreme, and he had found a young creature as graceful, innocent, and free from guile as a young fawn. She saw before her a man—a king! from that far away land which the priest, Jean de Brebœuf, had told her of, but which she had found it hard to realize ever existed.

The stranger was the first to break the silence. “Will the daughter of the Hurons direct my steps to the habitations of her people?”

To his surprise she answered him with a clear musical voice, in French.

“The warrior of the white-skin will follow the trail till he sees the smoke rising from the wigwams of my tribe.”

“Pardon me, but you speak our language well. May I ask who was your teacher?”

“Father Brebœuf. Twelve times have the snows melted and the flowers bloomed since he found me one day playing here with the sand and stones, building a fort. He took me by the hand and told me to come in to my mother. She was lying, white and still, upon the bed. My father was bending over her. When we went in she opened her eyes and said faintly, ‘Little White Wing, I’m going to leave, and you are not to be called White Wing, any more, but Elimere; the priest says so.’ He baptised me then, and all the time the death angel lay crouched behind her ready to carry away the white-winged spirit of life. At last her lips moved, she smiled faintly and was gone.

“That was in the moon of the falling leaf; and when the snows covered the ground, the dark death angel moved among the people, and there was mourning in the wigwams of the Hurons. But when the spring came we left the houses and built new ones at Wenrio, and Father Brebœuf was as good to me as my own father, and taught me the French language.”

Not till then did she remember she had been talking to a stranger. She drew herself up with a haughty grace and said, coldly:

“The Warrior of the pale-face will be long in making his journey. The sun is showering his fiery arrows to the earth, and the flowers are no longer sparkling with dew.”

Eugène did not mind the delay. He would have been quite willing to

have listened longer to the quaint language and sweet voice of the speaker. But she had dismissed him; so he smiled as he answered that "the journey was not long. He was stationed at Fort Sainte Marie."

IV.

Fort Sainte Marie was built by Jean de Brebœuf and the other priests as a central station from which the truths of Christianity might radiate. It was situated on the bank of the River Wye, where it issues from Mud Lake. The fortifications formed a parallelogram of 175x90 feet.

The interior included church, refectory, lodges, kitchen, and places of retreat for meditation.

The first thought that came to Elimere when she awakend the next morning was, that it was the Sabbath; and the next brought a flush to her cheek—she would see her plumed warrior at mass.

With great care she arranged her tresses, and fastened among the glossy braids, bunches of wild June roses. She selected her most prettily ornamented moccasins. Then by her father's side she tripped along through the great forest to Sainte Marie. The flowers had been freshly baptized with dew, and gave forth their sweetest fragrance. The birds waked the echoes of the forest with their song. The sombre balsams mingled their dark foliage with the silvery birch and maple. Ferns linked in hidden nooks, and the little squirrels frisked about and played among the branches. Through this scene of primeval beauty they continued, till the sparkling, rippling little River Wye was seen through the branches of the trees.

A canoe was coming rapidly along and in it was a person who had never been absent from Elimere's thoughts that morning—Eugène d'Aillebout.

He stopped and took them in; and together they continued their way up the stream.

How pleasant that row was! Eugène talked to them of sunny France—the land of flowers and sunshine, gardens and chateaux, meadows and vineyards, till the crosses on the bastions of St. Marie appeared in sight; and from the grey tower the bell pealed solemnly forth, awakening strange thoughts of unearthly lands, as it floated down the river, tarried in the woods, and at last died away in the bosom of the forest.

As the bell ceased ringing, the little party landed, and entered the church.

The sunlight stole softly in through the windows; crept over altar, and chancel-rail, and candlestick; and wrapped in a yellow glory the form of Elimere, as she knelt by the chevalier's side.

Eugène looked at her with admiration, mingled with reverence. He thought he had never seen a more perfect young creature. Her hands were clasped in prayer, and a light almost divine rested on her upturned face. No premonition of the fearful drama, that, in the time to come, was to be enacted, came to her in that peaceful Sabbath stillness.

The Ave Marie was sung. The incense rose, and rested above the altar, like the amen above some perfect prayer. The crowd dispersed, and Elimere was gone.

V.

It was evening in the lake region. The sun cast a farewell glance over sky, blue water, and shadowy island, and over the Little Lake near the Indian trail. It was so perfect—that little lake, with the smooth stretch of velvet green encircling it. Great oaks and maples on the hilltop loomed up against the sky like giant sentinels, keeping watch and ward of the enchanted lake below. It had no apparent inlet or outlet, and lay there with scarcely a ripple on its surface, sleeping quietly year after year.

The sun has scarcely given his good-

night nod, when the moon rises slowly and serenely above the tree-tops and looks down into the calm water beneath. She sees something else to-night besides the sleeping lake and drowsy water-lilies. A deer comes down to the water's edge and looks up at her with its pensive eyes. But another object attracts her attention. A canoe is floating along in the silvery path. The man sees the love which he feels reflected in the soft radiance of the dark eyes opposite. "What need of words, when heart to heart responds?" The moon knows that in the future there will be a bitter parting, and long days of separation, and looks down at them with pitying tenderness. But they are happy in this blissful present, and the canoe floats on in the track of the moon-beams.

* * * * *

From its wide sweep across the ice-bound lake the storm broke in sudden fury over the little village of Wenrio. It shook the frail bark lodges as if it would tear them from their foundations.

One solitary light glimmered out on the darkness—from the lodge of the Huron Chief.

Elimere went to the door and peered anxiously out into the night. A cloud of snow blew into her face; with a shiver she closed the door and returned to her father's bedside. No one would venture out in such a storm. She will be alone with her dying father.

"Elimere?"

"Yes, father."

Consciousness has returned to the sick man at last. She kneels by the bed, clasps one hand in hers, and fans the fevered brow.

The chief lies there with eyes awake, and conscious, his parted lips dry and parched by the feverish breath.

How long Elimere kneels there she knows not; but the door opens at last and Eugène is there.

Ah! she knew he would come. He

who goes about on errands of mercy would never desert her.

The hours wear on. The breath comes in quick, short gasps now. Elimere's position never changes. Her long, black hair hangs loosely about her shoulders. Her large, bright eyes are fixed on him in astonished fear.

At last there comes a moment when there is a gasp—a quick-drawn sigh, and all is over.

When the days of mourning among the Hurons are ended, the Chief is laid in a grave under the hemlocks at Fort Sainte Marie.

VI.

In the dusky twilight of a winter afternoon, a figure might be seen creeping along in the fading light, now glancing stealthily around, now moving cautiously forward, till he reaches the lodge which for twelve years Elimere has called home.

He opened the door with the quietness which characterizes men of his race, and, having assured himself that no one but the object of his search was around, entered.

Elimere, quite unconscious of the intrusion, was calmly sitting embroidering a pair of leggings. A moment later, and a burly chief was at her feet. With a startled cry she sprang up. Who was this hideous-looking warrior, and what did he want of her?

With a dim smile the dusky chief looked at her, and in words which he vainly endeavored to make gentle, said:

"Black wolf, the chief of the Iroquois, has heard of the beauty of Elimere, and would make her his bride."

The wife of Black Wolf, indeed! She drew herself up proudly, and with withering contempt answered:

"And Elimere has heard of the treacherous character of Black Wolf. His heart knows neither pity nor fear. His claws are sharp as eagle's talons, and his fangs are dripping with innocent blood."

Anger flashed for a moment from

his eyes, but he answered with a cringing smile:

"The voice of Elimere is sweet as the musical waters of the fountain. Her lips are red as sumach berries. Her hair is black as the wing of the raven when the sun showers his golden arrows upon it. When Black Wolf returns from the weary hunt, the starry eyes of Elimere shall make his wigwam bright."

"Elimere of the Hurons will never become the bride of the Iroquois Chief. How dare you thus remain in my presence?"

"When the faun has no longer the protecting care of the buck, the wolf steals from his covert to seize the prey he would have for his own."

A sickening fear almost overcame her. What did his ambiguous words mean? But she said, haughtily:

"The words of Black Wolf are like the prattle of the papoose. Let his speech end. He shall take the trail to the Iroquois country, and nevermore enter the lodge of the Hurons."

And, quietly as he had entered, the chief departs. Was he deterred in his purpose? Far from it. His plans were too deeply laid to be so easily frustrated by the sharp words of a dusky maiden. Are not his followers even now mustering to arms in the Iroquois country; and was he angry at the words so severely spoken? Evidently not. He admired the spirit which called them forth, and smiled as he thought of the haughty grace. Her equal was not to be found in his country.

VII.

And how did Elimere come out of the ordeal? When he had gone, the courage which had sustained her gave way, and she fell sobbing to the floor. A great fear overcame her. She felt that the Iroquois Chief had some determined purpose in view. Did he intend to carry her off to his country? With a shudder she thought of a life spent with that ugly chief. One

thought was uppermost in her mind—escape. But where was she to find safety? If it came to the worst, her people were no match for the blood-thirsty Iroquois.

Fort Sainte Marie!—like a ray of sunshine came the thought. The fort was well pallisaded. Cannon were there, and armed men; among them Eugène. If she could only reach it, all would be well.

She will go! Hastily wrapping herself in furs, she sets out on her journey. Soon the lights of the village have disappeared, and she is out in the wintry night—alone. The drifts have covered the trail, and it is with difficulty that she can find her way. The night grows blacker. The wind becomes more piercing, and every low tree or shrub Elimere fancies may be the Iroquois Chief.

At last the way becomes completely blocked. A stupor is creeping over her. Her tired limbs refuse to move. Far behind her she hears a sound. Black Wolf is following her. Of what use to try further? So she quietly waits her fate.

Nearer, and nearer, comes the sound. Half-unconsciously she sees a sled drawn by dogs; and a voice with the accent she loves so dearly is saying: "Elimere, as I live! and whatever is she doing out here in the storm?"

It is Eugène d'Aillebout. Her knight—her deliverer. As she is lifted into the sleigh, a figure retreats further into the shadow. Black Wolf has witnessed the meeting, and another link is forged which will bind the chains of captivity stronger.

VIII.

A wild, dark sky, in which a few stars gleam faintly; a hurrying of clouds to and fro, revealing the moon for a moment, and then veiling her face with a curtain of inky blackness; a blinding torrent of sleet, and a wailing of the tortured trees in the tem-

pest. But hark! mingling with the howlings of the March storm is another sound. There is the tread of one thousand warriors; the waving of eagle feathers; the mutter of suppressed voices; and a clanking of tomahawks, spears, and war-clubs, as the dusky line of Iroquois move on to their bloody work—the surprise and massacre of the Hurons at Fort St. Ignace.

When they reached the fort all was still as the grave. But soon above the wail of the tempest came the cries of the panic-stricken inmates.

A few only escaped to St. Louis, a town nearer Ste. Marie. There they told the horrible tale. The inhabitants fled, except the decrepit, the sick, the priests and eighty warriors, who calmly waited the onset. Just after sunrise it came.

Twice were the assailants repulsed, but in the third attempt they managed to force the palisades and proceeded to massacre their victims. They then set fire to the town, burning with it all the old and infirm who were unable to escape from the houses.

Fort Ste. Marie stood guard all day and all night expecting an attack, but none came.

During the day the rain ceased; the wind lulled itself to rest. Towards evening, the snow fell silently, softly down and covered the blackened ruins in a mantle of purity. In the morning the snow lay white and deep; so deep, that Elimere standing by her father's grave under the snow-crowned hemlocks was unconscious of approaching footsteps till Eugène stood beside her.

"I have come to say good-bye, dear. Three hundred warriors have joined us from Ste. Madeline, and we are going to pay those assassins up for their foul work of yesterday morning.

"To-morrow was to have been the happiest day of my life, when I would have claimed my sweet young bride. But now—There, don't cry, darling.

All may yet be well. Good-bye again. God grant it may not be forever."

"Farewell, true heart."

Hand clasps hand, heart reads heart in an agony of sorrow, and they are parted. Who shall say when to meet again?

The Hurons divided into bands, and surprised and defeated two hundred Iroquois who were advancing to make an attack on Fort Ste. Marie.

The Iroquois made for the ruined Fort of St. Louis. But the avenging Hurons gave them no quarter. They killed many, captured some, and put the remnant to flight.

News of the disaster was carried to the main body at St. Ignace, and a vengeful attack was made on the Hurons at St. Louis.

What words can describe the fearful battle which followed.

Foremost in the fight was Eugène. One thought was ever uppermost—if they should fail there, the consequences to Ste. Marie. And with the energy of despair he led on his followers.

Far into the night the fight lasted, but neither the valor of patriotism nor the energy of despair could avail the doomed defenders. The Iroquois at last forced the defences, but they took but twenty captives. All the rest had fought to the death. Nor was it vainly they had striven. The Iroquois had been so weakened that the intended attack on Ste. Marie was abandoned.

Father Brebœuf was stripped of his sacrificial vestments. His body was hacked with tomahawks and knives; yet he uttered no word of complaint.

The other prisoners (except a few who were reserved to carry the baggage) were thrown into the burning buildings and the savages departed, laughing with demoniacal delight at the dying shrieks of their roasting victims.

IX.

The solemn silence of midnight enveloped the dwellings of the Iroquois. In a wigwam a little apart from the

others, a white-browed warrior lay sleeping. With his hair tossed back from his forehead, his arm thrown carelessly over his head, he lay wrapped in profound slumber.

See! in that midnight darkness a hand lifts a corner of one of the skins, and a savage face peers in. Then, with a step as light as the fall of autumn leaves, Black Wolf enters.

For a moment he scans quietly the face of the sleeper. Then he bends forward and lays his hand on the white man's heart. Still no stir. Was there ever a surer mark for a knife? and he knows just where to strike deep and sure. And then there will be an end to that life which he hates with all the hatred of his savage nature.

"Ah," he mutters, "only for you I would have taken more scalps. I would have captured Sainte Marie and so gained the prize for which my heart craves. Now my followers say your life shall not be taken. They shall see.

A knife flashes through the gloom. The chief's right hand is raised aloft ready to strike.

But, lo! the sleeper turns, and murmurs in his sleep the word, "Elimere."

Was a gentle chord touched in that grim chief's nature? Or did the name recall the words, his "fangs are dripping with innocent blood." The knife is lowered, his hand drops by his side, and as he turns away he whispers, "Not yet."

A few days later, Black Wolf met a stranger looking for Eugène d'Ailleboub, who, he said, had fallen heir to an estate. His return to Quebec was anxiously looked for by a large retinue, who were waiting to accompany him to France.

It was not the chief's purpose to tell the messenger that he had Sieur d'Ailleboub in captivity. So he sent him to another nation. In the meantime he would mature his plans and carry them into effect.

* * *

Summer had come again to the lake region, and preparations had been made by the priests to establish Fort Sainte Marie at Choendoe (Christian Island). In a few days the remnant of Hurons would begin their journey to the new mission.

A great longing seized Elimere to see the little lake before leaving. Not till its calm beauty burst upon her view did she fully realize the utter desolation of the country. In a voice of deepest anguish she cried:

"Oh, my people, you have been hunted like the hind in autumn; like the hind of the forest you have been captured and slain, and in all these months where is Eugène? Like the firs among the leafless trees of winter, so is my love among our nations. He was brave as a lion, gentle as a doe, yet he was seized by men more fierce than wolves at evening.

"Blow, O north wind! Waft a message to my love, and tell him that by the lake of water-lilies Elimere waits alone.

"Our lodges are desolate, and our gardens become a waste. When the snows melted in spring the streams ran blood. The maize waves no longer in the breeze. The grass has withered and the summer fruits have failed."

"Elimere!"

With a glad cry of surprise she turned and stood face to face with Eugène.

"Oh, Eugène, did you come at my call? I was so lonely I cried aloud! I thought there was no ear to hear but the pines."

"I went to the fort and they told me you had come here, so I followed."

"But where have you been so long?"

"I was taken captive with some others that fearful day. We were made to carry all the baggage, and when we arrived at the Iroquois towns my companions were brained. I waited for my turn to come, thinking every hour would be my last. But the weary months crept on, and one day I was surprised at the plan which

Black Wolf proposed. I was to enter with him for a canoe race. The winner was to claim you, darling. You see he gave you no voice in the matter. But I had to consent. It was the price of my freedom."

"But, Eugène, you will win."

"I shall do my best, though they say no one can beat the chief in a canoe. The contest is to be to-morrow morning; the starting-point, Present Island."

Before the sun was well up next morning, a number of Hurons made for the Island, anxious to witness the race.

By six o'clock all is ready. The contestants are waiting. They glance anxiously across to the Point, now and then to a flag fluttering to the breeze. The one who lays it at Elimere's feet claims her hand.

At a given signal the canoes shoot out. With the rapidity of lightning they fly over the water. Ah, see! the chief is ahead. He is winning. Now they are nearing the flag, and Eugène is slowly but surely gaining. He has reserved all his strength for this final struggle. He reaches the goal; he seizes the flag, and is returning. Loud cheers are sent across the water. But now the chief speeds on with blind fury. He reaches Eugène's side, raises his oar, and, before the spectators are aware, strikes his unsuspecting victim with the fury of a demon, and overturns the canoe. Then, with a fiendish yell, he seizes the flag and makes for the shore. But, swiftly, silently, an arrow flies from the bow of an enraged Huron and lodges in his breast. With an unearthly cry, he throws up his arms, falls into the water, and the chief of the Iroquois is seen no more.

But who is this that comes struggling, dripping to the shore. It is Eugène. Willing hands lift him and lay him on the grass. Eager hands rub him till he glows with returning life. In the excitement, a stranger is not noticed till he is standing among them. It is the messenger from Quebec to convey to Eugène the tidings that as his brother had died he had succeeded to the estate.

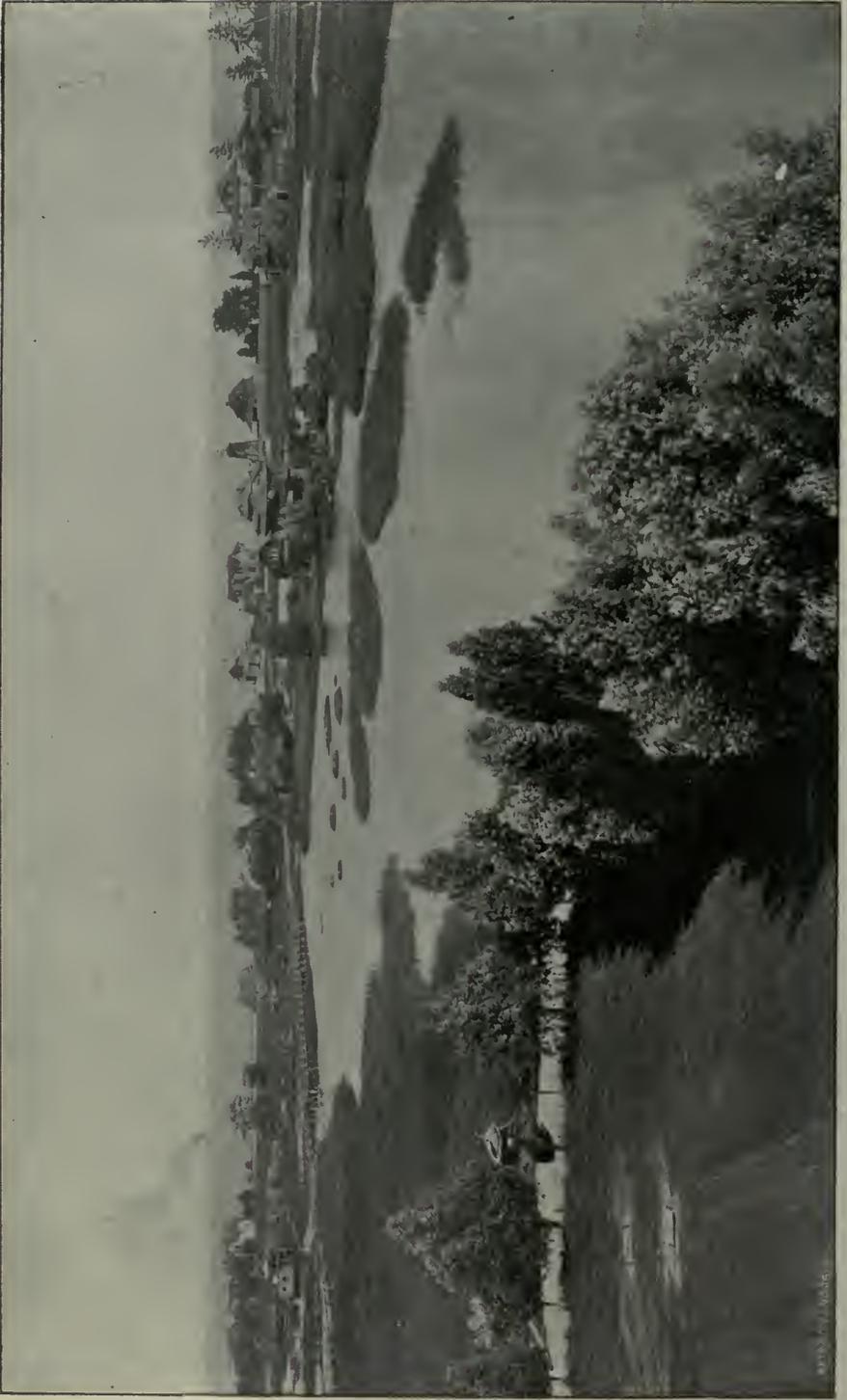
And so, without further delay, a very primitive wedding took place at Sainte Marie, and Eugène and Elimere left for their new home.

Ouida's story had been interrupted as we boarded the boat, and she finished it just as we were passing Present Island. Almost instinctively we crept closer together as we looked at the sombre trees in the moonlight, half expecting the spirit of the departed chief to be peering at us from among the shadows.

As we landed, Midland looked like an enchanted city in the misty light, and with our thoughts still full of the dusky maiden, we looked across to the wood which encircled the little lake.

Ah! beautiful, dark-eyed Elimere, in your stately Parisian home did you think that two hundred years would elapse before the lake region would again teem with life, before the little lake would be a meeting-place for a happy maiden and lover, or a little birch bark canoe would go floating about among the water-lilies; that when that wilderness would again echo with the stirring notes of happy home-life, your life, and that of your nation would have become an unreal dream for ever and for ever?





LAGOON, TORONTO ISLAND

PHOTO. BRUCE

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BACTERIA AND THEIR RÔLE IN NATURE.

BY JOHN J. MACKENZIE, B.A., BACTERIOLOGIST TO THE ONTARIO BOARD OF HEALTH.

FEW subjects in the realm of science have awakened so great an interest or advanced so rapidly as bacteriology. A few decades ago and it was hardly recognized as a distinct branch of botany; now it is considered a science in itself. It has its professors and its laboratories, its apparatus and its literature, and a man who would now enter its field must go through a special course of training in order to master the delicate technique which is the key to its mysteries.

Microbes have not only awakened the interest of the public generally, but have even penetrated the realms of fiction, and novelists have used them, believing it a much more striking and original *dénoûment* to "remove" a character by means of a cholera culture than by the historic dirk or vulgar poison bowl.

The reason for this great popular interest in the science lies, of course, in its connection with practical medicine. The lay public follows with intense interest, though afar off, the advances of Medicine, and let us but discover a new cause of disease or a new cure, and the newspapers announce it with double-headed columns and the people read it eagerly. The interest in bacteria lies largely also in the fascination with which people regard the presence all around them of

these invisible enemies, which apparently only await a favorable opportunity to enter their bodies and work havoc there. That this dread of these minute enemies is justified, there is no doubt, but it is equally true that many of them are not only not enemies, but valuable friends and allies which con-

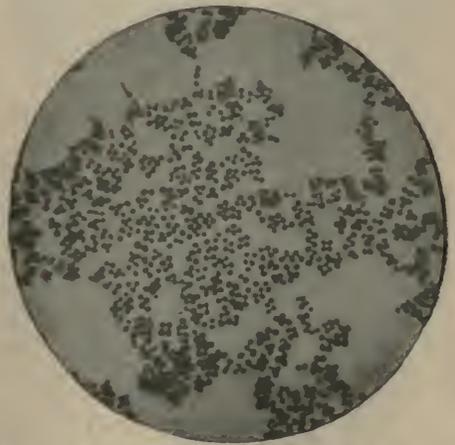


FIG. 1. A LARGE MICROCOCCUS FOUND IN AIR.

tribute very materially to our welfare, in rendering the world habitable, by breaking up all organic filth and bringing it back to such a condition that it may be used for food by the higher plants and thus converted into food for animals. Not only in this most important rôle are they useful, but in many minor ways, so that we find that

in the ripening of cheese, the flavoring of butter, and even in the curing of tobacco, they are important agents, and we may with reason ask ourselves, would life be worth living without them?

People have a tendency to think that what is living and dangerous must be an animal; if, in addition, it is minute, it must be an insect, and insects are detestable. Bacteria have thus been nick-named insects, and are abhorred accordingly. The dog has been given a bad name, and it seems useless to plead for him. These minute organisms, however, are not animals, but plants so low in the scale of

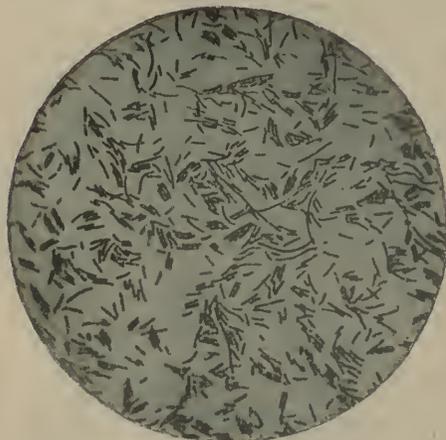


FIG. 2. A BACILLUS FOUND IN WATER.

vegetable life that we may easily consider them the lowest forms that exist. They may at one time have been higher, but their bad habits of living upon decaying organic matter or upon living animals, has carried the curse with it, which it always does, and they have degenerated. They are none the less plants, however, and form a well-marked sub-division of the plant world, including multitudes of species, each species being separated by definite characters from all the rest. These species are grouped into genera, each genus being given a special name. For instance, in one genus the bacteria are all globular, as in Figure 1, and it is given the name of

micrococcus. In another, they are rod-like, and the name bacillus is applied (Fig. 2); in another, spiral, and we have the name spirillum (Fig. 3.) In all cases, however, they are characterized by their extreme minuteness. The bacillus which causes tuberculosis, for example, is so slender that 125,000 of them may lie side by side in an inch, and of the largest which we know and which has been called *bacillus megatherium* on account of its comparatively enormous size, only 10,000 will lie side by side in the same space. It would seem as if little damage could be done by such minute creatures, but they reproduce so rapidly that they make up in numbers for their insignificant size. Their reproduction consists simply in one individual, when it has reached a certain size, dividing into two new ones, and as this, under favorable conditions, may take place every twenty minutes, it is easy to obtain some idea of the enormous rapidity of increase. Even when conditions are such that they only divide every hour, at the end of twenty-four hours the one individual is represented by over sixteen millions. In bacteriological investigations we make use of this rapid multiplication to facilitate our studies, and in much of our work pay only slight attention to individuals, but study the appearances of their colonies, in which they are present in millions. We are able to do this, thanks to Robert Koch, who introduced methods so exact that we now know not only the form and size of multitudes of bacteria, but also the foods upon which they grow, the conditions which affect their growth, and many of the chemical substances formed by them while growing. The chief of these methods is the cultivation of bacteria in nutritive jellies. Every housewife knows that calves' foot jelly, if left in a warm room exposed to the air, will soon putrify. This putrefaction is due simply to the growth of bacteria in the jelly. Bacteriologists prepare such a jelly by

adding gelatine to clear beef broth, which supplies in every way the requirements of these plants, and in which the majority of them grow readily. This jelly is poured into a large number of little tubes, a couple of teaspoonfuls in each, and the entrance of bacteria from the air is prevented by plugging the mouths of the tubes with cotton wool, through which they cannot penetrate. As, however, in the process of filling the tubes, bacteria may have entered, it is necessary to render them sterile, and this is done by placing them in a steamer and heating them up to the temperature of boiling water for a short time. When the whole process is complete, we have our tubes filled with a beautifully clear jelly, which will keep indefinitely and which is always ready for use.

Suppose we wish to find out the number and kinds of bacteria in a sample of water. The jelly in such a tube is liquified by heating it gently, a drop of water is thoroughly mixed with the liquid jelly, and the mixture poured out in a thin layer in a little flat glass dish with a cover, which has also been sterilized by heat. This is placed in a warm room, and in the course of forty-eight hours small spots will begin to appear in the jelly. These spots are formed in this way. Let us suppose there were ten bacteria in the drop of water. These ten become widely separated from each other by mixing the water with the jelly and spreading it out in a thin film. Each individual, finding itself surrounded by plenty of food, begins to grow and multiply, so that at the end of forty-eight hours, in place of ten single individuals, we have ten colonies made up of millions of individuals and visible to the naked eye. This is what is called the method of plate culture, and each colony so formed is found to be made up entirely of one specific micrococcus, bacillus or spirillum, as the case may be. By picking up a small quantity of such a culture on

the end of a sterilized needle, we may either study the organism of which it is composed under the microscope, or transfer it to a fresh tube of jelly for further study.

The form of each colony differs widely according to the particular microbe which produces it. Some are clear-cut and circular. Others have ragged edges or push fine projections out into the jelly. Some liquefy the jelly, others do not. Some have brilliant colors, such as orange, red or blue, whilst others are quite colorless. Each microbe produces a colony peculiar to itself, and by the form of this colony we recognize it.



FIG. 3. A SPIRILLUM FROM WATER.

Examples of these colonies are shown in Fig. 4. Should we wish to carry our study farther, we pick up a portion of the colony on our sterilized needle and stab it into the solid jelly in a new tube. This gives rise to a new series of characteristic growths—the growth in stab culture; or we may smear it on the surface of the jelly and so form a smear culture. In Fig. 5 we have a stab culture of the cholera bacillus which has grown for three days, and, it will be seen, is beginning to liquefy the jelly, forming a little pocket at the top of the stab. In Fig. 6 is a smear culture of the bacillus of tuberculosis, the bacteria growing over the whole surface of the jelly.

But we have many other food materials which we may offer these plants, such as beef tea, boiled potatoes, etc., and in each case their growth is characteristic, provided always we keep them free from admixture with other forms, which we are able to do with ease by the method of plate culture, but, as in the case of the higher plants, some forms grow best at one temperature, whilst others best at another, so amongst bacteria we find differences. Those which grow in water or decaying organic matter will grow at the temperature of a moderately warm room, but forms parasitic upon animals require a temperature about that

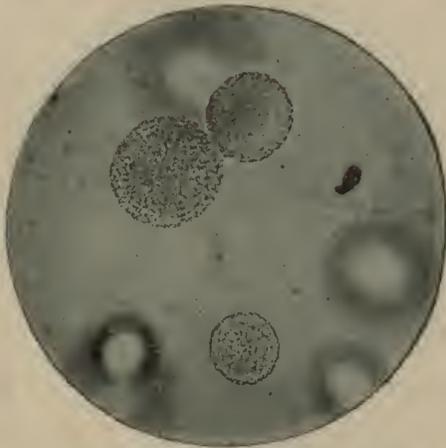


FIG. 4. COLONIES OF THE CHOLERA MICROBE.

of the body to carry on their development. This we provide for by placing our tubes in an oven which is kept constantly at the temperature of the human body, and in which these parasites develop rapidly. All these foods are available for the bacteria, because they have the power of splitting up the compounds of which they are composed, utilizing portions of these compounds to enable them to grow and multiply, and rejecting such portions as they cannot use. These rejected and excreted portions are of immense importance to us, because it is on account of them that bacteria are able to produce disease. Cholera is produced, not by the actual physical pres-

ence of the cholera bacillus in the intestinal canal, but because when there it grows rapidly, excreting poisons which are absorbed into the system and give rise to the many symptoms of the disease. What is true of cholera is true of all other infectious diseases. It is not so much the microbe itself which we have to fear, as the poisons which it produces.

When we cultivate our bacteria in a warm oven we imitate their growth in the body, and the same poisons are formed in our flasks which would be formed in the body. These poisons we can isolate by chemical means, study their effect upon animals, and discover the best means of combating them. But the curious fact has been made out that, when grown under certain conditions, the bacteria produce the antidote along with the poison, so that by appropriate methods we can separate the two and use them in our experiments.

It will readily be seen that by such methods we may follow very closely the life history of various microbes, tell at what temperatures they are killed, and discover the action of disinfectants upon them.

We have thus made out many interesting facts; how some bacteria require plenty of air in which to grow, while others must have the air rigidly excluded; how some, again, prefer a little sugar in their jelly, others salt, others glycerine, and so on. An interesting example of this has lately been brought to light in the publication of some researches upon influenza. The investigator found that by smearing a little of the nasal discharges from an influenza patient upon jelly, and placing the jelly in the oven referred to above, there appeared colonies of a minute bacillus which he had found in influenza patients. He was overjoyed, but was disappointed when he found that he could follow the growth no further, because all his efforts to transfer one of these colonies to a fresh tube were fruitless. He found

they would grow in the first tube, but they would go no further. It is not necessary to tell all the devices he tried to coax this fastidious bacillus to continue its growth in his jellies—how he modified these jellies, first in this way and then in that, in hopes of finding a suitable medium, always without success, until he hit upon the expedient of smearing the surface of his jelly with a little blood, when, presto! he found that his influenza bacillus would grow beautifully, and he discovered that it required as the most necessary condition of its growth, the hæmo globin or red coloring matter of the blood.

Even if our study of microbes had only given us the facts which we have outlined, we might consider much had been done, but these are only a fraction of the results. Perhaps the most fascinating part of the whole field is that which bears upon the relationship of these minute creations to man and animals. Here it is that we must look for progress in the future which may, possibly, in a few years, completely revolutionize the medical treatment of infectious diseases. And here, indeed, those timid persons who always tremble lest deadly germs of disease may be lurking about them, may receive comfort; for our studies have taught us that the bacteria which we dread are met, as soon as they enter the tissues of our body, by a host of enemies whose business it is to destroy them. The body, in fact, is equipped with a means of defence against all disease germs, and, if conditions were absolutely favorable, would always destroy them. If we examine the blood microscopically, we find it is composed of a colorless fluid in which float multitudes of little red disks, which are called the red blood-corpuses, and whose duty it is to carry the vivifying oxygen from the lungs to the tissues, and return the carbonic acid gas, the waste material of life, to the lungs again; but here and there amongst these red disks we see a little

white body which is called a white blood corpuscle. The duties of these white blood cells were for a long time not well understood, and even now we do not know all their functions, but we do know that one of their chief functions is to act as scavengers in the blood, picking up waste material wherever found and carrying it away to where it may be got rid of as easily as possible. These white cells are the structures which assist us in our struggle with the microbes, for when they meet them they seize them, killing and digesting them, and if they always perform this duty we have little to fear. From this habit of theirs of



FIG. 5. STAB CULTURE OF CHOLERA, 3 DAYS OLD.

devouring bacteria we call them phagocytes, and we find that in this rôle they are extremely active, restlessly moving throughout the body and attracted to any spot at which invasion occurs. In Fig. 7 we have three of these phagocytes, which are filled with bacteria. The action of the white blood cells is very different in different diseases, according as the animals are susceptible to the disease or not. In fact, to say that an animal is susceptible is simply to say that these scavengers are not doing their duty. When they are doing it thoroughly, the disease has not a chance to take hold, and the animal is said to be immune. This immunity is frequently

natural and inherited, but in some cases it has been possible to establish an artificial immunity by a process of vaccination, as is done in Pasteur's treatment of rabies, or Haffkine's vaccination against cholera. The production of acquired immunity is one of the most important steps in recent bacteriological work, and it is only a matter of time until the method is extended to all infectious diseases.



FIG. 6. A SMEAR CULTURE OF THE BACILLUS OF TUBERCULOSIS.

strongly attracted to the point of invasion. They swarm to that point, and begin there the warfare against the invader. In cases where animals are not immune, the phagocytes are not attracted, and the bacteria have an opportunity to grow unhindered. Though we do not yet know all the conditions which render the white

blood cells sensitive to these poisons, we do know most of the conditions which destroy this sensitiveness. All influences which lower the vital tone of the body, such as fatigue, cold, bad air, the absorption of foul gases and noxious fumes, hinder the phagocytes in their action and so give an opportunity for disease germs to grow. If we could eliminate the evils of inherited tendencies, give our bodies the best possible chance by obtaining pure air, sunlight and exercise, and at the same time act on Herbert Spencer's dictum, that "he who contaminates his neighbor's atmosphere infringes his neighbor's rights," we would go far towards abolishing infectious diseases.

Bacteriology has made the path of the sanitarian as clear as daylight; it is only the ignorance of the public which places obstacles in his way.

We know that dry air and bright sunlight will destroy the cholera germ in two hours, and diphtheria in very little longer time, whilst in a damp, dark cellar they will remain alive for months; yet people continue to build and live in houses which are damp and dark.

These are some of the broad facts relating to bacteria, facts which are of practical importance to the public.



FIG. 7. PHAGOCYTES.



THE AORTA OF NORTH AMERICAN COMMERCE.

BY CHAUNCEY N. DUTTON.

AN observing man once remarked that by a wise and beautiful provision of Providence the great rivers are all located conveniently for the big cities. A wise man, truly!

Transportation makes the city: in proportion as transportation is good and cheap, the city becomes great and wealthy. The city is a circumstance of topography. Until the invention of a prime mover, which shall give us power without cost, causes the aeroplane to supplant the less soaringly ambitious boat and car, the cities, big and little, must be located where freight can be brought to them the cheapest:—*i.e.*, upon the water courses.

To what extent cheap transportation affects the growth of cities is well illustrated in the following tables, in which a group of six American cities on the upper great lakes is compared with a group of six American cities not sharing the benefits of the cheap lake freights, and with a group of six Canadian cities situated on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River. The comparison covers the population and rate of growth of the cities of the respective groups, as shown in three successive censuses.

GROUP NO. 1—AMERICAN LAKE CITIES.

POPULATION	1870.	1880.	1890.
Chicago	298,977	503,185	1,099,850
Buffalo.....	117,714	155,134	255,664
Cleveland	92,829	160,146	261,353
*Pittsburg.....	86,076	156,389	238,617
Detroit.....	79,577	116,340	205,876
Milwaukee	71,440	115,712	204,468
Totals....	746,613	1,206,906	2,265,528

GROUP NO. 2—AMERICAN CITIES NOT BENEFITED BY THE LAKE TRANSPORTATION.

POPULATION	1870.	1880.	1890.
St. Louis.....	310,864	350,518	451,770
Cincinnati.....	216,239	255,139	296,908
New Orleans....	191,418	216,000	242,039
Louisville	100,753	123,758	161,129
Rochester.....	62,386	89,366	133,896
Albany.....	69,422	90,758	94,923
Totals....	951,082	1,125,629	1,380,665

GROUP NO. 3—CANADIAN CITIES ON LAKE ONTARIO AND THE ST. LAWRENCE.

POPULATION	1871.	1881.	1891.
Montreal.....	107,225	140,747	216,650
Toronto.....	56,092	86,415	181,220
Quebec.....	59,699	62,446	63,090
Hamilton.....	26,716	35,961	48,980
Kingston.....	12,407	14,091	19,264
Three Rivers....	7,570	8,670	8,334
Totals....	269,709	348,330	537,538

INCREASE IN POPULATION.

DECADES.	1870 to 1880.		1880 to 1890.		1870 to 1890.	
	Actual.	per ct.	Actual.	per ct.	Actual.	per ct.
GROUP NO. 1. 6 American Lake Cities. }	460,293	61 2/3	1,058,922	87 3/4	1,519,215	203 1/2
GROUP NO. 2. 6 American Cities. }	174,547	19 4/10	255,036	22 2/3	429,583	45
	1871 to 1881.		1881 to 1891.		1871 to 1891.	
GROUP NO. 3. 6 Canadian Cities. }	78,621	29	189,208	54 3/10	267,829	99 3/10

* Pittsburg is classed here with the upper lake cities, because its manufactures and growth, especially its iron industry depend almost entirely on the cheap lake freights, without which Pittsburg would be an unprogressive town; Rochester, accessible to Lake Ontario craft, does not so depend on lake transportation for material for her industries.

The tables show that in 1870 the six American lake cities were 204,469 behind the six other American cities taken for comparison; that in one decade they took the lead by 81,277; and that in the succeeding decade their lead increased to 885,163; their percentage of increase being $4\frac{1}{2}$ times as great as that of the other six American cities.

The phenomenal growth of the group of lake cities, coincident as it is with the extraordinary development of the lake marine, is mainly due to the fact that their position enabled them to apply advantageously to their transportation problem the latest technical improvements in steel-making and engine building. The prosperity of the lake cities is due to cheap steel ships and high-economy steam engines, factors which did not affect the growth of the American cities of the second group, because the character of river navigation in the United States is practically unimproved, and does not seem capable of material improvement until the people take hold of it in earnest and inaugurate a new and comprehensive system in place of the present lack of system.

The position of the group of Canadian cities in the comparison is intermediate, but withal very favorable. They did not, to be sure, share equally with the cities of the upper lakes in the benefits of cheap transportation, as influenced by cheap steel and triple expansion engines. Still their rate of growth was more than twice as great as that of the American cities of the second group, and nearly half as great as that of the American lake cities.

As it is a well known fact that the tonnage and class of shipping on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence have not developed to any great extent as compared with the shipping of the upper lakes, the cause of the large growth of the Canadian cities must lie elsewhere.

Analysis of the figures shows that of the total increase of the group of Can-

adian cities in the decade ending in 1881,—which was 78,621,—the increase of Montreal and Toronto was 64,445, or 82 per cent. of the total, while in the succeeding decade, out of a total increase of 189,208, these two cities increased 170,108, or $89\frac{9}{10}$ per cent. of the total; while for the two decades covered by comparison, out of a total increase of 267,829, the increase of the two leading cities was 234,553, or $87\frac{6}{10}$ per cent. of the total.

Comparing increase by decades, we find that out of 267,289, the total increase for twenty years, 78,621, or $29\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. was the increase of the first decade; while the increase for the second decade was 189,208, or $70\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. of the total. Such a great concentration of population, confined to these two cities and to the decade ending 1891, must have had a very potent cause. That cause was undoubtedly the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, of which Montreal and Toronto are the principal eastern terminals; and by which the trade territory accessible and tributary to the two cities was vastly extended. The sudden broadening of the fields of commerce, the great and rapid augmentation of the armies of customers, caused the two cities to "boom" in a manner remarkable even on this continent. Now the "boom" is over; and by contrast the jog-trot of advancement by steady natural increase and improvement seems very tame indeed.

Is there any way by which the "boom" can be revived? This question must be anxiously put by many, especially by those who "boomed" too much. Let the belated boomers pluck up heart of hope. There *are* ways by which the boom can be brought back, and with quadrupled vigor, and in a form which will benefit not alone the two cities of Montreal and Toronto, but the entire Dominion of Canada.

The last boom resulted from improved rail transportation between the eastern terminal cities and the interior

of Canada. The coming boom will be induced by improving the facilities of the Canadian provinces for communication by water transportation with one another and with the United States and the countries and islands further south; it will follow the marriage of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario with the upper great lakes and with the waters of the coast by deep and speedy canals equipped with the latest and best improvements, by means of which the largest steamers of the lake and coasting trades can go and come *quickly* and profitably. Such a project will vastly extend the trade boundaries of central Canada and multiply the number of her customers by bringing her ports into cheap and rapid communication with the populous and prosperous states and countries now separated from her by high transportation rates; and will thereby open new and boundless opportunities to her citizens and cause her cities and towns to "boom" uninterruptedly without danger of relapse.

To bring about this most desirable state of things; to provide facilities for reaching advantageously the great centres of commerce and production—the upper great lakes and New York harbor, which are the great gateways westward and southward—and to open wide the St. Lawrence gateway eastward, it is necessary to connect Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence with the upper lakes, to perfect communications with the lower St. Lawrence, and to open navigation to the Hudson; it is necessary to make the St. Lawrence channels broad and deep, to enlarge and improve the existing canals and build the necessary new ones, and to equip them with the best possible number of quick-acting, high-lift locks, with the best towing plants, and with the best facilities for handling freight at the terminal points. The entire project must be conceived and executed in such a spirit that it shall lead the march of progress—not lag hopeless in the rear—step so far be-

yond the mere necessities of the present as to anticipate the future, and, for years to come, set the limits to the tonnage of domestic freight-carriers, so that the largest vessels navigating the lakes and coastal waters may enter and traverse the connecting canals and the St. Lawrence, and there receive and discharge freights with practically the same facility and rapidity that attends like operations in the upper lakes.

Such speed is obviously unattainable with Leonardo Da Vinci's lock, which, since the fifteenth century, has been the reliance of hydraulicians for connecting navigations at different levels. We must leaven hydraulics with the nineteenth century leaven. Water, the ponderous, slowly moving liquid, must give place, as the motive agent of the locks, to air, the light and quickly moving fluid. Stone must give place to steel. Lifts of 10 feet must be replaced with lifts of 100 feet and upwards, and the ditch—the long accepted ideal of the canal—must make room for the artificial river. Speed! Speed! Speed! must be the motto. What is slow must go. Delay is fatal to cheapness. A vessel costs *so much a minute*, and every minute lost is just so much added to the freight-cost, and just so much of a handicap on the commerce of the districts against which the delay operates.

How much a small and slow canal handicaps the district depending upon it for transportation facilities is shown by the example of the Welland Canal, the dimensions of which are too small to admit the large lake freighters. Freight bound down to Lake Ontario ports must therefore be carried in small vessels which cost more to operate, relatively to their tonnage, than vessels of the larger class. Thus freights to Ontario ports are handicapped by the higher cost of carriage in the smaller vessels, say from Duluth or Chicago to Port Colborne; and the handicap is increased by the detention in the canal, by the tolls, by

the inferior facilities for handling cargo in the smaller port, by the scarcity of return cargoes in Lake Ontario, and by the higher cost of carrying the return cargo after it is obtained, which items so swell the handicap from which Lake Ontario trade suffers that it is little wonder that the bulk of the freight is discharged in Lake Erie ports, and that not two per cent. passes down to Lake Ontario.

This fatal handicap on the commerce of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence is a grievance of long standing, dating from the completion of the Erie Canal. The reports of the Canadian Government show that for the decade ending with 1873 it averaged \$1.85½ per ton on the eastward trip; and for the succeeding decade, ending '83, it averaged \$1.21¾ (see report of R. C. Douglass, Assistant Engineer to Hon. John H. Pope). While it grows less in amount from year to year, it remains a tolerably constant proportion; and will, until the Welland Canal is made large enough to accommodate the largest lake freighters and is equipped with the least number of quick-acting, high-lift locks, so that the detention of vessels using it is reduced to a minimum.

In the following tables the handicap on Lake Ontario is analyzed, the comparison being based on the actual cost of handling freight, no profit being allowed to vessels or railroad. The rate for the large vessel is authentic, based on actual performance, for a season, of a 2,800 ton steamer; for the smaller steamer the figures are necessarily approximate, no data as to the actual performance of a 1,500 ton steamer having been published for several years. That the calculation is very close to the truth may be inferred from the fact that the large steamer earned 1⅓ times her operating expenses; and her gross earnings being necessarily limited to the rate at which inferior boats could carry freight without loss, it naturally follows that the smaller vessels cost more to operate in

about the proportion assumed in this calculation.

COMPARISON OF FREIGHTS.

DULUTH TO BUFFALO AND DULUTH TO KINGSTON.

DULUTH TO BUFFALO.

3,000 ton vessel averaging 12½ miles per hour.
82 hours steaming,
6 hours detention at Soo Lock.

88 hours @ 57/100 c. per ton
per hour..... \$0.50 per ton.

DULUTH TO KINGSTON.

1,500 ton vessel averaging 10 miles per hour.
102 hours steaming to Port Colborne,
6 hours detention at Soo.

108 hours @ ¾ c. per ton per hour. \$0.81 per ton

Handicap of small vessel in up-
per lakes 0.31 per ton.
18 hours in Welland Canal,
17 hours in Lake Ontario.

35 hours @ ¾ c. per ton per hour. \$0.26½ per ton.
Tolls10 "

Handicap on Kingston, down trip .67½ "

In case the vessel finds no return cargo in Lake Ontario, as happens in nine cases out of ten, she has to run light to Buffalo and there get a return cargo, say of coal; and the handicap is swelled by the following items:—

17 hours in Lake Ontario.
18 " " Welland Canal.
2 " to reach Buffalo.

37 " @ ¾ c. per ton per hour \$0.27¾ per ton.
Tolls..... .10 "

Handicap of westward trip from
Buffalo..... .31 "
Handicap of eastward trip..... .67½ "

Total handicap against King-
ston, as compared with Buf-
falo..... \$1.36 "

These figures, unpleasing as they may be, are within the truth; as the 1,500 ton vessel costs over one-third more to operate, relatively to its capacity, than the 3,000 ton vessel: and, besides, no additional port dues, &c., have been reckoned, in case the vessel has to seek a return cargo at some Lake Erie port. Further, no charge has been reckoned for lighterage, or for the higher cost of discharging and

receiving cargo at the smaller port, where the terminal facilities are necessarily inferior.

The comparison as it stands is a severe enough condemnation of inadequately planned transportation facilities.

The handicap against Kingston, \$1.36, will pay the cost of carrying a ton of freight 358 miles on a first-class railroad, or from Buffalo to within 82 miles of New York City. It is no wonder, then, that the great freight movement is from the Lake Erie ports to the seaboard by rail, and that the Welland Canal has failed to affect the direction of the continental freight movement, or to reduce the cost of freights, and is a local benefit merely, in spite of its enormous cost and the high character of the engineering and technical skill displayed in its construction.

As I understand the question, it is an example of the incapacity of the European mind to grasp American conditions. Some twenty years ago a number of eminently respectable, or respectably eminent gentlemen came across the water, sat in council on a question entirely beyond their comprehension, and recommended something just half good enough to be of any particular value in satisfying conditions of which the said eminent gentlemen were entirely ignorant. The people of Canada have loyally paid out their hard-earned money, and executed the works, as they were counselled to do; but any return is yet to come.

One lesson we can learn from the eminent European gentlemen and their works:—the valuable lesson what not to do—not to build inadequate works; not to make slow canals; not to waste the time of vessels; not to place an unnecessary obstacle in the way of commerce.

We cannot, of course, annihilate the difference in the distances of Buffalo and Kingston respectively from Duluth and Chicago; but we can make

the Welland Canal big enough for the largest lake vessels, and save 14 hours in the time required to pass through it; and thus reduce the handicap against Kingston from \$1.36 to 40 cents or thereabouts, and give to the cities of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence similar facilities as, and an equal chance with, the cities of the upper lakes.

The people of Canada, and in larger measure the people of the United States, must have cheaper transportation;—cheaper freights than can be given by railroads, however perfect in plant and management; they must have relief from the burdensome terminal charges, which, already high, must from year to year increase on rail freights, as the cities grow and land becomes more valuable.

To satisfy the present and future conditions of commerce and production, they must turn to perfected water transportation and to the St. Lawrence outlet, where it can reach the highest development. The volume of the existing commerce fully warrants any outlay that may be reasonably anticipated.

The past ten years have seen great changes. A decade ago prices were high, profits large, and high freights could be borne, and were borne, without murmuring. But we have seen steadily falling prices, until to-day May wheat is only 74½ cents a bushel in New York; and in the same port "ungraded" flour is selling for \$1.75 a barrel, "superfine" for \$2.10, and "patents" for \$3.60.

How is the farmer to exist, unless cheaper transportation and cheaper commodities compensate for the fall in price of his staple products? With an average cost of production of \$8.25 per acre, and a yield of fifteen bushels, the farmer's wheat costs him 55 cents a bushel to produce, and at its present price, 74½ cents in New York, the margin to pay freights and commissions and furnish profits is 19½ cents a bushel. These figures, how-

ever, while based on the average yield, do not truly picture the unfortunate condition of the farmer, for the average yield of fifteen bushels is made up of the few acres that will yield large crops, and the many that fall below the average; for instance, to strike the average of fifteen bushels would require five acres at twelve bushels to one at thirty bushels. It is fair to presume, therefore, that twelve bushels, rather than fifteen, represents the crop of the average farmer, and at \$8.25 per acre cost of tillage, the wheat cost $68\frac{3}{4}$ cents to produce, and the margin out of which must come freight, commissions, and profits (if there be profits), is only $5\frac{3}{4}$ cents a bushel. What an outlook is this for the farmer, who sees the day fast approaching when his worn land will require fertilizing!

Such conditions imperatively demand the cheapest possible transportation and the fewest rehandlings. An outlet must be provided by which the products can be carried, without breaking bulk, directly from the producer to the point of consumption.

Nature has made practical the making of such an outlet, eastward by way of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, and from the St. Lawrence southward to the consuming population of this continent by way of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River. Nature has traced for us a great roadway, by which we may have cheap and ready access to all the great marts. This roadway must be made fit to serve the needs of the people, and enable them to get out their products and to get back their purchases with the least possible freight cost.

Science, art, and invention have placed in our hands the means, and have equipped us with the knowledge, necessary to properly and adequately build upon the foundations provided by Nature, to complete and perfect the great roadway into the heart of the continent, and to crown this century with an achievement unexcelled in boldness and grandeur of conception and in the benefits which it will confer upon the people in ameliorating the conditions under which they toil.

WASHINGTON, U.S.



ASPECTS OF LAKE ONTARIO.

BY JOHN HAGUE, F.R.S.S.

To the vast majority of Torontonians, and their neighbors along Lake Ontario, the varied aspects of the lake are as little known as those of the Arctic Sea.

Those who have only seen the lake from the deck of a steamer have not seen it in any true sense, for, in this case, it is especially the fact that "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." Yet within an hour's ride from the city, one of the loveliest sights in nature may be enjoyed by all who have that "inner eye," of which Goethe speaks, "the inward eye" of Wordsworth, the eye through which the beauty and sublimity of scenery touch, elevate and refine the soul. It is this "faculty divine" which differentiates man from the brute creation. Cows, horses and sheep graze in pastures where nought is seen but grass and sky, with as much delight as if "all heaven," or the grandest panorama of sea, mountain and forest were in view. In neglecting to cultivate the faculty of appreciating Nature, we are sinking to the level of the lower animals. As the use of any gift enlarges its powers, so its disuse leads to atrophy. Thus, the man who never enriches his higher faculties by communion with Nature, so blunts them that his inner eye, the eye of his soul, becomes *bovine* in perceptive dulness.

If ever city had a beautiful Sanitarium provided by Nature, it is Toronto. Picturesque ravines, running to the lake, abound, where are,—

"Spots and sunny openings, and with nooks
To lie and rest in, sloping into brooks."

On the high lands from whence they dip lakewards, there is no damp or malaria, as, from the bosom of the waters below, there flows a stream of

vivifying aerial waves, of morning and evening breezes, that are tides laden with health.

Were this region of wooded, serrated lake-shore costly to reach, and had a fashionable hotel in its limits, many would flock thither for rest and health who now decline even to look upon "the goods the gods provide" within sight of their homes. But, as Emerson says, "few adult persons see Nature." The great lake at our doors is, however, something more than a water-tank, fish-pond, or convenience of navigation. Its beauty makes it "a joy forever," an inspiration, a solace, a mental anodyne, a stimulant also, and a perpetual, unwearying delight to the observant eye. "What shield men from impressions of natural scenery are low anxieties, vain discontents, mean pleasures, vulgar selfishness and impious care." Men allow "the fretful stir and fever of the world" to worry them into sickness of body and mind, instead of finding strength for both where—

"'Tis pleasant thro' the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world, to see the stir
Of all the great Babel, and not feel the stir"

in scenes of natural beauty and peace,

"In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened."

In summer the lake is seldom as clear as in other seasons. A gossamer veil of mist is drawn over its face, except after a rain-fall, when it mirrors the sky, changing its aspects with every movement of the clouds reflected on its surface. When these are being driven before the upper air currents, as Shelley depicts them,—

"Fleecy clouds, wandering in thick flocks,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind,"

the waters beneath are kaleidescopic in their rapidity of changing combinations of color. The lake flashes with sudden lights, or frowns with shadows, as though angry at its beauty being marred by clouds, as they seem to pile Pelion on Ossa before a storm, when its face darkens with despair. It is, however, to the mists, and fogs, and clouds that the lake owes its most attractive aspects. Byron notes this in the lines,—

“Vapours more lovely than the unclouded sky,
With golden pinnacles and snowy mountains.”

So also Longfellow,—

“Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent
of purple and scarlet,
Issued the Sun, the Great High Priest, in his
garments resplendent,
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of
vapour beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his
feet was a laver.”

A too little known writer, *facile princeps* of art critics in his day, the late Henry Merrit, writes:—“A dense fog, mingling with the warm sunbeams, yielded an intense radiance, blending in broad luminous bars tints of amber, saffron and gold,” all which color-effects, may be seen mirrored in the lake, and heightened in beauty when

“Winds come whispering lightly from the
West,
Kissing, not ruffling the blue deep's serene.”

In autumn the lake is most clear, the trees on the American shore are visible, the smoke-like mist of the Niagara cataract can be seen, and steamers can be followed by the eye up to the gorge of the river.

But the air in the fall is too clear for “artistic” effects, as those infinite varieties and delicacies of color in light and shade, which charm an artist's eye, are not produced when the lake is suffused with light. Reflections are fewer and outlines are hard and harsh. It is this prevalence of *glare* which detracts so much from the value of Canadian scenery for the purposes of Art. As Lessing

says in the *Laocoon*, something more is needed than merely copying an object to make a painting. Distance gradations, so charming when skilfully depicted, are very difficult to represent when every object is brought near the eye by the translucency of the atmosphere. Most paintings of the Rocky Mountains are unsatisfactory from this cause. Those magnificent peaks seem so near that their grandeur is lost. They look like models on canvas, very beautiful in form and tints, but without any touch of the sublime. Sir Thomas Browne, in *Religio Medici*, unconsciously hit the mark when he said, “If things were seen truly as they are, the beauty of bodies would be much abridged.” So with the lake in October; it sparkles with a glittering brilliance, like a jewel in glow and in hardness. The most romantically fascinating lakescene is, however, witnessed, when a fall moon is pouring its dazzling rays over the ripples, which shine like burnished silver, as though seeking to outshine the source of their splendor.

All through the winter there are many days when there seems to be no atmosphere over the lake, so sharply defined is the configuration of the southern shore. But to see how solemn, how stern it can appear, it must be watched on a storm-threatening winter's day. Then the flecks of yacht and skiff sails, the smoke of steamers, the more picturesque merchant vessels, that give a human aspect in summer, have all gone; the lake is abandoned of man, and gloom overshadows its face, as though saddened by this desertion. When the storm bursts out from the east, the lake, in the words of a Saxon poet who wrote ten centuries ago,—

“Roars with his waves in wrath,
And the deep becomes a dread
To the earth-dwellers.”

The noise of its waters might then be mistaken for the tumult of Niagara,—but not of the sea. The anger of Ontario to the fury of the ocean, is as

the temper of a youth to the rage of a giant; there is noise indeed, but it is not the "terror of tempest" which inspires awe and dread, even when viewed from the land. But the lake has its passion fits all to itself, while in watching an ocean storm we cannot but reflect on and feel for those who are its victims.

In winter, the lake waters and those of the firmament often appear to be one united mass of vapor. Twice last winter there rose along the shore a dense mist, which seemed like a curtain or wall, rising abruptly from the water's edge, and towering until blended in the "palpable obscure" upper region of cloud; as Milton says, "a fabric rose like an exhalation," with an outline as defined as a precipice. This is a rare phenomenon, as usually lake mist spreads over the lower shore lands, but very rarely rises to the top of the cliffs.

In winter the floating array of marginal ice gives at times the appearance of a narrow bay or canal, running for miles between the lake and mainland. Charming color effects are seen in winter, caused by flushes of reds, pinks, opal, and all the rainbow tints being reflected on the restless water. Another singular color aspect is when the lake seems a vast milk bowl; its surface is a dull, dead white. This is caused, as are other water tints, by

the lake giving paleness to those of the reflected sky.

Lake Ontario is not comparable in sternness of aspect to Glendaloch, nor in beauty to Windermere, nor in grandeur of surroundings to Loch Lomond. But, as Touchstone said of Audrey, we each may claim Lake Ontario to be "mine own." It would, however, need the pen of a Ruskin or Shelley to do the aspects of the lake descriptive justice. Having the gifts of neither, I have set down in plain prose how this glorious sheet of water appears to one who knows more of the figures of arithmetic than those of rhetoric.

Business men, writing under the strain and stress of city strife; their wives worn and weary with house worry; their children sickening from malaria and lack of exercise, would find their nerves being tuned to healthful music, their cheeks flushing with freshened tints of purified blood, by leaving an atmosphere tainted with sewer gas to inhale the tonic perfume of the pine bush, and to breathe such pure air as the Creator of our lungs designed them to breathe, and their whole constitution of mind, body and spirit, brightened and recuperated by the fresh breezes which blow over and give varied aspects of beauty to Lake Ontario.



THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY CECIL LOGSDAIL.

THE portraits which illustrate this article are of typical American women who have achieved renown in the highest social circles of various towns of the United States for their beauty and their intellectual capabilities as well as for the amiable and attractive manners which make them the life and light of the drawing-rooms.

Whoever has watched the delicate forms of American women, noted how daintily they are always attired, and learnt how free and affable are their manners to strangers, will certainly go away with the impression that they are indeed charming, and, if one misses those blushes of purity which only a mother's look can inspire in girls out for their first season, it is only because their education is different, and because they become women earlier than the majority of English girls do. That they are fast getting the upper hand in that country is certain, and whether it is not better for themselves as well as for the male portion of the community that they should do so, is a matter of opinion. In many respects, as an unprejudiced being, the writer firmly believes that the men have less grounds for fear from the new power placed in the women's hands than the latter in times past have had from the former.

The treatment of women since the birth of the first daughter of Eve is, to our way of thinking, the foulest blot on the history of the world. The arraignment is not confined to one nation, but includes all races and peoples of the earth from the date of their historic existence. Over the female half of the human family—to call it the "better half" is really a fine satire, considering their treatment hitherto—there has steadily

brooded a cloud of gloom and repression, of disability and servitude, of persecution and depravity. Among the Hindoos, woman was the slave of man, and was considered so immensely his inferior that she was forbidden to speak his language, and was condemned to use the *patois* of slaves. Under the old Roman law, the husband was the sole tribunal of the wife. He controlled her property, earnings and religion; she was allowed no rights in her own children; her husband held over her the power of life and death, and she could invoke no law against him. The Hebrews pronounced her an afterthought of the Deity, and the mother of all evil, while the Greek law regarded her as a child and held her in everlasting tutelage. Aristotle called her a "monster" and an "accidental production." The early Christian fathers denounced women as "noxious animals," "painted temptresses" and "necessary evils," "desirable calamities" and "domestic perils." From the English Heptarchy to the Reformation, the law proclaimed the wife to be "in all cases and under all circumstances, her husband's creature, servant and slave." To Diderot, she was only a "courtesan;" to Montesquieu, "an attractive child;" to Rousseau, "an object of pleasure to man;" to Michelet, "a natural invalid." But humanity has now moved forward to an era where wrong and slavery are being displaced, and reason and justice are being recognized as the rule of life. America has, in the columns of her public press and periodicals, laid claim to having taken the first real step in improving the lot and condition of women. Let us see, if possible, how far they are warranted, if any, in this assumption.

In the first place, whatever has been done in this direction, it is claimed by the women, has been done by themselves, chiefly through the Woman's Suffrage agitation. It is absurd, however, to suppose that the United States was the first to admit the

eligible for the school boards, guardians of the poor, etc., for the past twenty years. Ontario recognized the claims of women to the higher education obtained in the universities, besides throwing open to them many industrial occupations previously closed



MRS. CLEVELAND.

claims of women to public offices, or even to open up the doors of the universities to them. The emancipation of women is most complete in Scotland to-day, and, certainly, women have had in England a property vote in all municipal affairs, besides being

to them, long before many of the states of America. But very few reforms in the condition and power of women were made in the United States until they began to demand the ballot. Some of the laws that still defile the statute books of the various

states in that country remain to be repealed. Without for one moment defending the action of the Women's Suffrage Association *in toto*, I can, as an Englishman who has resided for a number of years in the United States, honestly admit that this body has accomplished much in relieving the women of that country of many of their burdens. Yet, at the present time, only six of the states of the Union allow the married mother to be an equal legal owner and guardian of her minor children with her husband. In all other states the father has the legal control and ownership. If the wife have the leisure and ability to earn money (and she has far more opportunities offered her in the United States than in England), in fully half the states in the Union the law gives the husband her earnings also. Is it strange that there is unhappiness in married life, and frequently divorce? Does it not seem that American women need the ballot for their own protection? The peculiar education, privileges and opportunities given to women in that country already, make the question of the franchise a far more important element in American politics than in English. It may be that in the United States they have advanced so far as to forget the proper function of women or not gone far enough; either taken a step in the wrong direction or halted half way, so as to make their legislation worse than valueless by giving a loophole for the spread of worse evils than those which previously existed.

To compare American women with English women is not an easy task. One trait, however, should not be forgotten. The girls of the United States, as in Canada, are taught quite young to be more self-reliant and independent. It is not considered a disgrace to the family record for a girl to turn out from school and earn her own livelihood, no matter how wealthy her parents may be, and hence nearly half

the employees in offices as clerks (to say nothing of factories) are females. The proportion of males to females in many states of the Union may render this in some manner a necessity. But this has its disadvantages, for, while we may justly admire this spirit of self-reliance common to all American girls, and acknowledge their right to become bread-winners, it tends to make them, perhaps, a little worldly-minded and less affectionate and domestic. It is not at all singular that a nation avowedly of progress, and untrammelled by tradition should thresh the subject out in all its bearings, and so far, perhaps the experiment has not been a failure. Many of the colleges, professional schools and universities, closed against women for ages, have there and in Canada been opened up to them. Trades, businesses, and remunerative industries and the liberal professions seek women, and their capacity for public affairs has received the first genuine recognition in America. In all of these capacities, with the exceptions before enumerated, they have displayed ability and evinced their usefulness, and the laws are now framed, not only to give them a separate independence from the males, but to punish with the utmost severity every insult offered them, and all encroachments on their rights. But a great proportion of girls employed as clerks, stenographers and type-writers, in the large cities as well as in Canada, work for less than laborers' wages, cutting down the prices so low that male clerks and bookkeepers, accustomed years ago to get large salaries, are now altogether out of the race, or have to be content with wages altogether insufficient to clothe themselves and their families. No doubt a large number of these female clerks undertake such work for no other reason than to avoid domestic duties, which they deem to be irksome, or to have an excuse for indulgence in pleasure which would otherwise be deemed imprudent. It should

not be forgotten that increase in prosperity and refinement has everywhere produced a corresponding increase in crime, vagabondage and lunacy in all countries on the face of the globe, and especially is this so among women. It is lamentably true that the moral de-

again, has many drawbacks. It is to be feared the system of training boys and girls together in the public schools of the United States and Canada is not a wise policy, or one easily understood by Englishmen, who give to the sexes their separate functions



A BROOKLYN YOUNG LADY.

generacy among the female portion of the human race is greater in all countries where the women have largely given up leading domestic and retired lives to enter into the various industrial occupations thrown open to them.

Much might be said respecting the education of American women, which,

in life. It has also a tendency to create in young minds a hankering after that knowledge of evil which comes to most people, male and female, soon enough, and makes the sale of indecent literature particularly profitable in spite of the penalties sometimes incurred. Possibly this may be the

origin of that peculiar love of public scandal which is so amply gratified by the public press in that country, and is so great a factor in political advancement among its public men.

Judging from the foregoing, it will readily be seen that United States, women view the question of marriage from a different standpoint than English women. There is, perhaps, more prudence exercised in this respect by the marriageable girls themselves, who approach the subject with less misgiving and are accustomed to think and act for themselves. The worldly prospects of the prospective husband are more openly discussed before a decision is arrived at, and an American woman is taught to expect more from marriage ties than a blind obedience to her husband's will and pleasure. In fact, the contrary is usually the case. She is accustomed to receive everything she asks for, and the husband's chief care seems to be to make all the money he possibly can to lavish it on his wife and family as she thinks fit to spend it. Society makes divorce justifiable in all cases where a woman can shew she has not been treated with proper respect or reasonably cared for. Hence it is not strange that 65.8 per cent. of the total number of divorces granted in the United States during the past twenty years were granted to petitions of wives. This would seem, in so far as America is concerned, loudly to sound the note of doom to the old-time ownership of the wife by the husband, or, in other words, to the submission in which wedlock has placed women. Divorce is a menace to the purity and sacredness of the family, but a prominent American public man says that it may also be made so to "the infernal brutality of whatever name, and be it crude or refined, which at times makes a hell of the holiest relations." No doubt the divorce movement finds in America its impetus, outside of laws, institutions or theology, very largely through the

rebellion of the human heart against the slavery before alluded to, for Americans are not deterred by the sentiments of tradition. No sentiment will suffer an American woman, reared in self-dependence, to drag along chains not of her own forging, or to live with a brute of dissipated and immoral habits, unless she is equally vicious. It seems not only to be a philosophical fact, but a fact strangely overlooked by our philosophers, that the future of the race depends on women—on their physical power to give birth to strong and healthy, as well as intellectual children. On these grounds alone, apart from all sentiment, the subject is worthy of the fullest consideration, and women are entitled to the greatest possible care and attention. The girls of to-day will be the mothers of the next generation. Hence on the purity of the marriage tie depends the future of all countries. Philosophically and scientifically, it is an indisputable fact that the spread of immorality is the prelude to the downfall of peoples, who are weakened in the moral and physical power of their children by a false and vicious view of the natural rights and purposes of the sexes.

Particularly unhappy seem the marriages of American girls to foreign noblemen, especially German. Anxious for a title, for which they are ready to give their dowry, and, perhaps, a little carried away by romantic notions, they leave their mother country to become the wives of foreigners whose customs and traditions are wholly different, and often return home disappointed and heart-broken because they have not the smallest sympathy of their friends, who are quite unequal to comprehend the cause of their unhappiness. Perhaps many of them are not entitled to much sympathy either, for these marriages are often loveless ones, or *marriages de convenance*, by which the women buy the titles they pretend to despise.

On this question of marriage, it might not be inappropriate to show

how a nation might go too far in its efforts to ameliorate the condition of her women. Some time back the State of Georgia reported favorably a bill to tax bachelors of thirty years and upwards twenty-five dollars a

for, where so much has been done to elevate the lot of women, it would be a great blot on a country's record that it left no room for natural affection and established much of its future through force.



MISS CARROLL, OF BALTIMORE.

year, and on a rising scale of twenty-five dollars for every five years above this age. This is surely preaching the doctrine that an increase in starvation, immorality and disease is desirable, and it was well that the enlightened legislature was laughed out of its folly,

While we have admired the respect and homage paid to American women, their self-reliance and freedom from restraint, it is to be feared that society has made them not a little too selfish and exacting. The very deference paid to them, coupled with the laxity

of the marriage laws, often makes them unequal to bearing the burden of sorrow, and, perhaps, America is not very prolific in heroines. If the prosperity of the husband is not sufficient to admit of his gratifying every whim of his wife, she at once fancies she is behind her neighbors and has made a mistake. Brought up, as she is in many instances, to consider her life a butterfly one, she soon becomes dissatisfied and peevish, and, perhaps, at the time when her sympathy and affection are most needed, she will seek to change her state, arguing that such a condition was not "in the bond." So long as she is petted and fondled and able to appear well dressed and to entertain friends with ostentation, she makes a very contented wife, but the misfortunes and rebuffs of life she is not often disposed to share. As for the society girls, they are much the same everywhere. The Americans are, perhaps, a little less restrained and a little fonder of display than in most countries. Fancy turning out in low-necked dresses to receive callers, or at an afternoon tea, covered with a wealth of jewels that would ruin most European husbands! If, in the main, they dress better than the majority of English women, and are less gawky or dowdish, they lack that simplicity which is true art, and which is a characteristic of many of the most charming Canadian and English ladies. Again, if American women are not always beautiful they are all intelligent. One does not see so many of those buxom, rosy-checked, healthy, rustic faces that have always been a favourite topic for description in English fiction, but one very rarely meets with a stupid, idiotic, or brow-beaten expression; and if they are of a less retiring disposition, they are also for the most part more capable of taking care of themselves, and are fully alive to the importance of striking a good bargain, whether in business or matrimony.

The theory that woman entrusted

with the franchise would be apt to become neglectful of household duties and create further dissensions in home life has, we think, been sufficiently disproven by the changes according them a wider scope for action, which has been given them of recent years. But American politics are so different from English, and ideas respecting the proper functions of women and their treatment so widely divergent that what under present circumstances would seem necessity in the United States might be a curse in England. Retrogression is now altogether impossible. The American woman knows the power she has already wrung from the male portion of the community, and she is not disposed to halt half way, even though the experiment has not proved an unqualified success in every particular. Perhaps this is merely the beginning of the end, and hence too early to judge of the results. Perhaps if in England it were better understood that Nature has gifted woman with other capacities than those of suffering, and if her mission were more generously understood outside of so-called society in its narrow sense, there would be considerably less unhappiness in married life, and a finer, nobler race of people would spring up. Not that the Mother Country should imitate the United States in the facilities given for divorce, but in the ideal culture the latter country aims at giving her women, and the homage which is paid to them in all classes of society.

As Art is refining and beautifying life, and Science extending immeasurably the bounds of knowledge and power, while Literature bears in her hands whole ages of comfort and sympathy, so is the age looking steadily to the redress of wrong and the righting of every form of error and injustice. If civilization has been retarded by the brutish treatment women have received at the hands of the physically more powerful and advanced; it would seem that the millenium may

be brought about largely by woman's agency, in triumphant return for the first curse, of which the first woman was the alleged cause. At any rate, the United States has done much in the right direction, and her achievements in this respect are a more creditable record than all the battles she

business of the nation, but an acknowledgment of their "moral superiority, mental equality, and physical inferiority alone," in our conduct towards them in public, as well as private, might go a long way towards making the future of England more prosperous and happy.



MISS BLANCHE WALSH, OF NEW YORK.

has fought and won. We may all admire the naïve simplicity of the English maiden, and the charming modesty and retiring disposition of the British matron, who would both be robbed of their most winning characteristics by admitting them wholesale into the

It may be, as we stated at the outset, that America has gone a little too far, and destroyed, in some measure, the desire in her women to become patient and faithful mothers, thoroughly domesticated and careful housewives, by opening up the way for

them to earn their own livelihood, independent of the men. On this account, she may have rendered it doubly difficult for the men of the nation to exist at all, and spoiled in some measure their chances of being supported when they reach the marriageable age. But you will not, in these times, see an American woman stand to be "trodden on," or submit to ill-usage, for any sentimental reason or because she has not been taught to get along in the world through her own exertions. Frank and self-reliant, as she is, our first verdict might accuse her of forwardness and lack of modesty, but a more intimate acquaintance shows us that she is no more lacking in virtue and uprightness than the blushing English maiden. Practical and business-like she is, and one might exclaim, "This is truly a nation of shop-keepers." Perhaps the taunt would not be lev-

elled without reason, when we see women and men alike so closely concerned in all business relations. And just in proportion as a woman is able to accumulate wealth in business or better her condition by marriage, is she said to have "a level head on her shoulders," or she is pitied, on the other hand, for her "cranky notions." After all the meek submission which is not slavery, the soft reliance on the stronger arm of the gallant protector too noble to abuse his power, the gentleness that is not allied to any idea of affectation, and the purity which never seems as if it could admit of a wrong thought,—these are, and ever must be, the highest and most adorable qualities in woman. May the day never come when to have one strong affection and hope through life shall cease to be the only sound philosophy for man or woman!

AT SCARBORO' BEAGH.

The wave is over the foaming reef
 Leaping alive in the sun,
 Seaward the opal sails are blown,
 Vanishing one by one.

'Tis leagues around the blue sea curve
 To the sunny coast of Spain,
 And the ships that sail so deftly out
 May never come home again.

A mist is wreathed round Richmond point,
 There's a shadow on the land,
 But the sea is in the splendid sun,
 Plunging so careless and grand.

The sandpipers trip on the glassy beach,
 Ready to mount and fly;
 Whenever a ripple reaches their feet,
 They rise with a timorous cry.

Take care, they pipe, take care, take care,
 For this is the treacherous main,
 And though you may sail so deftly out,
 You may never come home again.

—DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

GIMMERINGS OF "SARTOR RESARTUS."

BY C. M. SINCLAIR.

SOME years ago, looking through the library of a friend—a cultured man—I came across a copy of Sartor Resartus, and on the front fly-leaf I read this inscription: "This book is filled with the purest of gold in the form of Truth." It set me wondering what manner of book this was to call forth this eulogy from my host, silent and reserved as he was and not at all given over to empty compliments. As I read on in the book, it seemed to me that I was like a traveller partially lost in a forest of thick underbrush, with here and there a towering elm blazed to show the way out. Gradually, though, as I looked closer, I saw that, instead of a maze, several well-defined bridle-paths led through the vigorous growth, and, keeping this well in mind, no further difficulty was experienced. It is not my purpose to review this great work of that great Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle, for that has been well and illy done long since, but I would wish in this unreflective age to recall some of this seer's calm and noble thoughts, if only as a contrast to some present-day literature that masquerades on the world's stage as Reflection.

It is not alone Carlyle's peculiar style, which some one has called "literature read by lightning flashes," that gives his works their undying interest, but it is mostly because he stripped everything he put his hand to of falsehood, and the real lineaments stood out in bold relief, often hideous and ugly, but always truthful, as he saw Truth. It cannot be gainsaid that sometimes this anatomical flaying went too far, and the unhappy victim was painted in darker colors than a more liberal-minded person would desire. On the other hand, where can

be found a more charming glimpse of childhood than this of Teufelsdröckh: "On fine evenings I was wont to carry forth my supper (bread crumbs boiled in milk) and eat it out of doors. On the coping of the orchard wall, which I could reach by climbing, or still more easily if Father Andreas would set up the pruning-ladder, my porringer was placed: there, many a sunset, have I, looking at the distant western mountains, consumed, not without relish, my evening meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of World's expectation as Day died, were still a Hebrew speech for me; nevertheless I was looking at the fair illuminated letters, and had an eye for their gilding." Poetry was the natural speech of Carlyle; we see it everywhere in his rugged, home-made phrases, written in the form of prose, but nevertheless it is poetry, unaffected, free-flowing poetry, if there can be any other sort—and in our hearts we feel that we are reading not prose, but the poetry of Truth. Some cathedrals have floors of mosaic so perfect that each stone may be examined by itself for beauty, and yet the entire number make one harmonious whole. So it is with Sartor Resartus; we can take a reverie by itself, and the picture is perfectly limned. Let us imagine ourselves seated in a high observatory, at the midnight hour, looking out with keen eyes and calm philosophy on a sleeping city of half a million scattered around about us.

"*Ach mein Lieber!*" said he once at midnight, when he had returned from the coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamp-light, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the an-

cient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting Dogs over the Zenith into their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest, and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed in and lighted to the due pitch for her, and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like night-birds, are abroad; that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours and putrefactions and unimaginable gases, what a fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born, men are praying—on the other side of a brick partition men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw; in obscure cellars, *Rouge et Noir* languidly emits its voice of destiny to haggard, hungry Villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready, and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders; the thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbar, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but in the condemned cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-shot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern, last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein*? their gallows must even now be o'building. Upwards of five hun-

dred thousand two-legged animals, without feathers, lie around us in horizontal position; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishlest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid, dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten,—all these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them; crammed in like salted fish in their barrel—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed Vipers, each struggling to get its *head above* the other; *such* work goes on under that smoke counterpane! But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars.”

Is not that a perfect example of rugged, eloquent word-sketching? It may be likened to the composite photographs which are produced by bringing out the striking characteristics in a number of views, and compressing them in one picture. It is a picture of contrasts, of striking contrasts, with some of the lines so sharply drawn that we would say, in any other but a Carlyle portrait, they were out of place. He sets all our hitherto established canons of writing at defiance—tramples on them in fact, and with almost a shriek presses them down into the mud as temporary footholds, whilst he shouts out to the world his strangely-worded gospel of Truth. But the attempt is useless to try and analyze Carlyle's style. It is Carlylean, and that is all that can be said about it, and such another dialect-jargon was never heard before. He who is tired almost unto death with the mildly inoffensive summer novel bearing “The Duchess” brand, or the nastiness of the erotic Zola school of imitators, should turn back and read “Sartor Resartus.” It does not belong to the “modern” group, and it would not be a popular subject for discussion in a fashionable drawing-room, but it is good and healthy, and

in reading it we feel our footing secure, for we are certain of having at last got down to bed-rock facts. It is refreshing sometimes to find ourselves in a new, strange country, with nearly all our bearings at fault, to be whirled tumultuously along by the edges of steep precipices, or to descend into the fertile valleys with an eccentric guide, who only deigns to converse at intervals, and then in quaint puzzles, but whose pathos is never bathos, and whose sentiment never descends to sediment. Unconsciously we know that here is a freak in literature—a sort of mastodon, Taine calls him—and we are left in a state of doubt whether, indeed, he is not laughing in his sleeve at us, and mayhap at himself, for there is a strong undercurrent of grim, ironical humor. For example, how would this suggestion from Sartor Resartus work if carried into practical effect at the present time, when our young men are "smarter" than were those of any past period in the world's history. "I have heard affirmed (surely in jest) by not unphilanthropic persons, that it were a real increase of human happiness could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered otherwise invisible, and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings, till they emerged, sadder and wiser, at the age of twenty-five. With which suggestion, at least as considered in the light of a practical scheme, I need scarcely say that I nowise coincide. Nevertheless it is plausibly urged that, as young ladies are to mankind precisely the most delightful in those years, so young gentlemen do then attain their maximum of detestability. Such gawks are they, and foolish peacocks, and yet with such a vulturous hunger for self-indulgence; so obstinate, obstreperous, vain-glorious; in all cases, so froward and so forward. No mortal's endeavor or attainment will, in the smallest, content the yet as unendeavoring, unattaining young gentleman; but he could make it all infinite-

ly better, were it worthy of him. Life everywhere is the most manageable matter, simple as a question in the Rule of Three; multiply your second and third terms together, divide the product by the first, and your quotient will be the answer—which you are but an ass if you cannot come at. The booby has not yet found out, by any trial, that do what we will, there is ever a cursed fraction, oftenest a decimal repeater, and no net integer quotient so much as to be thought of." The bitter, ironical, but truthful philosophy of this extract is characteristically Carlylean. His was too intense—too eagerly burning a nature to take in a whole truth. He saw in an intense white light one side—sometimes several sides—of a truth, but he never waited like Macaulay and surveyed it from *all* sides. He never waited to marshal up the contrary arguments, but simply took a flying leap for the next upheaved boulder of Truth, and so he crossed the ocean of Reflection. "What matters it," you will ask, "if the young man is foolish, froward, and jauntily confident that he can easily solve Life's riddles which have appalled his elders." God grant the day is distant when the young man, shading his eyes, looks out into the future with the doubts and fears of the old man. Barren, indeed, of noble deeds—the outcome of noble aspirations—would the world be, could the young man see the disappointments—the heart-breaking rebuffs—awaiting him on life's journey.

"God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or, if he trusted it to me,
I might be sad.
What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
Better that he unlock the doors,
And as the doors swing open
Say, 'Thy will is best.'"

As we close Sartor Resartus, we feel that we have been examining the closely-written brief of a special

pleader—an honest, healthy, truthful, special pleader, but nevertheless a special pleader—who, not from design, but from impatience, has skipped many lovable features in a landscape not altogether gloomy; and though convinced, as all must be convinced, that we have been permitted to see the canvas of a master-artist (the peer of whom another century will probably not breed), yet it seems almost that a softer line here and there would improve the picture—it would make it more pleasant in any case. But this feeling of pleasantness was exactly what the author of Sartor Resartus was railing at; it was not a pleasant picture he strove to paint, but a truthful one, and the bare strokes of his

genius are truthful, but the picture is not filled out. Comparing, or rather contrasting, Macaulay and Carlyle, the French critic Taine has said: "There is probably less genius in Macaulay than in Carlyle; but when we have fed for some time on this exaggerated and demoniacal style, this marvellous and sickly philosophy, this contorted and prophetic history, these sinister and furious politics, we gladly return to the continuous eloquence, to the vigorous reasoning, to the moderate prognostications, to the demonstrated theories, of the generous and solid mind (Macaulay), which Europe has just lost, who brought honor to England, and whose place none can fill."

HEARTS-EASE.

Oh, Hearts-ease, purple as the midnight skies
 Half veiled by drifting mists of fleecy white,
 And golden as the waves of sunset light!
 That he may not forget my absent eyes,
 I pray thee, lest remembrance wholly dies,
 Tell him of me, when in the silent night
 Or busy day he sees thy faces bright,
 Bathed with the dew that on their petals lies.
 Hearts-ease, I kiss thy radiant lips for him;
 Kiss from his own the lines of patient pain
 When he shall stoop to drink their fragrant breath.
 Cheer thou his heart through life's long shadows dim,
 Until I meet him face to face again
 Beyond the gates of re-uniting Death.

—GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

WOMEN AND MONEY.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON.

IF the opinions of many people were put into words they would run something like this: "Women are to spend money, to get money, to beg, coax or hoax it, but they never understand its value."

The idea is not an uncommon one. It is held, for the most part, by men, but, like your last summer's sailor hat, it is a little old-fashioned for this season.

There are three ways in which women get money—through the dead fingers of their dead kin, the living ones of their existing relatives, or by their hands or wits. Latterly women make more money. It is now less of a stigma to earn a livelihood than it was twenty or even ten years ago. There are still, though—more's the pity—those who look askance at the young woman whose bonnet and bread are paid for out of her own wages.

A woman's ideal existence is in the home. Be she wife or daughter or mother whose hands rule the house-keeping, it should be her privilege, her jealously-guarded care, to wall that defence of hearts with her own loving strength. She should be the cheerful, tender helpmeet, the father's staff, the children's good angel, the housewife, the home-maker and keeper, and the blessed sunshine. That would be a woman's ideal existence—but then, the man's—Authorities differ, and we all hold our own opinions. I think he should read and write, plant rose trees and asparagus, be good to his wife and mind who his daughter marries. He should take his family for walks in the fields in the evenings and the not too early mornings, and he should go fishing once a week. When men live that kind of a life woman may return to her ideal existence. But this is not

Utopia. Roses and asparagus, and even brook trout won't do. Man's ideal existence has become a good deal warped and woman's has followed it away from the line of perfection. In the ideal world she wouldn't even want to know whether asparagus was another name for roses (if she could cook it); but in the now-a-day-world she does need to know them, Latin roots and all, and, more than all the rest of it, she needs to know the price of the roses and those tasty little shoots which look so big in the bunch and go off so distressingly in the boiling. Daughters, too, have been pushed away from that ideal existence. They, too, often find it does not pay, in even pocket money, to sit around and play sunshine for the family, just incidentally, while waiting to be married. All girls' hands haven't that little line that the palmist tells us means a husband. There are more than enough of them to go around, and so some girls must be the little Sally Waterses of society; only, now-a-days, the Sallies are "bachelor girls," and not old maids, and many of them earn their own living.

Now, is it better to depend upon an ageing father for support, or support one's self? Is it better to look to a brother, to take the home offered by an uncle, to be one of a cousin's family, or to be independent?

It may not be an ideal existence, but the world is not an ideal world, and there are a good many glass houses.

There must, of necessity, then, be women who earn money. There are two types of them—the one who dignifies the work, no matter what it be, who is not ashamed that it is her own hand that places her own dollar in her own purse; and that other one who is

bitterly ashamed at having to work for that vulgar necessity called money, which, she declares, every one should, of course, have in the bank. She doesn't call it money. It is denominated "remuneration," "recompense," "value for services," anything, except wages, plain salary or comprehensive "money." Dickens had seen this "lady." He fitted her up for Little Dorrit. She chaperoned old Dorrit's girls over the continent and called her salary "an amount paid at quarterly intervals to my credit at my banker's." If a woman honestly earns money she should not be ashamed to take it. It is hers, and she should be proud to write a receipt.

But whether a woman belongs to one class or another, she is yet a better spender than the one who has never gained money for herself in a fair fight with the world. A dollar earned means more than a hundred cents to spend. It means something added to the character—Something which yet remains when the money has gone for bread or bon-bons, shoes or violets. The earning of it is a great deal. I honor the woman who can earn her own livelihood. It may be that she peddles apples—well, if she didn't steal them first, and if she doesn't pass them out decayed side down, she is yet a step above the drones.

I am tired of the unending cry of hardened women. People talk of the soil of business life, the bloom that goes the way of the fruity mist on the plums and grapes. A good deal of it has foundation. The business woman learns that words are not words and that business affairs yield better returns if the transactions are in writing. It is not a woman's ideal existence, but then, what would you?

Has the cunning of the merchant, the shrewdness of the broker, the tact of the politician, the suavity of the preacher, any place in man's Utopia?

It must not be expected that a woman can live in the ideal ignorant innocence and keep house with it, while

a man comes home from this unideal world, which, however, is the best one we have. She would be a great deal too good for him. I do not think he could be allowed in.

Money-getting hardens and money-spending hardens; and yet I say the more able women are both to get and spend the better women they are—not ideal ones with wings, and aureolas around their curls, but good, sensible, true-hearted women, on sturdy feet of their own, and bearing in their bosoms loving, unselfish hearts.

The blue-blooded aunt of the family doesn't like the woman who earns money. If her niece is one of them, she doesn't like her niece. This aunt generally has a fortune and an everlasting heart disease, and the wage-earning girl knows too much about money to suit her. She knows that legacies don't amount to much until they are paid, and even then are not able to balance one crucifixion of a proper pride. The blue-blooded auntie will not be able to understand this, but then, she never earned any money and, ten to one, she doesn't keep accounts.

I like the woman who keeps accounts. She need not be niggardly as some suppose, and it will do her heart good, when she has spent her last dollar, to be able to exactly determine where it and all its fellows went to. She ought to be able to account for every cent—not to any one else, if it was her own money, but to herself. She can sit down and preach herself a nice little sermon on extravagance, and it will do her far more good than any amount of unsolicited advice and distasteful reproach.

Women should understand business and money transactions. Perhaps somebody's wife didn't learn about money when she went to school. Stocks and interest, general banking, and a little law weren't included in the curriculums of fashionable boarding-schools in the days gone by. Well, teach it to her now. You've no idea

what fun you old Darbys and Joans could have over "those nasty sums."

Some men will say indignantly: "But my wife's place is in the home."

Yes, we'll agree; but he might be asked what he pays his life insurance for. It may be his wife will be left to attend to his affairs.

"But the lawyers," he adds.

Oh, yes, we've all heard of them.

There are wives who are their husbands' almost idols, yet they couldn't cash a cheque.

There are women to whom a bank book is Greek, and a discount some unintelligible disagreement between

man and man. Of course it would not be necessary for an ideal woman to understand these things, but an ideal man would not go and die and leave them for her to attend to. There are gray-haired women done out of their rights because they know nothing of business, and girls in their teens defrauded from their own because they were too innocent.

It has become not only expedient but necessary for women to thoroughly understand money. It will harden them, but only with an exterior protective hardness. Their hearts will still be womanly and beat true.

WINGS.

A bird and a leaf swing side by side
 On the topmost twig of the bare elm tree;
 The leaf is dead since the summer died
 And the winds are out in a dying world.
 The leaf and the bird sway drearily,

Till a wanton wind it bloweth them free—
 Snap! and the leaf from its stem is whirled,
 Eddied and twisted and downward cast,
 To be trampled for aye in the dust of earth.
 Whirr! and the bird with a thrill of new birth
 Straight upward is borne on the wings of the blast.

O, Soul, thou hast wings when wild winds blow,
 Tossing thee to and fro;
 These dead, naked boughs are not thy home,
 The eternal heavens are thine to roam—
 Why tremble so?

—BLANCHE BISHOP.

“ DĀK ” TO PESHAWUR.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

THE city of Lahore is a city of gardens. Perhaps the mirage of memory may have magnified and transformed objects a little. Yet, I am bound to declare, that after a fifteen-hundred mile night-ride up country from Bombay, east to Allahabad, and then north-west to the Punjaub, to descend among the groves and flowers of Lahore was to me like descending from the sterile heights of some torrid Nebo into a veritable Land of Promise. The stranger to India has not seen much by the way during his tedious night journeys; for the intense heat, even in the month of April, renders stoppage during the day and rest under cover imperative.

What gardens they were! E'en as I write, they are shadowed forth as in a dream, and become again the partial embodiments of yore. What tangled luxuriance of foliage girdling the low, thatched bungalows! What a gorgeous array of creepers embracing and half-shrouding in their fantastic arms the pillared verandahs! What delicate, feathery frondage of palm and fern! And, above all, what splendid profusion of bloom, of every shape, size, shade and texture; ruby-stained hibiscus and white-surpliced lily, pink-lipped oleander and purple-vestured passion-flower, roses more regal than Juno's imperial self, and jasmine as fragrant as the breath of Hyacinthus, while, permeating everything and rising superior to everything, like some sweet air in music, welling from out its environments of complicated variations, comes the luscious scent of the orange blossom, calling up visions of radiant forms in satin, fair faces smiling through tears, and generous bequests of bride-cake and wedding-favors, in that western home beyond the

sea, between which and this tropic Eden dances many a wave, bridged only by the memories and prayers of the loved!

From Lahore to the military station of Mean-Meer is but a few miles, and thither I was bound on my way to the North-West frontier, the Valley of Peshawur, that celebrated camping-ground and fortress, whose bristling bayonets and shotted guns keep watch and ward over the Khyber pass. Mean-Meer is nought but a sandy plain, sterile and forbidding, with huge barrack-bungalows studded over its monotonous expanse. Surrounding it, on all sides, are the private dwellings of the European residents, and the stores of the Parsees, who are the merchants and money-lenders, while beyond is the jungle and cultivated country. The plain itself is a Sahara, fever-stricken and cholera-haunted, a pest-house in a desert, cursed of God and man. I was not loath to leave it, shaking its dust in very deed off my feet, though I had been entertained right royally by my friend S—, a former school-mate, attached to one of H. M's. regiments of the line. I little thought that the near future was to see me there again, a denizen of that arid waste, at one of the most critical periods of my life. But so it turned out, and again a memory rises, and the open graves, one, two, three,—ten in a row, half-full of stagnant water, to be closed in ere half as many days, yawn up remorselessly to the heavens, while the tears of strong men and tender women fall like drops of molten lead upon the coffin lids, to the reiterated refrain, “I am the resurrection and the life,” and the wail and ruffle of the dead march, in the lurid light of the dawn, or the sombre hush of the

gloaming, yet echoes in my unwilling ears.

In those days, there was no railway from Lahore to Peshawur, so the distance, over two hundred miles, had to be traversed by "dāk gāri," or simply "dāk," a means of conveyance that presents some peculiarities as contrasted with western vehicles, and therefore merits description.

Imagine an oblong box, six or seven feet by three or four, and correspondingly high, hoisted upon four wheels, with a sliding door in the middle at either side; harnessed to that box two Indian ponies, about as stout as ordinary clothes-horses; the Jehu, a cross between the missing-link and John the Baptist, as I have always imagined him, and the picture is complete. You enter by one of the side-doors, and, unless precipitated *instantly* and headlong to mother earth by the other, extend yourself full-length on a mattress which has been spread inside. It is easier to lie than to sit, although, by a slight re-arrangement of the interior, you may convert your temporary lounge into seats if you wish. By your side are your never-absent comrades, your sword and revolver; store of provisions is at your feet, with the inevitable label

which proclaims the bottled bass or "Eckshaw, No. 1," dear to the Anglo-Indian heart, suggestive of that tropic nectar, iced *brandy-pāni*, the *avant courier* of liver complaint and the invalidating board, though certainly a desideratum during the seasons of ague and cholera.

By "dāk," you travel by day as well as by night, for the sooner the journey is over the better, and there need be no stoppages unless the

traveller so desire, as fresh relays of horses are stationed at every eight miles stage, and Government foots the bill. All the inside passenger, the *gora sahib* (white gentleman), has to do, is to sprawl on his back and keep his temper, varying the amusement of staring at the ceiling of his caravan, by indulging in pet anathemas, "not loud but deep," as an unusually rough bit of road reminds him, that not *all* the ribs of man were extracted for the formation of lovely woman.



SCENE NEAR PESHAWUR.

It was five o'clock in the morning of Monday, April 10th, 1871, that I shook hands with my friend and committed myself to the depths of the caravan and the tender mercies of the missing-link. That worthy, nonchalant and sphinx-like, cracked his whip and away we sped at a rattling pace. The first stage passed without incident, we were within hearing, so to speak, of civilization and military authority; but with the commencement of the

second stage, some eight miles from the cantonment, the trials of dâk life began. It has ever been a source of wonder to me, looking back to that journey, that I survive to tell the tale of my Indian experiences. Truly, some men are hard to kill, and if a cat be possessed of nine lives, those who go down to the deep in dâks must have at least ninety and nine.

The clothes-horses of the last stage were removed, apparently none the worse for wear, and, bye-and-bye, after what I thought unreasonable delay, the missing-link, who had entered a tumble-down looking line of buildings, clay-walled and thatched, emerged, supporting tenderly two other lean kine, mere anatomies, evidently in the last stages of consumption. These dilapidated creatures looked so meek and ashamed of their condition, that I felt sorry for them, and would have expostulated with Jehu, but unfortunately I knew no word of Hindustani and he pretended he knew none of English, though I afterwards ascertained the rascal could talk the language well for a Hindoo. Recognising the futility of interference, and trusting that, at the worst, I should but have to alight and shove behind to convey the empty vehicle and the anatomies to the next station, I subsided into the recesses of the dâk and gave myself up to what fate had in store.

Not long had I to wait for the store.

All things were ready. The consumptives were in the traces and Jehu on the box. The whip was cracked and—that was all. There was no other movement. The whip cracked again and again. Jehu vociferated loudly with frantic gestures, looking more like the missing-link than ever; but still no movement to the dâk. Then the off-skeleton, feeling exhausted, doubtless, took it into his head to have a nap. Down he flopped in his traces, and no effort could budge him. The amount of Hindi profanity lavished upon that anatomy's defenceless head was something startling, for at the con-

clusion of it, the candidate for Ebal, who was of the usual sunburnt Eastern type, was positively pale.

After at least five minutes exhortation and remonstrance with whip and voice, as the situation was becoming monotonous, I determined to alight to see what my voice and arm might do towards setting things in motion. I had just got one leg thrust through the side aperture and one foot comfortably on the ground, when, as though inspired by an electric demon, that creature in the off trace sprang to its legs, and performed a series of evolutions that would have done credit to a clown nule in a circus. My spine was nearly dislocated as I was flung back on my seat. As for the leg that protruded through the doorway, it was some time before I could regain control over the physical being and motions of that eccentric member, which spun round like a demented catherine-wheel, until hauled in, as one hauls in a weighted trolling line, by inches. Meanwhile, the companion skeleton had been biting viciously at its performing mate, while endeavoring to drag it in an exactly opposite direction from the one it appeared inclined to take. At length, something like a spirit of unity seemed to animate the pair. They started at a break-neck pace along the road, and in less than three-quarters of an hour were at the termination of the stage, the transit having been performed partly in the air and partly on *terra firma*, but whether on wheels or upside down, I am not now able to state. After the performing Pegasus had alighted from its concluding flight, and while it was being unharnessed, I sat in silent wonder, not unmixed with admiration, puzzling my brains as to where that "small head" harbored "all it knew" of deviltry.

About noon we arrived at the first dâk-bungalow. The dâk-bungalow is a rest-house or sort of way-side inn, which affords accommodation for man and beast, and many creeping things

besides; the two first for a limited term at exorbitant prices, the latter free and for life, unless provided with means of transit by an unwary traveller. Some of these dāk-bungalows are, however, very good, some indifferent, others decidedly bad. I may term this especial one good, though the charges were high and the roast goat tough. The bungalow, like all others, was in one flat, surrounded by wide verandahs with its own separate compound or enclosure. The servants were tolerably clean and civil, and the fare, with the single exception already named, passable. The pale ale was especially excellent, or, perhaps, I was very thirsty. It matters little now; the beer was swallowed and I am alive to bear testimony to the fact. In every dāk-bungalow is a visitors' book, which is presented to the "sahib" before leaving. In that book the traveller enters his memoranda as to the fare and treatment he has received while a guest, and his opinion of the attendance and accommodation in general. The book is open for government inspection, and if many complaints are registered by the travelling public, so much the worse for the sable hosts.

After alighting from the dāk, the first thing in order was a hearty draught of bitter ale; then followed a delicious cold bath. I had determined to remain under shelter till the fierce mid-day heat was over, so, instead of resorting to my own hamper of provisions, decided upon ordering dinner for one. A lusty summons of *Bawarchi* soon brought the cook, bandy-legged and unctious, who with many salaams assured me that dinner was not only a possi-

bility, but an event within range of the probable, if I chose to pay for it.

"Well, *barwarchi*, what have you in the eatable line?"

"*Aree, Sahib*, me got eberyting. Berry good."

"Well, what *have* you got?" I had, by this time, a tolerably fair notion of what a Hindoo's "eberyting" comprised.

"Me got rice. Me got vegable, pumpkin, tomato; *Sahib* like it, me make curry, berry good!"



A SCENE NEAR CASIMERE.

"Have you any chickens?"

"Shicken, *Sahib!* *Aree*, plenty shicken got it, *sahib*, in back compound."

"That's the ticket then: make me a chicken curry and a Bombay pudding, and let's have them at three o'clock, sharp."

"*Bahut ashchha, sahib* (very good, sir). Me catch shicken, an' make 'im curry, *jaldi, jaldi* (quick, quick)."

Being in want of a little diversion,

having enjoyed no sport since I left cantonments, I determined to see the consummation of the chicken tragedy, for I rightly judged the devoted fowl would be yet at liberty; so I rose and leisurely followed in the wake of the fowler. He proceeded down the centre passage which divided the bungalow into two halves, and presently emerged into the open space that lay between the rear verandah and a line of sheds beyond, comprising the kitchens, servants' quarters, etc., of the station. A row of pickets at each end of the enclosure joined the extremities of the bungalow to the out-offices and fenced in the space between, so that there was no outlet except through a wicket at either end, now closed.

"Sahib, wait here little while. Me go catch shicken."

The speaker seized a bamboo and disappeared through an aperture in the clay wall of the farthest division of the shed-like line. Presently, dire sounds of persecuted "shicken" issued from the bowels of the compartment. From the noise made, I concluded that there were at least a dozen or more birds in the hunt. Such cackling and clamor, such belaboring the inner sides of the compartment with the bamboo, such exhortations for the recalcitrant fowl to come out like a man and be slaughtered, I had never heard before in my life. The noise became deafening. The stick resounded. The *bawarchi* yelled. The fowls screamed. I could imagine the feathers flying, and already, in anticipation, my mouth watered at thought of the pullet that was soon to smoke before me, smothered in a lagoon of luscious curry, and bounded by its snowy surf of glistening rice—a veritable East Indian *pillaw*.

The clamor approached the door. The combatants were about to enter the arena, and I stood prepared to arrest the course of any refugee bird that might endeavor to escape by the back-doorway of the bungalow.

Shade of Esculapian! whose tutelary

bird was, I believe, a cock—What was it that appeared through the doorway, followed pell-mell by the sweating and excited fowler? No plump pullets, no spring chickens, not even a bevy of middle-aged hens; but *one* nondescript creature, a very anomaly of a bird, part Shanghai, part greyhound, and the remainder camelopard, that paced round the enclosure at the rate of a mile a minute. He had no feathers to speak of, was, indeed, in orthodox racing costume, and his athletic muscles stood out like knotted cords. My teeth fairly ached at sight of them. The way that thing ran was a sight for the Derby Day. It must have spent the greater part of its life in being chased. Moreover, it was up to every wrinkle of evasion. It knew every corner in which to double.

Off they went. The thing on long legs and in racing suit, first; the excited native, wildly flourishing his bamboo, a bad second. Whirr—rush—whack, whack, whack,—cluck, cluck, cluck,—whish—"Aree, *bachin-ki!*"—flap, flap, flap,—bang, bang. I could not refrain from catching the enthusiasm of the moment. I clapped my hands and shouted "Bravo! Well done all!" like the admirers of Gilpin, "as loud as I could bawl."

At length, with a despairing shriek, the much persecuted nondescript made a dive for the back-doorway. It was an unwary moment for me. I was off my guard, too much excited to be on the alert. The creature ran between my legs like a streak of ragged, mottled lightning, and escaped down the passage and so out by the front door. The hunt followed wildly, that is, the *bawarchi* and myself, the former cursing in the choicest vernacular, I laughing immoderately.

The last I saw of that bird for the occasion was from a jungle stump some quarter of a mile away. It was craning its giraffe-like neck, flapping its apologies for arms, and giving vent to its satisfaction over its escape in a lugubrious cock-a-doodle-do, that

sounded a compromise between the whooping-cough and the wheeze of a dilapidated penny-whistle. To this day I entertain a firm belief, that, on my return down country some twelve months later, I saw that self-same bird—I knew it by its disreputable habiliments—pruning the only pin feather left it. I am as confident it recognised me, for if it did not close its left eye and chuckle like a Christian, then am I myself a heathen Shanghai.

It is almost needless to add that the racer was the sole representative of the genus "shicken" at that road-side restaurant, so I had to substitute a piece of tough goat mutton for my contemplated curry. However, the other articles of the *menu* were good, and after I had chopped the goat flesh—I am not sure that it was *all* flesh: part seemed to partake of the consistency of hide or horn—into mincemeat, and pounded it with the curry-powder grinder for half an hour, it was reduced to a state fit for deglutition. I cannot, however, affirm that I have yet digested it. A spasmodic pain in the region of the liver often leaves me in periodic doubt as to whether some of the hide or skull may not be sticking there yet.

That night saw scene III. enacted in the drama, "Dâk to Peshawur."

I had been dozing and dreaming of all sorts of incongruous themes, presented in the most incongruous fashion, as is the wont of dreams accompanying short and broken slumber, when the stoppage of the *dâk* awakened me. We had evidently completed a stage, for I heard the driver, a new one by-the-bye, who had relieved the missing link about noon that day, unharnessing and driving off the horses. Concluding that the usual change would be effected after the customary delay, I troubled no more about the matter, but turned on my other side to resume the incongruous. I soon fell asleep and now snoozed comfortably for an hour, but when I again awoke we were still at rest. I struck a match

and looked at my watch. One o'clock. It had registered midnight at my last appeal before I fell asleep. Everything was quiet, so I concluded that the horses had once more been removed at the end of another stage. A few minutes elapsed, when, hearing no sound, vague suspicions began to enter my mind of treachery on the part of the driver. I recalled all sorts of horrible tales of travellers in the jungle, who had been benighted and left to



A PESHAWUR BELLE.

the tender mercies of tigers or thugs by their faithless servitors. Reason, however, soon came to my aid. This, thought I, is a government concern. They dare not desert me, and, moreover, they are in a measure responsible for my life and safety. Thus solacing myself, with a revolver in my breast pocket and a good stout bamboo in my hand, I crawled from my resting-place, and, after a short struggle with the ricketty side-posts of the doorway, reached *terra firma*.

It was a lovely night, not moonlight, but the heavens, of a dense deep blue, were sprinkled with a myriad glancing points of light, like a concave of blue-black velvet powdered with scintillating beads of gold. Great trees loomed heavily in the fore ground to my left, beneath which I could make out indistinctly the low line of clay-built stables and the out-offices of the station. The air was heavy with the fragrance of tropic leaf and bloom, not a damp, dewy fragrance, but a hot, dry and enervating sense, which was suggestive at once of summer and languor. The dâk, shaft down, lay in the middle of the broad and well-kept road that stretched away into the distance before and behind like a pale yellowish seam, between the bordering masses of gloam and indistinct light. Everything was suggestive of repose. Not a leaf stirred. Not a note of bird or insect disturbed the heavy languor which seemed to brood over everything like material wings; only every now and then the intermittent flash of a fire-fly could be seen, evolving from the dark like a life to be presently swallowed in dark again.

The thought at once struck me that we had not moved for an hour, that my driver had disappeared, and that I was alone in the middle of a wilderness at the dead hour of night. No sooner had the thought shaped itself in my mind than my course of action was determined on. I raised a lusty shout. A derisive echo was the sole response. Again I raised my voice. Again the echo sent back mocking intonation. From the neighboring lines a horse neighed. A mosquito hummed drearily by, making strategic feints towards my left ear. Impatiently I brushed the noisy little pest away, and, invoking anything but blessings upon the heads of everything East Indian, dâks, drivers, and mosquitos, I grasped my bamboo with a firmer clutch and strode in the direction of the vague line of buildings.

Here I raised shout on shout, but, obtaining no response, proceeded to dare the darkness of the interior of one of the compartments. The entrance was so low and narrow that I had to stoop and squeeze myself in on my hands and knees. My body was but half-way through the aperture, my arm and extended fingers being in advance, acting as pioneers, when they encountered a mass of something stretched inside the doorway and right athwart the threshold. It felt warm to the touch, and human. A little further exploration determined it to be indeed human and alive. I shook it by the first part that came to hand, the mid-ribs, and fairly yelled. How those niggers sleep, to be sure! At length, after a course of agitation that would have excited a physician's prescriptions to something like frenzy, and which any ordinary mortal would have deemed an earthquake, I succeeded in arousing the sleeper, and inducing him to make his egress by the doorway, when whom should I behold under the faint starlight, to which my eyes had now become accustomed, but that inevitable sinner, the driver himself. *Tableau!*

I draw the veil over what followed, for two reasons. First, I am a man of quick impulses, and I was armed with a bamboo, which species of vegetable growth has a remarkable affinity for the outer integument of fallible Oriental humanity. Second, I have long since forgiven my *vis-à-vis* of that eventful night, and would fain spare his feelings, should he ever learn to read English and behold this in print. Suffice it to say, that in about a minute I had half a village of gesticulating, screaming men, women and children and pariah dogs round me. The geese, of which there seemed to be an unlimited supply other than human, joined the outcry. The gabbling became deafening. But in the midst of the hubbub my late "sleeping beauty," who had dived into the stable, presently emerged with the stereotyped

anatomies, and to a full chorus of voices that would not have disgraced Wagner or *Walpingis Night*, the principal refrain of which was “*back-sheesh, Sahib*,” I re-entered the dâk in triumph and was borne on my way rejoicing.

The next morning we arrived at Rawal Pindee, a military station about ninety miles from Peshawur. Here, again finding friends, I broke my journey, dismissing the dâk until the fol-



THE WELL OF CAWNPORE.

lowing day. A right royal time I had during my short stay in cantonments. Everything was done to make me comfortable for the time and dyspeptic ever afterwards. The grilled chicken was delicious; the guava cheese unimpeachable; the pale ale, ravishing; the fruits, conserves, and iced *brandy-pani*, a revelation of the true believer's paradise. Dear old L—, with the bright, boyish face, handsome figure, and loud cheery voice! Where

art thou now? Thy voice hath long been silent for me. Is it yet ringing, clearest of the clear, among the band of jolly fellows round the mess-table, or is it with that of another yet dearer schoolmate and friend, silent for ever, a spirit-voice, perchance, haunting the flowery walks where he lies, close by the angel's wings that shadow the bloody well of Cawnpore?

My holiday passed all too quickly. The inevitable morrow saw me once more on my way, with a store of good things snugly deposited at the foot of the dâk. I now began thoroughly to enjoy my ride. After all, the experiences of dâk-travelling in a new district are not altogether unpleasant, especially when the horses are running smoothly and the sun has not become aggressively hot. Stretched at full length upon his mattress, with a good book and his pipe, store of provision and refreshing beverage at hand, surrounded by ever-shifting scenery,—height and hollow, monotonously barren or luxuriantly green, cultivated or jungle, river and plain, sunlight, moonlight and starlight,—the traveller can give himself up to the *abandon* of the moment, and fancy himself indeed “monarch of all he surveys.” His time is, to a certain extent, his own. His word is law. He may set the slavish fashions of civilization at defiance, dress as he pleases, and disport himself generally after the manner of Robinson Crusoe, with limitations. Moreover, he has more than one man Friday, who, barring certain idiosyncrasies of habit and conduct, are, at least, useful in their way. And as for the goat, so well remembered of childhood and the heaven of uninhabited island wood-cuts, well,—life in the Punjab is a chronic state of goat, so far as mutton and milk are concerned. The atmosphere fairly reeks of the creature and—the goatherds.

Arrived at Attock, the horses were unharnessed, and their places supplied by bullocks; for our road now lay for some distance through flats of sand

and across the bed of the river. I have but a vague recollection of the scenery just at this point, but I know it was impressive, if somewhat monotonous. We descended from a higher level to the river-bed, and then commenced the tug of war. The patient bullocks crept at a snail's pace through the sand-flats, sometimes almost knee-deep in the drift. The water in the channel was quite shallow, with here and there deeper pools. Before, behind, and around stretched the yellow-grey flats, glistening wild, almost savage, in the new-risen sun. Down from the steeper heights we paced to the hollows, and so up again through the sand-waves. By rock and stone and boulder we lugged and strained wearily along, the sunlight overhead quivering in the ripples and glancing from the cliffs, with the heat-mist palpitating like an atmospheric pulse over the barren waste around. The river crossed, up we strained once more to the higher lands, and, ere long, with an emotion of joy, which only a passenger drawn by Indian bullocks

through an Indian desert may feel, I discovered the stereotyped clay line which proclaimed the dāk-station, and outside, the ponies ready to be attached.

Having bidden farewell to the bullocks, and overcome the usual infirmities of the new team at starting, on we sped again at a gallop, and, ere many hours had elapsed, descried the long lines of the Peshawur barracks. We had entered, indeed, the dreaded precincts of "the Valley of Death." In the far distance, the mountains loomed high and misty against the azure back-ground, and the fierce rays of the torrid sun gleamed down and back with a sultry welcome, as we dashed along the high road at a rattling pace, and finally drew up before the cantonments of the Chestnut Brigade, H.M.'s. Royal Horse Artillery, which, with many another corps, both horse and foot, was keeping watch and ward at the treacherous jaws of a still more treacherous defile, the historic Khyber Pass.



THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.

BY Z. A. LASH, Q. C.

THE Tribunal of Arbitration now sitting at Paris was appointed under the provisions of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States of America, signed at Washington on the 29th of February, 1892.

The treaty recites that Great Britain and the United States being desirous to provide for an amicable settlement of the questions which have arisen concerning the jurisdictional rights of the United States in the waters of Behring Sea, and concerning also the preservation of the fur seal on or habitually resorting to the said sea, and the rights of the citizens and subjects of either country, as regards the taking of fur seal in or habitually resorting to said waters, have resolved to submit to arbitration the questions involved; and it then provides that the questions shall be submitted to a Tribunal of Arbitration to be composed of seven arbitrators, who shall be appointed in the following manner, viz., two by Her Britannic Majesty, two by the President of the United States, while the President of the French Republic shall be jointly requested to name one, the King of Italy shall be so requested to name one, and the King of Sweden and Norway shall be so requested to name one. The seven arbitrators to be so named shall be jurists of distinguished reputation in their respective countries, and the selecting Powers shall be requested to choose, if possible, jurists who are acquainted with the English language.

The following five points have been submitted to the arbitrators, and their award is to embrace a distinct decision upon each of them, viz.:

1. What exclusive jurisdiction in the sea now known as the Behring Sea, and what exclusive rights in the seal fish-

eries therein, did Russia assert and exercise prior and up to the time of the cession of Alaska to the United States?

2. How far were these claims of jurisdiction, as to the seal fisheries, recognized and conceded by Great Britain?

3. Was the body of water now known as the Behring Sea included in the phrase "Pacific Ocean," as used in the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia, and what rights, if any, in the Behring Sea were held and exclusively exercised by Russia after said treaty?

4. Did not all the rights of Russia as to jurisdiction and as to the seal fisheries in Behring Sea east of the water boundary, in the treaty between the United States and Russia of the 30th March, 1867, pass unimpaired to the United States under that treaty?

5. Has the United States any right, and if so, what right, of protection or property in the fur seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Behring Sea, when such seals are found outside the ordinary three mile limit?

Should the determination of the foregoing questions as to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States leave the subject in such position that the concurrence of Great Britain is necessary to the establishment of regulations for the proper protection and preservation of the fur seal in Behring Sea, the arbitrators are to determine what regulations outside the jurisdictional limits of the respective governments are necessary, and over what waters such regulations should extend. Great Britain and the United States have agreed to co-operate in securing the adherence of other Powers to such regulations, and they have engaged to consider the result of the proceedings

of the Tribunal of Arbitration as a "full, perfect and final settlement of all the questions referred to the arbitrators."

In 1886, three Canadian schooners, while engaged in the capture of seals in the open sea out of sight of land, were seized by a United States revenue cutter for alleged contravention of United States laws, were taken to a port in Alaska, and were subsequently condemned by proceedings in the United States Court for that district. The captains and mates of the vessels were fined and imprisoned.

Diplomatic correspondence immediately ensued; the people of Canada were greatly excited, and as other seizures were made in subsequent years, it looked at one time as if there might be an outbreak between Great Britain and the United States. It is by no means clear that the seizures were in the first instance directly authorized by the United States Government, but as they were made by United States revenue cutters, that Government had to assume the responsibility, and they have never officially repudiated it. On the contrary, they have attempted to justify it on various grounds. They claimed that Behring Sea is *mare clausum*, and as such is subject to the territorial jurisdiction of the United States; they claimed that Russia, of right, exercised jurisdiction over it, and that by the transfer of Alaska to the United States this jurisdiction also passed. Later on they claimed that as the seals visited the islands belonging to the United States regularly every year, and raised their young there, they were to be regarded as the property of the United States wherever found, and that whatever was necessary for their protection in the open sea was justifiable. The claim that the sea was *mare clausum* does not appear to have been seriously insisted on. But it has never been formally abandoned. The claim as to Russia's jurisdiction prior to the cession of

Alaska has been stoutly maintained, and although the claim as to the property in the seals was not made till a late period, and although it is without precedent to support it—yet counsel for the United States spent hours before the arbitrators in attempting to uphold this claim.

A glance at the map, and a statement of distances, should be sufficient to show the absurdity of the first contention.

The distance from the most western island belonging to the United States to the nearest point on the Asiatic shore is over 300 miles, and from the same island to the nearest Russian island it is over 180 miles. The sea from east to west measures 1100 miles, and from north to south 800 miles. Behring Straits, which form a passage way to the Arctic Ocean, are 36 miles wide at the narrowest part. The sea is not wholly enclosed by the territory of any one nation, nor was it when Russia owned Alaska. The name is of comparatively recent origin. The waters now known as Behring Sea were rarely, if ever, called by that name in the earlier part of the century. They formed part of the Pacific Ocean or South Sea. Much more can be said in favor of the contention as to Russia's jurisdiction, but the evidence in support of it falls far short of the jurisdiction now claimed by the United States, and in view of the attitude of that country towards Russia in 1822, as explained below, the inconsistency of the present position needs no comment. In 1822, His Imperial Majesty, the autocrat of all the Russias, for the avowed reason that "the trade of our subjects on the Aleutian Islands, and on the north-west coast of America appertaining unto Russia, is subject, because of secret and illicit traffic, to oppression and impediments," issued an edict establishing regulations, which declared that "the pursuits of commerce, whaling, and fishing, and of all other industry on all islands, ports, gulfs, including the

whole of the north-west coast of America, beginning from Behring Strait to the 51st degree of northern latitude, also from the Aleutian Islands to the eastern coast of Siberia, as well as along the Kurile Islands, from Behring Strait to the south cape of the island of Urup, viz., to 45° 50' northern latitude, are exclusively granted to Russian subjects.

"It is therefore prohibited to all foreign vessels, not only to land on the coasts and islands belonging to Russia, as stated above, but also to approach them within less than one hundred Italian miles. The transgressor's vessel is subject to confiscation along with the whole cargo."

When this regulation was brought to the notice of the President of the United States, his then Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, addressed to the Russian Minister at Washington, by direction of the President, a communication stating that the President had "seen with surprise in this edict the assertion of a territorial claim on the part of Russia," to the Territory referred to, and that "to exclude vessels of our citizens from the shore beyond the ordinary distance to which the territorial jurisdiction extends, has exerted still greater surprise," and Mr. Adams asked for "explanations of the grounds of right, upon principles generally recognized by the laws and usages of nations, which can warrant the claims and regulations contained in it."

The Russian Minister replied that the measure was exclusively directed against the culpable enterprises of foreign adventurers, who, not content with exercising upon the coasts referred to an illicit trade prejudicial to the rights reserved to the Russian American Company, took upon themselves to furnish arms and ammunition to the natives in the Russian possessions, exciting them to revolt. The Minister alluded to the extent of the Russian possessions in the Pacific Ocean, and added, "the extent of sea

of which these possessions form the limits, comprehends all the conditions which are ordinarily attached to shut seas (*mers fermées*) and the Russian Government might consequently judge itself authorized to exercise upon this sea the right of sovereignty, and especially that of entirely interdicting the entrance of foreigners, but it preferred only asserting its essential rights without taking any advantage of localities."

Mr. Adams replied, claiming for the citizens of the Union the right to remain unmolested in the prosecution of their lawful commerce, and protesting against giving effect to "an interdiction manifestly incompatible with their rights." In his letter he uses the following language: "From the period of the existence of the United States as an independent nation, their vessels have freely navigated those seas, and the right to navigate them is a part of that independence."

In a subsequent letter on the subject to the United States Minister at St. Petersburg, Mr. Adams says: "The United States can admit no part of these claims; their right of navigation and of fishing is perfect, and has been in constant exercise from the earliest times, after the peace of 1783, throughout the whole extent of the Southern Ocean, subject only to the ordinary exceptions and exclusions of the territorial jurisdictions."

The result of this correspondence was the negotiation of a treaty between Russia and the United States respecting certain rights in certain parts of "the great ocean commonly called the Pacific Ocean or South Sea." In the negotiation the United States stoutly upheld the rights claimed by Mr. Adams, and as stoutly protested against those claimed by Russia.

At one of the conferences the United States plenipotentiary submitted to that of Russia a paper in which he claimed that the sea in question was a free sea, and that "the right of navigating all the free seas belongs by

natural law to every independent nation, and even constitutes an essential part of this independence."

"The United States have exercised navigation in the seas, and commerce upon the coasts above mentioned, from the time of their independence, and they have a perfect right to this navigation and to this commerce, and they can only be deprived of it by their own act, or by a convention."

On another occasion the United States Minister used the following language: "The existence of territorial rights to the distance of 100 miles from the coast, and the prohibition of approaching to the same distance from these coasts, and from those of all intervening islands, are innovations on the law of nations, and measures unexampled."

The treaty referred to was signed in April, 1824, and, for a time, put an end to disputes between the nations respecting Behring Sea. One of its articles was limited to the period of ten years; a difference of opinion as to the true meaning and effect of this article arose after the expiry of the period named, and some correspondence ensued on the subject. Mutual forbearance, however, obviated any serious conflict between the nations, and, with the exception of an occasional interference with the free navigation and right of fishing in Behring Sea, nothing more happened which called upon the United States Government to re-assert its rights in the vigorous manner of Mr. Adams in 1822.

The general impression is that the territorial jurisdiction of a nation extends but one marine league (three miles) from the sea coast, and eminent writers have assumed that such is the law of nations. The reason assigned by the earlier authorities is that a marine league is the distance of a cannon shot, and that a nation has the right to control so much of the sea as can be protected from its shore. The rule, however, did not universally hold good, and in many cases by cus-

tom or treaty the right of a nation to control a greater distance has been recognized, but no instance ever existed which could, by any kind of analogy or reasoning, be cited as a justification for the pretensions of Russia, or as an answer to the position taken by the United States in 1822. If the law relating to the subject be founded upon the principle suggested, viz., the right to control so much of the sea as can be protected from the shore, it is worthy of consideration whether the increased range of the guns of modern warfare does not enable a nation to extend its territorial limits beyond a marine league from the shore. This question has not yet been decided by the nations, but Phillimore, an eminent writer on International law, says, "the great improvements recently effected in artillery seem to make it desirable that this distance should be increased, but it must be so by the general consent of nations, or by specific treaty with particular states." Vattel says: "Powers extend their dominion over the sea as far as they can protect their rights—it is of importance to the safety and welfare of the State that it should not be free to all the world to come so near its possessions." Hautefeuille alleges that "the limit of territorial sea is fixed by the principle from which its territorial character arises, as far as it can be commanded from shore." Bowyer concludes that "between nation and nation all that can reasonably be said is that in general the dominion of the State over the neighboring sea extends as far as her safety renders it necessary and her power is able to assert it."

A writer in an American newspaper thus graphically sums up the situation:—"The claim of Russia to sovereignty over the Pacific ocean north of the 51st degree of latitude, as a closed sea, was considered by our Government in 1822 as being against the rights of other nations, but now, as we have bought Russia out, it is all right.

One's opinions change according to one's standpoint, and besides, cannons shoot farther now than they used to." After the spirited remonstrance against Russian pretensions with respect to Behring Sea in 1822, one would have thought that the United States would not in 1886 have taken an opposite position with respect to the very same sea.

What rights did the United States acquire from Russia? The treaty of cession of the Russian possessions in North America to the United States was concluded, ratified and proclaimed in 1867, and, for the consideration of \$7,200,000, His Majesty, the Emperor of all the Russias, ceded to the United States "all the territory and dominion now possessed by his said Majesty on the continent of America and in the adjacent islands, the same being contained within the geographical limits herein set forth." The limits referred to do not pretend to include the whole of Behring Sea.

The Alaska Commercial Company held from the United States Government the exclusive privilege from 1870 to 1890 of taking fur seals in certain parts of Behring Sea. The avowed reason on the part of Russia, that the Edict of 1822, excluding foreign vessels from approaching within one hundred miles of the coast, was exclusively directed against the culpable enterprises of adventurers who carried on an illicit trade with the natives, was clearly not the only or chief reason for her action at that time. *The Russian-American Company* then held from Russia the exclusive right of taking seals in the locality in question. This company was a powerful organization and possessed great influence at court, and there is little doubt that the seizure of the Canadian vessels in 1886 was brought about by similar influences to those which led to the passage of the Russian Edict of 1822, viz., by the action of a great company whose interests were being interfered with by foreign competition. This

probably was the moving cause in both instances.

But for the great value of the seal industry, it is not likely that any difficulties respecting the international jurisdiction would have arisen, and although the course pursued by the United States in seizing Canadian vessels in open sea and out of sight of land, cannot be approved or justified, yet in view of the great importance of preventing the indiscriminate slaughter of seals, and the consequent destruction of this great industry, and in view of the fact that the result will unquestionably prove beneficial to the world, even a Canadian cannot suppress the thought, "All's well that ends well."

Nations are hard to move, and some such event as the seizure by one, of the vessel of another, was probably required to rouse those interested to a proper understanding of the situation, and to the necessity for joint action.

A short account of these marvellous seal fisheries will help to an appreciation of the general position. The seals frequent Behring Sea in great numbers from the middle or towards the end of spring till the middle or end of October, a period of between five and six months. During this time they have rookeries on the Islands of St. Paul and St. George, which constitute the Pribyloff group and belong to the United States, and on the Commander Islands, which belong to Russia. By far the larger number resort to the Pribyloff group. The rest of the year they are supposed to spend in the open sea south of the Aleutian Islands.

The migration northward, is made through numerous passes in the long chain of the Aleutian Islands, above which the courses of their travel converge chiefly to the Pribyloff group. The females generally give birth to their young within two weeks after reaching the rookeries, and soon after they resort to the sea for the food which they require to enable them properly to suckle their young. The

male seals, or bulls, as they are commonly called, require little food while on the islands, where they remain watching the rookeries and sustaining existence on the large amount of blubber which is secreted beneath the skin, and which becomes gradually absorbed during the five or six months. The greater number of seals found in the water during the summer and early fall are females in search of food, but it is impossible there to distinguish females from males.

When shot and killed in the water, a seal generally sinks almost immediately, and great skill and quickness are required on the part of the hunter to reach, with his boat or canoe, the place where the animal was, in time to recover it ere it has sunk too deep. Those who have seen seal shooting on the Lower St. Lawrence will appreciate the difficulty, and will readily believe that large numbers of the animals killed in Behring Sea are lost. One of the special agents of the Treasury Department, in a report to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, states his conviction that not more than one seal in ten killed or mortally wounded in the water is landed on the boats and skinned, and he thus estimates that to get the 30,000 skins which were taken in this way in 1887, 300,000 seals were killed.

It is difficult to believe that such an estimate is reliable. Mr. Bayard, writing to Mr. Phelps, in February, 1888, says that some authorities state that not more than one out of three of seals so slaughtered is ever secured, and he adds, "this may, however, be an over estimate of the number lost." Whatever the true proportion may be, it is evident that if indiscriminate destruction of seals in the water by fire-arms or other similar means be permitted, the result may ultimately be disastrous to the enterprise, and, in any event, large numbers must be slaughtered which are lost entirely, and large numbers of females, some bearing young, must also be killed.

In the letter already referred to, Mr. Phelps refers to the result in other parts of the world, where, in the absence of concerted action among the nations for its preservation, the fur seal industry has ceased, *e.g.*, among the South Pacific Islands and on the coasts of Chili and South Africa, the Falkland Islands and adjacent seas. In former years hundreds of thousands of skins were obtained yearly at these places; but, in 1880, according to the best statistics, less than 1,500 skins were taken at the Falkland Islands, and, in 1888, out of an estimated aggregate yield of 185,000 skins from all parts of the globe, over 130,000, or more than two-thirds, were obtained from the rookeries on the American and Russian Islands in Behring Sea.

An estimate has been made of the numbers of breeding seals on the Pribyloff Islands in 1886 and 1887. The sea margin of the various rookeries was measured, and the depth inland from the sea. The number of square feet was thus ascertained, and, allowing one seal for every two square feet, the result was the astounding number of over six millions breeding seals. This does not include the young male seals, which are not allowed by the old bulls to frequent the rookeries, and which are compelled to "haul out" on other parts of the islands; so that the actual number, if the above estimate be at all reliable, must far exceed six millions. Two square feet to a seal certainly seems a very small allowance; but, whatever the proper space may be, it is evident that under any circumstances the numbers frequenting these islands during the summer months must run up well into the millions.

Mr. A. Howard Clark, in response to a request made by the United States Treasury Department, prepared a memorandum as to the fur seal fisheries of the world in 1887. In it he says:—"A few men are still living who participated in the Antarctic seal fisheries years ago. Their stories of the former abundance of fur seals I have

obtained in personal interviews. As to the manner of destruction, there is but one thing to say: an indiscriminate slaughter of old and young, male and female, in a few years results in the breaking up of the largest rookeries, and, as in the case of Massafuera and the Falkland Islands, the injury seems to be a permanent one. As an instance, the South Shetlands were first visited in 1819 when fur seals were very abundant, two vessels in a short time securing full fares. In 1820, thirty vessels hastened to the islands and in a few weeks obtained upwards of 250,000 skins, while thousands of seals were killed and lost. In 1821 and 1822, Weddell says, '320,000 skins were taken. . . . The system of extermination was practised, . . . for whenever a seal reached the beach, of whatever denomination, he was instantly killed and his skin taken; and by this means, at the end of the second year, the animals became nearly extinct. The young, having lost their mothers when only three or four days old, of course died, which at the lowest calculation exceeded 100,000.' In subsequent years, till 1845, these islands were occasionally visited by vessels in search of seal skins, but never after 1822 were many animals found there. About 1845, the Antarctic fur sealing was abandoned."

Mr. Henry W. Elliott, writing from the Smithsonian Institution to Mr. Bayard, uses the following vigorous words: "Open these waters of Behring Sea to unchecked pelagic sealing, then a fleet of hundreds of vessels, steamers, ships, schooners and what not, would immediately venture into them, bent upon the most vigorous and indiscriminate slaughter of these animals. A few seasons there of the greediest rapine, then nothing left of those wonderful and valuable interests of the public, which are now so handsomely embodied on the seal islands."

The old bulls drive away the young males from the rookeries and they are compelled to "haul out" on other

parts of the Islands. They are driven inland by the hunters and killed by clubbing when a convenient distance from the salting houses. Experience has shown that the fur of a seal is most valuable when the animal is three years old, the proportions being, at present prices, that a two year old seal is worth \$15 or \$16, a three year old \$16 to \$19, a four year old \$16, and a five year old only \$2.50.

When killing the seals on land, care is taken to select as many as possible within the ages of two and four. The seals walk as if on four legs, raising their bodies from the ground as they move. Under favorable conditions they travel about a mile and a half an hour: the longest drive made does not exceed eight miles.

According to the report of Committee of Congress in 1889, the total amount paid by the Alaska Commercial Company under their contract with the government up to June 30, 1888, was.....\$5,597,100

The total amount received from customs' duties on Alaska dressed seal skins imported from England (where the raw skins are for the most part sent to be dressed) was..... 3,426,000

To which should be added the customs' duties on seal skins taken by the Company on islands belonging to Russia..... 502,000

Grand total.....\$9,525,100

The amount paid by the United States to Russia in 1867 for Alaska was... \$7,200,000

The total amount expended up to June, 1888, for salaries, travelling expenses of agents of the Treasury Department in Alaska, was about..... 250,000

And for the expenses of the revenue cutters cruising in Alaskan waters about	150,000
Total	<u>\$7,600,000</u>

Deduct this from the \$9,525,100, and the handsome surplus of \$1,925,100 remains. The \$250,000 and \$150,000 above mentioned seem to include all expenditure by the Government in connection with Alaska from 1867 to 1888. The receipts have been almost entirely directly connected with the seal industry.

No wonder that a vigorous effort should be made to prevent any course which might threaten the destruction of this industry.

A difficulty in the way of a joint arrangement among the nations inter-

ested for the preservation of the seal fisheries, is doubtless the fact that the nations owning the seal islands have so great an advantage. Those who have to seek the seals in open sea cannot readily distinguish males from females, or old from young, and cannot fail to kill, if fire-arms be used, large numbers which are entirely lost. Moreover, it is comparatively easy to check the take of those who kill on land, but not so easy to watch or check the work of a sealing vessel.

Let us hope that some way out of the difficulties may be found, and that the great object in view may not be sacrificed by any narrow-minded, short-sighted or selfish considerations on the part of any.

Toronto, May, 1893.



TALES OF WAYSIDE INNS.

NO. III.—THE LUMBERMAN'S TALE.

BY HENRY LYE.

The term "Lumbermen" is generally applied to men whose avocation is that of taking out squared timber from the wild forests, and not that of packing away old furniture or pledges in attics and garrets; yet these pursuits, so diverse in their nature, have given synonymous appellations to "Lumber" and "Cumber," both of which are derived from the old Lombard money-lenders or pawn-brokers.

The dense woods, encumbering the land required for agricultural purposes, were a great hindrance and trial to the first settlers, who had to clear away these as well as the fallen giants of the forest, lumbering the ground, before they could commence its cultivation; even as we clear away the old furniture and useless lumber, which accumulate until they cumber the rooms we wish to occupy for other purposes.

The term "Lumber," as applied to trees, appears to have been originally a local or domestic one, becoming a mercantile appellation when markets were found for the timber of the forest, until which time even the most beautiful specimens of walnut, oak, red cedar, ash, cherry, butternut, etc., were so valueless as to be burnt in the log piles to get rid of them, whilst the softer wood of the pine and the white cedar were utilized for rails and buildings, because they were more easily wrought.

Now and then a settler would make a door-step of oak or walnut, or a whittletree, or a neck-yoke, or a wagon-tongue, of white ash, or an ox-yoke of soft maple; but, generally speaking, the timbers we now esteem as the most valuable were looked upon as the

most troublesome, because of their hardness and weight, and the consequently more arduous labor entailed in the cutting piling and burning, necessary to their destruction.

Some of the first settlers in Prince Edward County built out-houses of red cedar, and I have found barns whose foundations were black-walnut, so utilized as the easiest way of getting rid of it, as well as because it does not rot. Indeed it is but a few years since the elm of Kent County in Ontario had no value, so that it was delivered at the stave-mills for the cost of its cutting and delivery, no allowance being made for any value for the timber itself.

Whilst the Lumbermen have employed a great number of men, their operations have been one of the principle causes of the comparatively slow growth of the population of Canada. The lumberman finds a forest of noble trees;—he leaves behind him a wilderness of stumps and boughs and rocks; he carries food for his men and cattle and teams from the settled country; his men are brought from a distance; if he employs teamsters from amongst the settlers living in the neighborhood of his operations, they become unsettled in their habits, unfitted for agricultural pursuits and useless for any occupation other than lumbering.

The earliest and most remarkable emigration from Canada was from the valley of the Ottawa from 1870 to 1878, by which innumerable half-cultivated farms were abandoned, and by which Saginaw, Bay City and other places in Michigan were filled with Canadians, hardy, industrious and homesick.

Similar consequences must always ensue whenever the exports of a country consist of raw materials, instead of finished products, because such a system turns an abundance into a void. The operation is similar to that of a plague of locusts or of rats, which destroy everything before them; or of the rabbits of Australia which prevent the sheep from their proper food, or of the drought which burns up the roots of the grasses, or of the flood which overwhelms not only the dams, bridges, mills and houses, but also the inhabitants of the valleys.

Hence it is not from party-political motives alone, that the opposition to the export of saw-logs arises, but from the feeling that Canada cannot extend its settlements, or increase its population, if the policy of denudation without manufacture or replacement is continued.

There may be politicians whose practice it may be to oppose everything for the purpose of embarrassing an executive, and there may be governments who play grab for immediate gains, on the principle of "after us the deluge," but those who are truly statesmen and patriots will always consider, not the immediate advantage over an opponent, but the true welfare of the country and its people;—such men will always desire that they should be enabled to leave everything which is within the proper sphere of their influence in a condition better than that in which they found it, and will not promote either deserts or deluges.

The timber on immense areas is sold *en bloc* to the lumberman on such terms as enable him to cut it when and as he pleases, without any obligation other than ground-rent and stumpage. It follows naturally that lumbering operations are principally in districts remote from towns and villages, and in which the settlements, if any, are few and wide apart. There may be a blacksmith's shop and a tavern and a few squatters, or it may be that, in

addition to these, the lumberman may have sent up men to cut marsh hay or to take care of the camp and buildings, and these men may have taken their wives and children with them, but these habitants offer no inducements to the professional man, as he could not make money amongst them; he would lose tone for want of educated society and would lose courage for want of prospect of future success. There may be occasional need for a surgeon, but it generally happens that the wounds which would fall under his care are incurable, as the man crushed by a falling tree, or jammed by a collision of saw-logs, has not much chance of recovery.

However, when there are families in these backwoods districts, the women and children suffer from the ills which flesh is heir to, intensified to them by the exposure, monotony and malaria incident to new districts, as well as by the ignorance and bad cooking which prevail amongst the women; whilst the ailments of the men arise generally from bad whisky, water-soaked clothing and wounds.

However undesirable these localities may be to the professional man, to whose success "the madding crowd" is necessary; there are, *en route* to these backwood districts, good inns which depend for their patronage upon the lumberman, his employees and his teams, with occasional visitors on business or pleasure bent. One of these inns was some few years ago situated by the side of a strait which forms the junction between two of the lakes in Muskoka. There are amongst the lumbermen some good, educated and liberal-minded men or there would not be any foundation for this tale. It sometimes happens, as in this case, that the inns are strictly temperance houses, and that the innkeeper is the postmaster, storekeeper, magistrate and general adviser of the locality.

After an exceedingly hot and dry summer, an outbreak of fever and ague brought with it a complication of sick-

nesses amongst the women and children of families too poor to pay for medical attendance, so that when my friend the lumberman went up in the early fall, to see and decide as to the preparations necessary to the operations of the ensuing winter, he and the innkeeper had a long talk about the distressed condition of the women, who were quite worn out and helpless from sickness, want of sleep and general hardship.

Full of pity and compassion, the lumberman left some money to relieve, as far as practicable, the most pressing wants, and promised to consult his own medical adviser in Toronto as to what could be done to relieve the general sickness. On doing this he found that no doctor would leave his own practice to labor amongst a thinly scattered people where he might be only temporarily required and poorly paid, but the gentleman he consulted advised him to make arrangements with a trained nurse whom he highly recommended, and whom he would instruct as to the supply of simple remedies she should take with her.

The lumberman paid for the medicine chest, the travelling expenses, and three months' remuneration to the nurse, and she set out for the scene of her labors, where she proved a blessing and a comfort to many a weary woman; indeed, there is no doubt but that many a now stalwart youth and many now blooming maidens owe their lives and health to her kindly and skilful ministrations.

As the end of her agreed term approached, she had become so beloved for her sweetness of disposition, her kindly sympathies and the good effects of her presence, prayers and services, that the people were loath to lose her, and so met together at the inn to consult as to the best method of keeping her amongst them, when it was agreed that each family should contribute a small sum, so as to provide a moderate regular income, which, with her freedom from expenses for board and res-

idence, was such as was satisfactory to her, but was much less than would have enabled any medical man to pay his way; indeed, the nature of her services generally was such that no male person would have adequately filled her place, as, in addition to her experience and skill as a nurse, she was a sincerely religious, sensible woman, whose prayers and readings and conversations healed many a wounded heart, comforted many an anxious conscience and sustained many hopeful aspirations.

The summer visitors to Muskoka now know it as a place of beautiful scenery, of lakes of pure soft water, studded with fairy islets, offering opportunity for boating, fishing, shooting and mayhap flirting, but these attractions became known very gradually as clearing, draining and other improvements rendered it free from malaria, and made it one of the most attractive of health-giving resorts.

Before Muskoka became so popular as it now is, occasional parties of tourists visited its lakes and lingered on its islands. With one of these parties there came up a newly fledged M.D., who, filled with undigested knowledge of his profession, but without that human sympathy which generally ennobles the medical fraternity, was full of zeal for all its exclusive rights and privileges.

This fledgling learnt of the presence and practice of "Our Nurse," and, to his horror, learnt that she had sent a dose of rhubarb and magnesia for an ailing child in the very inn in which he was a guest.

He might have borne this, but on the next morning he was made aware of the fact that she also had been in the inn for most of the night, nursing another child through an attack of croup, and, after administering hot baths and goose oil, had sent to the store for syrup of squills, which she had ordered to be given to the child every little while until the hoarseness disappeared.

To pile up the agony, he found "Our Nurse" had been hurriedly called away to attend a poor woman who had scalded her foot by the upsetting of a kettle of boiling water, and that there was actually a boy waiting in the sitting-room until the hostess packed up some sweet oil and cotton-batting and fine flour for her use.

As though the elements had conspired together to bring the sum of such enormous iniquities to his notice, he heard the boy tell the hostess that "Our Nurse" wanted some materials, which he named, for the compounding of an anodyne liniment for an old woman's knee, which was "mortal bad."

These accumulations of offences against Section 45, Chapter 148, R.S.O., (the Act respecting the profession of Medicine and Surgery) were quite too much for our fledgling, who had lately been inducted into the profession, and who, consequently, had studied the law and felt it incumbent upon him to vindicate its majesty; so, learning that our host was a magistrate, he forthwith laid an information against "Our Nurse," upon which summons and subpoenas were issued.

When the witnesses appeared, they were accompanied by a large number of persons who refrained not from the premature expression of their opinions, nor from remarks not complimentary to the complainant in the case. One

of them said, "They are using tar at the landing, firing up the old steamboat." Another asked as to the price of feathers. Another enquired as to whether travelling by rail was more pleasant than walking. Another as to whether the water was *very* cold at that time of the year. Another as to whether a man could run all the way from there to Toronto; and so on.

The crowd being reduced to order, the business of the magistrate's court proceeded; the witnesses were examined, and the defendant was found guilty of many transgressions against the Act respecting the Profession of Medicine and Surgery, and liable to the penalties therein provided, which were duly inflicted, so that the majesty of the law was fully vindicated; but, as the Justice of the Peace intimated his intention to pay the costs and fines out of his own pocket, it is somewhat doubtful as to whether any of the amounts have reached the legal depository.

Since these occurrences took place, the locality has been greatly improved. *Nerves* have been introduced, and a regular doctor now finds ample practice amongst patients whose toothache has become neuralgia or tic-doloroux, whose "roomatiz" is now sciatica or lumbago, and who need tonics and aperients to overcome the effects of self-indulgence and fashionable dissipation.



RARE SPECIMEN,

A Canadian Sketch.

BY J. H. STEVENSON, B.A.

SOME of the finest bits of Canadian scenery are found abounding among the "back lakes," as they are called, in the county of Peterborough, Ontario. These lakes are so numerous that they repeat on a larger scale the land and water phenomena of the Thousand Islands. Nature here boasts of such an abundance of cool, dark, clear water, that one is stumbling on lakes everywhere. Lakes, large and small, long and broad, deep, but never shallow. Lakes on the mountains and in the valleys, and sometimes even in the lakes, one notable instance of this being Round Lake, a beautiful body of water in the middle of an infant island, that nestles with many others in the bosom of Stoney Lake. Leaving the main body of water, Stoney Lake, and scrambling up a rocky shore that descends almost perpendicularly into the water, and that inakes landing from the Peterborough canoes, so commonly used here, somewhat difficult, one has to go only a few yards across the granite, or over the carpet of moss and soil with which nature conceals the rock, then through a thick growth of trees, when the loveliest scene breaks on his enchanted gaze. A little lake, almost perfectly circular, diameter twenty or thirty yards, and shores gradually and regularly sloping to the water's edge all around, looks up through the drooping foliage, hanging its festoons on every side, to the blue above. Our party stood in silence looking on the scene, so chaste, so secluded, it might have been a lavatory of the gods; nor could we have felt surprise if some Naiad had tripped down the shore to bathe her brow from its cooling

depths or to sport upon its surface. Such is a lake within a lake. Then there are rivers expanded into lakes, and chains of lakes, families clasping hands and loath to separate, as they dance away towards the sea. Lakes are here with such a wealth and variety of the finny tribes that the angler has need of patience no more; rock bass, trout, perch and maskinonge being had for the trouble of lifting them into the boat. There is scarcely a foot of scenery anywhere that would not arrest an artist. Great grey mountains of Laurentian granite lift to heaven their giant bulk, while here and there upon their brow, stand, as sentinels, naked, weather-whitened trees. Not a mile away will be found another island, scarcely lifting its head above the surface of the water, with deep, rich soil, surface rolling and covered with luxuriant grasses. Everywhere wee modest islands, fit for a fairy's home, lie low in the bosom of the water, while bays curve round their forms with tenderness, and kiss their feet with lapping waves. On these latter, one paddles his canoe as in a scene enchanted, through a wealth of water lilies, that look up smiling through their tears, with every inch of their snowy surface opened to the sun. As I look into the water lily, with its marble whiteness in a cup of green, it seems to me the water nymph reaches out to me a chalice of emerald filled to overflowing with the white emblem of purity, and bids me drink and be forever happy.

The north shore of Stoney Lake is bold, grey and stern. The coast is broken and rocky, with here and there a river—utilized by the raftsmen

in getting their timber from the northern wilds to the region of the sawmill—that pours its torrent over bluffs and round sharp curves in its impetuous haste to see the sights of the lake, a vivid picture of the youth who thoughtlessly leaves the quiet rural or village home to see and feel, and perhaps be lost in the throbbing life of the great city. The south shore is rough and wild also, though not so much so as the north; does not contribute any feeders to the lake, and is more adapted to agricultural pursuits, if one is satisfied with a very moderate amount of success.

It was on the south shore that I first saw my rare specimen, which, by the way, was not a geological one; nor was he a fossil, though I may be able to assign him to his “class” by and by. What furnishes to us rarer specimens than this human nature of ours, with its variety and possibility continually preaching to us of the infinite? Yes, he was a man; and the most wonderful mixture of gruffness and true politeness, of crossness and good-nature, of simplicity, with a great accumulation of knowledge, it has been my privilege to meet. Now add to this an untold variety of peculiarities, cropping out in unexpected places, in speech, in manners, and in actions, and you have him in merest outline.

He had a massive frame, every joint of which seemed a misfit; and when he walked, one leg of the trousers caught up on the top of an extended bootleg, his cap dragging on the side of his head, his shirt collar open sailor fashion, his sleeves rolled up after the manner of a cook, he reminded one of the uncertain attempts of a flying machine. Every movement was a dissonance, and we could never prophesy where he would go. His hair was dark, tinged with iron grey, and tufty; his eyebrows thick, protruding and shaggy; his features heavy, and betraying nothing of his character, but on the contrary often leading one astray; his manner and speech abrupt

in the extreme, especially his speech, which came in startling jerks, and was a revelation of the possibilities of the vocal organs. I stood in awe of him for a long time, his manner was so jerky, his speech so hard to understand; and besides this he never laughed, nor even smiled. Many a time was I provoked to mirth by his strange and utterly unannounced gestures, and yet I might not laugh lest I should call down his anger on me, or he should turn into one of the giants that the nursery books of my youth spoke about, and eat me up.

His house was a study, worthy of the World's Fair. It was situated on a little clearing, that sloped by stony ridges down to a bay shut off from the lake and land-locked by three or four islands some distance from the shore. He had been its architect, its contractor and its builder, and it was a fair embodiment of himself. A long, low, tunnel-like passage, pointing towards the lake, on the door of which was written the word “hollow,” answered as a kitchen; while joining this, so as to make a figure like the letter L with an obtuse angle, was a similar construction somewhat wider than the former, and answering the purposes of a sitting-room, a dining-room, an art gallery and a parlour. The whole was roofed with shingles he himself had split from cedar blocks and shaped with an axe. A few feet of land was enclosed with an indefinite sort of fence—home-made also, the pickets having been split from cedar, and utilizing, in its rambling march round the mansion, any stray stump of the “forest primeval” that had been spared when the ground was cleared. Within this enclosure an attempt had been made to cultivate flowers, the result being that an infantry of hollyhocks and sunflowers bowed and bobbed and “presented arms” to the visitor from every direction.

The interior of the house held for me another surprise, revealing as it did that my rare specimen was an ar-

tist. The walls were sheeted with "dressed" lumber, and were literally covered from ceiling to floor with paintings done in oil colors, and no parsimony practised in laying on the same. The most prominent painting occupied the central part of the south wall, the subject being a schooner, fully rigged, scudding before the breeze. "Each mast and sail and rope" were there faithfully represented. The sailors, painted in gaudy colors, were busy about the deck or climbing the ropes. All the little details of deck and hull were reproduced; while, with full sail spread, the Union Jack floating from the mast, she was making her way through yeasty waves of bright blue paint. The old man's eye softened a little, and his manner almost verged on the enthusiastic, as my friend and I stood with subdued, and I trust appropriate, admiration before his effort. It was a memory of his early life; being a representation of the vessel in which, as a British tar, he had many times crossed the Atlantic and sailed to foreign ports. It seemed somewhat inexplicable to me that, after having been a rover for the greater and better part of his life, he should settle down here in the north, twelve or fourteen miles from any village, with no neighbors near, with scarcely the sight of a human being except during the tourist season, and then only by chance, as he was not well-known or easily approached. Still I was convinced, as he named each rope for us, and regarded the picture with evident affection, and especially when I saw him look out with satisfaction on the lake at his door, that he was "true to his first love."

The next picture noticed was a corollary of the one just described, furnishing evidence of the various foreign ports into which he had sailed. It was a group of heads; a sort of anthropological study, by the way. There were heads—Indian, American, Malay-an, Chinese, Japanese, African, and

some that rather puzzled me, leading to the suspicion that they were supplied by imagination. However, here they all are, their animosities and barbarities gone, made to neighbor together in peace at the magic touch of my artist.

Another was a love scene before a log cabin in the woods, indicating that the hero of this sketch was not without an appreciation of the sublime passion, especially when found in a romantic setting. This subject, indeed, was considered too important to be treated on one canvas, or rather, I should say, one board; hence it appeared as companion pictures. The first represented a cabin, out of which have just come two women, evidently mother and daughter, to greet a youthful stranger who was standing outside the garden gate, holding by the bridle a somewhat originally-proportioned donkey. In the second, the principal figures were the same, except that the elder lady had turned her back, and the ardent youth was improving the opportunity by reaching over the fence to imprint a kiss on the cheek of his not unwilling lady-love. The artist failed in his evident desire to paint the report that followed this osculatory act, but from the bellows-like appearance of the youth's cheeks, I have no doubt it awakened resounding echoes from distant parts of the forest, and sounded a note of warning to the mother's heart of the possible appropriation of one of her home treasures in the near future.

One of the pictures, at least, showed a sense of humor, as I discovered to my discomfiture in the following manner. My friend, who had visited this gallery of art before, called my attention to a melancholy, tearful picture at the end of the room, the subject of which was a donkey's head. Around it was written some legend, that I approached nearer to read, expecting thereby to solve the mystery of this soulful sadness. Imagine my surprise when I was greeted with the following

question, evidently words intended for the donkey's mouth: "When shall we two meet again?" I turned around, mentally abusing my unfortunate curiosity, only to find my friend shaking with suppressed laughter, and the painter of the picture uttering some abrupt gurgling sounds in his throat, and not looking at all unpleased. This did not lessen my confusion, and my studies in art ceased forthwith.

The old man had his coat of arms painted promiscuously around the place. Whether it was an original or borrowed design I cannot say, but certainly it was ingenious and in every way worthy of him. One day, my friend and I, having left our canoe at the wharf, and walked up the winding, stony and uncertain path that led to the house, found him in the ferment of excitement. He had just completed the building of a new frame barn, and had painted on a board about three feet square his coat of arms, which I learned, more from his pantomime than his words, he wished with our assistance to hoist to its place in the gable end of the new building. He had bolts and staples all ready, holes bored, a pulley fixed at the ridge board, and through it a long rope attached to the coat of arms. He had made an elaborate preparation, as if he were about to raise a mast; and now this old sailor of sixty mounted a ladder, leading against the barn, as nimbly as a youth, and commenced shouting to us land-lubbers the most unintelligible commands, couched in strictly nautical terms, but again his frantic gestures came to our assistance, and besides this, there being but one thing to do, we laid hold of the rope, and soon had his brilliant escutcheon in its place. In a few moments it was fastened, and we stood off to get the effect. The ground work of the picture was white, the border blue, while from the centre, painted with blue and

red colors, were three legs joined together at the thighs, flexed at the knees, and reaching out towards the edge of the board like three spokes of a wheel, with equal angles between each. Around the edge of the board was printed in bold, black letters the proud challenge, "Turn me which way you will, I stand." I shall never forget the look of the old man as he stood off in the distance to admire this crowning piece of work. No artist, not even the one whose life was saved by a fellow-artist daubing his beautiful picture on the cathedral's ceiling, when he, the painter, had backed dangerously near the edge of the scaffold to get a view of his work, ever surveyed his effort with more enthusiasm than did my hero. I never saw him get really enthusiastic before, or display much feeling, but now, pointing to it in its place, and as pleased as a boy, he exclaimed: "See! the three legs and the three Cleggs," alluding, no doubt, to his wife and adopted daughter, who shared his home and peculiarities, in part, here in the woods.

There was also evidence that his classical education had not been neglected. This I discovered one day on approaching the outer gate leading to the house, for here inscribed on the left of the entrance instead of the legend *Cave Canem* still unearthed among the ruins of Pompeii, I read this: "Beware of the dog *and Ram*." This latter addition to Roman wisdom was no doubt considered necessary by the alterations which modern agricultural pursuits have made when compared with the days of Virgil. And I am sure that any one who has had painful experiences with that autocrat of the pasture-field, to which allusion is made in the above terse sentence, will conclude that the wit of my "specimen" was as keen as that of the Roman, and his philosophy as genuine.

THE NICKEL REGION OF CANADA.

BY H. A. HILYARD.

THE districts of Nipissing and Algoma, each large enough to make an European kingdom, and near to and readily accessible from the most populous parts of Canada and the United States, are yet howling wildernesses of primitive rock, rent, and torn and worn into brules, fissures, chasms, through which pour copious rivers from the "Height of Land," as the Laurentian backbone, which separates

many a pristine forest in which to operate, though in many a section the best lumber has fallen before his axe, or the great forest fires have swept away the giants of the forest primeval, and left wastes of slender spires of a newer growth. Miles and miles one may travel by canoe or road without seeing a human habitation, or a single human face, but even in the solitudes of this wild land, other



C. P. R. BRIDGE ON VERMILLION RIVER.

the basin of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes from the basin of the great northern sea of Canada, is called. Beautiful as many a mirror-like stretch of river or glassy lake may be, or roaring torrent and deafening waterfall; luxuriant as many a river valley in this granitic region is, the greater part of the country is comparatively barren from an agricultural point of view. Here the lumberman still has

sounds than those of the waterfall or the teeming animal life present everywhere may be heard, for over an extensive belt echoes the whistle and roar of the railway train, a new comer, which even here amid the rocks is gathering many a nucleus of future settlement. But these settlements are not to be founded, as in the remainder of the great province of which Algoma and Nipissing form part, on farming.

Many small valleys, sometimes several miles long, are remarkably fertile, although bordered by barren rocks, and farming will, no doubt maintain its thousands—perhaps its tens of thousands—but will be entirely subsidiary to and dependent upon the greatest industry of the future of this region—mining. Here lies untold wealth—such as no region in the world, even in the days of gold-laden Spanish galleons, or the early years of the California and Nevada mining frenzy, has yet revealed. Gold, silver, platinum, are here; exhaustless beds of iron ore, and great bodies of copper. But it is not owing to any of these that the two districts loom up to-day before the eyes of the entire commercial world as a land of promise, but because of the vastness of the nickel deposits found here in recent years. The paltry output of the far away French islands of New Caledonia, which until recently furnished the greater part of the nickel of the world, has been counted only by hundreds of thousands of pounds avoirdupois; here the output is counted by thousands of tons of ore, and Commodore Folger and Lieutenant Buckingham, sent here by the United States Government to report on the possibility of obtaining a large and continuous supply of nickel for naval armor, estimated the amount of ore visible on the surface of the ground to be 650,000,000 tons. So stupendous a quantity might well suggest—had it been reported ten years ago—that it would be ample for the world for ages to come; but almost contemporaneous with the discovery of nickel in Ontario came the discovery that

nickel was capable of profitable application in a thousand and one ways to the uses of life. The result is that nickel now stands foremost among the metals in the new developments of the early future, and to the nickel region of Ontario, thousands, both in America and Europe, look for the Eldorados of the coming years, and for colossal fortunes to mining capitalists. The possession of these nickel beds is of vast importance to Canada; in fact, its possible effect in the industrial development of the Do-



WINTER ON SPANISH RIVER.

minion can scarcely be exaggerated. In visiting these districts, the first attraction that engages our attention, on arising in the morning, after an all night's ride on the Northern train from Toronto, is the large sheet of water called Lake Nipissing, which, if much smaller than any of the great lakes of Canada, might yet be almost classed as another great inland sea, for it stretches away to the west over a distance of fifty-five miles, and to the south about twenty-five miles. A

scene of beauty it is, and one, too, appealing at once to the commercial sense, for the suggestion of mineral wealth is made at the threshold of the nickel country. As we stand on the platform of the Canadian Pacific station at North Bay, we see, at a distance of twenty miles, the Manitou Islands. On these islands is to be found a very rich deposit of iron ore. A short distance to the west of these is another small island, called Iron Island—so named because it is supposed to be one immense deposit of that ore. The captain of a steamer tells me that when near this island his compass is useless.



VERMILLION LAKE.

From North Bay we take the Pacific express, which carries us through one of the most desolate regions that it would be possible to imagine—a region of bare rocks and scanty, monotonous forest. But we are nearing the mines, and the accompaniments of the mining industry multiply. As we near the little station of Wahnapi-tâ, we are informed that a prospector had just boarded the train on his return from a trip. This naturally arouses our curiosity as to what he is like, and what luck he has had, after travelling

over these rough rocks for, perhaps, six or eight weeks. At Sudbury, where we soon arrive, we can fully "take in" his appearance. There he stands, unshaven, clothing torn, shoe-packs worn out from coming in contact with the rough rocks over which he has travelled, with his pack thrown carelessly over his shoulder. This pack is very light just now, though any one of us would consider it load enough, if we had to carry it from early morning until night. It contains a small cotton tent, a small axe, a prospecting pick, perhaps a change of underclothing, a tin cup, a small tea pail, and the remnants of his provisions, which consist of bacon, hardtack and tea, with sometimes a snack of fresh fish, when he has happened to be camping near one of the streams or lakes so numerous throughout the district and abundantly supplied with black bass, pike, pickerel, and maskinonge.

Now for the mines. Here at Sudbury, which is situated on the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway, just at the junction of the Sault Ste. Marie branch, we procure a team and drive out to the Canadian Copper Cliff Mine—a distance of four miles. We follow close alongside of the railway track, to avoid climbing the rough hills which abound on every hand. The mine is owned and operated by the Copper Cliff Mining Co., incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio, and chiefly composed of members of the Standard Oil Trust—one of the wealthiest corporations in the world. As we approach the works we notice that all the trees and shrubs

are leafless, and that it is almost impossible to find a blade of grass. This is due to the sulphuric fumes which escape from the furnaces and roast beds. These fumes will kill any kind of vegetation within a mile or a mile and a half of the works: one can even now get a good sniff of them, although we are a mile away from the furnaces. As we make the turn between two hills, we get a good view of the works. When we arrive, we find we cannot enter the gates until we have visited the office, which is away off near the shaft. Here the visitor has to give his name, address and occupation, and, if these are satisfactory, he may get a pass to visit certain portions of the works, but will not be allowed to go underground. The shaft is an inclined one, and is now down to a depth of 800 feet, with a drift at every 100 foot level. In some of these levels they have found immense pockets of ore. In the 700 foot level a chamber has been excavated, measuring 250 feet long, by 150 feet wide, and 70 feet high. This shaft has practically demonstrated that deep mining pays in the nickel district, as the richest ore has been taken from the lowest level, assaying as high as 13% of nickel. It is interesting to note in passing that, when the Copper Cliff Co. first started their operations here, it was for copper (hence the name), and it was not until a depth of nearly 200 feet was reached in the shaft that it was discovered that most of the mineral mined and thrown away as useless was in reality the more valuable mineral, as it contained a very large amount of nickel—a

metal of which very little was known by the miners who were operating here then.

The plant of the company comprises two smelting furnaces, each of a capacity of 100 tons daily; also a Bessemering plant of sufficient capacity to treat all the cupola matte produced by the two furnaces. About \$250,000 has been expended in plant, and last year a dividend was declared of 10%, notwithstanding the purchase of several valuable tracts of nickel land. But to return to the operations. Here comes a skipfull of ore from below. It is taken aloft and dumped on the highest floor of the rock house, where



A MINERS' CAMP IN SUMMER.

it is fed into the breaker and broken into pieces of the size of a baseball. Then falling into the sizing screens, all the finer material is separated, and the coarser passes over the sorting tables, where the waste rock is, for the most part, picked out. If water be plentiful, a spray is sometimes used to wet the ore, as by this means it is much more readily discernable from the barren rock. From the sorting tables it falls into bins; then into cars, which carry it to the roast beds, which are formed by piling cordwood to a height of about three feet and in quantity varying according to the quantity of ore to be

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roasted. The coarse ore is first piled on the wood to a depth of about five feet, when the finer ore, or fines, as they are called, are placed on the top, thus fulfilling the double purpose of preventing the fire, when started, burning too rapidly, and also the fusing of the finer ore into coarser masses again. When the roast bed is finished, it, as a rule, contains about 1,000 tons. The wood is now set on fire, and ultimately sets fire to the sulphur in the ore. The burning continues for a period of eight to ten weeks. During this process of roasting, great attention is necessary, lest the heat should become too great and the ore become

spout at the bottom of the furnace, discharging itself into what is termed the well. In this the molten metal settles to the bottom, while the useless slag flows from an upper spout into the slag pots, which when full are hauled out and dumped on the slag heaps, making finally, as the visitor is sure to notice, beautifully level yards.

Here at night, this slag as it is poured away from the furnace, illuminating the whole neighborhood, has the appearance of molten lava descending the sides of a volcano. When the well has received sufficient metal, a side spout is tapped and the metal is run into other pots and allowed to

cool, when it is sampled, and put in the stock yards ready for shipment, or taken to another building where it is still further reduced. To this last, our passes will not admit us, as the process through which the matte passes here is a secret one. The matte as it comes from the furnace, is called cupola matte, and contains about 20 to 25 per cent.



A MINING SHANTY IN WINTER.

fused; this is obviated by choking—more “fines” being covered over that part of the roast bed that is burning too rapidly. Passing along, we see one of these roast beds, that has burned itself out and become cool, being broken up and loaded into cars, which carry it to the smelters, where it is charged with an addition of about 12% of coke, and put into the furnaces. The Herschoff water jacket is the one generally used, it having proved itself the best adapted to the treatment of these ores.

On the lower floor we see the metal and slag coming in one continuous, sparkling, brilliant stream from the

of nickel and a like amount of copper, the remainder being iron and sulphur, with possibly a small percentage of gold and platinum. The Bessemering process gets rid of nearly all the iron, leaving the matte with about 45 per cent. of nickel and a like amount of copper, and the remainder iron and sulphur. There being no refineries in operation in Canada, it is necessary to send the matte either to the United States or to Europe to be treated for the separation of the various metals, and, strange as it may seem, the copper, our own production, is imported back into Canada and duty paid upon it. Last year we imported of

copper and its alloys nearly \$1,000,000. An effort is now being made to establish a refinery here, so that we shall be able to export the refined metals, and thus increase employment to people in our own country.

The Canada Copper Co are operating two other mines, one of which can be seen from where we are, at a distance of about one and a-half miles, and the other is about four miles north of Sudbury. When operating the three mines and two smelters, they employ about 700 men.

Returning to our hotel at Sudbury, and refreshed by a good and necessary wash and by our host's generous bill-of-fare and a good cigar in the hammock on the verandah, we meet the prospector whom we saw on landing off the train. He has among his specimens two rich finds got between the main line of railway and the Wahnapiitae, and, though found in the green timber, show remarkably well. He had been

away for a month, but saw only one bear. The one, however, was almost too much—for, while he was poking along with gun on his shoulder, and with his axe in his hand, the bear suddenly jumped up from behind a big tree and made for him. His gun was not loaded, so there was nothing to be done but to keep the savage beast off with the axe. Finally a favorable moment allowed the loading of the gun, and the bear was killed with a single shot. The skin, a fine one, brought \$35, a sum which the prospector greatly appreciated; he congratulated himself on his success, for two good finds with a bear skin was

by no means a small return in his estimation for a month's tramp in the woods. There were, however, drawbacks. The black flies had been "awful" in the brules; he had omitted to take oil with him, and had to content himself with pork fat as a preventive of the bites, which, good in its way, was not sufficient to prevent him feeling some days as if he had lost a pint of blood from the bites of the dreadful pests. The mosquitoes were also very bad, and his sufferings from them and the flies, the prospector thought entitled him to a fair amount of success.



A DEVELOPMENT SHAFT IN WINTER.

In the morning, we start for the mines again. At the Blezard mines we are sufficiently fortunate as to gain admittance. We find the engine room lighted with electric light, and in the next compartment the cage is awaiting us to convey us to the depths. Then a rattle, a whiz and an upward rush of air and a sudden stop that brings us almost to our knees, and we are at the bottom of an immense chamber hewn out of the solid rock. Looking around, we are reminded of Alladin's tales of wonderful chambers of pearls. The walls of this great cavern, which is large enough to hold half a dozen three-story buildings, we

find, on examining closely, are of solid nickel ore. Out of this ore the great cavern has been hewn. Sides and roof alike sparkle under the electric lights, with innumerable dazzling points. From the cavern reach galleries and holes in which are many men busy operating with drills, drilling small holes afterwards to be charged with dynamite and exploded. These explosions one does not care to see, terrific and grand as the sight may be. The men are safely cleared out; the charges are fired; then comes a tremendous sound; a smothered thud is heard by those above ground; the earth around the mine trembles as in an earthquake; then from the mouth of the pit belches forth a cloud of smoke. Down below the scene has been terrific: flying masses of ore, large and small, have filled the entire cavern, have bounded and rebounded against walls and roofs and floors, and even should a man station himself around a corner apparently out of reach of any missiles, a bit of rock bounding from point to point may get to him and hit him with occasionally uncomfortable effects, to say the least. After the explosion the cavern fills again with miners; the ore detached by the explosion is loaded into cars, taken aloft to undergo processes similar to those mentioned in connection with the Copper Cliff mine, and the work of drilling holes is resumed in preparation for the next explosion.

A little to the north of the Blezard mine is the Beatrice mine, worked by Montreal and American people, who seem well pleased with the prospects, as they have just put in a complete mining plant, furnished by the Jencke Machine Company of Sherbrooke, Que.

The Murray mine, owned and operated by the H. H. Vivian Company, of Swansea, Wales, is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, about four miles west of Sudbury. Here the operations are extensive. Two furnaces are erected and a third is being built. The Company use the

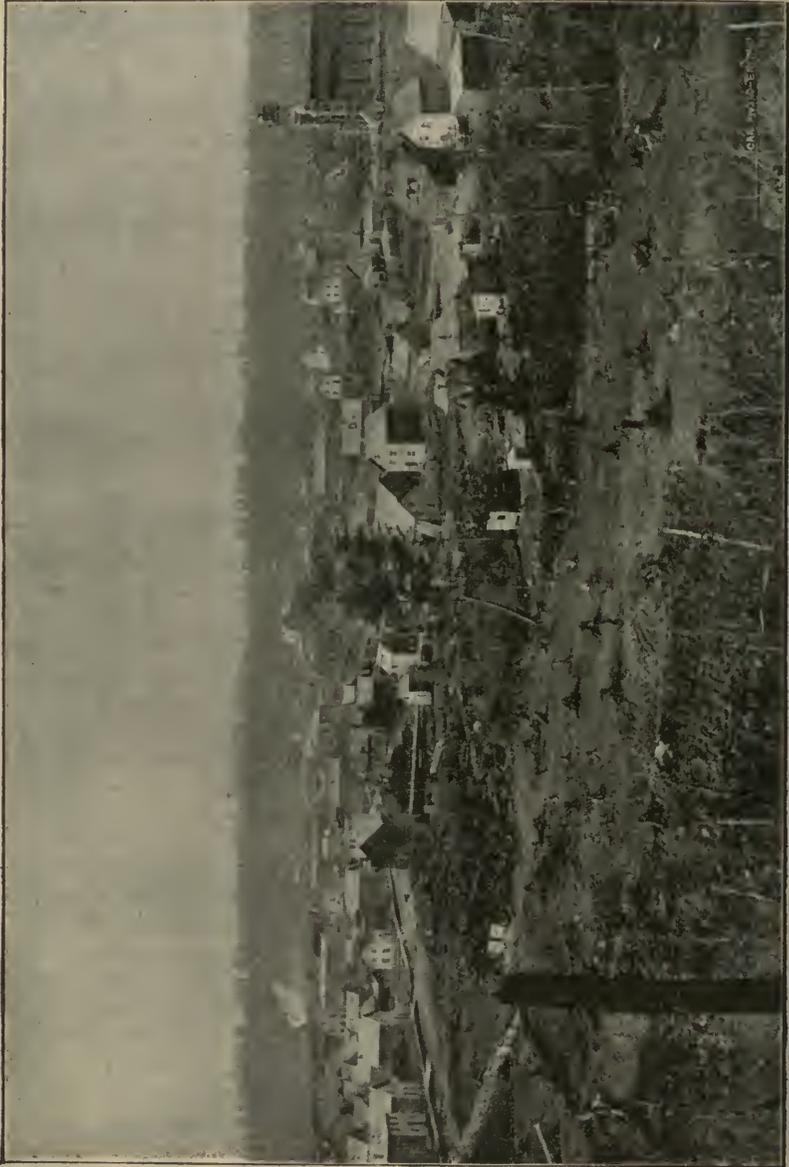
Mawne converter, into which the waste is run from the cupola, and while still hot is put under a blast of a different pressure from that of the cupola. The process has the effect of reducing the waste to smaller bulk, by extracting or blowing off the iron, thus leaving a large percentage of nickel and copper, with a small percentage of iron and sulphur—also some gold, silver and platinum.

Some twenty miles down the Sault Ste. Marie branch of the C.P.R. is the township of Denison, which came into fame and ardent speculation a few years ago through the gold discoveries made there. Gold was first found at the Vermillion mine, where a quantity of remarkably rich ore was mined. It is at this mine that possibly the most curious combination of minerals in the known world is found within a radius of a quarter of a mile. There is not only gold, but nickel of remarkably high grade, some of it assaying 40 per cent. Another shaft shows unbroken walls of solid chalcopyrite, or copper ore, through its entire depth of 60 feet, and ore of exceeding richness. Another shaft shows an abundance of argentiferous galena, and over almost the whole area around these mines is found platinum in varying quantities. I have often got as much as a quarter of a teaspoonful of platinum from one pan of dirt. It occurs as an arsenite, carrying 54 per cent. of platinum; the remainder is arsenic, rhodium, and a little tin. This combination of minerals has been named sperrylite.

South-westerly about three miles is the Gersdorff mine, so named from the mineral found here, and nowhere else in the world thus far. It is an arsenite of nickel, carrying 34 per cent. of nickel. Some remarkably fine specimens of crystals of gersdorffite have been found; most of them are now in the mineralogical collection at Ottawa. Nickelite, a mineral carrying 64 per cent. of nickel, has also been found on this property, and, like gersdorffite, on this property only. Two or three

other grades of nickel are also found, as well as chalcopyrite and some platinum. A mile and a half further west we reach the Worthington mines, now owned and operated by the Do-

and a half miles to the northward of the Worthington are the mines and works of the Drury Nickel Company, now operating successfully on an extensive scale. These mines are on the



THE TOWN OF SUDBERY.

minion Mineral Company. The mine yields a quantity of high-grade ore, some of which, hand-picked, has been sent direct to the refineries, being so rich as not to require smelting. Four westerly end of a very rich belt of mineral which crosses the township of Denison into the township of Graham. Westward, through the townships of Drury, Hyman, Nairn, Lorne and Lou-

ise, are found many excellent prospects, that promise a large extension of the worked area of the nickel country. A great want is, however, felt in the lack of a customs smelter, to which, in the early stages of operation, the mines could send their ore to be treated or for sale to the company operating the smelter. The Commercial Mining and Customs Smelter Company are making strenuous efforts to supply the want, and with hope that before long a complete smelting plant may be in operation.

As to the future of the nickel country, there is abundant room for great hope. The history of Sudbury town partakes in large measure of the nature of that of the mining towns of the gold and silver regions beyond the Rockies. It was a small lumbering settlement a few years ago, with but little prospects of importance, as lumber was scanty and transportation difficult. The discovery of copper rescued it from the distress caused by large forest fires. Copper was mined and exported in considerable quantity, but the miners and the world generally remained ignorant that the copper ore contained a mineral of far greater value than copper. The discovery, occurring at a time when the uses of nickel were coming to be appreciated, caused a boom. The town was filled with speculators eager to risk heavily in taking advantage of the early stages of the nickel development, and lots sold one day at \$250, would, on the discovery of nickel, at once advance to \$25,000 or \$100,000. Small fortunes were rapidly made for a time, and often soon lost. Then speculation became quiet and regular, but there is always attending this little town the prospect of a boom that will far surpass previous ones, and which may occur simply through a large demand being made by one of the great naval powers of Europe for nickel for armor.

The uses to which nickel may be

put are now found to be very great and varied. Nickel-steel plated, containing about four per cent. of nickel, is found far superior to any of the steel plates used for clothing ships of war, and the fact is being taken advantage of by the American and other governments, though the general adoption of this plate by the navies of the world yet awaits a series of tests to discover the very best combinations, before ordering the many millions of dollars' worth of nickel that would be necessary for naval purposes. Two pounds of nickel-steel will effect the purposes of four pounds of the old steel. For cannon, there is much to commend it, and, in addition to its lightness and toughness, nickel possesses the invaluable quality of being non-corrodible. With such qualities, it may well be supposed that nickel will come into extensive use for locomotives, bridges, rails, in fact that it will produce a radical change in the character not only of armaments but of machinery. Then there is the prospect that nickel will supplant German silver and Britannia metal in the making of household utensils and fancy articles of various kinds. As soon as these changes take place, the nickel country of Ontario will become the seat of a large population and of an immense industrial development, which will act most favorably on the commercial centres of Canada and on agriculture and, in fact, every industry. At present not much use is being made of the copper associated with the nickel ores, but the progress of applied science is rapidly moving towards the profitable separation and utilizing of both metals. Then here, too, are found enormous beds of iron. The proximity of the two metals is suggestive that Canada may be able to make nickel-plate to supply the navies of the world, instead of shipping nickel matte, as is now done, and giving the greater proportion of the profit arising from its nickel-steel manufacture into the hands of other nations.

A CEREBRAL DISCOVERY.

TO E. MCG. LAWSON.

I HAD been several times on the point of "throwing up the sponge," and discontinuing my course.

My fees for last year had used up every cent I possessed, and it was only by means of borrowed books and credulous landladies that I was at all able to keep up with the work.

On several occasions I had borrowed small sums from my fellow-students, which I gave to my landlady on the same principle that we, in the country, used to drop a small piece of pork-fat into the huge maple-syrup kettle.

But now my credit was broken, even among my friends. "Very sorry," they would say, "but, really, you know"—And, of course, I knew only too well.

It was the year '89, in which the Medical College saw fit to add a year to the old three-year course, that found me so peculiarly distressed. If I could scrape enough of the all powerful lubricator together to enable me to register in two weeks, I could escape that additional year. But where could I raise the necessary amount? I was in desperation.

In this frame of mind I was wending my way along Parliament-street on a drizzling, raw, disagreeable afternoon about the end of March. I had just reached "The Scarboro," that famous old rendezvous of the thirsty "Rouge et noir," and 'Varsity meds., when the door opened and I stood face to face with my two *bon homie* friends, Ralph and Jack.

"Why, hello, Impecunious!" they cried in one voice. My chronic condition had given rise to this nickname among the boys.

"Got the blue devils again? Come," said Ralph,

"'Wi' Tippenny we'll fear nae evil;
'Wi' Usqueba we'll face the devil?"

"Come and have something. Ah, you poor duff! I forgot you never imbibe. By the way, did you know"—

"That my landlady has a warrant out for me? I expected it."

"No," said Ralph; "Doc. T—— has given notice that we may start on that new sub."

"Well," I said, "the sooner we commence, the better."

"That's what I say," said Jack; "and I propose that we get over to the dissecting-room early to-morrow morning, and have a good 'grind' on that brain."

"I second the motion," I said, with an attempt to look cheerful.

"Carried unanimously," cried Ralph, cheerful without any attempt to be so. "Well, boys, 'when shall we three meet again'? Will eight o'clock suit?"

"Suits me all right," I said.

"Agreed, then," said Jack; "eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

And as I preferred being alone just then, I pleaded an appointment, so that we separated, and I continued my aimless walk down the "long, lone, unlovely street."

The sight of my lazy-going friends, with nothing to bother them, made me feel even worse than before. The contrast was too painful. Here were two men lavishing money on all manner of costly nothings. Here I was, unable to furnish myself with the necessary books,—unable even to raise my fees, debating with myself the "to be or not to be" of completing my course. It was bitterly unjust.

In the midst of these gloomy meditations, my thoughts suddenly, and without any apparent cause, became

veered about, and centered on—the new sub.

He was a man, I understood, who had died in the hospital, after manifesting very remarkable cerebral symptoms.

"It will be an interesting brain," I said to myself. And as I walked back to my room I was filled with a great desire to see that brain.

I studied later than usual that night, and yet I think I covered less work than I ever before did in so many hours' sitting. My mind would involuntarily turn to the new sub. What a strange power this inanimate thing had of monopolizing my thoughts!

About one o'clock I undressed, extinguished my light, and got into bed—and slept. But for how long? It may have been five or six hours. It seemed to me to be about half past five when I found myself wide awake, with one thought occupying my mind—the new sub.

I have heard of drink maniacs waking up in the night, overcome by a devouring thirst. But who ever before heard of the thirst for knowledge so overwhelming one's will as to make reason impossible? I found myself wide awake, saying aloud, "*I must see that brain. I must be there before Ralph and Jack!*" With the eagerness of desire I sprang from the bed.

How I managed to dress so quickly is one of the mysteries that surrounded that night's experience. Within three minutes, in bare-headed haste, I was hurrying down the lamp-lit street, instinctively taking the direction of the dissecting-room.

The gray morning was just peeping above the eastern horizon, and the street lamps were beginning to fade. The stillness of everything was made emphatic by the sharp sound of my hurrying footsteps.

As I watched the ever-increasing halo that surrounded a church spire in the eastern distance, I quickened my pace. "What if I should be too late?" I gasped.

At length, excited beyond measure, yet in no wise exhausted, I reached the dissecting-room door. And here, strange to say, I was not surprised to find the door unlatched, as if waiting for me.

Without the slightest hesitation I rushed into the room, closed and bolted the door. Then I took a long breath, and looked about.

In the dim light of that early hour I could see the dark objects lying on the long tables—silent, still in death.

I paused and held my breath, and a feeling of awe came over me, such as, in all my dissecting-room experience, I never felt before. Once I thought I heard a sigh from one of the tables, and started; but when I listened closely, all was still.

Then the great necessity of seeing that brain forced itself on me again. "Quick, or I'll be too late, and Jack and Ralph will be here!"

I drew off my coat in a second and threw it on the floor, regardless of the fragments of adipose tissue and visceral organs that mixed with the sawdust in careless profusion. On any other occasion I should certainly not have done this; but even important things seemed as nought before this burning, yet unaccountable desire.

I pushed up the eastern window and drew the table near to it, and the gradually-brightening light showed me the features of what I knew at once to be the new sub.

An indescribable joy made me tremble with excitement as I recognized by instinct this face that I had never seen before. What meant that secret sympathy that drew me to this corpse?

With lightning fingers I adjusted the cranium-holders; then I made a careful incision across the forehead with my dissecting-knife, took up my saw, which lay on the window-sill, and placing the blade between the lips of the incision, began carefully to saw the skull.

I have always been credited among

the boys with being very quick and neat in "taking off the top of the egg," or, more technically, in removing the cap of the cranium. In a few moments I had penetrated the bone.

I put down my saw, and inserting the point of my chisel, I forced the bones wide enough apart to permit the entrance of my finger, and with my finger I sought to press back the membrane that clung to the sides of the bone-cavities, so as to effect more easily the separation of the upper skull from the brain. In doing this, my finger happened to come in contact rather suddenly with the brain proper. I gave a start, for, to my utter astonishment, where I had expected to find nothing but a smooth, soft substance, my finger touched *something decidedly hard.*

"A discovery!" I cried, and big drops of cold perspiration formed on my brow.

I have heard of how great inventors have felt when on the verge of a great discovery. I felt it all in that one supreme moment.

I removed my finger, and still holding the fissure open, I again inserted my chisel, and this time gave a gentle tap. *Click!* There could be no mistaking that sound. Truly I was about to make a great discovery. *CLICK!* Again I tapped, and again the distinct metallic *click* assured me I was right.

Eagerly impatient to get at the root of the matter, I applied my two hands and wrenched the cap away. I had made a discovery indeed.

Gold! Gold! Gold! I gazed, open-mouthed, stupified with astonishment. The membrane of the cerebrum broke and vomited forth a heap of twenty-dollar gold pieces. The cerebellum poured out a stream of gold coin. And right down to the *foramen magnum*, gold, gold, gold!

This, then, explained the power of attraction over me that this body possessed. Without doubt, there is no loadstone so powerful as the yellow gold!

I could hardly realize my good fortune. Here were my troubles ended. I could pay my fees, I could pay my debts, I could finish my course in comfort.

I can recall no hour in my life that has given me so much unadulterated joy as that one brief moment.

I heard a step outside.

With the eager greediness that the sight of bright gold invariably induces, I hastened to conceal the precious metal; I picked up my coat and filled all its pockets.

Again I heard the step outside.

"Bang, bang!"

The tables shook with the force of the blows delivered on the door. I seized the last remaining coins in my hand and put them out of sight.

Bang, Bang! "Impecunious, Impecunious! Open the door!" The door flew open, and I was seized by the shoulder and shaken.

"Impecunious," cried Ralph, "what are you doing here at this hour of the day when you have made an appointment for eight o'clock? Get up, you lazy devil."

I looked up in a dazed manner. There were Ralph and Jack leaning over the bed.

"I must have been dreaming," I said.

"Dreaming! you good-for-nothing Rip Van Winkle," said Jack; "I should say you have. There's that new sub. lying over there just tingling to have you saw off his top-knot, and here you are lying calmly in bed at nine o'clock."

"Perhaps," said Ralph, holding up a letter, "he will get up when I tell him that there is an epistle from his fair Dulcinea awaiting him. I must say she writes a very masculine hand. Woman's rights woman, doubtless."

"A letter for me?" I said; "if it is not in a lady's handwriting, you may open it, Ralph, and read it to me. My eyes are not yet used to the light."

Ralph tore open the envelope and read. Before he had finished, I was

sitting up in the bed with eyes protruding with astonishment. It was a brief note from Scribbler & Scratch, lawyers, London, informing me that my aunt had just died, leaving me some ten thousand dollars in first-class stock, and somewhat more than that amount in real estate.

For some time none of us could give expression in speech. A few minutes ago I was "Impecunious,"—now I was a man of means.

"Congratulations, old man," said Ralph and Jack at last. And then we began to discuss this unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel.

"Say, you fellows," I said, as I pulled my nightgown over my head, "do you believe in dreams?"

"Nonsense!" they exclaimed in one breath.

"Well, I do," I said. And as I dressed I told them why.

TO CANADIAN POETS.

Far sweeter sounds the note of Spring's first bird
 That has the heart to brave the colder skies,
 And sing with warmth of its forsaken South,
 Ere all the land is full of songful cries,
 And summer's ardor aids delirious song;
 So, dearer sounds the song of him who sings
 With hope of happier days, whose soul is strong
 In promise of a plenteous summer's glow.
 More welcome are his words than those of him
 Who softer sings beneath a sunnier sky,
 And nobler is his task, because he brings
 The light to lands that hereto lightless lie.

—ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.*

BY FLORENCE ASHTON FLETCHER.

CHAPTER I.—*Introduction.*

To those of my readers who have not yet visited the "Fatherland" of my little story, with its silent, majestic mountains, its rushing, foaming torrents, and its mirror lakes—a land of wild and romantic scenery,—and who are not acquainted with the heroic traditions of chamois-hunting, still preserved in certain cantons in Switzerland, it is necessary to explain that the sketch of this tale was written at a time when chamois-hunting was ceasing to be the only life for a man of courage and character to follow.

The ardour that characterizes the chamois-hunter may be compared to that of the Koemper of the North, who, pushing their drakers over the stormy seas, were not at all sure of booty, but very sure to perish some day, either by shipwreck or sword. So, chamois-hunting was less a resource than a noble exercise of skill, strength and courage,—a perpetual challenging of death.

The Alpine hunter followed a dream which, through cold, fatigue and suffering, must inevitably lead him to the bottom of an abyss. But what matter? An invisible power pushed him forward. He who would be a man must be a hunter.

Blaesi of Schawanden, one of these heroes of the mountain, drawn too far by pursuit, was once ten hours hanging to a point of a rock. His hair whitened from terror: he was at last rescued by a companion to whom he gave up his rifle, swearing never to touch it again; but scarcely were the words uttered when the head of a chamois showed itself from behind a bush of Alpine roses. Blaesi thrust

out his hand for his weapon, crying, "I am still a hunter," and set off in pursuit of his new prey. He is said to have killed 675 chamois. Nor is this an exceptional fact: Colani of Engadine, hunted up to his seventieth year, and killed 2,700.

The mountaineer, de Sext, left his beautiful bride, whom he adored, a few days after their marriage to hunt on the mountain. "I know the fate that awaits me," said he to the great naturalist of Geneva. "All the men of my family have died in doing what I do, so I call this bag that I carry my winding sheet; but for all the gold of Geneva I could not do otherwise." Such precisely were the Hausers of the Enge. The mountain had ever been their country; before everything else they had preferred the savage liberty of the heights, and the strange glory of that war carried on with its difficulties and scourges. Several generations of celebrated hunters had succeeded each other in this family, and had bequeathed to it a sort of distinction and nobleness; and it is the history of the last of these hunters, as it has been preserved in the memory of the people, that I here give you, certain that in its very strangeness it faithfully represents an aspect of Alpine life but little known.

At the bottom of the narrow defile of the Enge, not far from the village of Grindelwald, and a few steps from the mountain torrent known as the Black or Schwarze Lütschine, from its slate-colored waters that come plunging, splashing and roaring down the ravine, stands a hut, now uninhabited, but well known as having been for a long time the home of one of those

* This story is founded on a French story by Emile Souvestre.

rare families of chamois-hunters. On the hill-side above, the ragged pines still sing of the glories of those days, as they rock in the mountain wind. The old walls and low roof are fast crumbling into decay, and little tufts of moss and fern sprout from every chink. No glass, or sign of glass, remains in the windows, and the old door was long ago swung off its rusty hinges by inquisitive travellers who came to explore, to stare at the old, smoky fire-place and wonder "who had lived here," and if those walls were suddenly gifted with a tongue, whether the story they could tell would be an interesting one.

CHAPTER II.

A few years ago this hut was still inhabited. Our story begins early in March, and from the 28th of October the sun had not once shone in the valley, and only a sombre light penetrated to the bottom of the gorge. The mountains in front of it, from Iselten Alp to the Wetter Horn, were clothed in glittering snow, dotted here and there with fir trees. Within, the little hut was lighted by the fitful flame of the wood fire on the hearth. Near the window, the little panes of which were now dimmed with ice, stood a young girl, clad in the usual dress of a Swiss peasant girl, resting against the wall. Her hands were joined, her head bent, and her whole attitude expressed a meditative sadness. At her feet sat a youth, his forehead rested on his folded arms. Their dialogue evidently stopped at one of those pauses of discouragement during which each speaker continues the conversation with himself. For a long time nothing was heard but the heavy roaring of the Black Lüttschine, which was constantly throwing against its shores blocks torn from the mountain, and the crackings of the burning wood sending out bright sparks of fire.

"So it is really true, Freneli," said he in a depressed tone; "while I have

been away working courageously, with the hope that one day you may be mine, Aunt Trina has destined you for Hans?"

"It is too true, Ulrich," sadly replied the young girl.

"But, if I understand you, she has not yet said anything either to you or to him?"

"Nothing."

"Then you are not promised to Hans?"

"Not in words, certainly, but in intention, and Hans has understood without her having opened her mouth; they have explained it to each other in spirit."

"It remains to be seen whether, by confessing to your grandmother that your heart turns elsewhere, she may not change her plans."

Freneli shook her head.

"Grandmother is as firm in her resolve as the Eiger is on its foundation," said she, "and it would be just as easy to upset the mountain as to turn her from her will."

"Even if Hans does not share it?" asked Ulrich, with his eyes fixed on the young girl. "Tell me, Freneli; answer me as if your hand were on the Bible; has Hans ever spoken to you of love?"

"Never; you know the words of Hans are as rare as gold."

"Yes, he is a true chamois-hunter. Hans has married the mountain; perhaps he will not wish any other wife: What if I told him all?"

Freneli shuddered.

"For your life do not do it," she said, hastily. "If he suspected anything, God only knows what would happen—I should be less afraid to see the Lüttschine out of its bed again, carrying off the woods and flooding the meadows, as it did last year."

"Then you are sure that he loves you, Freneli?"

"Just as much," said she, bitterly, "as he loves the chamois that he hunts on the points. Do you think he would talk to *it*, or trouble himself about *its*

consent? I am in his eyes just like all the rest—mere prey; he thinks I belong to him only because he wants me, and he would serve anyone who tried to take me from him as the hunter serves the man who robs him of his game."

"So everyone here is against me?" cried Ulrich, mournfully.

For a moment Freneli did not answer; then, after a short silence, in a lower voice she said:

"There is some one who is your friend; it is Uncle Job. Although he too loves only the mountain, and he was very sorry to see you give up the rifle, yet he always speaks tenderly of you."

"But Uncle Job can do nothing with the *will* of Aunt Trina: besides, he is not here."

"No, he is high up in the mountain nooks, looking for plants, stones and crystals; but I hope he will come back this evening."

"Ah, well! I am not going back to Merengen till to-morrow," replied Ulrich pensively. "I shall see if any thing may be hoped for from Uncle Job. But you," added he, "do you then love me so little that you could live contentedly with my cousin?"

"You know too well the contrary," answered Freneli in a moved tone.

Then *you* will help me, Freneli?"

"As much as a poor girl can, Ulrich."

"But if Aunt Trina and Hans persist?"

"Then we shall be very unhappy," replied she, weeping.

The young man put his hand to his forehead with an expression of despair; neither he nor Freneli thought for an instant of the possibility of disobedience. In the simple life of these Alpine valleys, fireside tradition, kept up by the influence of the Bible, has entirely maintained the submission of children: reasoning has not yet come there to help passion by disputing the power of the head of the family: to *him* alone belongs the right to *will*, and like Abraham, he could,

if he so willed, lead his son to immolation, making him carry the wood for the sacrifice.

Freneli's grandmother alone remained to represent this uncontrolled power, and she had known well how to preserve all the privileges of her position. Brought up at her hearth, her two grandnephews, Hans and Ulrich had learnt never to dispute her will until the age when, having become chamois-hunters, they had won the freedom of the mountain. But Ulrich, had in him neither that instinct for struggle, nor the feverish emotion that impassions men for so wild an existence; his aspirations were elsewhere. Every time he passed through the valleys of Lauterbrunnen or Hasli he involuntarily wasted hours at a time at the doorsteps, where the shepherds were carving yew and maple. He admired the *chefs-d'ouvres* of skill, which wanted only a more inventive imagination: he dreamed of new forms, and at the times for lying in ambush, forgetting the prey he was waiting for, he would let his gun fall to the ground while he cut lace-like tracery upon some wooden tile pulled from the roof of a hut. His numerous and even more successful specimens were soon known, and in proportion as his reputation as a chamois-hunter waned that of a maple-carver increased. At length a tradesman at Merengen offered to take him into his workshop. Besides the means to follow his tastes and perfect himself in the art he loved, Ulrich would find there advantages sufficient to secure for Freneli comforts which hunting would always have denied her.

This last motive was enough of itself. He hung up his rifle at the foot of Uncle Job's bed, and set off to Merengen. Two years passed—two years of hard work, during which Ulrich won the first place among the wood-carvers of the Oberland, and saved the sum necessary for the realization of his dearest wish. We have seen how the grandmother's projects

had been revealed to him at the moment when he hoped he had reached his aim.

CHAPTER III.

The young carver had again begun questioning Freneli as to the signs which had been able to betray to her Katrina's plans, when the door softly opened from without and a woman entered. She was about seventy, small, thin, and although bent by the weight of years, to see her slow but firm step one might have said old age had clothed itself in steel armour. The decrepitude of her face made her sharp, grey eyes the more remarkable, the penetrating fixedness of which reminded one of a bird of prey. Her shoulders were laden with one of those wicker baskets which seem inseparable from the inhabitant of the mountain, and which he carries from habit, as a soldier does his sword.

Scarcely had she crossed the threshold before her searching look had discovered Freneli and Ulrich in the darkness, who, interrupted in the midst of their confidences, were visibly embarrassed.

"Ah! ah!" said she, slowly freeing one of her arms from the wicker band around the basket, "here is company; you here, *you*?"

"God be with you, grandaunt," replied the young man, advancing towards the old woman, "I am come from Merengen—I was just asking for news of you."

"And you were asking it in whispers of Neli; very good; but I like to see the faces of my visitors. Neli, get a light."

While the girl obeyed, Trina took off her basket and put it into a corner, then going into the lighted part of the room she cast a quick glance at Ulrich and her granddaughter.

"Hans is not back yet?" asked she.

"Not yet, grandmother," replied Freneli.

The old woman turned to her nephew, "*He* never rests," said she, with

meaning, "the bread that is eaten here must be got by him up there beyond the glaciers; you did well to choose an easier trade; the chamois run too fast for feet that like to stretch themselves on the hearthstone."

"I have cause every day to rejoice in my determination," replied he, without guessing the irony underneath the serious tone of the old woman.

"Ulrich has brought us a specimen of his work," interposed Freneli; "see, grandmother, how clever he is got."

She brought to the light one of those cups in the shape of a tulip, since then imitated by all wood-carvers, but of which Ulrich had the first idea.

Trina only deigned the merest glance at the work.

"And are there people who buy that cut wood?" asked she with a sort of disdain.

"Yes, and pay well for it, too," proudly returned he. "I assure you my chisel and knife bring me more money down there in a week than Hans' rifle brings here in a whole month. Does Aunt Trina think silver a good thing?"

"Of course," replied the old woman, "it is the best—after gold."

"Without reckoning," added Ulrich, continuing his thought, "that I have not, as on the mountain, death always elbowing me; the wife who will wait by the fireside for me will not have to tremble every time the noise of an avalanche comes from the Shreck Hörner or from the Wetter Horn."

Trina's glance made him cast down his eyes.

"Ah! that is what you were making Neli understand," said she.

Freneli tried by a gesture to stop the reply of Ulrich, but he, with a kind of desperate eagerness, seized this opportunity of thoroughly knowing his fate.

"It is true that I have spoken to her," said he, with emotion, "and since you have guessed it there is no reason why I should be silent before you. I

have always wished this, and for the last two years we have both wished it."

Trina turned to Freneli, who bent down her head, blushing.

"You have known me from my cradle," continued Ulrich, "I have been brought up here as your son, and you know I am neither cowardly nor malicious, and that the wife that is given to me will not have a man without a heart. May God punish me if she ever has to weep through my fault. Let Freneli and me be happy then, Aunt Trina, and we will thank you on our knees, like the papists thank their saints. See, Freneli prays you with me; do not take from us the strength and happiness of life."

He had taken the young girl's hand, and stood with her before the grandmother. Trina kept them for a minute under her glance, much as a hawk might a couple of wood-pigeons: then shaking her head,

"Do you know Freneli's dower?" asked she of Ulrich.

"Her dower," repeated he, not appearing to comprehend; "I never thought she would have any, Aunt Trina; but what does a dower matter to me?"

"It matters to me," replied the old woman, "for this dower is not a gift which enriches, but one which obliges. It is there in that press, that you have neither of you seen open, and of which in your childhood you were afraid."

The old grandmother crossed the floor to where the worm-eaten piece of furniture stood. Fumbling along the crossbeams of the wall behind it, she presently produced a rusty key, and with difficulty proceeded to unlock it. As the two doors opened, within the dark depths of the press might be distinguished several chamois skulls, surmounted by long bent horns. These whitened bones separated themselves in the shadows into such strange skeletons that Freneli could not help uttering a slight cry. Trina turned to her.

"Have you then so little courage as to be frightened at this sight, foolish creature?" said she, roughly.

"She may at least be surprised," interrupted Ulrich, "what is the meaning of all this, and whence came such a dower to Freneli?"

"From her father's fathers," replied the old woman, "and although you are not a great hunter, Ulrich, you can see that each of these skulls is that of an emperor of chamois."

"Truly," replied Ulrich, who knew that, according to tradition, those high and bent horns belong to chamois old enough to have a sufficiently numerous posterity to form a tribe of which they are the chiefs.

"Nor are you ignorant of the difficulty of reaching such game," continued Trina, "and you have heard, I suppose, that he who does attain it has only the Archangel Michael or the Black Hunter beyond him in skill?"

"I have been told so," answered he.

"Very well!" replied the grandmother, with emphasis, "for as long a time as it would take for an acorn to become an oak, all those who have married daughters of our house have each brought to their affianced bride an emperor of chamois as a wedding present. Look! under each of these horns you may read the name of one of our ancestors. The last, standing a little above the others, was hung there by my son-in-law—whom may God reward! When he came to ask for his cousin, Freneli's mother, I showed him what I am now showing you."

"And what did he say?"

"Nothing; but two months after he threw at my feet what you see; if he had not brought it, my daughter and I should have waited for a more skilful hunter."

Freneli and Ulrich exchanged a despairing glance.

"What!" cried Ulrich, "you would have put such glory above everything else, Aunt Trina; you would have granted nothing to the love your daughter had for Freneli's father?"

A contemptuous smile grimaced the wrinkled face of the old woman, and was her only answer.

"You care little then for the wishes of her who marries," said Ulrich, sadly: "what you think necessary is *not her* happiness; it is only that there may be in your family the best hunter of the mountains"

"And we have always had him," proudly replied Trina.

"But what has he brought you," continued Ulrich, getting more animated, "except poverty, anguish and widowhood? Where are now the remains of those who placed there these spoils of which you are so proud? Have they not all had avalanches for their winding-sheet, and the bottom of a precipice for their burying-ground?"

"Who told you the contrary?" returned Trina, with lofty coldness. "Did I ever tell you of long life, rest or riches? In the histories of noble families, do we not read that all the men die in war? Very well, our husbands die on the mountains; that is their field of battle, and shame will be to the first who dies in his bed."

Freneli clasped her hands with an exclamation, which seemed to protest, but the old woman interrupted her in a tone of imperious impatience.

"Silence! silence! foolish child; you are not asked what you think. Happily it is not *you* who have the command; enough for you to listen and hold your tongue. I am speaking to one who wishes to know how husbands may enter here—he knows it now—he has seen what each one must add to our treasures of honor."

"So no one will be accepted who has not fulfilled this condition?" observed Ulrich, "and Cousin Hans himself —"

"Hans does not ask anything," hastily interrupted she. "Hans is at his duty—a good opportunity will come for him some day, and his ball will go in the right direction; meantime he is occupied in feeding us."

"And you may add that he has that

preference against all justice," said Ulrich, energetically, "for I also have a right to give —"

"Nothing," finished the old woman. "The Hausers have always lived from the mountains; nephew Hans and uncle Job gather for us up there, and their harvest is enough."

CHAPTER IV.

As she spoke these words, the clinking of rolling stones under a hasty step was heard in the path leading to the cottage. Freneli raised her head to listen and said:

"It is he."

Nearly at the same moment, the door was roughly pushed open, and Hans entered.

He wore the complete dress of a chamois hunter, vest and trousers of cloth, scarred and jagged from climbing, thick shoes, covered with leather gaiters, fringed with bits of ice, and a felt hat, soddened by the rain. At his side hung the hatchet used for cutting paths on the snowy points, his ramrod, and a cartridge case containing his ammunition: a large bag of red stuff, rolled in a belt, was slung over his left shoulder.

He had come in like a tempest, and, stopping in the middle of the hut, let the butt end of his gun fall loudly to the earth. Aunt Trina saw at a glance that his chase had been unsuccessful.

Without saying a word, she signed to Freneli to stir the fire, while she went herself to a little sideboard, whence she took all that was wanted to spread the table for the evening meal. It was only then that the hunter noticed Ulrich, who, rising, went towards him.

"God be with you, Hans," said he.

Hans made no reply, but sent a quick glance towards Freneli, whose eyes at that moment were fastened on the young carver.

He passed to the fire without speaking, and sitting down on the block

which stood in the chimney corner, stretched to the brightening flame his feet, which were covered with frozen snow.

Although formerly used to his sullen moroseness, Ulrich seemed now a little surprised at it; he stood on the other side of the hearth, crossed his arms, and leant his shoulders against the wall.

"One may suppose that chamois do not abound in the lower Alps," said he, with a slight dash of irony, "since Cousin Hans comes back as he set out."

The hunter shrugged his shoulders and disdainfully replied:

"Who ever said that chamois did abound in the lower Alps when the thaw has uncovered plenty of food for them in the highest crags."

"Then it is because my cousin does not care to seek them so high," replied Ulrich.

Hans looked furious; an evil light flashed from his handsome, black eyes, and an angry flush mounted his olive cheeks.

"I came from the Shreck Hörner," said he, with peculiar emphasis.

At this name, the two women turned to each other, and Ulrich himself could not repress a start.

The Shreck Hörner (or Points of Terror) are in reality the highest needles rising from the Mettenberg, and their name sufficiently shows how formidable a thing their approach has always appeared; hunters themselves rarely risk going there, and those few who do pursue chamois even to these extreme retreats, are thought very much of, if they ever return.

Trina, having finished laying the table, turned to the fire.

"The Shreck Hörner?" repeated she, in an altered tone, "are you really come from the Shreck Hörner?"

"Why not?" asked Hans, looking at her.

"It is there they have all been lost," muttered the old woman to herself—"the father of Freneli, the father

of her mother, and the father of her grandfather; there is an old hatred between our family and the Shreck Hörner."

"And even on these heights you have found nothing," continued Ulrich, interested, in spite of himself, in his cousin's daring.

"Who told you so?"

"Have you seen traces then?"

"I have seen more."

"What then?"

"A flock of chamois with their emperor."

All three uttered an exclamation; then there was a moment's pause, during which the little Swiss clock in the corner ticked with all its might and main, but no one heard it.

In these wild valleys, chamois hunting is the romantic side of life; all kinds of miraculous adventures are associated with it—just as smuggling used to be on our coasts, or piratical expeditions west of the United States, or gold-digging on the banks of the Sacramento—the never-ending inspirer of fireside tales; it is thence the popular muse draws for his "Thousand and one Nights," so that it has an irresistible hold over every imagination.

At the mention of this rencontre of the hunter, Trina and Ulrich drew nearer, questioning him all at once.

Hans drew himself up; a beam of exultation lighted up his weather-beaten features.

"Yes, I have seen them;" and he extended his hand as if he would have pointed out his marvellous prey. "They were in one of those openings at the foot of the lesser point. I examined them well with my glass, looked at my priming to be sure of both barrels, and then crept forward. When I was within shot of the chamois placed as sentinel, for I could distinguish his horns, he bounded aside to warn the others, and they all set off with the emperor at their head: there were nine of them."

Aunt Trina shuddered.

"Are you sure of the number?" said she quickly. "Did you count them?"

"As certainly as I might count my fingers."

"They were led by an emperor—you are not mistaken?"

"Did I never hunt till to-day?"

The old woman made no reply. Her eyes were fixed upon the bright, dancing flames before her, but her thoughts were far away.

"I followed them for three hours among the points and along the Echelottes," continued Hans, getting more and more excited. "First they went to the Viescher Horn across the glacier; then they retraced their steps. Four times I took a short cut and got near enough to them to hear the commanding whistle of the emperor, who still took the lead, but there was always a crevice or a peak to cut off my passage."

"And where did you lose them?" enquired Trina.

"On reaching the Eiger. In the time I took to get round a rock they all disappeared."

"It is so—yes, it is so," said the grandmother, pensively. "Nine chamois, an emperor at the head—impossible to reach; and when at last he does get near they all vanish. Freneli's father saw them a month before his death."

Hans shivered in spite of himself, but after a moment's silence, said, with a careless shrug of the shoulders:

"Do you think, then, this was a troop of phantom chamois?" (chamois d'égarement or imaginary chamois that are pursued in vain and lead to precipices.)

"Who knows?" said Trina, looking fixedly before her. "The evil spirit is in his own domain up there."

"Did I say otherwise?" demanded Hans. "Anybody who has passed a night near the Jung Frau must have heard him more than once roaring under the glaciers; but what of that? I have faced him in his dwelling for

eleven years, and as long as I have my hatchet and my gun I shall not want anyone's help against him."

Freneli looked at Hans in amazement. Brought up as she had been in the belief of the valleys, she looked upon those regions of eternal snow as a land of formidable horrors, into which man could only risk going with timid precaution and under the protection of God. Thus the audacity of Hans seemed profanity to her, and this feeling was without doubt shared by Ulrich and the old woman.

Trina shook her head and said, half aloud:

"One must not irritate the invisible enemy, Hans."

Hans, carried away by a spirit of bravado, sprang to his feet, and, striking his fist on the table, cried impetuously:

"By my soul, Aunt Trina, I care as much for him of whom you speak as for the mountain rat that squeals in the rocks of the Scheideck. Listen to what I promise you, and you others listen, too. Before ten days have passed, there shall be on this table a quarter of that emperor that I have just been pursuing."

Hans glanced at Freneli with a look that made Ulrich tremble. The promises of Hans were never lightly made, and this seemed a sort of engagement with himself which he would accomplish at whatever price. This rash vow was followed by a long silence.

CHAPTER V.

Meantime he had drawn a chair to the table and had seated himself before the scanty meal made ready by the grandmother. It consisted only of the remains of a black loaf and a piece of dry cheese.

"I expect my cousin is not hungry enough for a hunter's meal. I would not dare ask him to take part in such poor fare," said Hans ironically.

"Who talks of poor fare?" interrupted a voice at the threshold.

And Uncle Job appeared at the cottage doorway, armed with his iron-bound staff, his hammer at his belt and a tin box hanging from his shoulder.

Freneli and Ulrich ran to meet him, the one to press his hand, the other to take his load from him, but the old man would only give up a little basket which he carried on his arm.

"Take care, Neli, take care my child," said he, gaily. "These are neither herbs nor stones, nor even butterflies. It is my answer to my nephew Hans. Was he not talking as I came in of poor fare? Lift up the lid, Neli, and show him what I have brought."

Neli opened the basket and took out, one after another, eggs, smoked bacon, three white loaves and a small bottle of kirschwasser.

The hunter, who had watched the other things disappear with great indifference, hailed this last arrival with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Ah, ah! this sends away the frown, my master!" said the old man, striking his nephew's shoulder. "I am very glad to find some opening into this heart, and to be able to send in one ray of sunlight. Good day, Trina, you have only aged two days since the day before yesterday, as far as I can see; and you, Neli,—quick; cook this food for us. Sit down, Ulrich: we will all have supper together, my son."

While thus in a jovial voice, giving each one a word in turn, the old man had taken off the things he carried, and had come to the table and seated himself opposite to his nephews.

He carefully uncorked the bottle of kirschwasser and poured for each one the third of a glass; then helped himself. He inquired, with affectionate good-humor, if Hans had taken anything; to which the hunter contented himself by replying with a shake of the head; then he questioned Ulrich as to his affairs at Merengen.

The young carver repeated to him

what he had told Aunt Trina, but in a low-spirited and absent tone, little in accordance with the words which told of his success.

Uncle Job concluded that the advantages of his new position were dearly bought, and remembering the many efforts he had made to turn the young man from it, he could not help contrasting with it the independence and content he might have enjoyed on the mountain.

For more than forty years Uncle Job had lived exposed to all the fatigues and perils of these solitary wilds, but to him they had ever appeared endearing and sublime. While the unconquerable audacity of Hans presumed to find a demon there, his mildness and resignation sought only his God. The former, drawn on by a kind of furious passion, crossed precipices and avalanches, his eye solely fixed on his prey; the second, patiently meeting every obstacle, contemplated the flower, the butterfly or the stones of the ravine. That was the strength which braves; this the simplicity which admires. So nothing had troubled the serenity of this soul. Youth, in leaving him, had still spared him many rays of its joy, just as the setting sun leaves behind him, on the white points, reflections of his flame.

When supper was served, Job made Trina and Freneli take their places with the rest, and his liveliness brightened all faces. Hans alone remained in his usual sombre mood. When the two women had left the table, the old man made a last attempt to enliven him. He filled his glass and kindly resting his hand on his arm,—

"Drink hunter:" said he laughing; "for this once kirschwasser may flow like water from the rock; the source is found, and to-morrow shall find the bottle full again."

"But where did you discover this wonderful fountain, Uncle Job?" asked Ulrich.

"At the Inn of Lauterbrunnen," replied the old man. "This morning

the butler bought all the specimens I had found near the Rosenlawi and gave me seventeen batz for them; thanks to which I have been able to give you this feast,—and there is some left.” added he, striking his pocket and making a metallic clinking noise. And as Ulrich expressed his joy, “Bah! this is nothing, child,” said Uncle Job, lowering his voice: “if you only knew what I saw yesterday on the top of a rock bared by the melting snow:—a nest of true rock crystal! I suspected it at once from seeing how the shelfy surface rose. I hit it with a stone and it rang like a bell touched by its clapper.”

“And you were able to secure this treasure?”

“Not yet; do you think it is to be got so easily? No, no; the nest is hidden in the side of the rock just over the abyss, but with a rope man can go wherever bird can. To-morrow I shall return there. By the way, Hans, in crossing the Wengern Alp, I saw some chamois tracks, above Upigel: I could show you the spot.”

“Thank you; but I know of others,” replied Hans.

“These were *many*,” observed Uncle Job, “and you know the Wengern Alp is an easy ground for hunting.”

“I do not seek easy grounds,” objected Hans dryly; then with a sneer at his cousin, he added, “I suppose formerly such a case would have tempted Ulrich.”

“You suppose right, Hans, for it tempts me even now,” replied the carver; “you will give *me* all the information, Uncle Job, and to-morrow I will set out in search for them.”

“You?” cried Hans standing up, “By my soul! Are you speaking seriously?”

“Sufficiently so as to ask Uncle Job

to give me back my hunting suit that I left at his house.”

“Is it true?” cried the old man, “you will give up your wood-carving to come back to the mountain?”

“I will try.”

“Then you are not going to Merengen again to-night?”

“To-night, if you will let me, I will sleep under your roof.”

“And to-morrow?”

“To-morrow you will return me my rifle, and point out to me where you saw the tracks on the Wengern-Alp.”

The old man rose quickly from the table.

“Be it so,” said he: “God be praised; the child comes back to us. Did you hear what he means to do, Aunt Trina?”

“A puff of wind blows words away,” replied the old grandmother, coldly; “let us see actions.”

“We *shall* see them,” cried the crystal-seeker; “by my soul, he must recover a taste for a free life. This night I shall pray our Heavenly Father to bring to his gun the finest emperor of chamois.”

“Yes,” exclaimed Ulrich, seizing the old man’s hand. “Ah! pray for that Uncle Job; for such a happiness I would give the best part of my life.”

Ulrich cast a glance at Freneli, which was not lost upon Hans, whose brow lowered and his lips became compressed; but he remained silent.

Ulrich took leave and went away with Uncle Job. Then fixing upon Freneli a look so searching as to make her blush and cast down her eyes, Hans nodded his head, as a man would whose doubts are all cleared away, took up his gun, and silently left the hut.

(Concluded next month.)

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

(ASTRONOMICAL).

Those who imagine that expensive telescopes are necessary to the satisfactory study of astronomy, may be interested in the announcement that Mr. E. P. Sawyer, the variable star observer, has completed a list of 3415 Southern stars, whose brightness down to the 7th magnitude was estimated solely by the use of an opera glass, and of a field-glass for the fainter stars. The catalogue has been published by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Mr. Sawyer made 13,654 observations.

Scientists, generally, will wait with great interest the receipt of details respecting the observations made of the total eclipse of the sun on the 16th of April. The observations by the British, American and French parties sent to Africa and to South America appear to have been entirely successful. This is gratifying, as it was the last total eclipse this century that could be satisfactorily observed.

On the 4th of August last the earth and Mars were on the same side of the sun and

about 30 millions of miles apart. On the 15th of this month they will be 231 millions of miles apart.

On the 14th of June, at 7.30 p.m., Mercury, Venus and the new moon will apparently be close together and form a very pretty group of objects in the west.

Saturn is now the most interesting object in the night sky and will continue to be so for some time. The system of rings, already very beautiful, will be better and better observed as the summer passes, as they will gradually widen out to an observer on the earth.

Proctor's monumental work, "Old and New Astronomy" (Longmans, Green & Co., London) is a magnificent contribution to the service of astronomy. The volume contains upwards of 800 pages, quarto, and is profusely illustrated and written in a popular style. It is certainly most creditable to its famous projector, the late R. A. Proctor, and to Mr. A. Cowper Ranyard, the able astronomer, who completed it.

BOOK NOTICES.

Potiphar's Wife, and Other Poems.—By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. Octavo demy, 128 pp. New York, Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto, Rowse & Hutchison.

This collection of poems, chiefly relating to Japan and Egypt, and the human heart as its fundamental characteristics manifest themselves in all ages and under various forms of civilization, is, to say the least, interesting. Sir Edwin Arnold's name in itself carries weight in making these poems receive public attention; his grace and brilliancy as a writer ensures them a wide range of readers. It would, however, be rash to say that the collection deserves more than a temporary reputation. The poems are very unequal in quality; some of them would scarcely gain admission on their intrinsic merit to a well conducted magazine, perhaps not to a first class newspaper. But several are worthy of the author. "The Grateful Foxes," a tale of Japan, will pass and pass away also. "The No Dance" has much merit; it is excellent in its general conception and descriptive power, full of brilliant gems of thought, and remarkable for its airy, graceful diction, while the novelty of the Japanese ideas pervading it gives it an additional attractiveness that should ensure its popularity with readers. Several other poems are worthy of the poet's best moods, while the inferior work is interesting, to say the least, as illustrating what a gifted writer may sometimes do, or fail to do.

The Novel. What is it?—By F. MARION CRAWFORD. 16mo. Royal, 168 pp. New York and London, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, the Williamson Book Co., Ltd.

This little book makes pleasant reading to the large numbers of people interested, more or less, in questions of literature, and is of especial

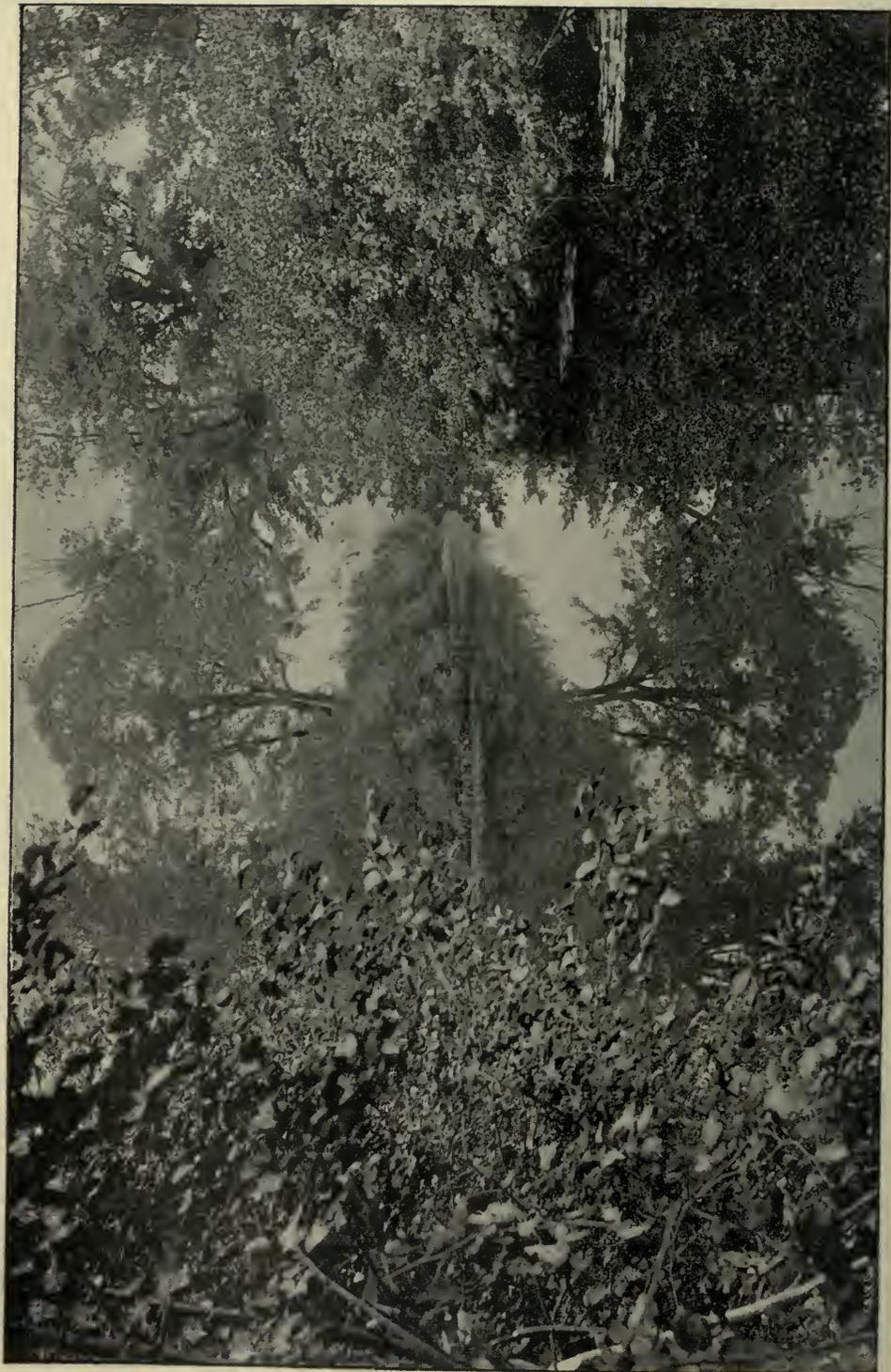
value to amateurs in the art of story-writing. With all of the conclusions many readers will not wholly agree, and can give reasons for their divergence of opinion, but in the general view taken by this popular novelist on what the novel should be, and his defence of idealism against realism in fiction, wholesome story-writers will concur. The style of the discussion, it is unnecessary to say to anyone acquainted with Mr. Crawford's works, is very pleasing.

Mistress Branican.—A Novel, by JULES VERNE. Octavo demy. 470 pp. Toronto, Rose Publishing Co.

Jules Verne's characteristic style is so well known, that to say that this novel is in keeping with the best of his former ones is, to say nearly all that can be said. Vivacious in style, full of adventure and of the scientific imagination which has formed the chief charm of this copious writer, the tale of *Mistress Branican* possesses a good deal of interest, especially to boys. The book is illustrated with about 70 woodcuts.

Nurse Elisia.—By G. MANVILLE FENN. Octavo demy, 313 pp. Toronto, Rose Publishing Co.

This is a striking novel; the plot is good; the diction good; the tone is morally wholesome. It is emphatically not a summer novel; the faults of nearly all the characters are brought out so strongly that the general effect on the mind of a reader who wishes for simple relaxation and temporary relief from an oppressive sense of the defects of human nature is, to say the least, a little painful, but to others who do not crave for that relief the volume will be found profitable and pleasant reading. The volume is well printed on heavy paper.



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THE BIRTH OF LAKE ONTARIO.

BY PROF. A. E. WILLMOTT, M.A., MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY.

“The waters wear the stones.”—*Job*.

ALTHOUGH the mother of Lake Ontario has long since passed away, and without unfolding the secret of her daughter's birth, the history of our lake is not wholly wrapped in obscurity. Indeed, a voluminous autobiography has been given us, written on the rocky pages that surround her very form. Unfortunately, however, we are yet unable to decipher with certainty her ancient hieroglyphics. In some cases the sculpturing is of ambiguous meaning, and in others the writings are washed away, or covered with soil.

That the lake has not always had its present form, is easily recognized. One has but to recall its known fluctuations in level and to note the many old beaches, now several miles inland, to realize that our lake was once even more ocean-like than it is now. There was a time when the waters rolled fifteen to twenty miles farther north, and the site of Toronto was the feeding-ground of fish.

That the surface level has also been lower is equally evident. Rivers cut but a few feet below the surface of the lakes or seas into which they empty. Shallows usually mark their mouths. The present Niagara River has excavated the rock to a depth of

only twenty-four feet at its débouchure into the lake, but is much deeper a short distance up stream. Burlington Bay and Dundas Marsh are the remains of an ancient river, now choked with clays and gravels. Wells sunk at Hamilton city show that a channel was excavated in the solid rock for at least 250 feet below the present surface of the lake. Such a prodigious cut could only be made when the lake waters were at a much lower level. Similar sub-lacustrine watercourses are found near Port Dalhousie, Rochester and Cleveland. All point to a former lake (or river) level much below the present one.

Although measurably true of the ocean, one cannot apply the famous lines of Byron to our fresh-water sea :—

“Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest
now.”

In the current language of to-day, the lakes, like all else terrestrial, have been subjected to the processes of evolution. Lake Ontario was born, has grown to maturity, and is now in the gradual decline of old age.

Three theories, as to her origin, may be stated. Each has its warm defenders. Some see, in the hollow of the lake, a valley, formed by the crump-

ling of the earth's crust. Down this valley meandered an ancient river, until its mouth was dammed, and its narrow water-course became a mill-pond of huge dimensions. The shallows of the St. Lawrence are pointed out as the uplift of the river bottom that changed a stream into a lake. The theory recalls the Indian legend concerning the origin of Lake Superior. The great Manitou, angry at his wife, is said to have hurled armfuls of rocks into the St. Mary River, then flowing from Thunder Bay, and to have created at once both the lake and the *sault*.

In support of the view that the lake occupies a synclinal trough, it is pointed out that the rocks of the southern and western shores apparently dip north-westward beneath the waters of the lake. The limestones from Belleville to Kingston undoubtedly slope to the east of south under the lake. Few facts, however, can be stated in favor of this theory, and many can be urged against it. Lake Superior, of all the great lakes, is alone held by many to be due to foldings of the earth's crust.

Another school of geologists sees only a "long channel, with the adjacent low lands covered by back water." These men offer no theory as to why the prehistoric river took the course it did, but are content with discovering its ancient bed. They say nothing as to the dip of the strata, but emphasize the contours of the lake bottom.

The lake, considering its size, is a broad, shallow basin, excavated out of Medina shales on the south and west, and bordered on the north by rocks of the Hudson River, Utica and Trenton periods. The western end of the lake is more silted up than other parts, and the average slope of about thirty feet in a mile is about the same from both shores. Farther east, the greater depths are all towards the southern shore. The deepest point—506 feet below high tide in the St. Lawrence—lies fifteen miles off shore, between Rochester and Oswego. Drummond

states that "the line of deepest depression along the length of the lake is also located about two-thirds of the way across the lake towards the New York side. South of Port Credit and Toronto it takes the centre of the lake, but after that, swerves towards the southern side. Preserving a depth of 540 to 570 feet for over 60 miles, it reaches the 600-foot line area, and finally begins to shallow at about nine miles off Oswego, where the depth is 576 feet."

This depression is assumed by Spencer, Claypole, Lesley and others, to be the bed of an ancient river, which originally discharged its waters through the valleys of the Mohawk and Hudson. Buried channels are here found excavated in the rocks, and nearly of sufficient depth to have drained the lake. Probably local oscillations of the earth's crust have raised the old river bed in places, so that its rocky bottom now stands somewhat higher than that of the lake.

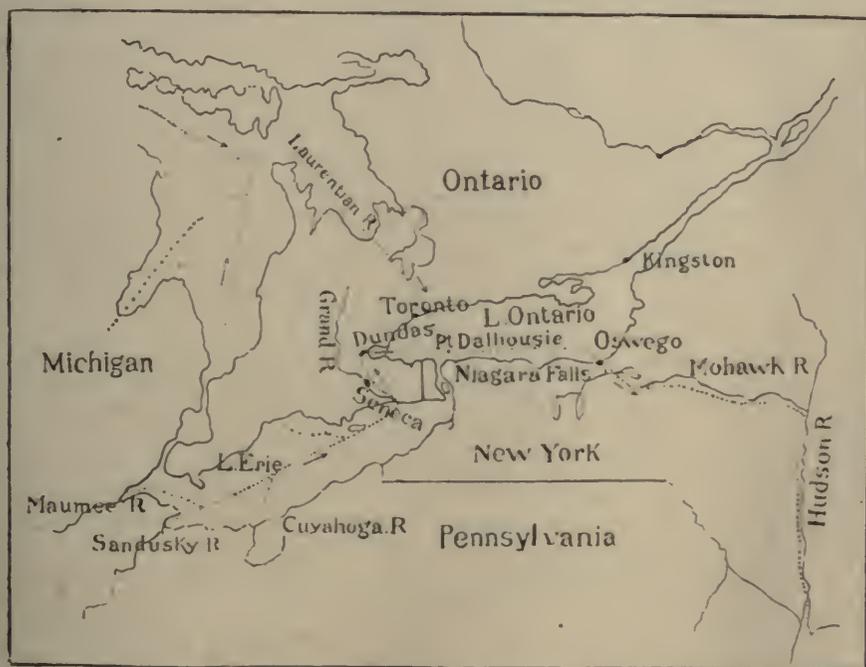
Moreover, it is hardly probable that Lake Ontario originally emptied into the St. Lawrence valley. The shallows at the eastern end of the lake (unless the rocks there have since been elevated some 500 feet more than the lake bottom) would effectually prevent the deep excavations to the west by the old river. On the contrary, it is more likely that, in pre-glacial times, the Ottawa was the main branch of the St. Lawrence, and that Leeds and Grenville counties were drained into the prehistoric Ontario River by Oswego through the Hudson to the sea.

Of course, this theory of a river running from Oswego to New York, and draining the present lake postulates a greater elevation of the whole section of the country. The bottom of Lake Ontario is now 500 feet below the level of the ocean, and so cannot now be drained. Geologists are, however, quite confident that New York, Ontario and Quebec once stood at a much higher level. That the

land has been rising and sinking during the present century, has been demonstrated in several localities. Dr. Bell has shown that the land about Hudson Bay is rising, and many authorities believe the eastern coast of North America to be slowly sinking. And, if the land is not now constant, relative to the ocean, why should it have been so in the past? Indeed, it is not difficult to prove by means of submerged watercourses and elevated marine shells, that oscillations have taken place in past ages. The Saguenay

dipping some 600 feet. The submarine valley is easily traced across this plain to the edge of the steep continental slope. The old river bed was here excavated some 2,200 feet. As such erosion could only have occurred on land, we have indubitable evidence of a former elevation of New York city of at least 2,500 feet.

Marine shells, found on Montreal Island at a height of 520 feet above sea-level, point, on the contrary, to a former depression. The land is thus continually oscillating—water alone is



THE ANCIENT DRAINAGE BY THE HUDSON.

River, for instance, has excavated a channel in the rock some 800 feet, in places, below the ocean level. As its cliffs rise abruptly some 1,000-1,500 feet above this, there is every reason for believing that the land there stood at least 1,000 feet higher in former times.

Again, the Hudson used to meet the ocean, not at New York, but 105 miles farther east. The sea-bed for that distance is comparatively level, only

in stable equilibrium. The "everlasting hills" are not so constant as the "unstable water."

The exact height of the Province of Ontario in pre-glacial times, we have no means of determining. It seems certain, however, that the elevation was quite sufficient to afford excellent drainage for the deepest portions of her lakes. The depression of the basin below the sea-level is thus no objection to the view that Lake Ontario

is due to the erosive power of a pre-historic river.

Everyone is familiar with the manner in which Niagara is wearing away the rocks, and one can easily imagine the time when the falls were roaring where Brock's monument now stands. But still farther back in time, before Erie was born, the labors of Spencer have shown that that section of country was drained by a river. This pre-glacial stream swept round Long Point down an old channel now occupied by the Grand River, and emptied into the Ontario River through the Dundas valley. Coursing on towards Oswego, it received innumerable tributaries. Although the basin of the future lake was traversed by a great river, it was not excavated by it. One by one the raindrops fell on the whole area drained by its affluents. Rills, rivulets, creeks and streams, all carried down their quota of material for the great river to deposit in the sea. The valleys of the Don and Humber, the Moira and Napanee, have, in later times, been excavated by the same erosive power of water. The gorge of Niagara and the cañons of Colorado attest the mighty power of flowing water. The Grand Cañon is over 300 miles long and from half a mile to a mile and a quarter deep. This immense quantity of rock has been carried off by water. There is no need to call in the aid of mythical forces when the common fluvial one is so competent.

Yet a third school of geologists—and an influential one—enamoured with the glacial theory, drags it in to explain the origin of the great lakes. That glaciers have excavated the basins of some lakes is probably true. That moving ice has enlarged the old river basin of Ontario is likewise probable. But that glaciers, moving over a plain, should excavate solid rock to a depth of 500 feet is hardly probable. Indeed, observations on the erosive power of existing glaciers are decidedly against such a theory. Moreover,

this hypothesis takes no notice of the pre-glacial drainage, which must have been in existence. The second theory has this merit—that it recognizes the erosive power of both water and ice. And, so far as it assigns to each a due proportion of power, does it deserve our credence.

In Tertiary times the tributary streams were not those of to-day. The Niagara was not born. The Tonawanda and Chippewa creeks, or some small stream from that neighborhood, flowed for a short distance over the future bed of the modern Niagara. From the Whirlpool, this Tertiary stream excavated a rocky bed through the escarpment to St. David's. Its course can be traced through Port Dalhousie on its way to join the main stream, near the centre of the present lake.

The Dundas river had its source in the Maumee in southern Michigan. The Sandusky and Cuyahoga, with channels now well-filled, were tributary from the south. A still larger stream, draining Western Ontario, joined the main river near Long Point. This river flowed down, what is now up, the valley of the Grand as far as Seneca. From there the waters ran by Ancaster and Hamilton into the valley of the future lake.

Near Scarboro', in the opinion of Professor Spencer, a "Laurentian river," draining the region of the future Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, passed, on its way to the prehistoric Ontario river. Other streams from the north, probably as far east as Brockville, emptied into the main river before it reached Oswego.

At this period, Superior was drained into Michigan and thence by the Wisconsin, or Illinois, into the Mississippi. The climate was then mild and equable. Evergreen magnolias, figs and palms probably flourished in Ontario. Instead of an average temperature of 45° F., the fossil plants would indicate that the isothermal line of 60° F. passed to the north of the present

lake. A camel of this period has left his remains in Missouri, and it is not unlikely that his relatives quenched their thirst in the prehistoric Ontario river.

But a change came. The temperate climate was succeeded by one of cold and moisture. Snow fell in such quantities that the summer sun could not melt it. From being a paradise, the Province became a barren wilderness—destitute of all but ice. From the Laurentian Hills to the north, then much higher than now, glaciers descended on all sides. The New England States, New York, Ohio, and west and north, the country was covered with ice, as Greenland is to-day. With that resistless power, still seen in the glaciers of the Alps, the ice was ever pressing downwards. With a depth of several thousand feet over the Province of Ontario, the glacier exerted immense power on the rocks beneath. Boulders were torn off and used as emery dust to polish the rocky floor. The débris was piled in the river valleys, and far to the south a line of boulders was left to mark the old ice front. The old Ontario river, the Dundas and Laurentian streams, were filled to the brink. The only possible drainage was over the height of land by tributaries of the Ohio.

Then followed a period of warmth. The ice melted and streams ran anew. But the old channels were filled up: new ones had to be excavated in the débris. For a time the outlets were dammed by ice in the Mohawk valley, and the waters accumulated between the front of the retreating glacier and the highlands to the south of the present lakes. At first ponds were formed in the old valleys, but, as the glacier withdrew, these expanded into lakes. Finally, the section of country now occupied by the southern end of Huron, Erie and Ontario, became one immense sheet of water. The natural outlet by the Hudson being still blocked by a glacier from the Adirondacks, the

waters were held at a high level. Then were formed those many beaches we recognize around the shores of Ontario. Finally, drainage was established by the Wabash valley, when the waters became sufficiently high. Lake Ontario had then reached maturity. Her grandeur was then at its height. Succeeding history is but a record of falls. The glacier melted back from the Mohawk valley, and the surplus waters rapidly disappeared. The lake would soon have been entirely drained had not the whole land sunk during the presence of the ice. Only to a small extent could the pent-up waters now escape through the Hudson valley. During a resting period a new beach was formed.

About this time the level of Ontario sank below that of the Niagara escarpment at Queenston, and Erie and Ontario were sundered. The accumulating waters in Erie found their way over the precipice at Queenston, and began their wonderful excavation of the Niagara gorge.

Then came the withdrawal of the ice from the St. Lawrence valley, and a new channel was opened for the waters of Ontario. Rapid drainage ensued for a time, and Ontario began to assume her present contours. How long ago one can hardly say. The Niagara began to flow at Queenston 7,000 to 10,000 years ago, and probably not long before the St. Lawrence valley was freed from ice.

Lake Ontario is now in her old age. Little over one-third of her former depth remains. The tendency of all lakes is to wear away the barriers that contain them. In old, undisturbed regions, like the southern United States, few lakes are found. The hard, granite rocks of the upper St. Lawrence will, of course, long resist the erosive action of water. Still, the ultimate destiny of Lake Ontario is that of an inlet of the ocean—a second Mediterranean sea.

OUR FORESTS IN DANGER.

BY E. J. TOKER.

THAT Canada is a land of forests is a belief that is very deeply rooted. This is natural, for old Canada was chiefly woodland, and the settlers, whether from France or from the British Islands, were pictured, truly enough, as hewing out their farms and their homes from the dense growth of primeval pine or maple, beech, oak, walnut or spruce. Now, however, this conception must be largely modified for two reasons. In the first place, much of the newer Canada, far from being forest-clad, consists largely of vast treeless plains, sparsely wooded at intervals with inferior timbers. Besides this, even in the older provinces, the forests have proved not to be inexhaustible, as was formerly supposed, and they are fast disappearing. Even in Ontario, in regions not long ago unbroken woodland, the denudation has been carried so far, that looking from an elevation the country appears less timbered than the landscape viewed from an English hilltop. The lumbermen have to go further and further back in order to obtain logs for their mills, and recognize that new "timber limits" are becoming scarce. The "inexhaustible forest" idea is no longer tenable.

Thoughtful men have pointed out the danger—have called attention to the inevitable results of a continuance in such improvident courses. Unfortunately, however, their warnings and advice have made very little impression, and have had no practical effect. It almost seems, indeed, as if the idea of a boundless wealth of woodland—of forests with exhaustless supplies of timber—would survive the very forests themselves.

It is high time that the hand of the destroyer were stayed—that the ap-

peal, "woodman spare that tree," should be no longer a mere song. It is still more desirable that our surviving forests, or large areas of them, should be treated in accordance with that scientific forestry which is not only conservative, but also reproductive. Unfortunately there are difficulties in the way. The Canadian Government, among its extensive crown lands, has comparatively little forest, and as a general rule the timber is not of the best quality. The woodlands also are so situated as to be subject to imperious demands for local consumption, so that they can hardly be spared to serve as permanent forest. Very wisely, parks, as in the case of the Algonquin Park, have been reserved to keep a part of our public domain in a state of nature, but unfortunately these tracts cannot be called forests. Much is also being done by the Canadian authorities to encourage and facilitate planting on our great plains; the experimental farms—both central and local—rearing and distributing large quantities of young trees of kinds that it is thought may be most likely to be successful. This is of very great utility, as leading to the formation of plantations and windbreaks giving much needed shelter, helping to modify the climate, and promising at no very distant period to augment the supply of firewood, fence rails, railway ties and even building timber. But with the comparatively small estates of our country this is hardly likely to lead to the establishment of forests, which in any event would be a far slower and more costly process than the preservation of those already in existence.

The Provinces are the great forest owners of Canada. With them rests the determination of the question

whether our land is to remain for ever rich in forest wealth or is soon to lament its vanished woodlands, and at the same time deplore the evils that always follow the denudation of a country. Unhappily the Provincial authorities represent that not yet extinct phase of popular sentiment which, from the acquired habit or directly inherited feeling of early settlers in a thickly timbered country, looks upon a tree almost with an instinct of destruction, as though the farm still had to be hewed out from the forest. At best they do not rise above that succeeding stage of public opinion leading the mass of our population to look upon our forests as practically inexhaustible, or carelessly to rest content with the idea that our timber is at least so abundant as to leave little cause for the present generation to feel anxiety. If better informed and more far-seeing individuals raise a note of alarm it falls upon unwilling ears, for the Provincial authorities have, or think they have, an interest in not heeding; and proverbially "none are so deaf as those who won't hear." The stripping of our forests affords an income all the more welcome because our Provinces have limited sources of revenue, while there is a tendency to ever increasing expenditure. Though the system is improvident, it produces large sums of ready money, whereas conservative forestry would mean a less immediate, if steadier and more lasting, income, besides the initiative expenditure and trouble. Even popular representative government, with all its advantages, has its disadvantages, like all else that is human, and the authorities, with an eye to the public balance sheet, consider merely the present, and leave posterity, as indeed has been cynically admitted, to look out for itself.

It must however, in fairness, be admitted that the Provinces have taken some sensible and more provident steps: arbor-day planting, legislation to check forest fires, the maintenance of forest guards, are steps in the right

direction. But after all they are but palliatives, small in proportion to the evil. Ontario, indeed, has a forestry official, and Mr. Phipps gives good advice which is published only to be utterly neglected, like that of the Hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbiniere in Quebec. Sir Oliver Mowat has acted wisely in his recent establishment of a considerable forest reserve or park in this province. It will be for the benefit of the country if he continues this policy and makes other important reserves of woodland. There are large tracts in Ontario which are well fitted for the growth of timber and quite unsuitable for arable land. In fact it is cruelty to tempt agricultural settlers to take up land in localities where, though they may find a few fertile acres for a farm, there cannot be a thickly settled farming community, and where there must consequently be a difficulty in keeping up schools, churches, roads and markets. Such districts should be set apart for perpetual forest, and Sir Oliver should make other reserves with no sparing hand. The mere postponement of the work of denudation would be a great gain and there would be an opportunity afforded for the adoption of a scientific forestry when its advantages are recognized.

The period for which our forests would last under the present wasteful system, without conservation or reproduction, cannot be calculated with very nice accuracy. One great difficulty is to ascertain the extent of our forests containing valuable timber. The Provincial Governments, which own the great bulk of our remaining woodlands, are very chary of giving such information. Several years ago Mr. Meredith in the Ontario Legislature strongly urged the administration to appoint a commission to "take stock" of the assets of the province in the shape of timbered lands, but after a prolonged and animated debate Sir Oliver Mowat and his colleagues flatly refused to publish, or even to acquire, the desired statistics. They preferred to deal in

vague generalities as to our "inexhaustible timber" and "boundless forests." If they had consented they would have been compelled to be less reckless, to draw less present income at the expense of the future, and they could not well have made the quarter of a million of dollars that they secured last year by the sale of timber limits. So the people remain ignorant of the extent of their forest wealth, of its probable duration, or the seriousness of the inroads made upon it.

There are, however, some data on which to form an approximate idea of the state of affairs. To take our hardwood forests over the greater part of Ontario:—the walnut, cherry, white-wood, and cotton wood have virtually gone, the white ash, white oak, and chestnut have nearly gone, and the elm, bass, red oak and black ash are fast going. These woods are (or were) all of commercial importance, and their extinction or growing scarcity is well known to those in the industries concerned.

But it is our so-called "inexhaustible pineries" that form our main forest wealth and are of the greatest importance. In this respect the evidences of destruction are manifold. Old mills are deserted or removed into closer proximity to the receding forests, while in the case of those maintaining their ground, the logs do not reach the saws till the second year after they are cut, if even then, so great is the distance now to be traversed. And the end is within an appreciable distance. A very conservative estimate of the output of our sawmills amounts to a thousand million feet of lumber each year, which would exhaust the pine on three well timbered townships of the size of those now commonly surveyed in Ontario. Thus if there are still thirty such townships ten years would be their duration, while if there are sixty such townships, which can hardly be hoped, the term would be extended to twenty years. Our pine forests under the methods in

vogue are little likely to last for this generation.

Not only is this reckless extirpation permitted but it is even promoted by the authorities. Many of the lumbermen, while thus stripping the country, are strong believers in forest conservation, and regret the necessity which is forced upon them. By the combined payments of ground rents and stumpage dues it is made the interest of the lumberman to strip a limit and give it up to save his rents as soon as he can, to cut all that is marketable and to take no pains to save from injury the young growing trees. When agricultural settlers are coming in, he has a further inducement to speed, in their claims to the timber and in the danger of fires spreading from their clearings.

There is another more recent and serious evil in the treatment of our pine forests. Formerly if there was reckless destruction our own people got the benefit of the wages for the manufacture. But now while Canadian mills are being closed for want of saw logs, enormous rafts of logs are being conveyed across the lakes for manufacture in a foreign country. The millmen of Michigan having run through their "inexhaustible forests" are now supplying their mills by denuding our country of its fast vanishing pine timber. Such recklessness on the part of our authorities is unaccountable, for they could easily suppress this mischievous practice. The Dominion government can only act by imposing an export duty on the logs, an expedient which has the disadvantage of inviting a retaliatory import duty on our lumber shipped to the United States. But the Ontario government has the remedy in its own hands, having only to include in the conditions of sale of limits that the timber must be manufactured in this country. Sir Oliver Mowat is well aware of the feasibility of such a stipulation, for he made this condition in the last but one of his public sales of timber berths, but since then he has turned his back on this right pro-

cedure. Of course he may have secured larger bonuses by this foreign competition, but at the cost of the loss of wages by our industrial population, and the more rapid extirpation of our waning forests.

Canadian neglect of this important matter of forest preservation is not so surprising when we reflect that it is honestly inherited—our mother country has lagged behind the rest of the civilized nations in the science of forestry. It is true that large forests have survived, but this is chiefly because they are crown property or part of the wide estates of wealthy landed proprietors, so from sheer conservatism they have been preserved. Till recently any renewals, any improvements have been spasmodic and unsystematic. In later times there has been more regard to preservation, more planting—some of the new plantations being indeed of enormous extent—but even in this there has been too much of “the rule of thumb.” It is arboriculture rather than forest culture,—that scientific forestry which in France, Germany and other countries of Europe, secures perennial crops of timber from perpetual, ever-reproduced forests, as the skilled agriculturist yearly crops his farm. Ten years ago there was not a school of forestry in the British Islands, and when, about the birthtime of our own Dominion, a forest department was established in India, it had to be stipulated that its officers should go for their education to the great schools of forestry flourishing and doing most admirable work in France and Germany. Many of the earlier officers were foreigners, and for some years the great body of the Indian foresters acquired their professional knowledge at Nancy in France. Since then an efficient school of forestry has been established at Cooper’s Hill, near Windsor, but it has chiefly been devoted to the education of foresters for the Indian service, though others are admitted. One significant fact, as indicating the stage

attained by forestry in Britain, is that in their second year the students are taken for some months to France or Germany that they may have a practical opportunity of seeing forests submitted to really scientific treatment. The mother country is now awake to the value, the necessity of science in forestry.

India, of all lands under the British crown, has been the foremost in forestry. Its magnificent teak forests, like our pineries, were thought and said to be inexhaustible. The discovery that many of them had been exhausted and that the others were threatened with extinction—that conservation and, in many cases, reproduction were urgently necessary—largely conduced to the establishment of the forestry department, which is a most important branch of the public service in India. In Australasia and South Africa, also, the necessity for the preservation and reproduction of the forests has for some time been recognized, and several of these colonies have forestry departments with skilled officers. Canada, being in this respect on a par with the United States, lags behind nearly all the rest of the civilized world.

Why should this progressive young Dominion in this one matter of forest conservation be content to take a backward place. In the practical application of science, we are not inclined to think that we are behind the age as compared even with France and Germany, yet we let little Switzerland, Denmark, and Roumania, which we regard as a new accession to civilized states, and Spain, which we look upon as retrograde rather than progressive, outstrip us in this, for they all have schools of scientific forestry and trained officers to cultivate their forests, while we have none. Is it because we think our forests inexhaustible? Let us consider the teak forests of India and ponder the lesson. Let us note the facts of our dwindling forests, visible to all who will open their eyes. It is said that

our forests could not be made reproductive, and at all events that their reproduction would not pay. Why so, any more than in the European countries. It is said, too, that we cannot guard against destructive forest fires. Why so, if France and Germany can preserve their timber unburnt? Under our present system, our forests are made fire traps, but with proper fire-breaks, with other due precautions and with wise regulations properly enforced, our forests might be made as safe as those of Europe.

The scientific forestry of the European continent is of course considerably varied in practice to suit requirements of the different localities, climates, soils, species of timber trees, and other conditions. There is, however, in all cases, the same general aim, that is to produce from the land in forest a constant, steady crop of timber, so as to obtain a continual supply of this necessary material, and an adequate and perennial cash income. These ends are attained as much as possible by encouraging and regulating the natural reproduction. The system in a typical forest may be easily described. In a portion of the forest where the trees are much of the same age and stage of growth, that of maturity or the most profitable time of cutting, there is a general felling, with the exception that at appropriate intervals there are left standards for seed-bearing to cover the whole area. These standards are left for a time till the seedlings can do without their shelter and are then felled. If there are failures in spots, planting is resorted to, and, when necessary, thinning is practised. The young trees grow up of the same age, and making similar progress till they

in their turn reach maturity. Of course the period for such a crop is long as regards that particular section; but this inconvenience is obviated by different divisions of the forest being so treated as to arrive at maturity in successive years, till the cycle is completed, and thus there may be an annual crop from the forest, though not from the same acres. It is easy to understand that this type may be imperfectly attained or may be modified to suit varying circumstances.

This system, it may be remarked, is by no means confined to hardwood timber. In France, and still more in Germany, the forests thus treated largely consist of pine and other coniferous trees. There is no reason why this method should not be successfully applied by a scientific forester to our Canadian forests.

What is first needed—before it is too late,—which will soon be the case, is that large forest reserves should be set apart. Then under trained officers a scientific system of forest culture, of preservation, reproduction and marketing, in due time should be established.

What can easily be effected now, would year by year become more difficult, more costly, and more tedious. Continued persistence in improvidence would at no very distant time see our forests impoverished till there would be insufficient timber even for our own use. And with our departed forests we would find, as has been the experience of many other countries, our streams drying up, our crops diminishing, and our whole country deteriorating.

Canada should take care for her forests before it is too late.



THE GREATEST DRAMA.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE fulness of the dramatic is realized in the experience of one single human life, however humble and however prosaic its sphere. For several thousand years the imagination of man has been creating its images and painting its hopes. All that fancy could conceive has been thrown upon the canvas, graven itself in stone, and flashed upon the pages of song and story. The beatings of the heart have all been laid bare, and the great themes which in all ages and among all peoples have touched the heart—love, hate, pride, ambition, sympathy, crime and death—have been dealt with by genius in every form, and the result is a mass of literature and a world of intelligence. But all the wealth of poetry and all the sublimest strains of sentiment could not touch the simple record of one poor human life, if all that it had thought and felt, and all the plants it had nurtured and grown could only be brought to light.

There are tremendous differences in human life. One has large capacities, another small; one has large opportunities, another a narrow sphere; one has a great career, another a humble lot; one has a brilliant imagination, another is dull-witted; one has keen sensibilities, another a leaden stupidity; one, by surroundings and aids, has reached the perfection of mental and moral culture, another lies like a neglected weed, into whose brain only a few stray rays have penetrated. And yet, with all, when the drama of life is written, the distinctions are not very great. If one could gather together the thoughts, aims, hopes, fears, hates and agonies of the dullest life, what a drama would be there! How Shakespeare's weird genius, which has pictured the dark villainies of Iago, the

fierce jealousy of Othello, the cruel rapacity of a Richard, the ecstatic love and devotion of a Romeo and Juliet, would seem tame beside that!

For a little, then, in this quiet spot, where no sound disturbs, where no voice distracts, let us review the drama of this life of ours, which, by the aid of memory, is still so vividly before us. Though past middle life, and recognizing that the years which remain will quickly glide away, and that life itself hangs upon a thread which may snap at any moment, and we drop into the great unknown, we still cherish all aims which have filled life so far, and look forward to a thousand designs as fully as if the scene would never change and the curtain never ring down. We are living along with all the occupations and all the engagements of life, quite unconscious of the *denouement*, or only looking to it as a vague and half unreal affair. And yet, perchance, when the roseate lines have been clouded by the mists of disappointment, sorrow or misfortune, we sit down to look it all over—the past, the present and—ah, me!—the future, and then we catch a glimpse of the drama—the great and terrible drama of a life.

First, and most vivid of all, comes the first conscious memories of childhood. Out of the dark depths of infantile unconsciousness at last, some day, there dawns the first light of consciousness, and images take shape and fix themselves upon the memory. Then, as life opens, come the vague dreams of childhood. Life looks, then, so long. Forty years, sixty years, seventy years—when can such an immense space be bridged? These dreams vary according to the instincts and characteristics of the dreamer. Some-

times the ideal picture of life takes the shape of ease and luxury, which the future, ever bright and rosy, is to bring. The ambitious youth sees glory and greatness before him. He in whom avarice has a leading place pictures wealth, lands and gold. The girl sees love and beauty, princes and courtiers and palaces and admiration. I cannot depict the dreams of all youth, but at the age of five, six and seven, I recall vividly, more vividly than the incidents of last week, how, wandering in the fields alone, I had the pictures of my career clearly marked out in my mind. Not a doubt crossed my thought as to the achievement of all these. No dark practical look at the difficulties or impossibilities came to cloud a vision all bright because beaming with the warm and glowing fancies of ardent youth. The range of life seemed so great, the years would be so many and so long, and the opportunities so great, that no carking doubt was permitted to throw its dark shadow over the picture. I was myself a great chieftain among men, marching on from one grand achievement to another, commanding multitudes, exacting homage and told of in history. Fame and glory were the absorbing yearning of life, and all happened according to the burning wish. Now I am past forty. The larger half is gone; the remainder that lies before me, though the full allotted span be reached, will fly away so quickly that the reckoning can scarce be kept, and there is hardly time to count the milestones. Yet, into those forty conscious years, barren as they may have been of great results, far as the reality has fallen behind the gem-decked visions of early youth, what dramas have been crowded, as seen from within. Without, it is merely the record of a common life, filling its share of space in the annals of the race: one traveller jostling his way through the crowd, leaving some behind and occasionally passed in the race. But within, who has known the burning ambitions, the

unspeakable yearnings, the wild hopes, the bitter disappointments, the moments of gloom, the dark secrets of hate, the gathering storms of passion and revenge, the insidious promptings to crime, which had to be cast aside with all the power of virtue; the struggle between the triumphs of the hour which were so easy but so fatal on the morrow, and the patient waiting for the slow development of the right, the sacrifice of the pleasures of to-day to reap the richer harvests of the future. Then, again, the solemn reflections upon the relation the ineradicable *ego* bore to the universe about it; what the destiny, not of a life—that seemed small—but of a soul: what could be done now that would affect, for weal or woe, this undying something which seemed to constitute the all-important self? Behold, the drama—nay, the very tragedy of a life!

The process of life is so strange, so moulded by necessity, and so much the result of development, that it is fortunate the reality does not appear until the play is about over. Tell the dreaming child that his visions are all moonshine, that he shall presently find himself confronted by a cold world, from which nothing is got except by force and by eternal conflict; that in the race are men swifter, and in the battle are men stouter, and that when the record comes to be made up it is simply the story of a man who has joggled along with the others for a short time and then lain down to rest—and who would face the struggle? But it all follows so naturally. The dreaming boy is soon at school, and there he begins to learn that something has to be done, sometime or other, to keep him in existence, and that youth is the time to prepare for the emergency. By contact and competition with his fellows he finds that there is always a better than he can do. And yet he has only reached the initial stage. Hope still shines like a fadeless star. Soon the tiresome and fruitless days

of apprenticeship will be over. Education completed, profession gained—then will come the realization. Manfully he buckles down to the struggle. While yet on the brink of his career, love creeps in and takes masterful possession of his heart. A woman's lot is linked with his. With the beginning of real life, commenced so earnestly, so hopefully, so ardently, comes marriage, and the chivalrous sense that others are dependent upon his care. The struggle meanwhile is going on bravely. Then comes the first born, and all this suggests of love, pride and protecting care. In this way fly the years. Forty is reached, and, then, with wisdom comes reflection. Only thirty years at most remain. What is there, after all, in this thing we call human life? The best of it is past. Where is the realization of the fair dreams? Has there been success, as the world goes? What will it all amount to in the end? Has there been failure and the humdrum of the struggle for actual existence? What can you do? Drag along in the same old rut until the end? Gone are the dreams. And yet, withal, the romance remains. Hope still sheds its mild ray. It is not possible to stop in the race. The duties of the hour press. There is no escape from the round of duty. We jog along hoping that brighter days will come. We have not the time, the courage, nor the philosophy to look the whole situation squarely in the face. Forty passes to fifty. Quickly enough sixty is reached, then seventy. Then comes the close. Success is pleasant, but the greatest triumphs of ambition seem small when preparing to leave the scene for the unknown, and though the reckoning gives failure as the result, the hand of destiny is upon you and there is nothing to do but to turn back to the dreams of youth and mockingly compare the results. What can be done? The tale is told. What remains? The awful drama of life. That remains, and nothing can erase it. There is

memory, and this preserves, in green freshness, the hopes and fears, the struggles, the triumphs, the disappointments, the loves, the hates, the good impulses, the evil instincts, the touches of sorrow, the pangs of despair, the sufferings and agonies that none have known, which seemed to eat away the heart, and the blessed faith, that, when the way seemed dark and hopeless, pointed to another and better existence, where the failures of this life should give way to the full fruition of immortal hope. Ah, yes; whatever may be the disappointments of life, however all its fancied glories may disappear as the real unfolds, the great drama of life itself remains and is woven into every thought, feeling and reflection.

The problem of life, as thus far considered, is the philosophical one. Fortunately the most of us never stop to go so deeply into the bubble mystery. The mass of mankind is borne along on the tide and stays not to scan the reality, nor to peer seriously into the future. But there is another side. The only clue to the broader purposes of life is found in its relations to the eternal life beyond. In this light worldly successes are of secondary moment. Length of days is not to be taken into the account. The practice of virtue and the performance of duty, as it confronts us, are the sole tests of success. Be life short or be it long; be the objects aimed at achieved or left undone, the eyes can close and the light of life can fade away complacently, if we can look upon this span of temporal existence as simply a field for the development of a character which shall be fitted to fulfil its real destiny in a sphere eternal in its scope, and where nothing is fruitless and no aims fail of achievement.

If this be the real meaning of life, why should any struggle? In the profound words of Shakespeare:

Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurs—
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes?
 * * * * * Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life?

The great dramatic poet has said it was because of "the dread of something after death—the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." Is there not something beside this to be considered? The "dread of something after death" might induce men to struggle along prolonging life and shuddering to enter beyond the "bourn from whence no traveller returns." But why, if there be nothing intrinsically in human life, should men make the great struggle for the prizes of this world? Easy, indeed, would it be for most of us to drift pleasantly through the term of our existence, having enough to eat, to drink and to wear. But that is not the actual condition of the world at this moment. If we look at the human race from a vantage ground of observation, we see men engaged in a desperate conflict for wealth, power, social distinction and fame. The hot ambition of life is not alone seen in youth. The hoary veteran of sixty or seventy, who, if he were wise at all, must have felt a thousand times that life is but a span, and that the drop scene is not far off, still strains every nerve to further schemes which cannot date beyond his death-bed. He has a speculation in which his sole interest is fortune. He is in the political whirl, and he clings to office as if all depended upon it, or he struggles to gain it with every power he possesses. Rest, ease, comfort, home, friends are forgotten in the surging conflict for preferment. Is it for the cause he struggles? Perhaps; but who shall say how much of the purely personal enters into the account—how far the goal of those tireless efforts is the plaudits of an admiring multitude who acclaim his triumph? The events of every day reveal the undying weakness of human nature. An old gentleman has been

fairly successful in life, and gathered about him sufficient of the world's goods to provide in comfort for himself and those dependent on his care. He is surrounded by his family and has all the enjoyments of home. The dreams of youth have all long since vanished, and he knows that but a few years at most remain, while the uncertainties of life make it likely that he may pass away at any moment. Some day a delegation of his neighbors tender him a nomination for a high office. The acceptance of the trust means labor, toil and anxiety to attain the office, and the assumption of its duties means unceasing worry and perplexing care. But how rarely is the call declined? Home, rest, reflection, the moments for lifting the soul to the plane of that tremendous transition to another life are all put aside, and the gray hairs, and, perchance, enfeebled form, are found hastening from point to point, urging, struggling, surging toward victory. Why? Perhaps it is the call to Cincinnatus to save the country. Perhaps this is the mere phantom—the pleasant illusion to tickle the imagination of the multitude. At bottom, the chief motive will be found to be the restless and undying impulses of pride and ambition. These have not their roots in a cold and cynical philosophy, but in the unconscious instincts, implanted by a benign providence to lift men out of themselves and out of the horrors which would flow from a too minute introspection, and push them or lure them along into the engrossing sphere of action, where one has not time to stop and take a straight look into the future. Shakespeare's philosophy will have to be revised. It is not alone the "dread of something after death" that contents a world of busy men to "fardels bear, and grunt and sweat under a weary life." It is the inborn impulses of pride, lighted and guided by the bright phantoms of hope that lure men into the sphere of action, where the voice of reflection is too feeble to

be heard amid the din, and where no time is left for working out the problems of abstract philosophy.

It is, indeed, one of the marvels of human nature that the spirit of pride and ambition should continue to flourish and hold sway even among the wisest and most thoughtful of men. The preacher who has devoted his life to the subject of religion, and has for a generation pointed out the vanities of life and held up the future as the only goal which should engage men's thought; who has taught the folly of human pride, the emptiness of worldly achievement, and striven to fasten the attention of men upon the supreme idea of eternity, accepts a call to a larger, wealthier and more important church, by an instinct chiefly worldly, which cycles of pious reflection are powerless to withstand. And yet, in truth, there are a thousand incidents in the life of every intelligent person which emphasize the paltry character of earthly achievement. Every day we see our associates passing away. One by one our friends lie down to rest with aims unattained and purposes unfulfilled. And still we wed ourselves inexorably to the things of time, the troubles of the world, all heedless of the lessons about us. Is it not strange, and yet, withal, for the world's comfort, well?

In the restless drama of life there are times, while the scenes are shifting, for reflection, and these are the only hope for the survival of the spiritual, as opposed to the material, in human life. Who that has stood by the bedside of some dying friend, and witnessed the ebbing away of the life-tide, seen the mute appeal of those glassy eyes from which the light is fading, and heard the groan of agony with which he gave up his last breath, has not felt all the ambition of life pass out of him, and solemnly concluded that, though all we ever dreamed or hoped for were achieved, it would count for little when the death drops were gathering upon the aching brow,

and the closing eye should look its last upon the things of time? What shall we do then? What thought intervenes to prevent this merciless philosophy from destroying the whole fabric of human effort, and leaving a world without incentive to action, motive for energy or impulse to achievement? If this life be all, of little moment is it that the few hundred millions of beings who are aimlessly battling in a purposeless struggle upon this round globe, should be annihilated or resolved back into their native dust. To solve the problem it is not necessary to mumble any creed, nor accept the authority of any book or teacher. Profound reflection upon this tremendous theme will bring the clear revelation that no heart can give its assent to any such dreary limit. Those great impulses of the soul—faith, hope, love—triumphant over the baser and less worthy passions, take hold of the conscious self with such overwhelming force and power, that it would give the lie to every instinct, every mental conception upon which judgment is formed, to say that these were for a day and after "life's fitful fever" is ended, they should die with the mere framework which formed their tabernacle. All that constitutes the majesty of a soul, all that prompts to heroic action, all that inspires to lofty aims, all that sheds beauty and sweetness upon human exertion, is found in a sense of relationship to another unseen and profoundly mysterious life, in which the higher impulses can have a sphere commensurate with the intense yearnings which could find no adequate fruition within the compass of this life. The subtle judgments of the brain and the changeless promptings of the soul, alike establish the conviction that the supreme condition of that other life is virtue, because in this it is the only condition of permanent happiness, or, indeed, of permanence itself. Whatever is not right, just, and true, passes away. All triumphs except those of virtue are but mockery. Shall

low, indeed, is the philosopher that does not perceive that nothing but virtue survives the test of even the span of this life.

Here, then, is the problem of human life. Discharge faithfully, honestly, and cheerfully the duties which the incidents of life impose, develop all the faculties in the assurance that they, at least, are immortal. Aim at success in life as leading to the goal of a higher life. Purity of heart, honesty of purpose, nobility of aim, if pursued devotedly, insure success, though, perchance, not wealth, honor or fame. The guerdon of virtue is the robe of immortality. Let the struggle go on. A world without pride and ambition, without thought for the concerns of

this life, would produce men devoid of moral fibre and be a poor training school for a higher sphere. Do what we will, clouds will hang over a human life. Along the path will be found obstacles. Hopes which seemed so bright will be blasted, and we look upon the shattered idols with bitterness of spirit. The future will often be forgotten in the absorbing interests of the present. But, amid the thousand touching phases of human life, there remains the overshadowing thought of a great beyond, melting the pride, tempering the joys, soothing the sorrows and healing the wounds which mark the changing scenes of life's pathetic drama.



AT THE MOUTH OF THE GRAND.

BY THOMAS L. M. TIPTON.

LET us idle away one of these long, sunny, summer days on the banks of a Canadian water-way, whose picturesque charms are not so well known as they should be. There is very little scenery in the Province of Ontario which can surpass in quiet, rural beauty that found at many points on the Grand River, from its source away up beyond Elora, down to where it empties—a broad, deep, slow stream—into Lake Erie. We will linger for a while beside it, starting from Dunnville, and following its course down to its mouth at Port Maitland, a distance of about five miles.

passing glance. It can boast of water-works, electric lights and natural gas. Many of the townspeople use this gas for fuel in preference to wood or coal. There are several wells in and near the town, and they yield a fair supply.

The Grand River washes the little town upon its southern side, and a very long bridge and longer embankment cross the stream at this point. We will walk over them to the opposite shore.

This is the bridge; beneath our feet is the dam; beyond it the embankment.

These works were constructed, when



LONG BRIDGE AND DAM AT DUNNVILLE.

The little town that we are leaving, with its shaded streets, its villas and cottages surrounded by well-kept gardens, its quaint fishing suburb, its mills and its storehouses, is a place well worth something more than a

the present century was young, for the purpose of turning the waters of the river through a feeder into the Welland Canal. That canal drew its whole supply of water from this river, until it was lowered to Lake Erie

level a few years ago, since which time it has been fed from the lake.

Stand on this bridge for a few minutes and look away down the stream below you. It can be seen for more than a mile, flowing through the wide marshes and low grounds on either side of it. Then a sharp bend and a point of higher land hide it from our view.

How gloriously the waters sparkle in the morning sunlight! How intensely white seems the sail of that boat, heading up stream for Dunnville! She is probably bringing a cargo of fresh fish home from the lake, to be sent by railway to Buffalo.

To-day these waters are calm and peaceful as a standing pool, but in spring and fall they sometimes go rushing over the dam with a mighty roar, bubbling and boiling down below

Fair and beautiful does it appear in the soft light of this summer morning. The cattle are wandering over it, cropping the fresh, juicy grass. A few of them are gathered in a picturesque group, close to those low-hanging willows by the water's edge. Some of them stand out dark and distinct against the sun, while others are half hidden by the bushy trees.

I admit that it is a great flat piece of reeds, and flags, and wild grass, a slushy mixture of land and water, with no tree for the eye to rest on, except those few scraggy willows, and two small elms. But do not say that it lacks the charm of variety. Look at the thousand different lines which the light of early day sheds over it. See how the dark, rich green of the reeds contrasts with the lighter shades of the grass, and with the gleaming



THE GRAND RIVER ABOVE THE DAM.

there, till the river for some distance is one sheet of foam.

We have passed the bridge now, and are on the embankment—that very, very long barrier which reaches across to the opposite shore. On the upper side it is protected by a wall of timber and a bank of stones; on the lower by a row of willows, whose roots twine in among the clay and gravel which compose it, and help to resist the action of the waters.

Away below us lies the marsh, a “level waste,” extending from the foot of the embankment to the mouth of Sulphur Creek, which flows into the river about a mile and a half away.

waters of the channels which cross it here and there and connect the river with the creek.

Bright and pleasant as it seems, there are times when it presents a very different appearance. In spring, freshets have swollen the stream across the entire flats, and, far down as the eye can reach, is one vast sheet of rushing, surging water. Nothing else is to be seen except the tops of the low trees peeping above the flood; not a speck of dry land is visible.

To properly understand and appreciate the beauties of the marsh, you should visit it at every season. You should look on it in the golden au-

tunn, when the waving reeds have changed their green dress for one of deep russet brown, when vast flocks of blackbirds go forth from it at morning in search of food, and return at evening to their nests. See! there are a few of them there now, flitting about and perching on the tallest stalks they can find. They build their nests and hatch their young down in the solitude of this wild marsh, and leave it for a warmer climate when the cold weather approaches.

In the fall of the year this place is a favorite resort for ducks, too. Then you may hear the guns of the hunters in every nook and corner of it, and see men popping in and out among the tall reeds in their little tiny skiffs, which look as if a puff of wind would blow them over. You should come here then, and in winter also, when in the severer spells it is one great field of ice and snow, with brown tufts of withered grasses and flags dotting it here and there. I think that it is more truly picturesque then than at any other season.

A few weeks earlier than now in June would have seen the sturgeon fleet on the lower river just below the bridge—a sight worth seeing. To behold the fishermen in their rude punts, bobbing up and down on the stream of foaming water which leaps over the dam, and throwing out their baited hooks to entice the big fish, is an experience worth having. It becomes fairly exciting when they catch hold of one of these monsters of the deep, and, after a fierce struggle, drag him, puffing and blowing, into the boat.

Sometimes they remain out hours after sunset; then the long streak of white foam resting on the dark and gloomy river, and the almost ghostly appearance of the fisher-boats, as they dance on it for an instant and then vanish into the shadows, form a phantom-like scene such as Rembrandt or Salvator Rosa would have loved to paint.

Now turn round and look away up

stream! What a noble piece of water it is—a small lake, in fact, over half a mile in width as far as we can see it, and that is over three miles. The river, in its natural state, was not half as wide, but the building of the dam and embankment had the effect of overflowing the flats for some miles up, and thousands of acres, which were formerly covered with tall, spreading trees, have been for many years under water. At some points the dead trunks and branches of these trees still remain standing. They remind us of those weird pictures of barren and blasted forests, which we meet with in the writings of some of the old romancers and poets. But, for the most part, wind and storm and decay have done their work with these giants of the wood, and nothing but the stumps can now be seen.

It is good to rest here for awhile, taking no heed of the flight of time. Calm, clear and bright the beautiful river lies before us, not a wave, not a ripple, to break the repose of its surface. Like some vast mirror, it reflects every object on its banks—the green trees, the white mills and storehouses, the dwellings, the barns, the bridges—we see them all down in those mystic depths, plain and distinct both in form and color.

Ruskin somewhere says that, under certain conditions, there is as much to be seen in the water as above it. We have only to look on that scene before us to feel the truth of his remark.

“How came that long double row of broken piles there?” you ask,—“there on the further side of the stream, which seems to run up past that inlet?”

This is all that remains of the old original tow-path. Long before steam-boats or locomotives were known in these parts, great teams of horses used to toil along it, dragging scows and barges and schooners behind them. For many years the Grand River was the principal outlet for the whole surrounding country. Immense rafts of

oak and pine and elm were then brought down it, to go by way of the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence to Quebec—for the forests of this region were once rich in timber. One of these rafts, with its shanties built on it, and its crew of French lumbermen, was a sight to gladden the eyes. How the merry fellows would run round on it, lively as crickets, singing



MILL AND WASTE WEIR ON SULPHUR CREEK.

one of their native songs, as they labored with their pike-poles to push it along.

After the introduction of steamboats, the light traffic between these parts and Buffalo was carried on, for the greater part, by a few side-wheelers, built so as to navigate shallow waters.

There are many in this neighborhood who can well remember when the old *Experiment* and *Dover* used to come in here by way of Port Maitland and the feeder, laden with cargoes of freight and passengers from Uncle Sam's dominions. Then they would steam on up the river as far as Brantford, escaping the rapids by means of locks and short canals. Almost any evening during the season of navigation, one might stand on this embankment and see steamers come puffing down, each with her tow of loaded scows and schooners behind her.

All this is over now; the Grand River is a deserted highway; the locks and dams in the upper section have been carried away by the floods, or suffered to rot down, and it would be difficult for anything much larger than a rowboat to pass Cayuga—seldom, indeed, does a lake craft of any kind go even that far. The grain is carried chiefly by the railways, and the trade in gypsum seems to have ceased. The forests, too, have been stripped of their best timber, and nothings ever rafted down here, except a few small sawlogs and poles.

But, though the palmy days of the noble stream may be ended, time has not robbed it of its picturesque beauty: it has heightened and increased, rath-

er than diminished it. Like some old veteran, whose battles are over and whose bustling days are past, it has now that quiet charm which repose and decay alone can give. The merchants and the mariners, who once trafficked on its waters, have abandoned it to seek employment and wealth amid busier scenes. But, though they have deserted it, it still has its lovers and admirers. The artist now delights to haunt its banks and transfer some of its numberless bits of enchanting scenery to his canvas or his paper. This neighborhood is fast becoming a favorite resort for landscape painters. Some members of the Buffalo Sketch Club spent the greater part of last summer here, and many of the pictures exhibited at their annual opening were taken by them between Dunnville and Port Maitland. This summer they are here again, busily sketching.

You shake your head and look grave.

I know what your thoughts are. Yes, Hawthorne did say that when a country or a region becomes an object of interest to painters and poets, it may be safely considered to be in the last stages of decay. I admit the truth of the observation; it will hold good as far as the river is concerned; but if you were to see the little town over there on a market day, when the streets are crowded with wagons loaded with farmers' produce, you would not think that it was in any danger of going down. A good farming country lies all around. Heavy grain crops are grown in the townships west of the river, and now that the low, sandy lands of Moulton are well drained, they produce roots and fruits in great abundance.

The fine prospect on both sides makes this embankment a most enjoyable place for a stroll. On summer evenings, especially on Sundays, after church, half of the population of Dunnville may be seen here. But there are times when nobody will venture to cross it unless compelled. When the late fall winds are blowing a hurricane down the river, the waves will dash against it and break over it in showers of spray that would drench one to the skin in a few minutes. At the time of the great flood in 1869, the waters burst through and made a gap of over 200 feet long. Then the lower stories of half the houses in Dunnville were flooded, and the people rowed about the streets in boats for several days. The low, flat parts of Moulton township were also overflowed for several miles back from the river. These overwhelming floods are now things of the past. The village fathers of Dunnville have raised the road along the river so as to form a level breakwater, and an additional waste-weir has been built. The embankment, too, has been made higher and stronger.

Here, at the end of the embankment, is the first of the three great waste-weirs which carry off the surplus water and are the chief safeguards

when there is danger of being flooded. A pleasant, airy, picturesque spot it is. On the upper side is the wide river, and look across it and you will get a fine view of the front street of Dunnville, with the tops of the higher buildings and the towers of the churches. On the lower side, the swift current sweeps round into Sulphur Creek, and when the valves of the weir are open and the water is rushing through them, it becomes so rapid and strong that it would be rather difficult to stem it. When, like the "sweet Afton," it flows gently along, the lake fish delight to come up and play here. On each side of the channel you may see one of the quaint-looking dip-nets used in this region, with its long balance pole and its upright rest. It hangs over the water ready for a dip whenever indications are favorable. On the opposite side, close by the tall white grist mill, a couple of fishermen are sitting down enjoying a smoke under the thick willows that overhang the little mill-race. In a few minutes they will probably let down the net and make a catch. The fish caught here are, most of them, fine eating, especially the bass, both black and white. These fishermen are professionals, who pay the Government for their licenses and follow the occupation for profit. They own seines as well as dip-nets, and if you come at the right time you may see them putting off in their scow-built punts and then throwing out their nets and dragging them to shore, heavy, perhaps, with every kind of fish that is to be found in these waters—pike, pickerel, bass, suckers, mullet, and, it may be, maskinonge—the finest and most delicious of all, so epicures say. At certain seasons of the year it is unlawful to catch some of these fish. Should one of the prohibited happen to get into the net at these times, the fishermen, of course, make a point of throwing it back into the water, more especially if the inspector should chance to be looking on.

In addition to the professionals, there are a number of amateurs who love to frequent the waste-weirs and other points where the fish congregate. They are mostly old gentlemen, retired tradesmen, officials, and farmers, who are spending the evening of life in Dunnville, and who, in these long, hot summer days, find their chief recreation and employment in the sport which Isaac Walton so loved. These gentlemen use nothing but the hook and line, and these they can ply to their heart's content without let or hindrance.

The summer months, July and August especially, generally bring a number of visitors to enjoy the sport of trawling. Boats and guides are always to be hired, and one may see them starting off up stream and down with spoon-hook and line and lunch-basket, if he chances to be abroad in the early morning hours.

It is time that we were on our way to Port Maitland. The little islands and the old canal, just above where we

You can glance at the second waste-weir as we cross the Sulphur Creek bridge. Like the first, it is a solid, substantial stone structure, built at great expense on a firm foundation of piles and puddled clay.

Leaving the quiet village of Byng, we take the river road, and are soon on the summit of a little hill from which we get another fine view of Dunnville. As we look across the marsh, the town seems to lie on the very edge of it. From this point the eye can also take in the long bridge and embankment, the lower river, and the creek with its branches dividing the green expanse into fairy-looking islands, while the beams of the morning sun falling upon the scene, give it the charm of life and freshness.

A mile or two more and we are past the great bend and in sight of the sand dunes of Port Maitland—high mounds which look in the distance like a chain of tiny mountains. They shut out the lake from our view, but the tall masts of a schooner lying in the harbor can be plainly seen towering above them.

We pass thriving-looking homesteads, rich pastures and fields of winter wheat, which promise fair for a good yield at harvest, should nothing happen to blight or injure them.

The land on this side of the river is comparatively high, but on the other side the great



OLD CHURCH AT PORT MAITLAND.

stand, are worth devoting a few hours to, especially when the inlets are covered with beautiful white pond lillies which seem to float on the surface of the water. They make a fine contrast with the dark green leaves that surround them.

marshes skirt the lagoon-like stream down to its mouth, and stretch away south and east to the banks of the feeder.

At last we come to where the sand-hills block the way, and the road branches off. Let us mount the steep

bank, although it is rather hard climbing, for the sand is so loose that our feet sink into it at every step. From the summit of these mounds we have a delightful view. The lake, the piers, the light-house, the long line of sand-hills, sweeping round the crescent bay down to Mohawk Point, burst at once upon our sight. Far as the eye can reach, the great inland sea lies before us, clear and peaceful. The spirit of repose seems to have shed its influence over it, and to have lulled it into slumber as deep and as sweet as the sleep of a child. Away out we catch sight of the white sails of vessels, and the smoke of a steamboat. Here all is quiet; there is nothing to disturb the pervading tranquillity; not a sound is to be heard save the murmur of the waters as they ripple on the sand.

Our surroundings "breathe immortality" and invite us to meditation. While we are in this mood, it will be good for us to linger for awhile in the little churchyard, which lies yonder, just at the upper end of this chain of hillocks or dunes. You can see the tower of the church through the trees. A wild, solitary spot it is, lying amid the sands, with the vast lake in front of it, and an atmosphere of mingled sadness and sweetness pervading it. The grass has grown high and rank in places, bramble has cropped up, the sand has drifted in and buried portions of the fence, and of some of the gravestones, but there is a charm in this secluded God's acre, which the more pretentious cemeteries of great cities do not often possess. The spirit of the place awakens tender feelings, and inclines us to deep and solemn thought. There is nothing to break the spell which it casts over heart and mind. No crowd of sightseers, no elegant equipages sweeping by, no gay flower-gardens and inappropriate decorations to turn our attention from the things that are afar off to the pomps and vanities of the world.

The little wooden church is Anglican, and is old, as age is reckoned in

this country. Some of these tombstones have been standing for more than half a century. As you walk round, and read and ponder, you will observe that a number of old officers lie buried here. The lake shore for several miles west of us was originally settled by military and naval officers from England, who came out here to form a little colony, and live the free, independent, pleasant life of country gentlemen. Some of them laid out much of their means in improving their farms and in building substantial dwellings for themselves, but they found, generally, that farming in Canada was anything but profitable in those times except for practical, hard-working men, able and willing to endure privation and rough fare. As most of them had regular incomes, they managed to live comfortably, but their descendants, with a few exceptions, have left the neighborhood to seek more congenial employment in our towns and cities.

You wonder why the grave we are approaching is made of such extraordinary length,—as if it were that of a giant. Beneath that mound of earth rest the remains of a band of gallant soldiers, who belonged to the famous Twenty-Third, or Welsh Fusiliers, and who were drowned near this shore in 1849. They were on their way from Montreal to London, and were going by steamboat as far as Port Stanley. Their vessel was run into by another and sunk a little way out from this place. Assistant Surgeon Grantham, some non-commissioned officers, and more than forty men perished, and their remains were interred in this churchyard, as may be seen by the inscriptions on the headstones. The accident happened in the night, and it is said that one of the vessels did not have her lights properly displayed. Be that as it may, the poor fellows went down, and

"They laid them by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave."

There have been many shipwrecks in this bay, when the storms of autumn raged, and the lake vessels were making the last trips of the season.

How invitingly cool seems the Lake in these sultry days! No wonder so many Dunnvillites have built summer cottages on its shores.

We will walk along the beach to the village. We can see the tops of the houses over the sand-hills.

You would like to know something about the origin of these sand-hills. Well, I confess I cannot tell you how they came here; I am not in the least scientific. Probably they were blown

and heat of the sands at noon-day make the cool lake look still more welcome and refreshing, and when the evening yellow falls upon them, they seem actually to take on the long lines of golden light and the deep-hued masses of shadow.

Artists always love low sandy shores like this. Some of the most attractive pictures in our galleries are taken from just such scenes. This neighborhood has received its share of attention. Mr. George Merritt Clarke, a talented member of the Buffalo Sketch Club, was here for several weeks last summer, sketching among these sands and



IN PORT MAITLAND.

up by the winds and are the work of the gales of centuries. I think that they go on increasing in size from year to year, as fresh sand is washed up from the lake.

This must be a scorching hot place when the summer sun is pouring down his rays on it, especially when there is no breeze off the lake, for there is very little shade here; nothing appears to grow on these dunes, except a few scrubby, stunted hemlocks, which creep along the ground and look like vines rather than trees. But notwithstanding this, there is a peculiar fascination about the scene. The glare

the old tumble-down houses of the village, which is now in the days of its decline, but not, I trust, of its fall.

The good people of Port Maitland, some of them at least, wondered what attraction the place could have for an artist and could not understand how the picture of an old frame building not worth five dollars could fetch almost as many hundreds, when put up for sale.

Here is the mouth of the river, and the capacious harbor, one of the very largest and best on Lake Erie. A fleet could ride at anchor in safety under those piers. Away across, on the other

shore of the river is the lake entrance to the Feeder. The lock is about a quarter of a mile up it.

Round about us lie the houses of the Port, and, if decay and dinginess are signs of the picturesque, this place must surely be an Artist's Paradise, for more dilapidated-looking affairs than some of these old structures are, could scarcely be seen anywhere. The light-keeper's house and the neat hotel are modern, respectable and prosaic, but the rest of the buildings are antique, unrepresentable, and dear to the poet and the painter's heart.

See, that worn-out frame cottage. It stands there on the sand-bank, but every house in Port Maitland rests on a similar foundation. It is a village built on sand.

During the war of 1812, and for many years after, Port Maitland was a naval station, perhaps the most important on the lake. Some of the old inhabitants here, can remember H.M.S. *Minos*, and her commander Lieutenant Hatch. She was stationed here away back in the forties, and was withdrawn when Great Britain and the United States withdrew all war-vessels from the lakes.

The Port was a busy place formerly, but its trade, like that of the Grand River, has fallen off.

Steamers here took in their supply of firewood, and great piles of it were to be seen on the docks. The harbor was filled with vessels all summer long, steamboats wooding up, schooners which had put in for supplies or for shelter, little fleets of Grand River scows and barges waiting till the lake

was calm enough for the tugs to tow them across to Buffalo. Great rafts of timber often lay here for days. During the time of the American civil war, a good deal of round pine was brought in to go through the canal, immense sticks, some of them over one hundred feet in length and three or four in diameter. At that time the Southern ports were blockaded and ship yards had to get their masts and spars from Northern forests.

The only industry which seems now to flourish in the place is fishing; this is carried on to a considerable extent. The great reels for nets which are seen on the sands in front of some of the houses show what is the occupation of the inhabitants. Some of these fishermen ply their trade along the beach with seines; others have gill nets in the lake. Any one who stays here for a few weeks will have an opportunity of seeing their little steamboat come in at early morning with its cargo of fish, and go out at evening when they set their nets. If one is fond of fishing either with hook or trawling line, he can find no better place for a summer outing: there is the river to sport on and near by is the cool lake. Accommodation is easily obtained; no more comfortable and pleasant country tavern can be found than the cheerful-looking little inn, with its good table, airy rooms, and aspect of neatness, so that a stay by the spot where the broad, slow river, melts into the breezy bosom of Lake Erie, lacks not in the comforts of life found in other summer resorts.



ISMS IN THE SCHOOLS.

BY JOHN S. EWART, Q. C.

“WHAT a melancholy notion is that which has to represent all men, in all countries and times, except our own, as having spent their life in blind condemnable error—mere lost Pagans, Scandinavians, Mahometans--only that we might have the true ultimate knowledge! All generations of men were lost and wrong, only that this present little section of a generation might be saved and right. They all marched forward there, all generations since the beginning of the world, like the Russian soldiers into the ditch of Schweidnitz fort, only to fill up the ditch with their dead bodies, that we might march over and take the place. It is an incredible hypothesis. Such incredible hypothesis we have seen maintained with fierce emphasis, and this or the other poor individual man, with his sect of individual men, marching as over the dead bodies of all men, towards sure victory; but when he, too, with his hypothesis and ultimate infallible *credo*, sank into the ditch and became a dead body, what was to be said? Withal, it is an important fact in the nature of man, that he tends to reckon his own insight as final, and goes upon it as such.” So said Thomas Carlyle (the hero as priest), and mournfully added: “He will always do it, I suppose, in one or the other way.”

And yet one would think that by this time Cromwell's adjuration addressed to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland: “I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it *possible* you may be mistaken,” would in some small measure be commencing to take effect even upon Scotchmen. Surely the scantiest information as to the intellectual and moral development of the human race would teach any one that not the blockheads only among

our ancestors, but the wise-heads as well, have been hopelessly—I had almost said stupidly—wrong upon countless matters that appear to us to be as simple as the addition of a couple of units. But no; so far, Carlyle's prophecy, “He will *always* do it,” bids fair to realize itself.

And the reason is not far to seek. Toleration is based upon culture (of which there is but scant crop), and especially upon those parts of it included under (1) wide-reading, that you may know that the road to your own opinion has been over many a nobler thinker now stark in the Schweidnitz ditch; (2) experience, that you may have seen your own most cherished opinions go to the ditch ahead of you. (“The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former,” said Swift); and (3), a certain sympathetic and imaginative power, that you may patiently investigate the foundations and strength of opposing opinion, and be able to appreciate its arguments, not from your own point of view, but from that of your opponents. You must come to the question as an enquirer—not with heady confidence, arrogantly asserting infallibility and completed investigation; but, on the contrary, with open mind ready and willing to re-examine your best beloved beliefs in the light of that which may be urged against them—a very rare frame of mind. If the question be one upon which you have no very fixed ideas, the possibilities are that your mind will receive its first (and last) impression from the first person you meet, be it nurse or philosopher. But if it be a question of politics or religion, and you have arrived at the age of—say

puberty—what prospect is there for the clearest truth, as against the stupidest falsehood which may have theretofore, in some way or other, got into your head?

I am not blaming you, although for like offence you are constantly turning up your intellectual nose at other people. I am not even saying that you, in your individual list of beliefs, have subscribed to a single false one. All that I am intending is to "beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible that you may be mistaken"—in some small but specified one of these beliefs, if you cannot admit as to two of them; it will do you good as a commencement. You can look back over the little history you know, and grant that had other people doubted in any smallest measure their inerrancy, oceans of blood, and infinitudes of misery, would have been spared; but for yourself you see no lesson there, for were they not all wrong, and is it not clear that you are right? Ah! there's the rub, *you are right*—be it a "melancholy notion" or not, "all generations of men *were* lost and wrong, only that your little section of a generation might be saved and right." You and *your* "ultimate infallible *credo* are *not* bound for the ditch. I pray you, do try and remember that all these poor Schweidnitz fellows had likewise, every one of them, seen a clear route across the Pagan and Mahometan stupidities, but nevertheless were plainly, as we now see it, every one of them, ticketed for the ditch. Aye, and did veritably go there, they and their hypotheses, and are now plainly *not* right. And when you come to think of it, why should you be infallible, and all the ditch occupants, and perhaps a large majority of those still outside of it, be indubitably wrong? Tell me that you have studied more deeply, more diligently, and with greater ability than they, and I shall accept your answer. Tell me merely that you "know" that you are right, and I shall merely translate your "know" into

"my father told me," and wonder that you did not know enough to do that for yourself.

Will you let me tell you something. Here is a fundamental and, you think, easily solvable question, viz., that relating to toleration of contrary opinion, religious or other. Let me shortly review it for you.

Plato^(a) prescribed thus for unbelievers: "Let those who have been made what they are only from want of understanding, and not from malice or an evil nature, be placed by the judge in the house of reformation, and ordered to suffer imprisonment during a period of not less than five years. And in the meantime let them have no intercourse with the other citizens, except with members of the nocturnal council, and with them let them converse touching the improvement of their souls' health. And when the time of their imprisonment has expired, if any of them be of sound mind, let him be restored to sane company, but if not, and if he be condemned a second time, let him be punished with death." *Plato was wrong.*

Pagan Emperors (knowing that *they* were right) persecuted and put to death thousands of Christians, and Christians did the same for Pagans in proportion to their power. *Pagans and Christians were wrong.*

Roman Catholics (knowing that *they* were right) persecuted and put to death thousands of Protestants; and Protestants did the same thing for Catholics in proportion to their power. Said Canon Farrar^(b): "The idea of man's universal rights, of universal freedom and liberty of conscience, was alien to the views of the whole ancient world. Indeed it is of quite modern introduction. It was not known even in Christendom, not even in the Protestant part of it, till the seventeenth century." *Catholics and Protestants, including Calvin, Knox, etc., etc., were wrong.*

(a) Laws, X., 900; Jowett's Translation, IV., 421
 (b) History of Free Thought, Note 15.

Hobbes in 1658 said ^(a): "Christians, or men of what religion soever, if they tolerate not their king, whatsoever law he maketh, though it be concerning religion, do violate their faith, contrary to the divine law, both natural and positive; nor is there any judge of heresy among subjects, but their own civil sovereign. For heresy is nothing else but a private opinion obstinately maintained, contrary to the opinion which the public person, that is to say, the representant of the commonwealth, hath commended to be taught. By which it is manifest, that an opinion publicly appointed to be taught cannot be heresy; nor the sovereign princes that authorize them, heretics. For heretics are none but private men that stubbornly defend some doctrine prohibited by their lawful sovereign." Which heretics he counselled, could they not comply with the king's requirement, to go off courageously "to Christ by martyrdom," and leave the land in peace. *Hobbes was wrong.*

John Locke gained for himself much renown by his noble plea for toleration, and was, we think, much in advance of the day when he wrote (1689); but he makes this qualification ^(b): "Lastly, those are not to be tolerated who deny the Being of a God. Promises, covenants and oaths which are the bonds of human society can have no hold upon an atheist. The taking away of God, though but even in thought, dissolves all. Besides also, those that by their atheism undermine and destroy all religion, can have no pretence of religion whereupon to challenge the privilege of a toleration." *Locke was wrong.*

Bishop Warburton in 1736 ^(c) lays down in the strongest terms the natural right of every man to worship God according to his conscience, and the criminality of every attempt on the part of the State to interfere with his religion. "With religious errors,

as such, the State has no concern"; and it may never restrain a religion except when it produces grave "civil mischiefs." In asserting, however, that "religion, or the care of the soul, is not within the province of the magistrate, and that consequently matters of doctrine and opinion are without his jurisdiction, this must always be understood, with the exception of the three fundamental principles of natural religion—the being of God, His providence over human affairs, and the natural, essential difference of moral good and evil. These doctrines it is directly his office to cherish, protect and propagate, and all oppugners of them it is as much his right and duty to restrain, as any the most flagrant offenders against public peace." And the reason of this exception, he says, is obvious: "The magistrate concerns himself with the maintenance of these three fundamental articles, not as they promote our future happiness, but our present . . . They are the very foundation and bond of civil policy. Without them oaths and covenants and all the ties of moral obligation upon which society is founded are dissolved." *Warburton was wrong.*

Rousseau in 1761 ^(d) drew up a civil profession of faiths and prescribed that: "If any one declines to accept them, he ought to be exiled, not for being impious, but for being unsociable, incapable of sincere attachment to the laws, or of sacrificing his life to his duty. If any one, after publicly recognizing these dogmas, carried himself as if he did not believe them, then let him be punished by death, for he has committed the worst of crimes, he has lied before the laws." *Rousseau was wrong.*

Blackstone, the great English jurist, in his commentaries (1755) wrote: "Doubtless the preservation of Christianity as a national religion is, abstracted from the intrinsic truth, of the utmost consequence to the civil

(a) Leviathan, cap. 42.

(b) First Letter on Toleration, p. 31.

(c) Alliance of Church and State.

(d) Contract Social iv, viii, 203.

state, which a single instance will sufficiently demonstrate. The belief in a future state of rewards and punishments, the entertaining just ideas of the moral attributes of the supreme Being, and a firm persuasion that He superintends and will finally compensate every action in human life (all which are clearly revealed in the doctrines, and forcibly inculcated in the precepts, of our Saviour Christ), these are the grand foundations of all judicial oaths which call God to witness the truth of those facts which perhaps may be only known to Him and the party attesting. All moral evidence, therefore, all confidence in human veracity, must be weakened by irreligion and overborne by infidelity. Wherefore, all affront to Christianity or endeavors to depreciate its efficacy, are deserving of human punishment." *Blackstone was wrong.*

Burke, in 1773, in a speech in the House of Commons, alluding to the argument that if non-conformity were tolerated, atheism would gain protection under pretence of it, said: "If this danger is to be apprehended, if you are really fearful that Christianity will indirectly suffer from this liberty, you have my free consent: go directly and by the straight way and not by a circuit; point your arms against these men who do the mischief you fear promoting; point your own arms against men . . . who by attacking even the possibility of all revelation, arraign all the dispensations of Providence to man. These are the wicked Dissenters you ought to fear; these are the people against whom you ought to aim the shaft of the law; these are the men to whom, arrayed in all the terrors of Government, I would say: You shall not degrade us into brutes. These men—these factious men, as the honorable gentleman properly called them—are the just object of vengeance, not the conscientious Dissenter. . . . Against these I would have the laws rise in all their majesty of terrors to fulminate such

vain and impious wretches, and to awe them into impotence by the only dread they can fear or believe. The most horrid and cruel blow that can be offered to civil society is through atheism. Do not promote diversity: when you have it bear it; have as many sorts of religions as you find in your country: there is a reasonable worship in them all. The others—the infidels or outlaws of the Constitution, not of this country, but of the human race—they are never, never to be supported, never to be tolerated. Under the systematic attacks of these people, I see some of the props of good Government already begin to fail—I see the propagated principles which will not leave to religion even a toleration.

. . . Those who hold revelation give double assurance to their country. Even the man who does not hold revelation, yet who wishes that it were proved to him, who observes a pious silence with regard to it, such a man, though not a Christian, is governed by religious principle. Let him be tolerated in this country. Let it be but a serious religion, natural or revealed—take what you can get—cherish, blow up the slightest spark.

. . . By this proceeding you form an alliance, offensive or defensive, against those great ministers of darkness in the world who are endeavoring to shake all the works of God, established in order and beauty. Perhaps I am carried too far, but it is in the road which the honorable gentleman had let me. The honorable gentleman would have us fight this confederacy of the powers of darkness with the single arm of the Church of England. Strong as we are, we are not yet equal to this. The cause of the Church of England is included in that of religion, not that of religion in the Church of England." *Burke was wrong.*

Paley writing in 1785^(a) perceived "no reason why men of different religious persuasions may not sit upon

(a) Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, Bk. VI., Cap. X.

the same bench, or fight in the same ranks, as well as men of various or opposite opinions upon any controverted topic of natural philosophy, history or ethics. Every species of intolerance which enjoins suppression and silence, and every species of persecution which enforces such injunctions, is adverse to the progress of truth; forasmuch as it causes that to be fixed by one set of men, at one time, which is much better, and with much more probability of success, left to the independent and progressive inquiry of separate individuals. Truth results from discussion and from controversy; is investigated by the labors and researches of private persons. Whatever, therefore, prohibits these, obstructs that industry and that liberty which it is the common interest of mankind to promote. In religion, as in other subjects, truth, if left to itself, will almost always obtain the ascendancy." But after so much good sense he adds: "Under the idea of religious toleration, I include the toleration of all books of serious argumentation; but I deem it no infringement of religious liberty to restrain the circulation of ridicule, invective and mockery upon religious subjects; because this species of writing applies only to the passions, weakens the judgment, and contaminates the imagination of its readers; has no tendency whatever to assist either the investigation or the impression of truth; on the contrary, whilst it stays not to distinguish between the authority of different religions, it destroys alike the influence of all." *Paley was wrong.* He underrated, or rather misrated altogether, the function of ridicule in argument.

This is somewhat of a formidable list of names to collect together for the mere purpose of condemning their opinions without a word of argument. Plato, typical of everybody down to the seventeenth century (Pagans, Protestants and Catholics), Hobbes, Locke, Warburton, Rousseau (Voltaire may be added), Blackstone, Burke, Paley

—all more or less wrong, and you and I right? Yes, you say, most certainly we are—and from Chelsea we may still hear reverberating, "He will always do it, I suppose."

And we, the infallibles, have our opinions, too, upon the question of free trade *versus* protection, no doubt; although perhaps we are old enough to have changed them at the same time that our leaders did. Prior to 1876 (say) we were all free traders or at least revenue-tariff men; about that time perhaps we became eager protectionists, and so voted in 1878; and we could then have demonstrated to any one not absolutely imbecile that there was no doubt in the world that we were right—could we not distinguish between successful free trade in England, and triumphant protection in the United States? But now, oh! now, we, and thousands such as we, having lost our prophet, clamorously acclaim a new found apostle who promises to lead us out of the Egyptian night in which we have been groping and show us our land flowing with milk and honey. Stop a moment here. Have you ever contemptuously and in real earnest called yourself a fool for having believed otherwise than you now do on this or any other subject? If so, perhaps, you had ground for your charge (although not for your lack of politeness); and possibly you may not have yet much improved in wisdom! (This is a consideration which should give you a little pause before throwing stones at others.) On the other hand, if you have never so characterized yourself, should you not treat with the same leniency and respect those who continue to hold the opinions which you have abandoned. There is a possibility that they have been always right. There is no such possibility for you! Your insight into your own mistakes, as well as into those of others, you reckon as final, and you go upon it as such!—"He will always do it I suppose in one or the other way."

It is worth while paying attention to the way in which you came by some of your opinions. Looking about you, you seem to observe that as a rule the son inherits the opinions of his father, in much the same fashion as he does his real estate. In fact, family opinions seem frequently to be appurtenant to the family possession; as the lawyers would say, they run with the land. Lord A's estate produces oak trees, and liberal politics; while Lord B's produces beech trees, and tory politics. Neither of the noble Lords had anything more to do with the formation of their opinions than with the growth of their trees—both came to them ready made. And now when they assert that trees and opinions are clearly their own, I agree; and in each case for exactly the same reason—because they quite lawfully inherited both. This is all very trite, no doubt, but what, perhaps, is not so very trite, is that it applies to yourself, and that you do not think that it does. (I am taking one chance out of a thousand.) You see that it applies to everybody else: but *everybody else sees that it applies to you*. If you do hold the opinions of your father, may it not be because his trees were oaks? and that your boasted insight is limited to the ascertainment of what kind of ideas you were born with?

Your opinion then (be it live oak or dead basswood merely) is that Plato, and the rest, were undubitably wrong. Not stupid, you say, but under the influence of superstition or other properly discarded rag-tag; dominated to some extent by their uncultivated environment, grovelling in the darkness out of which we have arisen to such effulgent light. Yes, my friend, without having read a word of these men, you condemn them; but what are you going to say about all those of your contemporaries who disagree with you—effulgent light notwithstanding; people who believe that all society is hooked and buttoned together by religion, and that the button-loppers must

be stopped that society may not return to original nudity and barbarism. I do not wish to argue these points with you, I merely want to ask you, What do you say about all these contemporaries? That you are right and they are wrong, and that you can prove it? That may be so, but they tell me precisely the same thing, namely, that they are right and you wrong, and that it is the easiest thing in the world to demonstrate it.

Now, no one objects to your holding your opinions as well as your trees; to the advocacy of your opinions, and to the supplanting of all other trees with oaks, if you can convince the owners of them that the thing ought to be done. The point I want to come at is this, that your opinions are not entitled to one whit greater deference or respect (even should they be concurred in by vast majorities) than are the opinions of others. Frankly and unreservedly will you go with me that far? You believe that all opinions not harmful to society should be tolerated. A great many other people say, "yes, that is true, but atheistical opinions are harmful and should therefore not be tolerated." You reply that "atheistical opinions are not harmful." This is not a question of principle but a question of fact—Are atheistical opinions harmful to society?—and it is a fact that we cannot agree about; several centuries of endeavoring to do so having proved that matter to us. What then is to be done? Perhaps we can get some help by a technical statement of the argument:—Opinions harmful to society ought to be suppressed: some people (A) believe atheistical opinions to be harmful; while others (B) believe that they are not; therefore the some people (A) ought to have their way, and such opinions ought to be suppressed. You see clearly that this conclusion is wrong; but how does it help you to yours? If the conclusion is not right that the some people (A) must have their way, and the opinions be suppressed; neither is

the other conclusion right, that the others (B) must have their way and the opinions be tolerated. If we cannot decide whether the opinions are harmful or innocent, (A) has as much right to have his way as (B), has he not? Let me suggest a solution, for there is no *impasse* here. (A) wants the opinions of (B) suppressed; he has no right to interfere with other people's opinions, unless they are harmful to society; on him therefore lies the *onus* of proof that the opinions that he seeks to suppress are harmful. If he cannot prove this (and in the supposed case he cannot) nothing is done; and the decision is not that (B) is right, but that (A) has not made a case for interference with him. The normal condition is liberty. Let him who desires to circumscribe it prove his right. If he cannot, then he has no title to interfere.

But why elaborate all this? No one now-a-days thinks of interfering with opinions. Think you so, my friend? So far I have been endeavoring to get you to agree with me upon general principles, before proceeding to apply them, and I fancy that I have found little difficulty; but now we are going to separate. You see very little or no intolerance in the world. On the contrary, I see as much there as ever there was, and more, for the population is rapidly increasing. I do not mean that we are burning or jailing one another just now—that was the *form* merely which intolerance in rougher times assumed. But I do say that the incapacity to appreciate and sympathetically understand an opinion contrary to our own, is as rare today as ever in the world before. I know that education is more widespread, but in my opinion intolerance *commences* with knowledge (as disease with life), and succumbs to nothing but much culture, which is far from being widespread; and the cocks are as sure now as they ever were. The "important fact in the nature of man, that he tends to reckon his own in-

sight as final, and goes upon it as such," has, by many centuries of culture, to be eradicated out of human nature, before its offspring, intolerance and persecution, will leave the world in peace. No doubt asperities have been rubbed down and the more dreaded penalties for non-conformity to majority-opinion probably for ever ended; but the old intolerant spirit is still alive, manifesting itself, and dominating as far it can, in strict conformity with the softened manners of the times. Principal Caven (I think it was) said that "It should be made an unpleasant thing for a man to call himself an infidel"; and he is but frankly stating the tactics of modern inquisitors. With social penalties, if not with hanging; with sarcasm and contempt, if not with thumb-screw and boots, the bigot still insists upon conformity to *his* plans and specifications; and to the best of his ability limits and controls the liberty and the opinions of others. Cocksure and its brood "with fierce emphasis" are still vigorously dragooning the world.

My purpose in this article, however, is not to call attention to this pigmy war, which must be left to burn itself out (after various centuries more have passed), but to enter a *caveat* against its incursions into a new realm, against the irruption of intolerance in our public schools. Men seeing that it is becoming more and more difficult to force their opinions upon adults, are now turning their attention to the children, where their conquest will be easy if their access be permitted. I want to see impregnable walls opposed to the incursion of all proselytizers into the schools.

And, as a basis for my argument, I have been endeavoring to win assent to these few propositions: (1) That human thought is, even at the best of it, upon social and religious questions, far from being infallible; (2) that other people of equal intelligence, who honestly differ with us, are as likely to be right as we are; (3) that relig-

ious and irreligious opinion is in the category of the debatable (many on both sides say it is not, which to my mind proves that it is;) (4) that the true policy with reference to all such questions is that of perfect liberty, for the *onus* of proving the harmfulness of opposing opinion cannot be discharged. Now let me apply these principles to the schools.

Perhaps you, reader, have been urging that certain things (apart from mere secular education) should, or should not, be taught in the schools, because, as you say, these things are right, or are wrong, although other people do not agree in your opinion of them. Perhaps you are an Imperial Federationist, and want to instil Imperial ideas into the minds of the young. Mr. Parkin has written a book for use in the schools, emphasizing his hobby. You agree with him and want his book introduced into all the schools. In other words, you want to insist that the children of people who do not agree with you are to imbibe your opinions and not those of their parents. You would send these children home to tell their parents that they are acting dishonorably in advocating a rupture of the British connection, and that (as Principal Grant has it) the suggestion of union with the United States "should crimson the faces of people who do not pretend to be fishy-blooded"—that is, the faces of their parents. I know that you are, no doubt, right, so do not tell me that; but again I would remind you that men whose opinions are entitled to as much weight as yours do not think so, and I beseech you "to think it possible you may be mistaken." I ask for liberty.

Or perhaps you believe in militarism and the inculcation of a warlike spirit, and you insist upon flags and drills and painted muskets, so that the fighting propensities (you call them the capacities for defence) may be developed. Other good people abhor the notion of war, and dread the

effect upon their boys of these appeals to their combativeness. You would have the boys tell their peace-loving fathers that they are old women, and that a fighter is the highest type of an English gentleman. You are right of course, and they wrong; but again I plead for liberty.

Or perhaps you believe that education is a vicious thing, unaccompanied by religion, and that the State is turning out "clever scoundrels" instead of worthy citizens. - You insist upon religious instruction in all the schools. You quote all our old authorities, a great many of our new ones, and piles of most convincing statistics, to prove that society is held together by morality, and that there can be no morality without religion; and, so far from being shocked with the idea of setting child against parent, you would pray that "it might be the means, under Providence, of," &c., &c. Beyond, peradventure, your "little section of generation" has arrived at the "ultimate infallible credo," but, once more, let me remind you that many people, your equals in intelligence, believe that the religion you want taught is mere superstition and nonsense, which should be educated out of the parents, and not into the children. Once more, I say, let there be liberty.

Perchance Sabbatarianism is your particular hobby, and you believe that a nation which "desecrates the Sabbath" will be cursed of God. You probably, therefore, want the commandments, and particularly the fourth, learned by heart by every Canadian child. It is not enough for you to teach your own children so, but you insist upon the children of people, who think your Sabbatarianism Puritan fudge, to be taught that their parents misbehave themselves shockingly on Sunday. I repeat, let us have liberty.

Or is the abolition of alcoholism your particular ambition? Then you desire that the deplorable effects of fermented liquors should be impressed

upon the rising generation—the body (God's temple) should be kept pure from the degrading thing; nine-tenths of the vice, sin, and shame are its offspring, etc., etc. All, beyond doubt, as well founded as are the arguments to support all the other isms of which you make so little; but, for the last time, I tell you that thousands of excellent people believe you to be a mere crabbed bigot, and would much rather have your children taught to think so than that theirs should be trained to think like you. There must be liberty.

And so I would have no isms in the schools at all? you ask—no Imperial Federation, no Militarism, no Pietism no Sabbatarianism, no Anti-Alcoholism? Quite the contrary, my friend; I would have all these, and every other ism, of such like, you can think of, in the schools; but upon this one condition, that the parents of all the children should be willing to have them there. In the name of liberty, I would say to the parents, certainly you have a right to teach, or have taught to your children anything you like, so long as you can agree about it. I would not ask that a whole province should be unanimous before Sabbatarianism should be taught in a single county; nor that a whole county should be made unanimous before militarism should be taught in one of its school districts; nor even that a whole school district should be unanimous before Imperialism should be taught in one of its schools. What does the principle of liberty require? This and nothing more, that parents should not be required to subscribe to the school rates, and at the same time have their children taught some ism that they abhor; and, on the other hand, that where the parents of all the children in any school desire that an ism should be taught, taught it ought to be. And I shall add, that when I speak of unanimity I mean practical unanimity, and not such as would make it necessary to include all

mere eccentric or isolated opinion of every ordinary or extraordinary sort. We can never expect to have theoretical perfection in the application of even undoubted doctrines to all possible conditions and contingencies.

Let me gather up some conclusions. Education can be conceived as something entirely apart from all isms. Nevertheless in the community are many people who desire to have particular isms taught in the schools. Liberty requires that children should not be taught isms to which their parents are opposed. But at the same time liberty does not require that children should be allowed to grow up entirely illiterate. Liberty further requires that where the parents of the children of any one school desire that a particular ism should be taught, taught it ought to be. And it further requires that in arranging the schools, reasonable facilities ought, if possible, to be given for the combination of such children in separate schools. It would be the antipode of liberty that such combination should be prevented in cases in which it did not materially interfere with the efficiency of other schools.

Let me put a concrete case. In the Province of Ontario there is a large number of Roman Catholics who believe that their children would be very improperly educated were they sent to secular schools, or even to schools which Protestants would approve of. In that case, what does the principle of liberty require? Merely this, that opportunities should be given for the combination of Roman Catholics in certain of the schools, if that can be done without disturbing unduly the efficiency of the other schools. They desire that an ism should be taught to their children. By all means let it be so, if it costs nothing, or very little, to other people. Liberty to them, and all others, should be accorded even at some expense to the community, for one of the objects of our institutions is to afford as much individual liberty

as possible. The opportunities they desire may, without loss to the community, be given to them in two sets of cases: (1) where the population is dense, and yet mixed (in these cases there will be room for two sets of schools); (2) in districts where the population is sparse but entirely Roman Catholic. Against the propriety of granting facilities for separate schools in these cases there can be nothing said without intolerance and the breach of our most cherished principles of liberty.

One word of application to the Manitoba schools. The Rev. Dr. Bryce, one of the bitterest opponents of the separate schools, has recently stated as follows:—"Out of 719 school districts in Manitoba, when the Act of 1890 was passed, 91 were Catholic. Of these *all but a very small percentage are in localities almost entirely French.*" I may add that of the "very small percentage" there were only four school districts in which the population, although mixed, was not large enough to support a school of each kind. Our principle of liberty applied to Manitoba therefore requires that in all but four out of the 91 schools the Catholics ought to be allowed to have their way, and to teach their religion to their children if they wish, provided only that the just requirements of the State with reference to secular learning are observed. Acting upon the very contrary doctrine, namely, that of intolerance, consciously or unconsciously having in view the hindrance of the teaching of the Catholic religion as something depraved, Manitoba has said to a large section of her people, unless you undertake to stop teaching your own religion, to your own children, in schools to which no one goes except those of your own faith, we will not permit you to organize yourselves together for the instruction of those in whose education the whole community has a decided interest. We would rather see them illiterate than Catholic, but

we hope to avoid illiteracy by driving them into adoption of secular schools, under stress of financial difficulties with which we shall surround them.

And so we have, even in the last decade of the 19th century, the spirit of intolerance as rampant and vigorous as ever; although with this difference principally, that whereas in the past the churches have had their innings, and the unbelievers have had to do much active fielding, the parsons are now out and are finding it tolerably difficult to keep within limits the scoring (they are receiving); for all of which, in my humble judgment, the churches have themselves to thank. Love your enemies was always their doctrine, but never their practice. And now their day has come, and while the Tudors would not have allowed any one to teach unless under license from the Bishop; modern regulations require the Bishop himself to have his certificate, and charge him straightly not to say a word concerning that which he believes to be the essence of all education. I do not mean to imply that unbelievers have now a monopoly of intolerance. What I would rather say is that, in my opinion, the *most* intolerant people of the day are the sceptics (I speak, of course, of the class); that it is they (not merely those so avowed, but that very much larger class that is practically unbelieving although still pronouncing the shibboleths) that are the most determined in their hostility to the Catholic religion being taught in the Catholic schools. Large numbers of believing Protestants, no doubt, agree with them, and the rancour of many individuals among these cannot be exceeded; but very many of this class would be glad to accord liberty to the Catholics could they but get a little of it for themselves. That they cannot do so is due, I believe, to those who deem religion not to be of the highest importance—that is, that scepticism avowed and unavowed (perhaps repudiated, but nevertheless domin-

ating), is now at the wicket. I know that sceptics believe themselves to be the most tolerant of people, but I am convinced that my estimate of them is correct. (Rousseau required all his citizens to be tolerant, having first directed to be exiled or executed all who would not subscribe and live up to *his* profession of faith.) Burke, a hundred years ago spoke of atheists as holding "those principles which will not leave to religion even a toleration"; and Priestly ^(a) a few years earlier wrote: "The most unrelenting persecution is to be apprehended not from bigots, but from infidels. A bigot who is so from a principle of conscience may possibly be moved by a regard to the conscience of others; but a man who thinks that conscience ought always to be sacrificed to political views has no principle on which an argument in favor of toleration can lay hold." To the writers of those days I shall add one of the most brilliant of the present—John Morley, ^(b) himself by many thought to be a mere secularist, because free from the current dogmatic religion: "That brings us to the root of the matter, the serious side of a revolution that in its social consequence is so unspeakably ignoble. This root of the matter is the slow transformation now at work of the whole spiritual basis of thought. Every age is in some sort an age of transition, but our own is character-

istically and cardinally an epoch of transition in the very foundations of belief and conduct. The old hopes have grown pale; the old fears dim; strong sanctions have become weak, and once vivid faiths very numb. Religion, whatever destinies may be in store for it, is, at least for the present, hardly any longer an organic power. It is not that supreme, penetrating, controlling, decisive part of a man's life, which it has been and will be again. . . . The native hue of spiritual resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of distracted, wavering, confused thought. The souls of men have become void. *Into the void have entered in triumph the seven devils of secularity.*"

And so secularism must have its day, and show what of weal or woe there is in it. It may be the "ultimate infallible credo;" but it, too, most probably will sink into the ditch and become a dead body, and a warning for all later cock-sure philosophers. Upon this it is not necessary that an opinion should be offered by one whose humble belief is that

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be,

and that for the most part we are but children crying in the night, "and with no language but a cry." Let us, I say, while our particular little system is disappearing, have peace; let us have sympathy and tolerance, the one for the other; and whether these or not, at the least let us have liberty.

Winnipeg, June, 1893.

(a) Essay on the First Principles of Government, 290.
(b) On Compromise, 136.



HUMOR IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES, INSPECTOR OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR THE CITY OF TORONTO.

FORTY years ago sternness was the moral force most used by teachers in controlling their pupils. To smile was a grave offence; to laugh was a flog-able crime. In school, as in church, girls and boys had to be solemn, or else be sorry they had not been solemn. When ghosts, ogres, or other monstrosities had lost their terrors, then children were threatened with the living embodiment of all horrors: the schoolmaster.

But even the terrible schoolmasters could only restrain nature, and not destroy it. Mirth sometimes asserted its divine right to rule even in the gloomiest schools. Boys laughed, however, against orders. A smile was a stolen luxury. Merriment was sinful. So far as the master's influence moulded character, boys became sly and secretive, and lost frankness when they smiled, because they were made conscious of the fact that by smiling they were breaking the law. Still there were many boys and girls who broke the law even though they knew the penalty was a whipping. Sometimes the master was agreeable enough to sleep in school. Those were golden moments. The happiest times we had in school, were the times the master was asleep or out of the room. We enjoyed his retirement better than his resting periods, because when he was asleep we had to confine ourselves to smiling lest we should wake him. While he was out of the room the merriment was uproarious. While he dozed we had to develop self-control, and this was about the only opportunity we had to develop self-control from a positive motive.

One day a ten year old boy^s was smiling unspeakable sentiments across the room to a responsive, blue-eyed,

yellow-haired lassie, while the master dreamed. Suddenly the master's eyes opened, and when the little fellow's heart was fullest and his smile broadest, he was startled by the thundered command: "Come here, sir, and I'll larn you how to laugh." The boy crept to the desk as though he felt this to be a totally unnecessary lesson, and stood dreading its commencement. "Which would you rather be whipped with, sir, the rod, the ruler or the strap?" We were all amazed at the master's consideration. At length the boy made his choice and decided in favor of the rod. "Oh! you'd like the rod, would you? then I'll use the strap." He took the strap accordingly, and proceeded to "larn the boy to laugh." Judged by results, his lesson was not a success. His method was evidently a very bad one, but it was nearly as logical as his method of teaching anything else.

So common were whippings in school in those days, boys were trained to regard school as a place of punishment, and whipping as one of the regular parts of the programme. A little boy walked straight up to his teacher the first morning he ever went to school, and after the preliminary questions had been asked regarding his name, age and residence, he resolutely held out his hand and said: "Well, lick me and let me go to my seat."

Sometimes the fun became hilarious when the culprit declined to take his punishment, and preferred to run around the room instead. It was no uncommon thing for every other boy and girl to stand up and cheer the boy who was successfully dodging the master. The excitement on such occasions was intense, and if the master,

in his undignified rush after his intended victim, fell or hurt his leg against the corner of a desk, a wild cheer from the entire school showed that the boy had the sympathy of his companions. On rare occasions—too rare—we were treated to an unexpected entertainment, when a large boy rebelled against the injustice of the teacher, and gave a whipping instead of receiving one. Such an event enabled us to bear the evils of our condition with resignation. Humor would assert itself even under the most unfavorable conditions. We would laugh when a boy cried in a new key, or rubbed the injured part of his body with unusual energy. Agony became so common that we laughed at any of its remarkable characteristics. The school-room humor of early days was grim in character and restricted in quantity. The boy was excusable who called his poem on the departed teacher, "The Loss of a Whaler." Probably the best story of genuine humor associated with the rod is that told of the boy whose master, hearing a noise behind him, turned suddenly and seizing the boy whom he suspected, proceeded to give him a severe whipping. The more vigorously the blows were administered the more heartily the boy laughed. At length the irritated master shouted, "What are you laughing at, sir?" "I was laughing at the joke on you; ha! ha! ha! you're whipping the wrong boy."

Fortunately for the boys, whipping is not now regarded as the only disciplinary agent, or as the best, except in peculiar cases. It was hardening in its general effects on character. The attitude of the boys towards the master and his administration of punishment were fully and graphically expressed by the reply of the little fellow who, when his teacher said, "Do you know why I am going to whip you, sir?" replied, "Yes I do. It's because you're *bigger'n* I am."

The spirit of the school-room has changed. The wise teacher encour-

ages pure fun, and laughs heartily at every occurrence, or remark, or humorous story that comes properly to enliven the life of the school. Children are trained to stand up before the class and tell good humorous stories, and this exercise is infinitely more developing than the old-fashioned means of cultivating the power of oral expression.

It might naturally be supposed that, next to the physical affliction periods the most unlikely time for humor to come into a school would be during the religious exercises. The natural seriousness of these exercises is sometimes disturbed, however.

"Who made you?" asked a primary teacher. The little girl addressed evidently wished to be accurate in her reply; "God made me so long,"—indicating the length of a short baby—"and I growed the rest."

The word altar occurred in the Scripture selection. "What is an altar?" said the teacher. "A place to burn insects," replied an honest boy. "Who were the foolish virgins?" brought the prompt answer from a wise little girl, "Them as didn't get married." The Mormons were preaching in an English village, and the teacher properly directed the moral teaching of his school to the prominent evil of the time. As a basis for his remarks, he decided to ask a few preliminary questions. "Boys," said he, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas?" said the teacher, encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said solemnly: "No man can serve two masters." The questioning ended there. A teacher said to her class, "Whom do you especially wish to see when you go to heaven?" "Gerliah," was probably the most candid answer she received. There was no hypocrisy in the boy who longed to see the great giant who had been defeated by young David.

The religious teachings of home and school seem to give a flavor to answers on very different subjects—especially when religious teaching is made a matter of memorizing words that are not understood. The girl who said, "A republican is a sinner mentioned in the Bible;" and the boy who wrote, "There are a good many donkeys in the theological gardens," had evidently received a religious training. At an examination in England the pupils were asked to explain the difference between the religious beliefs of the Jews and the Samaritans. One answer was: "The Jews believed in the Synagogue, and had their Sunday on a Saturday, but the Samaritans believed in the Church of England, and worshipped in groves of oak; therefore the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans."

The words, "His Satanic Majesty" occurred in a story read in one of the Toronto Public Schools. "How many know who his Satanic Majesty is?" said the teacher. Several hands were raised, and the first pupil named, promptly replied, "The Inspector." It is encouraging to know that she was a very young child. History and Scripture were never more thoroughly mixed than by the boy who wrote, "Titus was a Roman Emperor—supposed to have written the epistle to the Hebrews—his other name was Oates."

The ridiculous answers given at written examinations would fill many volumes. Sometimes they are the result of improper questioning, sometimes of mental peculiarities in pupils, often of poor teaching, which is satisfied with giving words, instead of ideas, to children.

The ecliptic had been taught as "An imaginary line representing the apparent path of the sun through the heavens," but at the examination it was defined as, "An imaginary line going round the equator; it seems to be the path which the earth goes round, but it is really the path to heaven." A

student preparing to be a teacher wrote: "The aim of geography is to fit a man for the business of life, and lead him to prepare for death and the other world." Another believer in the uplifting power of geography wrote: "A person ignorant of geography is wrapped up in his own narrow sphere of ignorance, and is generally a bore." An English girl wrote: "Oliver Cromwell was a man who was put in prison for his interference in Ireland. When he was in prison he wrote 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and married a lady called Mrs. O'Shea." A Canadian historian informed the examiners that, "The Whig Party was an army that tried to skirmish every town." Another pupil answered, "The Whig party is the Conservatives," and still another said, "The Whig Party are the ones that wish for progress, and they don't in general dress so gay as the Tories." It must have been a very radical son of a Radical who wrote, "Perkin Warbeck raised a rebellion in the reign of Henry VIII. He claimed to be the son of a prince, but he was really the son of respectable people." A young churchman wrote, "A Prime Minister is one who stops at the same church all the time." "Free Trade" is a question that always develops original theories in the minds of youthful economists. Here are a few specimens. "Free Trade is carried on without any money to pay for it." "Free Trade is the trade for fishing along the shore, or selling whatever they like, and can do what they think best." "Free Trade is, that a man buys a piece of land, and pays for it, and receives a deed for it, and is subject to nothing but the taxes of the country."

When hygiene was taught in the form of notes dictated by the teacher, to be repeated orally by the pupils or written down to be committed to memory, the answers given in this subject were often very amusing on account of their incongruities. Reading a few of them must convince even skeptics that we are "fearfully and

wonderfully made." "We call the kidneys the bread basket, because it is where all the bread goes to. They lay up concealed by the heart." "The food passes through your windpipe to the pores, and thus passes off your body by evaporation through a lot of little holes in the skin called capillaries." "We should die if we eat our food raw." "The food is nourished in the stomach." "We should not eat so much bone-making foods as flesh-forming and warmth-giving foods, for if we did we would have too many bones, which would make us look funny." "Sugar is an amyloid: if you was to eat much sugar and nothing else, you would not live, because sugar has not got no carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen. Potatoes is another amyloids." The poor boy who wrote that will not live long if he crams his stomach as badly as his teacher crammed his brain.

A young temperance advocate wrote, "Alcoholic beverages greatly obstruct the breaking down of the body," and succeeded in saying exactly the opposite to what he meant. A constructive anatomist volunteered the sentence: "The eyes are set in two sockets in a bone which turns up at the end, and then becomes the nose." One of the large class that ventures to give general remarks at an examination as a substitute for accurate knowledge, wisely wrote the philosophical statement: "The spine is quite an important bone." Another gave the equally profound answer: "When you have a illness it makes your health bad, as well as having a disease." The girl who wrote the following had doubtless associated with very selfish, grasping people. "The body is composed chiefly of water, and nearly one half of it is avaricious tissue."

A few answers relating to other subjects will close my "examination department." "Prose tells things that are true right along just as they are, and poetry makes it up as you go along." "A circle is a round straight

line with a hole in the middle." "Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else." "The chief products of the United States is earthquakes and volcanoes." "The rapids of the St. Lorence is caused by the canoes of the Indians." "In Austria the principal occupation is gathering Austrich feathers." "The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah." "Climate lasts all the time, and weather only a few days." "John Bunyan lived a life of scantity." "John Locke's works are full of energy and lack no little want of thought." "Julias Cæsar was quite a military man on the whole." "By the Salic laws no woman or descendant of a woman could occupy the throne." "Columbus knew the earth was round because he balanced an egg on the table." "Alfred the Great reigned 872 years. He was distinguished for letting some buckwheat cakes burn, and the lady scolded him."

If anything were needed to prove the absolute stupidity of the simultaneous repetition by the class of oral statements made by the teacher, as a substitute for teaching, the following should be conclusive: A word with whose meaning the child is not definitely acquainted is merely a new noise to it. Even if it is familiar with the meaning of the language, it is often liable to confound the words used with others similar in sound. "John, give an example of a noun," said the teacher, and John, after meditation gave "organ grinder." "Why?" "Because he's a person plays a thing." "Queen Mary married the Dolphin." "Mrs. Browning wrote poetry to the pottery geese." This was not complimentary to the Portuguese, nor to the teacher's method of teaching literature. "The organs of digestion are the stomach, liver, spleen and utensils." "The heart is a comical shaped bag." "The blood is putrefied in the lungs by inspired air." The ideas given by the pupils who wrote these answers were not very clear. Unfortunately

there are many pupils who are trained to repeat answers correctly and very fluently, who have no definite conception of the meaning of the words they use. Good teachers give their pupils every possible opportunity to use new words, and give their own ideas of their meaning. Such exercises reveal the most extraordinary misconceptions sometimes. "What is guilt?" "Telling on another boy." "What is love?" "It's going errands," said little Mary. A poor boy was asked, "What is a gentlemen?" "A fellow that has a watch and chain," he replied, adding, when he saw that his answer was not perfectly satisfactory, "and loves Jesus." He evidently thought the latter portion of his answer should atone for any weakness in the former part. A Sunday school child told her day school teacher that "Missionaries are men who get money." "Epicure is a man who likes a good dinner." "Alias was a good man mentioned in the Bible." "Mediæval is a wicked man who has been tempted." Sometimes a pupil comes nearer the truth than might be expected in defining a word he does not understand, as did the boy who wrote, "A demagogue is a vessel containing beer and other liquids." Even when pupils have a clear conception of the meaning of words they often give amusing applications of them when asked for illustrative definitions. "Tom, use a sentence with responsibility in it." Tom said, "When one suspender button is gone, there is a great deal of responsibility on the other one." "Write a sentence with the word nauseous in it," brought out the answer, "This examination makes me feel nauseous."

The oral answers given in class are often mirth-provoking. The word "lad" occurred in the primary reading. "What is a lad?" enquired the teacher. A very small girl answered, "A thing for courting with." "Give the future of drink." "Present he drinks, future he will be drunk." "The plural of pillow?" "Bolster." "Compare

ill?" "Ill, worse, dead." This recalls the answer of the boy who said, "Masculine, man; feminine, woman; neuter, corpse." "What are the chief imports of Canada?" "Emigrants." "Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" "Yes, sir!" "Where?" "On the elephant," said the innocent youngster. "What do you know of Wellington?" First boy: "He won the battle of Waterloo." Second boy: "He was Prime Minister of England." Third boy: "He is dead." "What do you call a man from Poland?" "A Pole." "One from Holland?" "A Hole." "What is the difference between foot, and feet?" "One feet is a foot, and a whole lot of foots is a feet," explained the young philosopher.

Many people imagine that boys and girls are not philosophers. This proves that they are not well acquainted with boys and girls. They are great reasoners within their proper range of thought. They think quickly and accurately as far as their knowledge extends. They get out of a difficulty by their wits as if they were trained lawyers. "Who was the first man?" said a Chicago teacher. "Washington," promptly answered the young American. "No," said the teacher, "Adam was the first man." "Oh! well, I suppose you are right," replied the undaunted patriot, "if you refer to furriers." "How did that blot come on your copy book, Sam?" "I think it is a tear, Miss Wallace." "How could a tear be black, Sam?" "It must have been a colored boy who dropped it," suggested the reflective Samuel. The teacher told her class that Charles II. was a Roman Catholic. Independent Lulu said she thought he was an Episcopalian. "Why, Lulu?" "Because we read that he did things that he ought not to have done, and left undone things he ought to have done." "Would you believe that a star is bigger than the earth?" "No," said Chester, "if it was it would keep the rain off." "The ostrich is the only bird on which you can ride," remarked the

teacher. "Why, no it aint," said little Peter, "you can ride on a lark." "Why do you think so, Peter?" "Well, I know when my uncle was gone for a week, mother said, he 'was off on a lark,' and when he came home his face was red, as if he had been riding hard." "What made the tower of Pisa lean?" "The famine in the land." "We can only hear sound, we cannot feel sound," said the teacher. "You can feel a sound thrashing, can't you?" asked Fred. "What makes the ocean salt?" "Salt fish," answered reflective Donald. "What does sea water contain beside sodium chloride?" "Fish, sir," said a boy who trusted to his shrewdness more than to preparation of his lessons. The same boy when asked to draw a picture of Jonah and the whale, drew the whale only. "Where is Jonah?" asked the teacher, sharply. "Inside the whale," said the imperturbable boy. "Now, children," said the teacher, "we have gone through the history of England, tell me in whose reign would you live if you could choose for yourself?" "In the reign of King James," said philosophic Alec., "because I read that education was very much neglected in his time." "Count twenty when you are angry before you strike," said the

teacher. "Please, I think it is better to count forty if you can't lick the other fellow," wisely added the cautious Harold. "Susan, if I were a little girl I would study my lessons," said the teacher, reprovingly. "Then I guess you are glad that you aint a little girl," shrewdly answered Susan. "If you wish to be good-looking when you grow up, you should go to bed early," was the advice of a lady teacher to her class in hygiene. Isabel rather rudely ventured to say in reply: "I spect you set up late when you was a girl." Oh, yes! girls and boys can think and apply their thoughts.

The humor of the schoolroom is too valuable to be lost. Every teacher should record the humorous answers, and the amusing incidents in connection with her class. Teachers' Associations should appoint Recorders of Humor, to whom all teachers should send the merry sketches of their school-rooms. An hour spent in reading these stories in conventions would be profitably spent. The publication of a volume of such stories periodically would enrich the literature of humor. The best collection of extraordinary answers yet issued is that prepared by Miss Caroline B. Le Row, of Brooklyn, New York.



KINGSLEY'S "WATER BABIES."

BY PROF. WM. CLARK, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

"THE Water Babies" is called by its author, the late Canon Charles Kingsley, "a Fairy Tale for a Land-baby." It appeared for the first time, in 1863, in the pages of Macmillan's Monthly Magazine, and was published in a volume in the same year. From that time to this, it has appeared in many editions in England and in the United States, and there is no appearance of any waning in its popularity.

It is now generally agreed that the *Water Babies* is not only a fairy tale of great beauty, but an allegory of remarkable depth, insight, and power, a parable of man's spiritual life on earth. The present writer came very soon to this conclusion, and ventured in private and in public to give his exposition of the story. Being challenged to bring his version under the eye of Mr. Kingsley, he published it in an English monthly magazine in 1870; and soon afterwards obtained from the author this assurance: "From beginning to end, I desire not one word more or less as regards my meaning." As the following exposition is, for the most part, a reproduction of that earlier one, the reader may feel satisfied that he has here Mr. Kingsley's own meaning lawfully got out of the story, and not some theory of the expositor's foisted into it. It is with satisfaction that we confirm the judgment we had formed of this beautiful book by the testimony of Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," in *Atalanta* (Vol. I., p. 530), who says of the *Water Babies*, "a fairy tale, as he called it, but containing, nevertheless, the most complete and consistent summing up of his matured views on theological, political, and social subjects that is to be found in any of his writings."

It may be remarked, in passing, that, as Bunyan's great allegory represented the religious spirit of Puritanism in the time of Charles II., so Mr. Kingsley's *Water Babies* reflects, in a remarkable manner, the religious sentiment and temper of the present day.

The story might be divided into two parts, dealing with the life of the hero, Tom, first as the history of a chimney sweep, and secondly as that of a Water Baby. The Water Baby life, again, may be divided into three periods: first, his life in the river before he helped the lobster out of the pot; secondly, his life in S. Brandan's Isle under the discipline of the fairies, Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did and Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by; thirdly, the period from the time when he set off from the other end of nowhere to the end of the story.

There can be little doubt that the first period is intended to represent the life of sin, ending with conversion from sin. Tom and his master, Mr. Grimes, are represented as very dirty; and it is the conviction of his foulness that leads to Tom's conversion. This conviction was produced, first of all, by an Irishwoman, who represents Conscience, and, perhaps, also Providence. It should be remarked that this character did not appear in the original form of the story in *Macmillan*; and the present writer was informed by the author that it was added at the suggestion of the late Judge Erskine—"best of churchmen and of men," as Mr. Kingsley called him—who thought it better to prepare the reader for the allegorical meaning of the story.

The work begun by the Irishwoman was carried on by the sight of Ellie in her pure, white bed, contrasted with

his own "little, ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth," in a great mirror in her chamber; and it was completed by Mrs. Grimes at Vendale expressing her dislike of chimney sweeps. All these things worked themselves into Tom's heart and soul, and, crying out "I must be clean, I must be clean," he cast himself into the river, and became a Water Baby. Here we have one type of conversion, which begins in the sense of evil and the longing for deliverance from evil.

Passing on to the Water Baby life, it can hardly be doubted that the first period represents the life of mere Selfishness and Worldliness. It may be a life of comparative innocence, or it may be sinful, this life of the "natural man," but it is shallow and frivolous, without deep convictions or any serious sense of responsibility, without earnest purposes or strenuous efforts. We see it in Tom worrying the caddises, tormenting the little trout, making faces at the otter, chatting with the dragon-fly, and admiring the salmon.

But a change came with his helping the lobster out of the pot. The description of this episode is one of the most delightful in the whole book; and at the end of his work Tom entered into a new experience. "He had not left the lobster five minutes before he came upon a Water Baby. A real live Water Baby sitting on the white sand, very busy about a little point of rock. And when it saw Tom it looked up for a moment, and then cried, 'Why, you are not one of us. You are a new baby.'" Tom was much surprised. "Well," he said, "this is wonderful! I have seen things just like you again and again, but I thought you were shells or sea creatures. I never took you for Water Babies like myself." The author tells his readers to guess the reason for this, which we will venture to do. Whilst men are living a purely selfish and worldly life, their fellow-

creatures are to them simply the means of amusement and entertainment. But, just as Tom's act of self-denying kindness to the lobster opened his eyes to see the Water Babies, so when men go forth towards their fellow-creatures in acts of self-forgetful love and sacrifice, then do they recognize their fellow-men as children of the same family, as brothers and sisters.

The readers of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" will remember how selfishness killed and withered all that was around him, but when the Mariner looked upon the beautiful things in the sea, and "blessed them in his heart," all was changed. It is the true spiritual awakening of man's heart, however it may come to him. It is the passing away of old things the becoming new of all things. Now other men are not merely creatures to buy and sell with, or to be amused with, or to quarrel with; but they are *brethren*. This is conversion from selfishness or worldliness, just as the sense of evil, the longing for deliverance, the steadfast purpose to lead a better life, is conversion from sin.

Tom is now the representative of the human soul brought into a right relation to God. But all is not yet done, as people are too often tempted to imagine. A man may be a new man, but he does not at once leave behind him all the habits contracted through years. There is still a sin that doth beset him. And so it was with Tom. He could not at once give up all his old tricks; and he has to go through some useful discipline at the hands of the sister fairies, Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did, who represents law, and Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, who represents grace—the two great agencies in the guiding and moulding of our moral and spiritual life on earth.

The description of Tom's interview with Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did is a passage of wonderful force and power. She has been giving sweet things to

the other children; but into Tom's mouth she put a nasty, cold, hard pebble, which he thought very cruel. But she explained to him that as he did to others, so she must do to him, and she needed no information about it—everybody told her exactly what he had done, and she could not help acting as she had done. Here is the law written upon man's nature, the law of sowing and reaping. If sour grapes are eaten, the teeth are set on edge as a certain consequence.

And then she explains to Tom why he had thought her so ugly. "I am very ugly," she said, "I am the very ugliest fairy in the world, and I shall be till people behave themselves as they ought to do, and then I shall grow as handsome as my sister, who is the loveliest fairy in the world, and her name is Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by." To the breakers of the law law is ugly and repulsive. To those who love and keep the law, it is beautiful, as beautiful as Grace itself.

Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by is a beautiful fairy, very unlike her sister in appearance and in her ways. Tom was introduced to this lady as a new baby, and she took him in her arms and laid him in the softest place of all, and kissed him and petted him, and talked to him, tenderly and low, such things as he had never heard in his life. Tom fell asleep, and when he woke she was telling the children a story—one which begins every Christmas eve, and yet never ends at all, for ever and ever. This was, of course, the story of redemption and grace. Law rewarded them according to their deeds. Grace comes and gives blessing without regarding any consideration save the need of those to whom she comes.

One interesting episode should here be noted, namely, Tom's getting at the lollypops on the sly, and stealing and eating them, and being made sick by them. It is the case of those who would attain to all the delight of religion without undergoing the self-

renunciation and the sacrifice which are the appointed way to them. They would have the crown without the cross, and no good can come of any such methods to the experimenter or to others.

And now we come to the third and last period in the Water Baby life. In addition to the two fairies, little Ellie, whom Tom had seen when he was a chimney sweep, and who had become a Water Baby, had lately been one of Tom's teachers, and a very valuable guide and teacher. But one thing Tom wanted to know, and that was, where little Ellie went when she went home on Sundays. "To a very beautiful place," she said. But, what was the beautiful place like and where was it? Ah! that is just what she could not say. And it is strange, but true, that no one can say; and that those who have been oftenest in it, or even nearest to it, can say least about it, and make people understand least what it is like.

The meaning of all this is tolerably plain. "What is the higher life of man like? What is the heart of man like, when he is lifted out of his natural pride and sensuality and worldliness? Could he give an answer to this question, which would convey any clear meaning to another? We fancy not. And so Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by told Tom, "Those who go there (where Ellie went on Sunday) must go first where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like." We understand this testimony. The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings; and there is no other way to perfection and blessedness but by treading the rough and thorny way of self-denial and self-sacrifice. "Through much tribulation," in one shape or another, the kingdom must be entered.

Tom suspected that the thing which he was required to do—which he would not like to do—was to help Mr. Grimes; but at last he consented to the con-

ditions and set off on his journey to the Other-end-of-nowhere. He was directed to go to Mother Carey, who would tell him the way. We can only treat in the briefest manner of the incidents on the way to Mother Carey. First, Tom tried to obtain guidance from the Gairfowl—a delightful specimen of the self-sufficient class, who are so satisfied with what they know, so undesirous of learning anything more, and so contemptuous of those who are conscious of their own deficiencies and ever anxious to repair them, that they lose the knowledge and energy which they once possessed.

Next he came to an old whale, who directed him to Mother Carey, who certainly represents Dame Nature. She appeared at a distance as an iceberg. But as he came nearer, it took the form of the grandest old lady he had ever seen—a white marble lady, sitting on a white marble throne. And from the foot of the throne there swam away, out and out into the sea, millions of new-born creatures, of more shapes and colors than man ever dreamed, and they were Mother Carey's children, whom she makes out of sea water all day long. She sat quite still with her chin upon her hand, looking down into the sea with two great blue eyes, as blue as the sea itself. She gave Tom two directions: first, he was to follow the dog and then he was to walk backwards—signifying that Nature's true guides for men are instinct and experience.

If it is asked, why Nature is brought in at this particular point, two answers may be given. In the first place, we must not regard the successive parts of the book as being necessarily in chronological order; and moreover, in the true sense of the word, Nature is our guide; for, as Bishop Butler has pointed out, we have no right to say that we are following Nature, when we are guided by our appetites and passions. Man has other principles within him, and, at the head of all, is reason and consci-

ence—that conscience of which Butler said, "if it had might as it has right, it would rule the world." Nature, in this sense, represents God as revealed to us in the world and in the constitution of our own being.

Following out the directions of Mother Carey, Tom proceeds on his journey and meets with several thrilling adventures. In the island of Laputa—now named the Isle of Tom-toddies—he meets a number of people worshipping, and suffering grievously from, "their great idol Examination." Here we are reminded of Professor Freeman's caustic remark, that, when he was at Oxford, they were not being eternally examined, so they had time to learn something. Then he comes to old-wives' fabledom, "where the folks were all heathens and worshipped a howling ape." The Powwow man, who is here introduced, represents that class of Christian teachers, now less abundant than in former days, who think that no one can possibly be made good unless he is first frightened into fits.

At last he reaches Mr. Grimes, and renders him the service for which he had been sent. Many influences tend to turn the heart of the reprobate old chimney sweep; the remembrance of his mother, the kindness of Tom, the teaching of Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did. But the great lesson brought out is, that this is a work which no one can do for another—which every one must do for himself. It must not be supposed that Kingsley was here teaching any doctrine of human self-sufficiency, when he represents Mr. Grimes's tears as washing away the soot from his face; but only that other people and even God Himself can only help us to do our own work.

Having accomplished the work on which he had been sent, Tom is allowed to return to S. Brandan's Isle by the Backstairs to which the reader's attention may be particularly directed, but without further comment. At S. Brandan's Isle he again meets Ellie,

but very different from what he had previously known her. "Oh, Miss Ellie," said he, "how you are grown." "Oh, Tom," said she, "how you are grown too." And no wonder; they were both quite grown up—he into a tall man, she into a beautiful woman. . . . At last they heard the fairy say, "Attention, children; are you never going to look at me again?" They looked—and both of them cried out at once, "Oh, who are you, after all? You are our dear Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by. No, you are our good Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did; but you are grown quite beautiful now." "To you," said the fairy; "but look again." "You are Mother Carey," said Tom, in a very low, solemn voice; for he had found out something which made him very happy, and yet fright-

ened him more than he had ever been.

"But you are grown quite young again." "To you," said the fairy. "Look again." "You are the Irish-woman who met me the day I went to Harthover." And when they looked she was neither of them, and yet all of them at once.

The meaning of all this is now quite plain. In this dim twilight of time, when we are as children tossed to and fro by various winds of doctrine, and see as through a glass darkly, Nature, and Grace, and Law, and Conscience, and Providence seem to us often different and even conflicting; but when we are grown to the full stature of men and women in Christ, and see as we are seen, then shall we know that they are all harmonious and one in God.

REGRET.

They planted lilies o'er her breast,
 And watered them with faithful hand;
 They hailed at length each snowy crest,
 And watched the graceful leaves expand.

"She loved the lilies so!" they said,
 And wept, poor souls, their honest tears,
 The while fleet-footed mem'ry sped
 Across the bridge that spanned the years.

"Too harsh was fate with one so pure—
 We might have seen, we might have known,
 And yet we left her to endure
 The light of broken faith alone!"

Contrite the words, as were the tears
 That rained o'er lily cup and sheath,
 Yet reached they not those deafened ears,
 Nor moved that flood, the breast beneath.

Alas! that our blind eyes should need
 Anointing at so stern a hand!
 Alas! that human hearts must bleed
 Ere they can fully understand!

THE BATTLE OF STONY CREEK.

BY E. B. BIGGAR.

IT was eighty years ago last month since the battle of Stony Creek was fought. Looking at it through this perspective of years, this brave fight of the little band of British and Canadians against an overwhelming foe gains rather than loses in importance in its effect upon the fortunes of the war of 1812-15. It turned the tide of American invasion of Upper Canada, and saved the province, not only for that campaign, but for the remainder of the war. To understand to what an extent the fortunes of Upper Canada were decided by that battle, it is only necessary to recall the fact that the Americans then held Fort George, the frontier stronghold of the province, and had forced the British out of Chippewa, Fort Erie and all other military posts of the Niagara peninsula. They were threatening the western frontier; they had only a month before captured and destroyed York (Toronto), and they had a powerful fleet operating on Lake Ontario, and capable, under an able commander, of blockading every port of commerce, and of holding possession of the entire lake, as they then held possession of the shores of Niagara. Those who are familiar with the history of this bootless and fratricidal war will remember the circumstances which brought the British to a stand on Burlington Heights. At midnight, on the 26th of May, 1813, after a long stand spent in preparation, the Americans completed their final arrangements for invading Canada from their position across the mouth of the Niagara. On the Canadian side of the river, and overlooking the shore of the lake, stood old Newark, or Fort George, and this the Americans marked out for destruction. Before dawn of the 27th,

under cover of a dense fog, the invading army embarked to the number of 6,000 in all, the attack being covered by a heavy cannonade from the American forts, and by broadsides from a fleet of vessels well posted to sweep the shore of the lake. With a force of only 1,000 men, including militia and Indians, the British, under General John Vincent, were soon driven into the forts. The fog which occasionally screened the enemy from view, and prevented the details of attack from being exposed, was not the only disadvantage the British had to contend with. The fortifications were insufficient, and some parts scarcely tenable, and they were so short of powder that the guns of Fort George were compelled to remain silent, while Commodore Chauncey was sounding the shore on the previous evening within easy gunshot. The men had been exhausted from their long and tedious duty in awaiting this long-expected invasion—for heavy guards had lined the banks night and day for an indefinite period before this, and the duty was remembered by all as the hardest of the year. In resisting the attack, Col. Harvey, the hero of this sketch, was posted to the right of Fort George, his detachment extending along the right of the river to what was then known as Brown's Point, while Col. Myers was stationed to the left, west of Fort Massassauga, while the General occupied the fort and town. Although the cannon had been booming before dawn, the Americans were not discovered until the approach of day, when, through the stagnant mist, they were seen rapidly approaching from the lake, west of the fort. About a hundred boats and scows pushed in, and after

some opposition effected a landing. As the sun rose, and the mist cleared away, the movements of the enemy became more evident, and when it was at last seen that the attack was being made from the lake side only, Vincent moved out from the fort towards the shore and awaited the advance. The Americans had landed their artillery, and, supported by their guns, moved forward in three solid columns. After a hard fight, and after sustaining severe loss in officers and men, Vincent, pressed hard by superior numbers, evacuated the forts after spiking the guns, and retreated to Beaver Dams by way of Queenston, having lost 445 men in killed, wounded and prisoners, while the American loss was only about 150.

The British General determined to evacuate all the frontier posts and sent orders, to Col. Bishopp, who then held Fort Erie, and Major Ormsby, who commanded at Chippewa, to join him at the Beaver Dams, while a body of seamen under Capt. Barclay, as well as all the militia in that part of the country, were also apprised of the movement. Beaver Dams was used as a depôt for military stores and provisions, and it was to this point that our Canadian heroine, Mrs. James Secord, brought the information which resulted in the capture, by a small band of British and Indians, of 550 Americans with two guns. By the morning of the 25th of May the troops were assembled, and the militia and volunteers were told that they were at liberty to return to their homes if they chose. Some of the officers had but a poor opinion of the Canadian militia, and placed but little reliance upon them in time of need, but it is evident from Col. Harvey's dispatches during this war that he did not share that opinion, especially later in the war, when discipline and experience made them cool and hardy. A large number followed the fortunes of the army rather than disband, while many of those who returned to their homes no

doubt did so for the protection of their families while the country was to be overrun by the invaders. The impressment of wagons and horses, the destruction of spare stores, and the movement of the army westward must have been a disheartening sight to the settlers of the country, most of whom, from the Niagara frontier to the head of Lake Ontario, were United Empire Loyalists. As the remnant of the army passed on they left behind them many a scene of sorrow and distress in the homesteads where defenceless women and children expected the retreating British to be followed by the invading foe, who would soon take possession of the land. These old Loyalists who had fought for the King and left their American homes had sacrificed every comfort, every social advantage, and every possession that contribute to make life happy, and now these men, with their wives and daughters, who had faithfully followed them and borne hardships that strong and courageous men had shrunk from, were left to anticipate the desolating presence of the Empire's foes.

It was Vincent's plan to retire to the entrenched camp known as Burlington heights—now partly occupied by the Hamilton cemetery — and there await developments. He passed through De Cue's (or De Cew's), and late at night pitched his camp at the Forty-Mile Creek (now Grimsby). In the morning, the General sent W. H. Merritt (afterwards a public man of some prominence, and from whom the village of Merritton takes its name), then a captain of the local yeomanry, to reconnoitre the enemy and learn how far they had advanced. With ten men, Capt. Merritt went cautiously back to the Twelve-Mile Creek, and found that an advance body of forty or fifty mounted Americans had reached De Cue's, but had not appeared in force. Having sent the news back to Vincent, he stole home by the lake road to spend a few hours with his family, and then at midnight followed

back to the camp at Forty-Mile Creek. Here he received an order from the General, who had reached Burlington heights with the army on the night of

His movements at the taking of York in April were ill-planned, and his action after the capture of Fort George still more ill-panned.* It was only



JAMES GAGE'S OLD STORE, IN THE VINEYARDS.

after reports from Canadian sources had been brought to him of Col. Proctor's being on his way from the Detroit frontier to reinforce Vincent, that Dearborn decided on an immediate pursuit, and it is quite possible the determination would not have been made then had not General Winder, his ablest officer, made the suggestion and volunteered to

the 29th, to remain at the "Forty" until driven away by the enemy. He had not long to wait. On the afternoon of that day (May 30th) the enemy were within three miles of him, and before night their mounted scouts had driven him off and occupied the site of the British camp for the night.

But the progress of the Americans was not such as to give them the advantage they might have had by the victory at Niagara. Indeed, in this instance, as in many others during this war, the incapacity of the American leaders saved the British, and gave them the only chance which such a battle as Stony Creek could have afforded. General Dearborn, who had supreme command of the American army of invasion, was much advanced in years and was suffering from poor health at this time. In his younger days he had distinguished himself in the Revolution as a man of activity and daring, but he was now almost in his dotage, and had he even possessed full powers of mind and body, it is doubtful if his skill as a tactician was equal to the occasion.

the service. Gen. Winder set out, but took the wrong road, and had to retrace his steps at a loss of two days' time. It was then thought best to transport the troops by the fleet to the shores of Burlington Bay, but the Cabinet at Washington, who, happily for Canada, were the directors of the campaign and took away a great deal of the discretion of its Generals, had ordered the fleet in another direction. After two more days spent in deliberations, Winder was sent off again in pursuit of the British, who were now resting on the breezy heights at Burlington. The brigade under his command included a considerable body of infantry, with Col. Burns' detachment of cavalry (250), and Archer's and Towson's artillery. Taking the lake-road, he marched to the Twenty-Mile Creek on the 1st June, and here he heard the reports circulating among the settlers that reinforcements were coming to the British from Kingston, as well as

*The old General was recalled just a month after the battle of Stony Creek, and General Wilkinson, another old and equally incompetent leader, appointed in his stead.

from the west. He sent back to Dearborn for further reinforcements, and when these arrived, the invading army consisted of divisions of the 5th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 20th and 25th regiments, with artillery and cavalry, numbering in all from 3,100 to 3,550 men. At the head of the reinforcements was Gen. Chandler, who, as senior officer, now took chief command, and the American army reached the "Forty" on the night of the 4th June (or, according to Lossing, the American historian, on the morning of the 5th), and from there moved on towards the British encampment. The 5th of June was a sultry day, and when the American army, late in the afternoon, came to a spot about half a mile west of Stony Creek, where a grassy vale opened out on either side of the road, with a clear stream meandering deviously through the midst of it, they were glad, after a body of them had advanced to the rough and thickly-wooded ground beyond, to return and make so pleasant a place their camping ground for the night. There were signs of settlement hereabout, where a few supplies could be got, and this made the site readily favored; moreover, they learned the British camp on the heights was only seven miles distant, and it was desirable to make the attack in daylight in an enemy's country. Here, then, they would pitch their tents and march to conquest on the morrow.

While the main body rested here, a division consisting of the 13th and 14th regiments and a company of artillery kept the lake road and camped on the shore near the mouth of Stony Creek, to anticipate the movements of the British fleet, which, it was supposed, was on the way from Kingston with fresh troops for Vincent.*

During the afternoon there had been

more or less skirmishing as the invading army moved on. Capt. Merritt had gone into Vincent's camp, but a dragoon was posted here and there to give notice of the advance. One of these men, posted a distance below Stony Creek, came riding through the settlement in the afternoon, firing his pistol and shouting that the enemy was coming. As he was a notorious liar, his report was received doubtfully. Another dragoon, John Brady, who knew the country well, rode eastward, but before he advanced half a mile, suddenly came upon the enemy. Just before him, a deer-path ran up the mountain, and rather than turn tail and leave a fair mark for the foe, he put spurs to his horse and dashed forward to reach this deer-path. The sight of a "solitary horseman" dashing towards them must have bewildered the American advance, who awaited his onset curiously. At first he was somewhat screened from view by the smoke of two "log heaps" burning by the road, but when clear of this he raised his musket, fired at the enemy and dashed up the deer-path. The Americans now understood the situation, and a volley was sent after him, but their bullets whistled harmlessly by or struck the intervening trees. Brady climbed the mountain, and in less than two hours was in Vincent's camp on the heights. The advance cavalry of the Americans soon pranced up before the village tavern, kept then by Edward Brady, when, among other things, they appropriated the family's bread that had been freshly baked that afternoon. The clattering of cavalry hoofs, the clanking of sword-, the heavy rattle of the artillery wagons and the long and strange array of invading soldiers struck the inhabitants of the hamlet with wonder, and when it was whispered about that a battle was to be fought the next day, the women and children shut themselves up in their cabins with consternation and foreboding. It has been said that a body of the

* This separation of the lake division from the main American army is no doubt one of the reasons for the discrepancy in various histories as to the strength of the American force. The number of Americans who participated in the fight would probably not be more than 2,500.

Americans advanced beyond the spot destined for their camping ground. A detachment of their advance penetrated as far as the Red Hill, where they narrowly escaped being captured in an ambush laid by Capt. Williams and a few men of the 49th Royal Irish, who had been posted at Davis' tavern to reconnoitre. Williams and his men lay concealed in the underbrush on the hill, but as the glittering bayonets and cockaded hats of the enemy came to view through the shrubbery, one of the soldiers, forgetting his orders, fired, and set the Americans in retreat, hastened by a volley from the 49th's party. In this volley one American was killed and another wounded, the latter being taken into Davis' whence he was taken away by an American surgeon to their camp. It is related that some of these Americans, on their way back to the camp, stopped at a well to drink. One of the men, pointing to a fertile clearing before him, said to his comrade, "I think I will take this piece of land when Canada is conquered." Vain anticipation! The God of battles had willed otherwise. This poor fellow was found next day among the slain. His country's flag was not destined to float long over those happy glades, though he has a pitiful six feet of Canadian soil under the apple-trees whose blossoms still decorate the graves of the Americans every returning 6th of June.

When the American army arranged their camp, a large body pitched their tents in the open vale, but finding the ground damp and boggy, moved up on the high ground of the east bank with

the main body, leaving their camp fires burning. The east bank, on the brow of which they lay, was about 15 feet high and very steep, affording a good position in case of attack. The road, which was not graded at the hill as now, was thoroughly protected by cannon which were planted on the height so as to sweep all before them over the highway and vale, while the artillery horses stood ready harnessed in case of action. The men were instructed to sleep on their arms, ready for any emergency, and the whole camp was well disposed, save that the cavalry were stationed too far in the rear for effective work in case of surprise. An advance guard was posted in a little church on the west side of the valley, and sentries stationed here and farther up the road, and all the residents of the immediate vicinity were taken prisoners, some being confined in a log cabin by the camp, lest they should carry information to the British. And so all seemed safe, and soon the din of the camp subsided, and the Americans, after the long, tiresome march of the sultry Satur-



STONY CREEK BURYING GROUND, FROM NEAR SITE OF THE OLD CHURCH.

day, settled into a sound and solid sleep. There we will leave them while we take a view of the surrounding scenes.

The woody heights where the British camp lay, overlooked the head of Burlington Bay. The camp itself was only defended by rude earthworks, protected outside by trees piled on one another, with their branches pointing outward, forming a sort of *cheval de frise*, and traces of these earthworks may be seen to this day in a portion of Hamilton cemetery. To the eastward before the camp spread a plain, marshy in many places and covered only with a growth of scrubby bog oak; and probably not one of the British dreamed, as the eye swept from the Mountain to the Bay that this was to be the site of a great manufacturing city like Hamilton. Three or four frame houses or log cabins were, it is true, already planted along or near the road, among them being the tavern of a man named Barns, situated at what is now the corner of King and James-streets, in the heart of the city; the houses of Ephraim and Lieut. Robert Land and of George Hamilton, from whom the city was to take its name—but there was no indication of the busy hives of industry that were to arise on this plain, or of the ships and steamers that were to plow the virgin waters of yon blue bay. Indeed, Stony Creek seemed then more likely to become a seat of trade than the Heights.

Along the banks of Stony Creek, half a mile east of the American camp, three or four houses were built, and up the creek, under the foot of the mountain where lived Adam Green (from whom Greensville derived its name), was a water power saw-mill which supplied lumber for several dwellings that were already erected or were being built in the neighborhood. Among these, James Gage's house and store, still standing on the site of the battle ground, were of quite respectable dimensions—so much so that they were appropriated by the two American generals and their staffs as headquarters for the night, while Gage and his family were relegated to

the cellar. The house was a two story one, and the store, though not large, was the first and then the only one in this part of the country. On the other side of the flat before Gage's was another respectable dwelling, while in a log cabin by the roadside lived a man named Lappin, in whose house, as before said, some of the residents were confined that night, while the battle raged and the cannon thundered a few feet from them, though not a hair of their heads was injured. What was more indicative of future urban life was the church that

Stood upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity,

on the western side of the flat and near the centre of what is now the Stony Creek burying ground. Scarcely a tombstone saddened the aspect of this charming spot, and the slaughter of the 6th of June gave it its first and most memorable start in population. Death has done well since, however, and the wide ground is thickly enough peopled now with graves new and grandly crowned, graves old and neglected, graves all forgotten. It was looking upon this scene from the brow of Stony Creek hill that George Johnson, a Canadian poet, wrote the song that was so popular from one end of the continent to the other, years ago—
“When you and I were young, Maggie”—a verse of which ran:—

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,—
Where the young and the gay and the best,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest—
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung,
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

The dear little church was beloved in those days, for it was the only place of worship in this part of the country, and is said to have been the oldest in the western peninsula of Ontario except the Grand River stone chapel. It was built by the labor of the U.E. Loyalist settlers (chiefly Methodists), and finished without money; its clap-

boarded sides never saw paint, nor its inside walls whitewash or plaster; no ornament glittered about its humble altar, and no great chandeliers ever shed their effulgent light on a fashionable congregation within its walls—no organ, no cushioned pews; just the plain board benches served the worshippers here. Its only steeple was the chimney top that towered over its old fireplace. Long before the year 1800 settlers used to come a distance of twenty or thirty miles to listen to itinerant preachers, or services conducted by some of their own number,

Years after the war, the old church—which bore the marks of many a bullet sent through its boards from the battlefield—was refitted, and was still considered the best church of the neighborhood for a long time, but, shame to tell it, the vandal hands of those who had charge of the ground tore it down in 1871, and modern tombstones desecrate the site of what should have been the dearest relic of our heroic age.

But though there were these signs of civilization, and the small clearings of the settlers appeared here and



STONY CREEK FALLS, 120 FEET HIGH.

which recalls the circumstance of a rather remarkable inscription on the walls in the early days. An itinerant preacher was expected one Sunday, but failed to appear, and his place in the pulpit was taken by a man named William Kent, whose character does not seem to have inspired much respect, as the next Sunday the following verse was found written on the wall:—

Last Sunday was a rainy day;
No preacher came to preach or pray,
But the Devil in compassion sent
His humble servant, William Kent.

there, the whole plain stretching from the head of the Lake to the Niagara river was an almost unbroken wilderness, and the rough and crooked road that ran along at the foot of the "Mountain"—the same escarpment over which the great Niagara thunders—was travelled almost as frequently by bears and other wild beasts as by vehicles. Little could the soldiers of this campaign have forecast the changes that would take place in 80 years. The scene of the battlefield is now covered with apple orchards, vineyards, and berry patches, while the

whole stretch of land from Hamilton to Niagara, justly called the garden of the province, is one long succession of orchards, vineyards and fruitful farms. There was one other feature of the landscape which deserves notice. The lake road referred to in this sketch was then the chief thoroughfare from the Niagara river to Burlington Heights. For the most part it followed the windings of the shore, but occasionally cut through the woods where a cape jutted far out into the lake. But yard by yard the banks yielded before the batteries of Ontario's waves during the north-easters till the road was cut off in many places, and one by one the roadside houses and their surrounding orchards disappeared, till at this day there is not more than one or two bits of the old lake road left from Niagara to Burlington. Not one in ten of the younger generation of residents of the Niagara peninsula even know that such a road ever existed.

Had the conduct of affairs at the Heights been left to Gen. Vincent, the battle would never have taken place at Stony Creek, and the chances would have been enormously against the British, but Col. Harvey had the instincts of a great military leader, and with a clear foresight saw that a blow must be struck that very night, if at all possible. He had been informed by scouts of the general movement of the Americans during the afternoon, but wished to make a reconnaissance in person in order to press his views on the general. Taking Ensigns George and McKenny, two of Capt. Merritt's men, with one or two men of the neighborhood who knew the ground, he set out towards evening with the light companies of the 49th, and met Capt. Williams' company on the west bank of the Big Creek, about three miles west of the enemy's camp. While he and McKenny and George were ascending the east bank of the Big Creek (near where Williams' ambush had been laid) in advance of

the men, they came upon an American with a British prisoner. The American levelled his gun to fire on them, when Col. Harvey called out to the British soldier to seize him, which order was no sooner given than the British soldier had the gun in his hand, and the captor was made captive. The British soldier had strayed from the road earlier in the day, and returned without knowing the enemy had advanced so far, and so was seized by one of the American advance. At dusk the reconnoitring party went cautiously forward to a position where they could view the enemy. Returning to the general, Col. Harvey presented all the weak points of the enemy's position in the most forcible terms in order to secure the commander's consent to his proposition for a night attack.* He represented that the American encampment was scattered and disconnected, that the artillery was poorly supported, and the cavalry so placed in the rear of the artillery as to be useless. The colonel at the same time showed the hopelessness of any prolonged contest if they waited on the Heights, for there was only ammunition left for 90 rounds per man,† while a battle in daylight would expose the weakness of the British force in numbers. Lieut. Fitzgibbon, of the 49th, is reported to have disguised himself as a settler, and to have gone into the American camp in the afternoon with a basket of butter, in the sale of which he walked through the camp, and got a view of their position and numbers,‡ and if this report be true, that officer would no doubt join his advice to Col. Harvey's. General Vincent consented to the night attack, and wisely left the command of the assault to Col. Harvey himself.

*Capt. Merritt credits his two ensigns with first making the suggestion for a night attack, but the object implied by the Colonel's reconnaissance makes this claim questionable.

†Ammunition was so scarce that on the day before, which was the King's birthday, they could not afford to fire the usual salute.

‡J. H. Land, in Transactions of Wentworth Historical Society, 1892.

An order to move started the sleeping officers and men from the grass whereon they were reposing, and instantly the camp was alive with preparation to march. The men told off for this adventurous action consisted of five companies of the 8th or King's regiment, under Major Ogilvie, and five companies of the 49th regi-

took the duty, and Capt. Elijah Secord was despatched to the brow of the mountain to watch there. Stealthily the British took their way down the sinuous road beneath the forest trees that walled them in on either side, and which in places arched together overhead, shutting them up in profound darkness. Not a word was

spoken, not a sound escaped their ranks as they stole down the west bank of the Big Creek, and then up the eastern bank like a troop of spirit warriors. Just as they arrived at Davis' Tavern on the hill, the slumbering echoes of the woods woke with the sound of a gun in the very



ON STONY CREEK.

ment under Major Plenderleath, with a few militia, numbering, according to the official report, 704 in all—a small band to assail an army of over 3,000. It was about half-past ten that the last of the brave seven hundred and four disappeared from the waning lights of the British camp down the lonely road towards Stony Creek. To prevent the possibility of a miscarriage like that of Capt. Williams' ambuscade in the afternoon, the flints were taken out of the muskets and the men enjoined to march with the greatest caution. On arriving at the road leading down to Burlington Beach and the old lake road, Col. Harvey asked Lieut. Land of the 3rd Gore Militia to take a detachment of his men and march down to a point where he could watch the movements of the wing of the enemy camped on the lake shore, as a strange sail had been noticed coming in during the afternoon and apparently landing reinforcements. Lieut. Land readily

direction of the enemy. The whole body halted almost without the word of command. What if it should be an alarm from the American camp? The officers consulted; some information was gleaned from Davis; and while the cause of the firing was doubtful, it was decided, in order to make silence and secrecy of march more sure, to have the charges withdrawn from the guns.

They now formed into sections, with Col. Harvey and the light companies of the 49th in the van, and Gen. Vincent at the head of the rear column. Their movements had now to be made with still greater caution, for it was not certain whether the gun that had been fired had not alarmed the enemy. As the day had been sultry, so the night was close and muggy. Occasionally distant flashes of "heat-lightning" flared fitfully against the stagnant clouds, and faintly lit the tops of the trees. The suspense of the rest of the march was

painful to the bravest. Had there been the faint whisper of a breeze, the nerves would have had some relief from the strain, but the silence was deep and deadly, and if the occasional startling cry of some distant night bird or wild animal was heard, it only accentuated the stillness, and added a twinge of torture to the overwrought nerves. Yet so lightly did the men tread that they could scarcely hear their own footsteps. At the head of the column still walked Harvey, as they neared the enemy's camp, while beside and behind him were three or four who had been over the ground in the afternoon. It was two hours past midnight, but they had seemed a week of nights on this march.

"We are near the enemy's camp, sir," whispered a man of the 49th at Harvey's hand.

"Hush, I know it!" was the colonel's reply.

His judgment was right, for it was not long before a sentry challenged them with, "who comes there?" "A friend," was the reply. Lieut. Dandford sprang forward and killed him with a bayonet so quickly that no alarm was raised. His bleeding corpse was cast aside, and they moved on with the same silence as before. Another challenge, "who comes there?"—another rush and the second sentinel is transfixed; but he dies harder, and his groans of agony alarm the third sentry who stood down near the watch fires. He challenged, but without waiting for a reply fired and fled.*

The suspense was at last over. That shot was to Harvey the signal for action. Not a moment was now to be lost, and the colonel, whose plans had been perfectly organized, ordered his men to deploy into line. He and Lieut. Fitzgibbon were to take the road straight ahead. Major Plenderleath was to sweep round to the left in the flat, and Major Ogilvie, with a part of the 49th, was to open to the right and act upon the enemy's flank, in which direction was Gage's house

where the two American generals were quartered. While these movements were being swiftly made, the sentry who stood at the church door was approached in the deep shadow of the trees and killed, and the whole party inside, numbering about fifty—who were lying about the church with their heads peacefully pillowed on their coats and boots—were made prisoners.

Freed from the restraint of their long silence and suspense, the British burst into the flats with wild and terrific yells that seemed to shake the woods, and sounded on the astonished ears of the yet half-awakened Americans like a legion of Indians.† Lieut. Fitzgibbon dashed up to the cannon so threateningly planted on the brow of the hill in the road, saw that the artillerymen were not yet by them, hurried back and ordered the captain of the first company to charge upon them. While the company were going at the double quick to the guns, and before they had got twenty yards, an American gunner sprang forward to touch one of the guns. It hung fire; the captain yelled to his men to "break

*There is a great conflict of testimony as to whether the countersign was obtained by the British and how the sentries were killed. Lossing in his "Pictorial Field Book of the war of 1812" gives the American version that the countersign was obtained "by one of the inhabitants of the neighborhood who treacherously joined the Americans and deserted." P. S. Van Wagner, long a resident of the neighborhood, gives this account on the authority of a participant, "Peter Carran (a settler living below Stony Creek) was taken prisoner by the Americans for not letting them know where the British were camped. He taffled up the soldiers who had him in charge, and they let him go, giving him the countersign to enable him to pass out of the camp. He gave the countersign to Wm. Green, a scout, who took it to the British." In the account which this Wm. Green gave the writer years ago he made no mention of this incident, which one would think he would not have forgotten. Regarding the killing of the sentinels, J. H. Land, in the sketch referred to, says the Colonel himself "spurred forward and clove him (the first sentinel) to the chin with his sabre." Another report from a man who was orderly to Capt. Steele, says that officer, who was in the van, after passing the sentry wheeled round on the man as he was unsuspectingly resuming his march, and clove his skull with his broadsword, the second sentry being served in the same way. Col. Harvey's own account to Col. Baynes is this: "In conformity with directions I had given, the sentries at the outskirts of the enemy's camp were bayoneted in the quietest manner, and the camp immediately stormed."

† It was the firm impression of most of the Americans that a large body of Indians took part in the fight. This impression was confirmed when, during the charge in which the cannon were captured, some one in the British ranks, to give effect to the onset, yelled, "come on, Brant." Neither Brant nor his Indians, however, were anywhere near.

off from the centre or they would all be killed," but the words had scarcely escaped his lips before the thundering explosion came, and he himself and two of his officers lay dead in the road. Major Plenderleath follows up the charge towards the guns. There is confusion in the darkness, but he soon rallies his men, and up the hill they rush into the very mouths of the cannon. The American artillerymen have just recovered from their daze sufficiently to gather at the guns, but the foremost of them are run through by the bayonets of the British, while the others quailed and fled before the fierce charge. The guns were now in the hands of the British, who turned them upon their foes. As Major Ogilvie charged up towards Gage's house, 500 of the enemy who were camped in the lane connected with the road, flew madly up the hill, leaving their blankets, knapsacks and some of their arms behind them and seeking shelter in the woods. While these scenes were being enacted the main body of the British halted at the camp fires still burning in the flat and sought their light to replace their flints and reload. Feeble as this light was, it was enough to reveal the forms of the soldiers to the Americans, who had now recovered from their first panic. While the British were still loading, the dark hill before them was suddenly illuminated far and

near with a crashing volley from the whole American line. Following the dreadful flash and crash came a desolate silence, broken after a moment by the groans of wounded and dying, and by the clinking of ram-

rods along the American lines. A faint "click-click-click" rattled along the gloomy hill, succeeded by another echoing roar and a shock of artillery. Again the trees, the tents, and all about live as in momentary day, and again the rain of bullets is followed by moans and dying words among the British. They were a cruelly, plain mark, standing before their camp fires, with a foe so well posted scarce a hundred yards away. Yet the brave 8th and 49th never flinched, but soon gave back their volleys from below. For a while now there is an incessant roar and rattle from hill and vale, and a dull flame from many rifles throws a glowering light on the battlefield.

The guard at the little cabin door near the foot of the hill had, of course, fled with the first onset of the British, and now directly in the face of the fire, four of the men who had been confined therein were seen running excitedly to the British. Strange to say, they reached the lines and came out safely.

The left wing of the British did not



THE BATTLE GROUND, LOOKING TO EAST BANK.

stand long in the flat, but charged across it and up the hill, in the face of their foes, to such a purpose, that the American lines were broken and would soon have been put in utter disorder had not General Chandler, seeing the danger,

hastened across to rally his men. In doing so his horse stumbled and he was hurt, but he recovered himself, and having restored his men to order, was hurrying back to resist the charge which was creating disorder on his left, when he noticed confusion at the artillery. He was not aware that the cannon were already in the hands of the British, and he advanced to ask the cause of the confusion. Sergeant Fraser was just then binding up the wounds which Major Plenderleath had received in his brave charge, and, seeing it was an American officer, promptly disarmed him and took him prisoner. It was not long before General Winder and one of his officers, Major Van de Venter, came along, and being attracted to the same situation, advanced up and were made prisoners also. All now became confusion. Col. Burns' cavalry at last got into the fray, and cut their way through a portion of the British lines; then sweeping round they fell on their own infantry, and for several minutes were cutting at the 16th regiment before they discovered the mistake. This confusion reigned more or less over the whole field, and about 50 of the 49th became prisoners to the Americans in this way, while a number of the latter fell into the hands of the British. The Americans now began to retire before the repeated charges of the British, who were left virtually in possession of the field within an hour of their first onset, having captured, the two generals, 7 superior officers and about 116 subalterns and men, with four guns. Two of the guns, however, were spiked and left on the field, as the British had no horses to take them away. Before day dawned, Col. Harvey deemed it prudent to withdraw to the heights, and not expose the weakness of his force to the enemy.

When daylight came, Capt. Merritt was sent down to ascertain what had become of General Vincent, who had been mysteriously missing. He arrived on the scene, and was view-

ing the evidences of the carnage, not thinking of the enemy, when he was accosted by an American sentinel under Gage's house with, "Who goes there?" At this unexpected challenge he was about to surrender, when he bethought himself of a ruse, and, riding up to the sentinel, asked, "Who placed you there?" Supposing Merritt to be one of their own officers, the guard said he was put there by the captain who had gone into the house with a party of men. Merritt asked if he had found the British general yet, at the same time getting out his pistol and levelling it at the man, who dropped his gun at the sight and gave himself up. Just then a man without any gun ran down the hill. Capt. Merritt called him, and he obeyed. With the two prisoners, he quietly left the place unnoticed by the party in the house. He returned to the heights without finding the general, who, however, turned up during the day, half famished, and without horse, hat or sword.

A large body of the Americans appeared on the field between seven and eight o'clock and proceeded to destroy the provisions, carriages, arms, blankets, etc., which they could not take, and then retreated, leaving their own dead to be buried by the British. As they passed from the scene of their discomfiture, their band struck up the then popular air, "In My Cottage Near the Wood," and to this lively tune the disordered army left the hamlet of Stony Creek forever. The triumph of this day was celebrated among the Loyalists afterwards by a song sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," a stanza of which was as follows:—

And if they ever come again,
They'll get what they don't seek, sir,
Just what they got at Lundy's Lane,
And also Stony Creek, sir.

The main body of the Americans retreated in disorder to Forty Mile Creek, the road thither being strewn with baggage, arms and equipments—

thrown away to make their flight easier. The American division that had camped on the beach heard the noise of the fight, and, without waiting to learn which way the tide of

Generals Lewis and Boyd. The total force now actually numbered more than during their advance to Stony Creek, but such was the terror inspired by the midnight carnage they had just gone through, that the only thought was now of retreat. At day-light on the next morning (7th June), two small British schooners from the squadron that had come up from Kingston, under Sir James Yeo, were seen out in the lake opposite the American camp trying to get into range. As the dead calm of the morning continued, the impatient tars took to their boats and towed the schooners into range. Along the shore were a number of batteaux in which the Americans had their stores, and to protect these a furnace was fitted up for hot shot. The British schooners seeing this drew off. Sir James Yeo then sent a messenger under a flag and summoned General Lewis to surrender, informing him of the fleet that was coming, of reinforcements that would be at hand from the West, and the Indians at hand—a band of whom indeed, were firing ineffectual shots from the brow of the mountain. Seeing the smallness of the visible force, however, General Lewis sent back word that the request was too ridiculous to consider—as in fact it was. The demand must have had a moral effect, however, for preparations were soon being made to retreat to Fort George, and the next morning, after being harrowed with apprehensions of an Indian attack, they de-



*I am my dear General
 my faithful servant
 Henry
 Atterbury*

battle was turning, took alarm and beat a retreat back to the "Forty," where they joined the main body. Here they were joined by a considerable body of reinforcements under

parted, leaving behind them 500 tents, 100 stand of arms, 140 barrels of flour, and 70 wounded men, who were taken care of by the British. The American boats were loaded with stores and

pushed off at the same time for Fort George under a guard of 200 men, but the British schooner *Beresford* gave chase and captured twelve of them with their contents, while the remainder (five) were driven ashore and deserted by the crews, who joined the flying army.

The bright sun of a calm June Sunday looked down on a rueful scene of wreckage and death, when the British came down to Stony Creek to bury their own and the American dead, and the complacent lake refused to raise a ripple or stir a sail to bring the war vessels in contact, lest its pure waters should be stained with the blood of brothers, blood that the pitying earth was hastening to dry up out of sight. For after all they were brothers, these foes of a year, and wherein would have been the glory of Stony Creek if we had not been fighting in defence of our own land? Many came during the day to witness the scene, and to find men, horses, guns, swords and baggage strewn in every part of the ground. The bodies of the dead were conveyed to their graves on the only vehicle at hand—an old wooden sleigh—and the settlers assisted in the mournful task. Most of the Americans were buried where they had slept the night before, on the brow of the hill to the north of the present road, now covered by an apple orchard. The British, with a few Americans, rest in the lower part of the graveyard, close to the spot whereon the old church stood. It was not till the year 1889 that any attempt was made to consecrate this spot to the memory of our country. As a rule, men of the country would pass the spot with the indifference that a modern Greek would look upon the Pass of Thermopylæ, and till now the only monuments were the apple trees which each returning sixth of June shook the snowy laurels from their own heads to sanctify the spot and do honor to the anniversary. Now at

last, however, there is a suitable monument to the heroes of Stony Creek.

As to the numbers killed and wounded, Col. Harvey's report on the British side is: "One lieutenant, 3 sergeants, 19 rank and file killed; 2 majors, 5 captains, 2 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 1 adjutant, 1 fort major, 9 sergeants, 2 drummers and 113 rank and file wounded; 3 sergeants and 52 rank and file missing." Lossing gives the American loss at 17 killed, 38 wounded and 99 missing; but inasmuch as the Americans left their dead to be buried by the British, their official reports may not be held to be accurate. The British, no doubt, suffered more severely than the Americans, which is accounted for by their long exposure before the light of the camp fires, while preparing to return the fire. From the position of the dead and wounded in the morning, it was known that they lost as much from those two first volleys as in all the rest of the fight. Most of the Americans were killed and wounded with bayonets—a stern testimony to the courage of the British.

The uneasy feeling of the Americans in Fort George, their final evacuation of it and the other posts on the Canadian side of the river, and the retaliation of the British in the invasion of the State of New York, are known to most of those who have read the history of this war, and the turn of these events may be ascribed to the effect of the battle of Stony Creek.

Next to Brock himself, no braver character than Col. Harvey figured in the war of 1812, and it seems very remarkable that so little is known of him, and so scant are the records of his exploits in either Canadian or English works. There is not a word about him in the standard work of British national biography, while the portrait that accompanies this sketch is the first that has appeared in any Canadian book or magazine. Yet he figured heroically in a score of battles

in 1812-15, including Lundy's Lane and Chrysler's Farm. He was afterwards Governor of three different provinces of Canada, besides Newfoundland, while abroad he fought the battles of Britain in Holland, at the Cape, in Egypt, and in India. Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Harvey was born in 1778, and entered the army as an ensign in the 80th regiment under Lord Paget, whose natural son he was reputed to be. He was only 16 when he joined the army, and in his first year in the service he carried the colors in an action with the French, winning the praises of his commander. He went through the severe campaign in Holland in that year, and on the coast of France at Dieu and Queberon in 1795. In 1796 he was at the Cape, and was present when the Dutch fleet was captured at Saldanha Bay. Then he was stationed three years in Ceylon, and from there went to Egypt, where he was major of brigade, under Sir David Baird. Returning to India in 1802, he was appointed to a captaincy, and the next year was promoted to be aide-de-camp and military secretary to General Dowdeswell in the Marhatta war. The army was under the personal command of Lord Lake, and here he met one of Lord Lake's daughters, whose hand he obtained in marriage in 1806. With health somewhat impaired by hard service in hot climates, he returned to England, where he filled various military appointments in England and Ireland. On the breaking out of the war in 1812 he was appointed (just a year before the battle of Stony Creek) Deputy Adjutant-General of the forces in Canada, and arrived at Halifax 14th Dec., 1812. True to his character for promptness and vigor, he set off the very day of, or day after, his arrival to make the journey overland to Quebec, a journey toilsome enough in the best weather then, but perilous in the winter.

In the manuscript despatches of

the war, he is repeatedly mentioned, not only for his courage and personal bravery, but for his coolness and judgment in the midst of difficulty and danger. In one of his letters, written while Fort George was being attacked, he remarks that, "We have been cannonaded since daylight;" and then with a steady pen he gives a brief but perfectly clear review of the whole situation. He received a medal for his action at Chrysler's Farm, which victory was largely due to his bravery and skill. Had he been in supreme command in Upper Canada, the story of the British arms would have been a record of greater glory than it is. To show his discernment of the situation, which his superior officers had not grasped, he writes to Col. Baynes on the 11th June, when he was occupying the deserted American camp at the "Forty:" "The panick of the American army, you will perceive, has been most complete, and had the whole of this division been *at hand* to take advantage of it, doubtless very many prisoners might have been taken, and probably some more guns. * * * As long as the fleet is triumphant, it [the position] is a secure one. Should any disaster (which God forbid) befall *that*, we have no longer any business here in this part of Canada. * * * Be cautious of exchanging General Winder (my prisoner). He possesses more talent than all the Yankee generals put together." Again, when his opinion was asked by Sir George Prevost as to the best means of defence on the long-exposed frontier, Col. Harvey replied promptly: "First, by the accurate intelligence of the designs and movements of the enemy, to be procured at any price. And, secondly, by a series of bold, active, offensive operations, by which the enemy, however superior in numbers, would himself be thrown on the defensive." The events of the war showed that in every case where this policy was followed, it was completely successful,

and Stony Creek, where he had full command, was a brilliant example of his tactics.

In February, 1836, Col. Harvey was appointed Governor of Prince Edward Island, and in August of the same year was made a major-general. From 1837 to 1841 he was Governor of New Brunswick. Meantime in 1838 he received the honor of Knight Commander of the Bath. In 1841 he was appointed Governor of Newfoundland, and the next year was made a Knight Commander of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order. In 1846 he was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, and remained there till he died. He had three sons, (the first, born in 1809, became Sir George Frederick Harvey and served in the Indian mutiny), all of whom, it is said, met violent deaths. His wife died in 1851 at Halifax, and he died at the age of 74 in the same city. Halifax, at least, has done some honor to the memory of this hero, for there, in the historic church of St. Paul, is a tablet to himself, his wife and his youngest son, who died at 23, and was buried at sea near Kingston, Jamaica. The tablet to Sir John* is as follows :

*For a copy of this inscription and for the portrait I am indebted to Mr. John J. Stewart, of the Halifax *Herald*.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN HARVEY,
*Knight Commander of the Most Honorable Order
of the Bath and of the Guelph Order of
Hanover,*

Who, during a period of nearly 60 years, ex-
tending from A.D. 1791 to A.D. 1852,
served his Sovereign and his
country

WITH HONOR, GALLANTRY AND DISTINCTION,
in various high offices of Trust and Responsi-
bility, Military and Civil,

Having in time of war done his duty as a soldier,
in Holland, in India, in Egypt, and in
North America.

It was subsequently his lot, in time of peace,
to govern the British Colonies of
Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick,
Newfoundland and Nova Scotia,
Dying at Halifax, N.S.,

ON 22ND MARCH, 1852, AGED 74.

A loyal subject, a warm friend, a devoted hus-
band, an affectionate parent, an honest
man, a sincere Christian.

*I have fought the good fight, I have finished my
course, I have kept the faith.—2 Tim., c. iv.,
v. 7.*



THE AUTOMATIC MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.

A Possible Tale of the Near Future.

BY M. L. CAMPBELL.

YES; I mean what I say—an automatic maid-of-all-work, invented by my husband, John Matheson.

You see it was this way,—the old story of servants, ever since we began housekeeping. We've had every kind, and if we did get a good one, something would come along to take her off.

You know John has invented lots of things. There's that door-spring now,—not much when you look at it but it brings in quite a little income. He used to say that he was spending his spare time on an automatic maid-of-all-work. Of course, I laughed, said I wished he would, and thought no more of it.

Well, the day the last girl left, John announced that the automatic maid-of-all-work was completed, and that he would stay at home next day and show me how to work it.

Of course, I didn't believe in it.

It was a queer-looking thing, with its long arms, for all the world like one of those old-fashioned wind-mills you see in pictures of foreign countries. It had a face like one of those twenty-four hour clocks, only there were no hands; each number was a sort of electric button. It was run by electricity, you know. The battery was inside. I didn't understand it very well; I never could see into anything in the way of machinery; I never pretend to listen when John tells me about his inventions. The figures, as I said, were buttons, and you just had to connect them with some wires inside. There were a lot of wires, each for some kind of work which would be done at the hour indicated by the button you connected it

with. This was handy, so that we would not have to get up in the morning till breakfast-time, and would be handy in lots of ways.

"Now look, Fanny," said John; "do try and understand how it works. You see this wire now; I'll connect it with button number six, and at that hour the maid will light the fire, sweep the kitchen and then the dining-room. Now this button number seven will be the one to set the alarm to. It will sound for about ten minutes (I'd sound it now only it makes a fearful noise); then the maid will go upstairs to turn down the beds—a convenient arrangement in many ways. Then it will go downstairs, lay the cloth for breakfast, make the tea and toast, bring in the things, and ring the breakfast bell. You'll have to leave all the breakfast things on one shelf, of course, and measure the oatmeal and tea also. We won't set any more buttons to-night. It's just as well to be around at first to see that all goes right. There may be some adjustment necessary."

We went to bed then, and it was daylight when I awoke. I was conscious of a peculiar whirring noise, but I hadn't got thoroughly awakened when I heard the most awful screams and thumps, and the two boys came running into our room in their night-dresses, and after them the automatic maid-of-all-work.

By this time I was out of bed, but John sleeps very soundly. He started as the maid jerked the bed-clothes down and laid them over the foot-board, but he wasn't quick enough. It took him under the arm. It had an awful grip, too,—and laid him across the foot-board, after giving him a

thump or two, as I do the pillows. (John had watched me do it and had the thing to perfection. He didn't suppose it would be tried on him. though). He didn't seem quite prepared for such a performance, for he flounced around so that he and the bed-clothes, pillows and all, landed in a heap on the floor.

By this time the boys had got over their fright, having been treated in the same manner, and we all laughed. John can't bear to be laughed at. However, we proceeded to dress after the maid had gone downstairs. I could see John was a little nervous, but he didn't want to show it, so he waited till I was ready. The boys got down first, and we could hear them laughing.

"I dare say you'll have to arrange the table a little, Fanny," said John, as we went down, "but that won't be much to do when all the things are on."

Well, we went into the dining-room, and sure enough the table was set, and pretty well too, only that the butter dish, with the butter, was upside down on the table, and the coal-scuttle was set at John's place, instead of the oatmeal dish. That was because John, who always leaves things in ridiculous places, had left it standing on the back of the stove after putting in the coal ready for the morning fire. The porridge was standing cooked on the stove. We had got an arrangement with a white earthen bowl set into a kettle, and the bowl had just to be removed and carried in. However, the coal scuttle had stood in the way, and John had to carry it out and bring in the porridge. The toast was scorched a little, but the eggs were boiled just to perfection, and we enjoyed it all immensely.

Meanwhile the maid was upstairs making the beds, and such beds you never saw. You'd think they'd been cast in a mould. The maid came downstairs just as we were through, and then John pulled another wire. After doing so he acted rather strangely. He didn't seem to be able to let

go the wire for a minute. It gave him a shock, you know. After that he handled the wires more carefully.

Then the maid proceeded to clear the table. Here was a slight complication, however, for the maid washed everything, and though we had eaten up nearly all, still there was some butter in the dish, a bowl of sugar, and the salt-cellar. However, as there was lots of good hot water, the dishes after they were wiped were as clean as could be; but John suggested that for the present, until he could make some improvements, the eatables had better be removed first, for "of course," he said, "there will be some imperfections."

"Now, Fanny, I suppose you want to wash, don't you? You have the clothes ready, I see."

"Yes, but it seems to me the dining-room is not swept very clean. Anyway the crumbs ought to be swept up."

"Exactly," returned John, "only, you see, I fixed it so that it would just run around the table once before breakfast, then afterwards you can have all the furniture moved out and the whole room swept every day."

Well, the maid proceeded to remove the furniture. It went to the middle of the room, then began to circle around, removing everything it came in contact with, and setting things out in the hall. John dropped the leaves of the table, and all went well till it came to the stove and attempted to remove that also; but something was amiss, and it veered off to one side. John started forward to turn it off that track, but it promptly picked him up and removed him. I forgot to say that a revolving brush in the bottom was sweeping all this time, and now the thing was making the last circuit as I thought, for it had touched the wall on three sides, and I was wondering how it would get into the corners, while John watched the stove, and wondered if it could pass between that and the wall without coming in contact with the stove. But there the

passage was not wide enough, and the stove, a little open grate, was picked up and removed. The pipes fell down and made a lot of dirt, but that was pretty well swept up, as the maid had to make two or three more circles to allow for the corners. John replaced the furniture, as he had not provided for that part of the work. The stove we decided to carry out for the season, but in the meantime he had started the maid at the washing. You see there was no time lost between things; and I tell you those clothes were washed, and so was John's coat, which being a pretty good one he had taken off and laid on the bench. Then we had the kitchen scrubbed, the same apparatus which did the sweeping doing that also. John adjusted it so that the furniture was merely pushed aside. The worst of the thing was that you could not stop the maid, when it got going, till it had run down, and what was more, if you interfered with the wires when it was going, you were apt to get a shock from the battery. This was inconvenient sometimes; for instance, after the kitchen was all scrubbed, the thing still ran around the walls scrubbing as hard as ever. John said the only thing was to pull another wire and set it to work at something else; it would run till after the tea dishes were washed, anyway, and probably we could find something harmless to keep it employed. Just then John was called out to speak to a man about some coal, and I undertook to head the thing across the middle of the room. Unfortunately it rushed straight into the dining-room, water-pail and all. I didn't care much. I wanted a new carpet for that room, anyway, and I knew that sooty spot would never come out. The water in the pail was very dirty by this time. John had not thought of its having to be changed.

Presently John returned, and we got into the kitchen again. There was another funny thing about it. Whenever anyone got going ahead of it in

the same direction it was sure to follow, and the only way to get out of its road was to double back on your own track and dodge it. It was the current of air it followed. John said he had a reason for making it that way. While sweeping the kitchen it got after one of the boys once, and it dodged around tables and chairs just as he did, till John told him to turn and go back. It got after Bruno when we got it out of the dining-room into the kitchen. He had just come in from the barn to get something to eat. He turned tail and howled, but he could not get out of the way till he jumped out of the window. The cat fared worse than Bruno though, for she was picked up along with the wiping cloth and rubbed over the floor for about three yards before she managed to get free. There was quite a hole in the window, and we have not seen the cat since.

John said there was a fine arrangement for answering the door. Of course, in some instances, we would have to go ourselves, especially if any old lady or timid person, who had not made the acquaintance of the maid, were expected, but if the postman or parcel delivery it would be all right. Anyone could send in a card, too, you see. But the best of all was the arrangement for putting tramps off the premises. John was just explaining how this was done when Fred, exclaimed, "There's an old fellow now; I wonder if he is coming here!" Yes, sure enough; he turned in at the gate, and presently there was a ring at the door-bell. Beggars are so impudent, and this was an old offender, so I didn't say anything when John pressed the wire, and we all followed to the door to see the effect, John remarking that it wouldn't hurt him. The door was opened quite quietly, but closed with a bang after the maid. At first, upon re-opening the door, we thought it had missed fire, for the tramp, looking somewhat scared, stood at one side of the doorway, but the maid was

scuttling down the path with some limp figure in its arms. I was sorry to recognize an uncle of John's, from whom John had expectations. I knew his bald head. The maid had him by the middle, and his feet and head hung down, so that his hat dropped off. He was too much surprised to attempt resistance, and the maid deposited him in a heap in the gutter, and then returned. We were so bothered by the turn affairs had taken that we forgot to get out of the way. Fred received a slap which sent him sprawling. John was lifted bodily, after the manner of his uncle, and laid upon the table, while I, my skirts being caught, was forced to run backwards in a very undignified manner, till, by grasping a door-knob, I wrenched myself free at the expense of a width of my skirt. I stood hanging on to that door-knob as if I expected momentarily to be snatched up and thrown out of the window, when my eyes happened to fall upon Tommy. He was lying upon his back on the floor, his legs slowly waving in the air. He made not a sound. The expression on his face gave me such a start that I relaxed my hold on the door-knob, thinking that he was injured internally. But he raised his hand, and feebly waved me aside. He was simply too tired to laugh any more, and was obliged to lie down and wave his legs to express his feelings. Fred had begun to whimper after picking himself up, but, catching sight of Tommy, laughed instead, until something in their father's eye caused both of the boys to take themselves out of doors. However, they perched upon the fence just outside of a window and looked in.

"You see, Fanny, we must expect some complications at first," said John, "but after awhile we'll get used to running it better." This he said as the maid started out of the front door again, after having buzzed around the hall for a minute; for, as I told you, it was necessary to start it at some new work in order to stop what it was do-

ing, and, in the meantime, while we were recovering our breath, it was making trips through the hall to the front gate, and hence to the gutter and back again. John was explaining that we could arrange the length of the trip as we pleased, and it need ordinarily be only to the front door. Just then, however, we heard most awful screams, and we rushed to the door to see what was the matter. It seems that the maid had encountered at the gate the form of a stout, elderly female, with a basket and an umbrella, and of course had proceeded to remove the obstacle. However, the obstacle refused to be removed, and they were having a lively time of it. A crowd was beginning to collect, and a policeman appeared around the corner. He interfered in behalf of the stout female, and attempted to arrest the maid. The maid, however, made short work of him. It did not succeed, it's true, in depositing him in the ditch, but it spoiled his hat, and caused him to beat a hasty retreat; then, having removed all obstacles, traversed the remainder of the limit and returned to the house, followed by another angry policeman, who, after considerable persuasion, was induced to depart.

After the door closed upon the policeman, John looked at me and I at him. The maid had accomplished several revolutions around the dining-room and was about to return. "Mercy, Fanny, you're always talking how much there is to do; can't you think of something I'm not supposed to know." "No," I answered, grimly, but an idea struck John, and he immediately hurried to pull another wire. He did not accomplish it with impunity, however, and I'm sorry to say he made use of some expressions, as he danced around for a minute, which I was glad the boys didn't hear.

The maid now went out to the woodshed, and John fixed the handle of the axe into the attachment at the end of one of the arms. Here was something out of the ordinary way, and John

brightened up considerably as the axe began to move up and down with a regular, double motion, reached forward, struck a stick at random with the axe blade so as to catch the stick, drew it forward into position and struck it, splitting it in the centre, and threw the pieces with two other arms into the corner, and so on till the pile began to get low. Any sticks that were not split fine enough, John threw back.

All proceeded well enough till the last stick was split. Then the maid started to buzz around in search of more. It attacked the saw horse and demolished it, ran into a tub and reduced it to kindling wood, ripped up a barrel of ashes and raised a terrible dust which completely drove John into the house. All this time he was trying to get near enough to start it off on another track, but it wheeled around and flung the axe so menacingly that John got excited and lost his head.

When the dust had subsided sufficiently we went out again. By this time the maid had anchored beside the new wood pile and was splitting it over. This would not have mattered much; we didn't mind the wood being reduced to matches, but it was close to the shed window and the sticks were being flung through, carrying broken glass with them into the street. John did not care for another visit from the policeman, but he was completely nonplussed. Just then he heard a stifled chuckle and looking over his shoulder he saw several boys perched on the fence and among them our own, who immediately dropped down. But what maddened John was the sight of a newspaper reporter also, who was evidently sketching the scene. Then the air began to be filled with flying missiles which John threw at the maid, till, by some lucky hit, some of the machinery was jarred and the maid

rushed wildly around the shed, the axe now slashing about with a motion evidently intended for some other office than wood chopping. John ran to shut the door in the face of the reporter who was filling sheets with sketches. The maid, however, started after him. John stopped, tried to dodge, hesitated, then ran out of the back gate and down the road, the maid thrashing at him with the axe. This was serious. I ran to the gate and anxiously looked after them, while the boys and reporter followed in the wake of the maid. I very much feared the maid would run into something and do some damage, but I soon saw that, as, of course, John avoided all obstacles so did the maid and simply followed him. I wondered why he did not reverse and pass the maid, thus putting it off the track. Presently, however, John returned alone and looking somewhat travel-stained. He pushed past me and went upstairs to the bathroom. I did not dare to follow to ask questions, but Fred and Tommy also returned soon and told me what happened after I lost sight of them.

It seems that, first of all, the axe flew off the handle and chopped a rooster, which was scurrying out of the way, almost in two. Then they caught up with a cow. It was quite a bit out of town, and she started to run in the same direction. John swerved to one side and the maid caught up with the cow and belabored her with the axe handle. This maddened the cow so that she made for the river and rushed in, the maid after her. They slashed about in the stream for a minute: then the maid sank and the cow appeared on the other side.

Next morning, about an hour after John went down town, he sent up a new carpet for the dining-room. We have a German girl now, and I don't know but that she's better than the automatic maid-of-all-work.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.*

BY FLORENCE ASHTON FLETCHER.

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning, long before daylight, Ulrich and the old crystal-seeker were up and preparing for their expeditions.

Uncle Job's cottage was still smaller and more miserable than old Trina's. The whole furniture consisted of a bed, a small table and three stools, but the four walls were ornamented with the collections he had made on the mountains. Those bright stones, and dried plants, those butterflies and insects, with their many-colored wings, which tapestried his hut, gave to it an indescribably strange air, to which the old man himself added, with his old world costume, his grey beard, and his white hair, which fell in long locks about his neck.

Uncle Job looked lovingly at his treasures, as he rolled around himself the rope that was to help him to reach the nest he had discovered yesterday, and loaded himself with his travelling bag, iron crocks, iron pins, and the short bar indispensable in his perilous search.

Ulrich, during this time, was equally busy with his preparations. He very carefully examined his gun, an old hunting weapon, single-barrelled, but able to hold two charges, which might be fired one after the other.

Carefully loading it, he drew a leather case over it, and joined Uncle Job, who was waiting for him at the door.

All the young man's love had been necessary, and the certainty that Trina would only bestow the hand of Freneli upon him who had fulfilled the strange condition she imposed, to persuade

him to return to a life which he knew only too well.

Is there another that can expose to so many fatigues, privations and perils? The hunter is in the habit of starting in the evening, in order to have reached some high part by day-break. If he can find no tracks there, he mounts higher, ever higher, only stopping where he has seen some marks which may lead him towards his game. Then he advances cautiously, sometimes on his knees, sometimes dragging himself on by his hands, until near enough to distinguish the chamois' horns, as it is only then he is within shot. If the chamois on watch—*for they always have a sentinel*—has not seen him, the hunter looks for a rest for his rifle, and aims at the head or heart; for when the ball strikes elsewhere, it may pierce the animal through without stopping him, and he will go on and die in some nook in the mountain, and serve for food for the *lämmergeier*.

If, however, his course is cut short, the hunter hastens after him, tries to reach him and cuts off his haunches. Then he must get the burden on his shoulders, to carry it to his dwelling, through torrents, snow and fearful chasms. More often than not, night overtakes him in this dangerous journey; he seeks a cleft in a rock, draws from his bag a morsel of black bread, too hard for any teeth to bite; grinds it between two stones, drinks a little melted snow, puts a stone under his head and goes to sleep—with his feet over an abyss, and his head under an avalanche.

The next day brings new trials and new dangers, and this often lasts several days, without his having found a roof or seen a human being.

* This story is founded on a French story by Emile Souvestre.

Formerly he might have hoped to meet with some crystal-seeker or one of his hunting companions, but the first have nearly disappeared and the second get more and more rare every day. What had happened among the Hausers seemed to symbolize the change that had taken place in the entire population. Old Job represented an extinct generation, Hans that about to end, and Ulrich that just beginning.

But the old man and his nephew had set out. The sky was not yet light, and the frozen tops were carved against a colorless horizon. The Lütschine was grumbling in the valley: a strong wind made the snow-laden pines groan: and at times the blows of a hatchet were heard from the lower parts. Job turned to his companion:

"I do not like this morning," said he in a thoughtful tone. The hoar frost is making a plume of feathers for the Faul Horn. Yesterday, the west stayed a long time inflamed, and the moon rose in a red circle. I am afraid something is coming from the south."

"We are only just got into March," said Ulrich; "generally the foehn is later." (Foehn, a south wind or species of tempest, possibly the same as the sirocco in Italy.)

"That is what I have been telling myself," replied the old man, "but appearances are none the less bad. When you get higher up, look around at the sky."

While thus talking they had begun to climb the mountain side. Both walked with that firm and even step natural to mountaineers, but Ulrich went on mechanically, thoughtful and sad, while the other became more active and joyous at every step. As they got higher up on the slopes separating the Eiger and the Wengern Alp, Uncle Job seemed to recognize every rock, tree or tuft of green. He might have been taken for an exile just reaching the frontiers of his native land. He went on searching into and

scrutinizing, in the growing dawn, all the gaps that the snow had not invaded, finding here a plant, there a benumbed insect, further on a pebble that he would name aloud. At length, when they had reached the first storey or range of the mountain, a reflection of the aurora sparkling on the summits enveloped them in a purplish hue, and showed them all the lesser chains of the Eiger and Shreck-Hörner confusedly lit up, while the valley of Grindelwald was still plunged in darkness.

Uncle Job stopped.

"Here we must separate, dear boy," said he. "You must turn to the right and I to the left. Do you quite understand my directions, and will you know how to find your way?"

"I hope so," said the young man, looking around him and trying to recognize those heights which he had not visited for several years.

"At first," said Uncle Job, "follow the path up along by those groups of fir and birch trees. When you have left them behind you will see a projecting shelf, which in any other season would be known easily enough by its blue gentian and by bushes of red clustered euphorbia, but now everything is under the snow. Leave the rock you will find at your right in a line with the Eiger, and keep on ascending till you get to the passage of flints, which is still garnished with thin club moss, peeping through the stones. You will then reach the great plain, where you need only look around to find out your whereabouts. Now let us go, each in the care of God; let us ask Him to be with us." Uncle Job had taken off his hat; Ulrich did so, too, and, resting on his staff, the old man began aloud one of those impromptu prayers habitual to mountaineers, and which they know how to make suitable to the wants of each hour.

At this moment the sun, just risen, inundated the mountain with brilliant waves of light, rapidly descending

from peak to peak like a celestial avalanche. Summits, mountain-sides and ravines, seemed one after another issuing from gloom to take their place in this gigantic panorama.

Just as the old man was finishing his prayer with the reverential amen, the morning beams reached him; they invaded the spot on which Job and Ulrich were standing, and wrapped them both in a dazzling glory. Job turned to the east with a gesture of thanks and salutation.

"Very good," said he with a smile; "here is what will show us the game and the precipices; now the rest depends on our prudence. Recall to your mind what a chamois-hunter wants,—according to the proverb, 'A heart stouter than steel, and two eyes to each finger.'"

"I will try not to forget it," said Ulrich.

"Then God be with you, my son."

"And so with you, Uncle Job."

Tenderly shaking hands they parted. The young man turned and saw Job plunge into one of those deep *folde* which furrow the mountain sides; he was quickly lost to sight, but almost immediately arose his clear and vibrating voice from the ravine; he was singing the psalm repeated by the martyrs of the Reformation when on their way to death, "This is the happy day."

CHAPTER VII.

After listening a minute or two, Ulrich began climbing up the steep ascent, and he soon passed the last fir tree. As he got higher and higher, the prints seemed to increase before him. The sun was still rising, and, like a victor, rapidly taking the most inaccessible fortresses, he attached successively to each point his flaming banner. The fogs that floated in the lower parts broke up by degrees, and were carried off by the morning wind, like the shreds of a magnificent veil, through the rents of which day glanced even to the depths of the valley.

Insensibly, and in spite of himself, roused from his reverie, Ulrich began to look at what was surrounding him. There is in the mountain air, in the thousand provocatives to curiosity, in the proud boldness of all that meets the eye, an indescribable excitement that emboldens and strengthens.

The body feels more active, the mind more courageous. In the face of those snows, which forbid any approach, those precipices which bar the way, one is seized with a sort of aggressive fever, just as before an enemy; one hears from within one's self all the fanfares of life, and a thousand inward voices cry at once—"Forward!" Seized with this species of intoxication, the young carver quickened his speed, and got into the dangerous paths of the lesser chain.

Summer huts, scattered here and there in the lower ranges, were so buried under the snow as scarcely to relieve it; nothing could be seen but some stunted fir trees, and a few bushes of dwarf box piercing the sterile ground.

Soon even these disappeared, and the rocks were naked, spotted only by the trailings of the hoar frost.

At length Ulrich reached the flinty passage spoken of by his uncle. It was a deep breach cut into the rock, and into which the sun could never penetrate. He was just going into it, when a shadow arose in the darkened entrance, and he recognized his cousin Hans.

The hunter wore the same dress he had worn the day before. His gun hung from his shoulder by a belt, and both hands were resting on his iron-spiked staff. His face was even more gloomy than usual. He seemed to be guarding the defile through which Ulrich had to pass.

At sight of him Ulrich stopped with an exclamation of surprise.

"You here, Hans," cried he, "God be with you! Which way did you get here?"

"Is there only one path in the Wen-

gern Alp?" asked the hunter, coldly.

"What were you doing?"

"I saw you coming. I was waiting for you."

"You have something to say to me?"

"Are you not come in search of the chamois that Uncle Job saw yesterday?"

"Of course."

"You will not find them—I have just seen tracks of them; they are gone towards the glaciers."

"Ah well! I will follow them in that direction."

"Are you decided?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Then we will hunt together," said Hans, raising his staff, as if he wished to set out.

This was the first time he had ever made such a proposition to Ulrich, who looked at him in a surprised manner, which Hans thought he understood.

"Are you afraid of my company?" demanded he roughly.

"Why should I be afraid of it?" replied Ulrich.

"Who knows? Perhaps you think you will have to follow me too high and too far?"

"By my life! I did not think of that," replied Ulrich rather haughtily. "Although you may be a far better hunter than I, yet I have not so forgotten my old trade that I cannot go where you do."

"Let us set off then," interrupted Hans, entering the narrow passage and beginning to climb.

Ulrich followed, and soon they reached the plateau, whence diverge numerous paths in all directions.

The hunter showed Ulrich the marks of which he had spoken, and which really indicated the recent course of a troop of chamois towards the highest peaks.

Then leaving Upsigel at their right, they resolutely attacked the slopes which separate the Eiger from the Wengern-Alp. They were not long in getting to the snow which covered the first mountain-side, and they crossed

it in a straight line, guided by the tracks; but on the other side of the slope these tracks were suddenly lost in the fields of crystalline ice lying spread at their feet. As far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen but high points, between which lay frozen sheets bounded by grey blocks of rock. They might have been likened to the out-pouring of gigantic rivers from the sky and suddenly congealed in their fall.

The hunters had now reached exactly the entrance of that prodigious dyke of glaciers which seems to bar the passage of the Alps to man for the space of a hundred and fifty leagues.

Here was the ice sea of Grindelwald and Aletsch; further off the frozen lakes of Fischer, Finster-Aar, Lauter and Gauli.

Hans seemed for a moment to study the different routes, and then, without saying a word, he went southward. His step had a feverish rapidity and a provoking assurance in it. The more difficult the way became the greater his speed, leaping crevasses, clambering steep and rugged parts, and bounding down frozen ravines, with a sort of contemptuous anger. His whole being seemed to have undergone a change since he had entered upon those lofty solitudes; his eye was fired with a proud ardour, his dilated nostrils appeared to inhale the sharper air of the summits, and his lips moved at times as if he were murmuring to himself some mysterious defiance.

He would utter a slight exclamation as each fresh obstacle rose before him, then clear it with a bound. At sight of such angry impetuosity one would have taken him for a barbarian conqueror treading under foot an enemy's earth, and verifying and enjoying his victory at every step. And this exultation, far from getting less, increased with the dangers of their route. This was, indeed, his field of battle; as the smell of powder animates the soldier, so the air of these desert heights intoxicated him.

Ulrich, who at first had followed in silence, got alarmed at this headlong race, asking himself what could be hoped for from the ocean of ice surrounding them on all sides. For the first time he addressed his companion. Hans simply pointed to the horizon, replying, "Onward!"

Other glaciers were crossed, more blocks and crags surmounted. At each repetition of the question, the furious hunter answered, "Onward! still onward!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Meanwhile, however, the sky had become clouded, dull roarings were heard in the distance, and puffs of a warm wind were felt across the ice plain. Ulrich warned his companion, but wholly engrossed in his sombre preoccupation, Hans seemed a stranger to everything passing around him. The young carver, hot and panting for breath, looked in every direction without being able to tell where they were. It was a kind of terrace formed in the bend of a glacier, and bounding gaping chasms.

He stopped for a moment, and put his hand to his forehead, which was wet with perspiration. Hans turned then; nothing about him showed that he had even noticed this long march and combat with so many difficulties and perils. His face was as cool, his step as elastic, and his breathing as free as ever.

He was one of those last Alpine savages, accustomed, like the red Indian, to sleep in the open air, to follow tracks, to endure long ambuscades, to struggle against all the dangers of a hostile nature, and to conquer everything by strength or patience.

Ulrich, on the contrary, was of the present or new race, which civilization—as formerly the lyre of Orpheus—incited to milder manners, and which, softened in its vigor, but elevated in its soul, has substituted sociability for strength, and justice for vengeance.

Ulrich sought out a rock from among those which enchain the glaciers in their solid waves, and sat upon it.

Hans glanced sneeringly at him.

"Ah! bold hunter, are you already done up?" asked he.

"Not yet," replied Ulrich, "although you seem to have no other aim than to find out how far my strength can go."

"Did you not wish to face the mountains and return to the pursuit of chamois?"

"I still wish it."

"I suppose you are not satisfied at Merengen, carving yew and maple?"

"What!" cried Ulrich, with involuntary ardour, "do not think that. I seem to breathe most freely when my knife is cutting wood. What you feel here among these heights, I feel with my tools in my hand; my eye sees clearer, my blood flows faster than even now. When we were climbing the last range, while you were showing me the tracks, I was looking at a tuft of cyclamen, spreading its leaves in the hollow of the rock, and wishing that I might copy it with my knife."

"Why then do you take up the rifle again?" hastily enquired Hans.

Ulrich was embarrassed. "It is necessary," said he, rising, "for a reason—you will know afterwards. Let us go on now."

"No, stay," interrupted Hans, stopping him with an imperious gesture. "I need not wait to know what you will not tell me. I know it all; you have turned hunter because it is the only way to get Freneli, and you love her."

"It is true," replied Ulrich, unhesitatingly. "Was it to ask me this that you waited for me at the breach of the Wengern Alp, and that you brought me here?"

Hans grasped his gun and looked fixedly at him.

"So you confess it," said he, with compressed lips, "and yet you know

that I have chosen Neli; say, do you not know it?"

"Yes," said Ulrich, calmly; "but as Neli is free our wills are nothing; she alone will choose."

"And you know she has already done so, do you not?" added Hans, with kindling eyes. "You have used your opportunities and turned her heart towards you. I have known only how to suffer alone and be silent, while you—you have been able to speak. I have only brought black bread to the house every day; you come with carved cups. I saw that one yesterday. But you do not suppose I shall let myself be robbed of my happiness without revenge?"

"What do you mean?" interrupted Ulrich, shuddering.

"Listen," continued he, seizing Ulrich's arm. "I wished to speak to you in a place where no one could interfere. Hear what I am going to tell you. Neli must be mine; she shall be, whatever happens; do you hear? And if any one dare to take her from me, as sure as I am my mother's son, I would kill him, if he were my friend,—yes, if he were my brother. For years past I have married Neli in intention; I have carried the idea about with me in the mountains to keep me company; it has been my rest and my pleasure. I warn you, do not upset my hopes, or by the God in heaven, harm will come to you!"

"It is not my cousin who is speaking now," said Ulrich, with emotion, "it is a demon that is tempting him and speaking in his stead. Let us leave all to God, who knows if it may not soon be all you could wish. You know the condition of obtaining Freneli; in trying each to fulfil that condition, may not that fate which has hitherto been the lot of all the Hausers be in store for one of us, and so leave the place free for the other?"

Hans fixed his glittering eyes upon him, and said:

"And that other—you are hoping it will be you."

Ulrich shook his head. "You know that all the chances are against me," replied he, bitterly; "and I should be the one with the greatest right to complain if I did not trust to Him who is above."

"But when will He decide between us?" cried Hans, passionately.

"This very hour, perhaps. Till now you have been blind and deaf with anger, but listen and look yonder," said the carver, who for some moments had been attending to the increasing noises and the darkness which was beginning to envelope the mountain.

With his hand he pointed southward. Large furrowed clouds, as if driven on by some furious power, were rapidly descending along the highest points; the sharp air of the glaciers became lukewarm, and loud and confused rumblings were heard in the depths of the snowy defiles.

After a quick glance at these symptoms, a flash of furious joy passed across the face of Hans.

"By my faith! you spoke like a prophet," said he, turning to his cousin, "and your prediction is very likely to come true."

"I believe there is in reality a storm coming," observed Ulrich.

"It is the *foehn* coming," cried Hans with his eyes fixed on the sky; "do you feel how warm the breeze is? Do you see those whirling clouds down below?"

Ulrich immediately recollected the fears Uncle Job had expressed in the morning. He knew this burning whirlwind, which comes from the deserts of Africa, and, falling upon the Alps, breaks and crushes the winter's snow and ice and almost everything in its way. Even in the lowest valleys all the cattle have to be taken in at the first sign of the *foehn*; every fire is put out, and no one dares cross the threshold of the house. Ulrich asked his cousin if he were *quite* sure it was the *foehn*.

"Quite sure;" replied Hans, who had lifted his hand to feel the wind, "in a few minutes it will be here. You have wished that God should decide. God has heard you and is about to do so. He who can get back to the Enge will have Neli. Good-bye, take care of your life; I will try to save mine."

CHAPTER IX.

And without waiting for an answer, Hans rushed to the narrowest part of the crevasse, rested his staff on the opposite edge, gave one bound and was on the other side. Ulrich tried in vain to call him; the hunter ran on without heeding and was soon lost in the thick clouds advancing along the mountain sides. Having no means of bounding in his turn the fissure separating them, Ulrich had to retrace his steps.

Followed already by breezes, fore-runners of the foehn, he retook the route by the glaciers. Instead of gaining some height as Hans sought to do, where the effects of the south wind are less felt, Ulrich descended as quickly as possible towards the Wengern-Alp, but the snow, already softened, was beginning to melt, and here and there many crackings were heard in the glacier. Warm gusts of wind swept by from time to time, and got lost amid lugubrious hissings in the needles of ice. A few birds of prey, overtaken in their flight, were trying with their greatest speed to regain their retreat, and were uttering mournful cries; and from below was heard the Alpine horn, the notes of which, plaintively prolonged, bounded from abyss to abyss, awakening a thousand echoes, invisible sentinels of the mountain, sending on the cry of alarm.

Ulrich looked anxiously at the sky. The clouds were coming nearer and faster. Already the neighboring tops were lost, and he found himself enveloped in a misty rampart, getting narrower and smaller on all sides, and pushed on by the foehn. At length it came in all its violence. The young

man, carried along by it, continued obliquely the descent of the glacier, occupied solely in avoiding the crevasses in which he would have been swallowed up. Thus he reached an angle, where he was able to stop, the wind being broken by a projecting piece of the mountain. He fell to the earth, so stunned and out of breath that he was for some little time incapable of moving.

When at last he could rouse himself and look about him, everything had again changed its aspect.

Swept away by the violence of the foehn, the clouds were floating in the distance, and the mountain thoroughly freed, displayed even its finest peaks, but the African wind still whirled around the summits, still glided over the declivities and engulfed itself in the defiles; and everything was softened from its inflaming contact. Under the melted and sunken snow, streams were springing up and rushing down into the ravines in white cascades.

Ulrich rose, and sheltering himself from the fierceness of the gusts by means of the high furrows intersecting the glacier, he continued his way with ever increasing effort. He had never before this been exposed to the foehn except in the valleys, where it arrives much moderated from its passage over the mountains, and so had never suspected what it was on those frozen heights, which almost seem suddenly to dissolve beneath its breath.

As he continued his arduous and dangerous route, the snow melted faster and faster. The streams, grown to torrents, tumbled over the steep sides and slopes, and, ever growing wider, were uniting their unbridled waters.

Rocks, torn up from their frozen casings, rolled over the slippery inclines, then, repulsed by the first impediment, leapt in huge bounds, cleared immense blocks and fell into abysses, where they were long heard dashing along against the resounding walls.

Beds of snow accumulated on the

ridges, roughly uprooted, rushed down with a noise like thunder, collecting and driving on in their course everything they found before them. These winter-built Alps seemed every minute crumbling to ruin, and their tremendous downfall blocked up every road, one after another.

In vain Ulrich sought some means of escape. Here a cascade had submerged, there an avalanche had buried the way. On the right a rock thrown over a chasm had just given way; on the left, a fissure suddenly burst open; everywhere were heard grindings of breaking-up ice, furious gusts of wind, thundering of avalanches, the roarings of unchained waters, and, above all this chaos, night was fast coming on to cut off from him his last hope. Still the young mountaineer kept up his combat with all these increasing dangers.

Amidst the confusion of his troubled and disconnected thoughts, the remembrance of Freneli seemed to float on the surface, and give him a wish to live, which greatly tended to keep up his strength. Unfortunately, he could not tell where he was. Stunned by the noises, blinded by the dazzling whiteness around him, perplexed by the turnings which obstacles had obliged him to take, he could not again find his whereabouts. It was especially necessary to be sure of this before night took from him the only chance of ascertaining.

He had again stopped to try to account for the position of the tops that he could yet see lighted by day's last beams, and had succeeded in recognizing the highest summit, then, by degrees, those nearer to him, when a loud noise suddenly resounded in the depths of the glacier, and issued still louder through all the fissures.

At this moment Ulrich tottered; the whole glacier had shaken under his feet. Soon a second shock was nearly making him lose his balance; then others followed closer together, and more equal, and at last became

confounded in one uniform but sensible movement. There was no longer any mistaking; the winter's accumulation of snows and half-formed ice upon the glacier was *en marche*, and steadily descending towards the valley.

While a glacier of great size and age becomes established as any piece of the earth, being naturally augmented year by year until it forms one huge and solid mass that could not be set in motion by any one day's south wind, yet a newly-forming one, or ice not yet wholly compacted, might be uprooted by such an unusually severe foehn as this.

Seeing that the least delay was a matter of life or death, Ulrich turned and tried hard to reach the nearest pinnacle. Although the distance was not great, it was full of difficulty. Besides the torrents foaming from the heights, all the bridges of hardened snow over openings had given way, and left a thousand yawning abysses, at the bottom of which roared the waters.

Ulrich, though stumbling at each step, succeeded in getting out of the main movements of the melting snow, and was nearly reaching the limits of the glacier. He had already crossed several bridges of snow without a suspicion of them, and had just recognized one of the lesser chains of the glacier. This sight reanimated him, and, collecting all his courage for a last effort, he hurried on; when suddenly the earth gave way. He had only time to stretch one arm to the right and the other to the left to hold on by, and remained thus buried up to his waist in the half-fallen arch of snow.

It was a moment of intense suspense. He felt his feet, which were hanging, getting cold from the wind in the chasm. Motionless, and holding his breath even, he stayed some seconds in this position, trying to guess the size of the opening; then he gently reached his hand towards his

gun, which he had let go, with the hope that by resting it across the gap it might help to support him, but at this moment the softened snow yielded, a slight cracking ran along the fissure, and the bridge, sinking as an avalanche, disappeared with him in the abyss below.

CHAPTER X.

By the return of daylight the next morning, the foehn had ceased to blow, but its passage might be traced by the spaces filled up, the tops cleared of snow, and the swollen torrents still discharging themselves in the valleys.

The sky had recovered its usual winter tint of pale blue, and was quite cloudless, which made it look like an immense veil suspended above the Alps. The temperature was, however, perceptibly softened, and there was a feeling of spring in the air, sensible even on these sharp heights; the glaciers were restored to mute immovability, and silence reigned again supreme in these wild deserts.

Sheltered on one of the loftiest points, Uncle Job had in safety seen the foehn pass, but the snow, which was continually freeing itself from the slopes, obliged him to put off his intended crystal-nesting exploit.

As soon as dawn reappeared, the old man calmly bent his steps towards the lower ranges, where he hoped the thaw would have prepared for him a harvest of plants. He soon reached the spot where the shaking of the glacier had overtaken Ulrich. His way did not take him nearer any part of that frozen sea; roused curiosity alone led him to look more closely at this strange revolution.

At first he went carefully along by the side, but afterwards cautiously ventured upon the frozen surface, stopping every minute or two to be sure he did not feel it slipping under him.

At every step there were witnesses of yesterday's ravages in crevices here

filled up, and here enlarged, and in the sunken bridges of snow all around.

In reaching one of these bridges, of which there was left only a slight part on an arch miraculously upheld over the gulf, Uncle Job perceived, half buried in the snow, an object for which at first he could not account. But scarcely had he lifted it up, when a cry escaped him; he recognized the rifle of Ulrich.

Full of horror, he turned to the gaping fissure. Still visible on the snowy surface were traces of the young hunter's steps and the place where he had disappeared. The old man tried to look to the bottom, but the crevasse, revealing at first two walls of azure green, suddenly made a turn and nothing more than a dark and profound depth could be seen.

Uncle Job knelt on the edge, however, and, bending his head over the opening, called aloud. His voice was faintly re-echoed along the mysterious deep. He listened; there was no answer. Leaning still further over, he uttered a second and more prolonged cry; then a third. This time he fancied he caught a sound, but so uncertain that he feared it might only be the filtering of the subterraneous waters, or the return of his own voice.

However, at renewed calls, the reply became less confused, and without being able to distinguish the words spoken, Job could yet hear that it was a human voice.

Quickly springing to his feet, he unrolled the rope he carried round him, and after fixing it firmly by means of an iron crook driven into the ice, he let it slip to the bottom of the chasm, to the place whence the voice had come. The end of the rope was quite lost to sight, and remained swinging for some seconds.

Again reaching as far as he could over the brink, Uncle Job renewed his call. At last, it seemed to him the cord was moving; it became straightened, and knocked against the sides of the fissure.

With one knee resting on the extreme edge, the old man kept his right hand firmly holding the iron crook, and looked into the darkness below. All at once the motion of the rope ceased; he who had begun to mount stopped.

"Courage," cried Uncle Job; "do not give up; one more effort."

But the cord remained still. In agony he hung over the brink.

"Come," said he, in a stronger voice. "It is I, Ulrich; it is Uncle Job. God has sent me to aid you. He will save you. Help me, my son, if you are a man—if you wish to see Aunt Trina and Freneli again!"

At this last name the rope once more shook; there followed a moment's uncertainty, then again all was still. In vain did Uncle Job repeat his encouragements, and strain his eyes. There was not a movement. He looked around in despair, divining that Ulrich's long stay in this grave of ice had numbed him so that he could not climb, and fearing that ere help from the valley could be obtained it would be too late.

Leaning as far over the chasm as he dared, he shouted to Ulrich to tie the rope under his shoulders. After what seemed an eternity of waiting, the tightening of the rope told him it was done.

There followed a moment's uncertainty, then a continuous movement; the ascent was begun.

With his eyes fixed on the chasm, the old man ceaselessly encouraged the enfeebled man below. At length, from the darkness he saw an uncovered and stiffened head coming up. Icicles hung from the masses of hair, and the face, lighted by the greenish reflection from the glacier, looked almost petrified. From the automaton-like slowness of the motion one might have fancied it a corpse galvanized by some magical conjuration, issuing from the centre of the earth, without thought or voice.

The moment this head rose to the top, Uncle Job drew the rope to him

with all his might, and Ulrich lay stretched on the edge of the crevasse. The old mountaineer uttered an exclamation of joy, and getting his gourd, without which he never went, he, after some trouble, unlocked the young man's teeth and made him swallow a little brandy; then he rubbed his face and hands with snow, until he had succeeded in bringing him back to sensibility; and at length Ulrich was able partially to open his blue lips.

"May heaven reward you," stammered he. "Without your help I must have died."

"Say without the help of God," replied the old man. "He alone is master, and we are only the servants of His will."

"Ah, well! Thanks to God and to you . . . all His blessings"

." murmured Ulrich, yielding to the sleepy languor caused by fatigue and cold.

"Come, come!" interrupted Job; "bestir yourself and get up."

"Not yet by and by," stammered the young man, with his eyes shut.

"By and by will be too late," cried the crystal-seeker, shaking him. "Stand up, Ulrich; you *must*; your strength will come back to you in walking, and we will rest at the first cottage. If you stay here you are a dead man. Rise once more; it is for your life."

He forced his nephew to his feet and dragged him in spite of himself across the glacier, tottering, his head moving unsteadily and his eyelids half closed. Job tried to revive him by encouraging him and asking questions. By degrees Ulrich's blood began to circulate, and he was able after a time to relate in broken words his flight before the foehn, his fall into the fissure, how weakened he was by the avalanche which had drawn him there, and his long agony at the bottom. He only kept silence as to his meeting with Hans.

CHAPTER XI.

Uncle Job appeared surprised that with his very moderate experience he should thus have ventured alone in the heights.

"I thought you were wiser," said he, shaking his head; "but the mountain air is like wine; very few can drink moderately and without losing their reason. I ought to have remembered that the Hauser's blood ran in your veins. God pardon me! I hoped the hunting fever would only have won your cousin, for Hans was also on the heights."

"Have you seen him?" enquired Ulrich.

"Not him, but the mark of his steps; this morning I recognized them on the snow in pursuit of chamois tracks."

"Ah, that is the troop he was looking for," cried Ulrich. "The one he saw the day before yesterday led by an emperor."

"It is very possible; the tracks went northwards."

"To the foot of the Eiger?"

"No; there, nearer to us, on the right."

And Uncle Job's hand pointed towards one of the overhanging arches of the glacier that they had been following during the last few minutes, and by the side of which ran a kind of projecting ledge, notched and broken here and there. Below them the slope, at first jagged and roughly cut away, ended in a long sheltered space, like a band, where the melted snow had exposed to view a very fine patch of grass of that bluish tint peculiar to Alpine pasturages. It begirt the foot of the sterile peak like a ribbon of velvet, which, beginning there from the glacier, went on down and joined the skirts of the forest of fir and birch trees.

The young carver had stopped, his eyes were bent on the green corner, when suddenly he forced his companion to throw himself with him behind

one of the irregular rocks by which they were surrounded.

"What is the matter?" asked Job, instinctively lowering his voice.

"Look! look!" whispered Ulrich, "down there at the turning of the pasturage."

The old man shielded his eyes with his hand, and saw, in the direction pointed out, a troop of nine chamois turning the mountain, their emperor at their head. By their wild and frightened speed it was easy to guess they were being pursued, but for some time Uncle Job and Ulrich looked in vain around the foot of the peak for the hunter. At last, however, they both saw him on the projection which surmounted it, and they both recognized Hans.

While the chamois were rushing along the pasturage, Hans kept, so to speak, side by side with them on this ledge, trying to get in advance of them.

Uncle Job and Ulrich in terror watched him running along the narrowest strips and leaping the widest breaches, now hanging from some point of rock and crawling over the slippery surfaces. There seemed in his audacity such supreme contempt of the impossible that it made one giddy. Carried away in a sort of delirium, he went on as if he had been sovereign master of space, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, every sense fixed solely on his prey.

At length he succeeded in getting a little ahead of them, and in order more securely to stop the passage from the emperor leading them, he jumped on to an extreme point of rock, separated from the ledge.

Job seized his companion's hand, withholding the cry ready to escape, and not daring to do more. Hans had squatted himself on the narrow foot of earth that held him and taken aim.

At this moment the chamois were passing at his feet. The rifle was fired and the emperor fell. The hunter gave a cry of victory, which, in spite

of the distance, was distinctly heard by the watchers; but, as he stood up, his gun still smoking in his hand, the stone on which his foot rested suddenly gave way. He stretched out his arms to balance himself—it was too late, his hands slipped over this wall of rock, polished by the winter frost, and bounding from crag to crag, he fell, crushed and lifeless, down to the pasturage not twenty steps from the chamois he had just killed.

CHAPTER XII.

Some hours after, the disfigured body of Hans was brought to the cottage of the Enge. Old Trina, who had been prepared by Uncle Job, received the mournful news at the door of the hut. She looked at the dead man for some minutes, her features wrinkled by a savage kind of sorrow.

“One more!” murmured she, shortly, “but it was to be. He had seen the phantom chamois; it was the notice. The mountain spirit is strongest,” and without another word she sat down upon a stone and buried her face in her hands.

Freneli and Ulrich made an attempt to go to her, but she made a sign to be left alone. It was only when they were about to prepare Hans for burial that she slowly arose and entered the hut, and busied herself, too, with him. She watched by his bed unceasingly until the day of the funeral.

The inhabitants of the valley and mountain-side, having heard of the sorrowful misfortune that had happened on the heights, came in crowds to pay their last respects to the remains of the hunter.

He was extended on a bier made of green boughs, his head resting on the

emperor of chamois which had cost him his life. Behind walked the grandmother with a haggard face, Ulrich deeply moved, and Freneli unable to restrain her tears.

Just at the moment when the procession turned from the path leading to the cottage, the sun appeared on the mountains, where, for the past four months he had not been seen, and threw into the hollow of the Enge one of his golden rays.

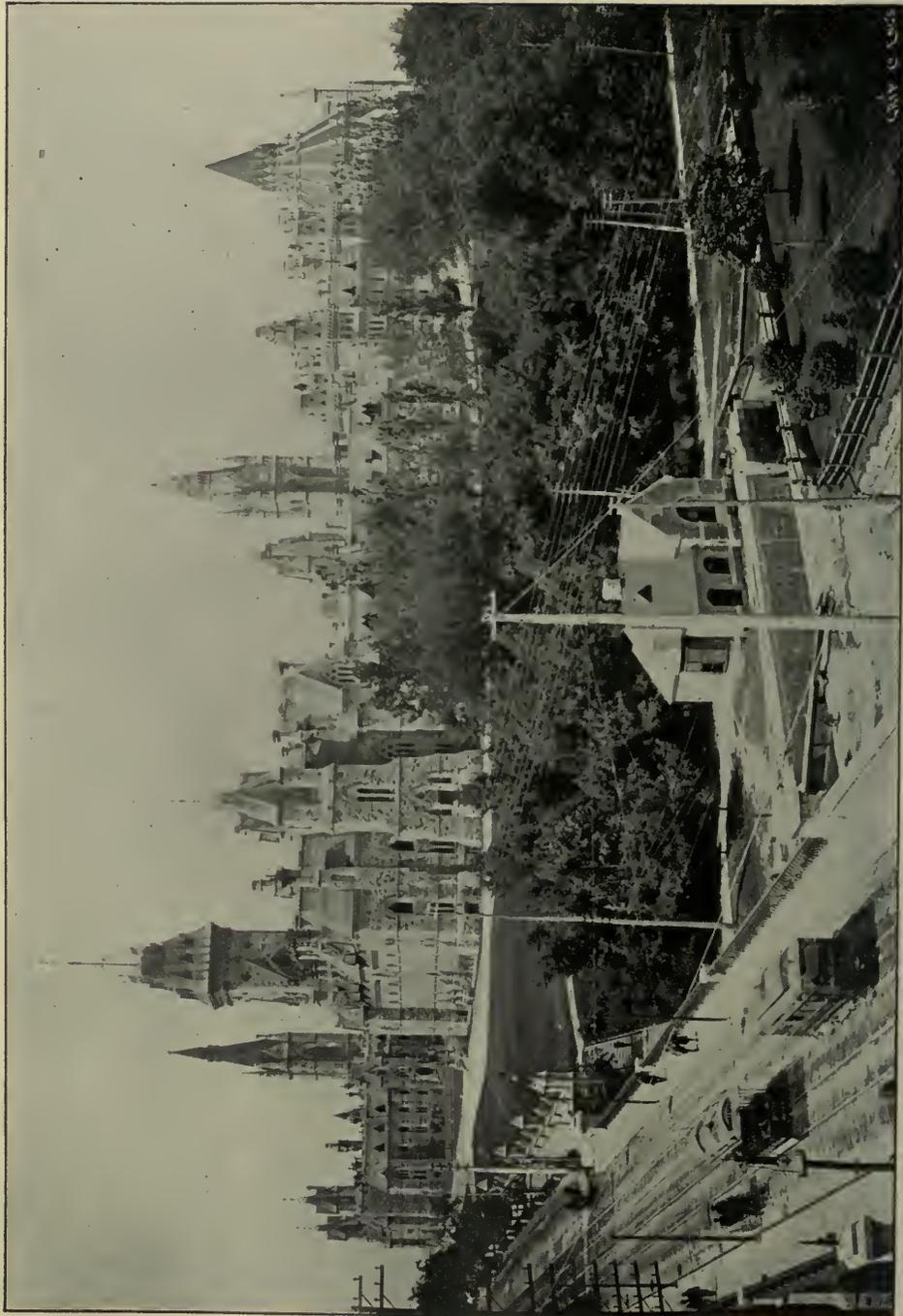
There was a movement throughout the crowd. Trina herself was touched. She looked involuntarily at the dead man, and her hard eyes were moistened.

The loss of Hans was a blow from which she never recovered. They saw her bend more and get weaker from hour to hour until the day of her death, which came only two or three months after. She expired with her eyes fixed on the dark walnut press, which she had had opened, and where the skull of the last chamois killed by Hans had been added to the others.

Henceforth alone and mistress of her fate, Freneli became the wife of Ulrich, and went to live with him at Merengen, where they were soon joined by Uncle Job.

Whoever may be passing through the valleys of the Hasli, the heights of Brunig and the great Scheidech, or the approaches to the Grimsel, is nearly certain still to meet the indefatigable crystal-seeker wandering among the most lonely paths and singing his old psalm-tunes to the mountain breezes, to which, like a prodigious organ, the roaring of the avalanches and the splashing of the cascades form accompaniment.

THE END.



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SIR JOHN THOMPSON AND HIS CRITICS.

BY J. L. P. O'HANLY, C.E.

SPEAKING generally, or in the abstract, every citizen of a free country, above the status of the lowest grade of intelligence, yearns for the high honor to serve his country and generation in a public capacity. Political success is the goal of ambition. To shape and mould his country's destiny is the public man's highest aspiration; to impress history's page with his mark, his aim in life; to add his mite to the general stock of human happiness, his incentive; an exemplar to generations unborn, his impulse. In pursuit, a vaulting ambition has not infrequently carried the aspirant beyond the limits of justice and moderation. To reach the summit, genius, in the giddy whirl of turmoil and excitement, intent only on success, has too often defiled her fingers and tarnished her robe. Her methods have not always been chaste, nor her tools choice. She has often built her trophy of heterogeneous materials. But in her well-stocked museum of patents and inventions; in her well-stored workshop of devices and contrivances; in her well-tornished magazine of shifts and expedients,—conversion to Catholicity, among English-speaking communities, as a means to an end, has no place. It is not a talisman to conjure with. It is not an *in hoc signo vinces* to batter

the walls of Jericho with. Change from Protestant to Catholic in Canada, as everyone knows, is so near akin to political suicide, that few survive the shock. Those few who manage to pull through the trying ordeal must be possessed of extraordinary vitality, of great vigor of mind and body; while those who subsequently scale the ramparts and plant their standard on the thrice-guarded citadel, must be gifted with rare mental endowments.

Assuming bigotry dead, and buried beyond resurrection—a consummation devoutly to be wished—as extinct as the woolly horse of the glacial period; yet are the chances of Protestant innings in the race for popular preferment out of all proportion. Among the many advantages of the Protestant over his Catholic competitor are:—

First. The advantage of numbers—in itself, no small start in the race. For though bigotry were no more, prejudice, which is but another name for preference, long outlives her twin sister. This is a factor sure to play an important part in the stakes.

Man naturally loves his ease. His longings are ever for peace and quietness. Whatever disturbs his repose finds a place in his black list. Necessity alone stimulates him to effort. Human nature is inherently pacific,

paradoxical though at first sight it may seem. Illustrations many could be cited in proof; suffice one from each of these emotions,—the religious, the national, the political. Persons of like religious beliefs are observed to associate together, to consort with one another, to gravitate towards each other, for the obvious reason of there being less likelihood of disputes arising among them, or in their assemblies, than if they were members of jarring sects. These comminglings beget preferences. As with religious affinities, so with political parties and national organizations, though in a less degree. Hence, though bigotry's requiem were chanted, religious predilections would still play an important part in the game, and insure the triumph of the Protestant aspirant through the force or gravity of numbers alone.

Secondly. But the disadvantages arising from disparity of numbers is eclipsed, cast in the shade, a mere trifle, compared with those of the disparity of wealth. Protestants own three-fourths of the mercantile or available capital of Canada. Power and influence are the handmaids of riches, the priests who minister in her temples, who offer incense at her altars. It is well-known that a small but compact wealthy minority can dictate terms to a poor, struggling majority—(e. g.) the Jews on the *bourse*. How much more can a wealthy majority effect?

Thirdly. Protestants enjoy another great advantage over Catholics in their internal organization—*imperium in imperio*. There are comparatively few Protestants who are not members of one or more of the many secret societies which pervade the country. Every one of these wields great political influence, while, by contrast, Catholics are as sheep without a shepherd. While these secret associations may be a menace to the State, and to individual liberty, by sapping personal responsibility, it is evident that they constitute a potent

factor in Protestant triumphs; they impart a powerful impulse to Protestant success.

Hence it is obvious that to any person ambitious for political preferment; to any person eager for worldly glory; to any person thirsting for earthly fame—and who is not—the incentives to join Catholicism in Canada, as a help to gain the coveted prize, are not present. Verily, the Catholic convert turns aside from very tempting and enticing bait. Nor do his wrestlings end with the defeat of sordid, mercenary cravings. He snaps and severs numerous ties and friendships, begotten of early associations. Many an endeared friend is wounded in his tenderest spot. Parental anathema may be ringing in his ears and blending with his dreams. He has been the passive witness of many a fierce conflict between conscience on the one side and self-interest on the other. In his lowering horizon shines no earthly beacon to cheer, illumine, and beckon him on. Happily for his peace of mind, his eyes are turned towards the zenith, following "the star of Bethlehem."

He who encounters all this, and much more untold, and emerges from the ordeal victorious, must be a man of iron will, of bold and firm resolve. Still better, he is of all God's works the noblest—"an honest man,"—and a man imbued with strong convictions, backed by courage to give them effect. Such, I infer, is Sir John Thompson. All this has he done; all this has he encountered. If he desired, as every professional man must desire, a wealthy clientele, where was he to look for it? To the very Protestants on whom he was voluntarily turning his back. If ambitious of political advancement, urged on by the inner promptings of genius, whence the prop to lean on to give strength and steadiness in the great effort? Hardly on the Catholics, whom he was joining,—a veritable broken reed—but on the very Protestants whom he was

deserting. His critics, one and all, admit his ability. Indeed, they tacitly admit that were he a Protestant, orthodox or heterodox, high church or low, all eyes—I mean Conservative eyes—would be turned on him as the leader, the deliverer, the Joshua of the party. In conversions *per se*, of one kind or another, I take no stock. It is a matter which solely and exclusively concerns the individual; a deal between him and his Maker. It should be a matter too sacred for criticism; where outside meddling falls nothing short of impertinence.

We will now briefly review the chief objections to Sir John Thompson's leadership.

The first count in the indictment charges the Premier with change of religion. Well, all that can fairly be said of this is, that he is in very distinguished company—St. Paul, Martin Luther, John Knox, with numerous lesser though brilliant luminaries. If it be a crime *per se* to change in Sir John Thompson's case, it was likewise a crime in the cases of all these high and distinguished personages. Does not this charge come with bad grace and strange inconsistency from the apostles, *par excellence*, of the right of private judgment.

The second count charges him with being the tool, minion, emissary, or other soul-destroying instrument of the Jesuits. The Society of Jesus is the *bête noir* of your orthodox Protestant. The Jesuit is *le garoux* to subdue refractory youngsters. Although a "Papist" to the manor born may, without his cognizance, be wriggling all his life in the toils of jesuitry, it is difficult to conceive how a convert, be he ever so sincere, could, in broad daylight, with his eyes wide open, fall headlong into the Jesuit trap, with his every sense on the *qui vive*. Assuredly, warning has availed him little. The convert, before his change of heart, has heard the Jesuit denounced in all the moods and tenses, as the emissary of Satan, and his methods as the ways of

that infernal individual. Did he happen to escape this bugbear at home, he was sure to encounter it abroad, it being a topic in many an evangelical pulpit, tub, and conventicle. It is, moreover, the favorite theme of the literature specially directed to Protestant propaganda. Be the convert ever so sincere and zealous, he cannot wholly divest himself of all his early training and associations. Hence, at every step, he would be intently watching for Jesuit snares and pitfalls; treading warily and cautiously as an old mouse in presence of the dreaded cat's skin. Yet despite all watching, and it may be praying, every convert, by some inexplicable Jesuitical *leger-demain*, is tripped up by the heels, and enveloped in a haze from which he can never more emerge. Talk of the necromancy of the dark ages. It is as nothing to the witchery of the nineteenth century, with all its railways, telegraphs, telephones, phonographs, table-turnings and spirit-rappings.

It behooves us now to examine another charge, to separate the grain from the mass of chaff, and see what foundation there is for so grave an accusation. It appears that the department of the Government over which Sir John Thompson presides, in its ordinary routine, reported adversely to Federal interference with an Act of the Quebec Legislature regarding the settlement of the Jesuits' Estates Claims. It is not disputed,—much less denied—that the Quebec Government and Legislature were the lawful and only custodians of this trust. If memory serves, it passed both branches of the legislature without a dissenting voice, certainly without a division. Forsooth, because the Department of Justice did not recommend a veto of this purely local measure—a measure antagonizing no Federal policy,—a measure clashing with no Dominion statute—the head of the department must be in league with anti-Christ. Be that legislation well or ill-considered, ex-

pedient or inexpedient, its disallowance would establish, beyond room for disputation, provincial autonomy to be a huge farce. It would reveal the stupendous folly, if not crime, of maintaining a local government with all its costly paraphernalia, a gilded toy to amuse adolescent children.

Such is the slim and unstable foundation on which this vast fabric has been raised. It is difficult to restrain admiration for the fertility of imagination capable of creating so much that seems real, tangible, corporeal, out of material so aerial, fantastic, fictitious.

Another count charges the Premier with being the nominee of Archbishop O'Brien and the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, and of aiding and abetting these gentry in a deep-laid plot to hand over this country, body and bones, to the keeping of the Pope. An accusation so grave, and, to many of the lieges, so blood-curdling, should be supported by evidence insusceptible of doubt, by evidence overwhelming in its weight, perspicacity, and directness. But what do we find? Not a shadow, not a tittle, not the pretence of evidence. No, not enough to hang an innocent "Papist" in the days of good Queen Bess. Sir John Thompson was chosen by the late Sir John Macdonald as a member of his Government. Was he, too, in the plot? Was he also the nominee of Archbishop O'Brien? Earl Derby entrusted Sir John Thompson with the formation of the present Government. Is he, too, cognizant of the conspiracy? Is he likewise the nominee of Archbishop O'Brien? Perchance the Jesuits had a finger in the pie,—pulling invisible strings to which danced governors, premiers, and prelates!

Wherever there is smoke, there is said to be fire. But the fire on this occasion is akin to the fox's proverbial fire, when on a frosty morning Reynard bombarded a cairn. The whole romance, the whilom gigantic edifice, has been founded on the epistle of the bishop of Antigonish (Cam-

eron) to his flock, on the appointment of Sir John, then Hon. Mr., Thompson, to the Canadian Cabinet. The constitution enjoins that the responsible advisers of the Crown must be members of either branch of the legislature. As it seemed undesirable to bury a man of Sir John Thompson's abilities in the torpid Senate, he must obtain a seat in the elective or popular branch; *ergo*, some constituency must approve of his acceptance of a portfolio. Here was the dilemma. Had Sir John Thompson continued a Protestant, scores of constituencies would be at his disposal. They would be vying with one another for the honor of being represented by so distinguished a man. It is well-known that, outside of Quebec, there are very few constituencies in the Dominion where a Catholic can be elected under any circumstances. Antigonish is one of these "few and far between." Right Rev. Dr. Cameron, in an epistle to his flock, with the utmost publicity set the matter before them in a plain unvarnished tale. He told them, in so many words, that, owing to blind, irrational bigotry, a Catholic, how high soever his attainments, how great soever his merits as a citizen, is almost as completely excluded from the government and legislature of his country, as if the penal laws were still in full force. He appealed to his people to enter their solemn protest against this worst kind of tyranny. He counselled them to lay aside for once their political differences; and rally around the standard-bearer of the sacred principle of equal rights to all citizens, irrespective of race or creed, clime or color. Dr. Cameron acted within his rights. This is the beginning and end, the alpha and omega, of the spiritual conspiracy hatched to throttle Canada, and hand her over, gagged and manacled, to the tender mercies of the Pope. Let me be not misunderstood. Than the writer, there is none who would more sternly rebuke, more unflinchingly resist, undue clerical influence in public

affairs—more especially in all matters pertaining to the untrammelled freedom of the electorate in the choice of their representatives; for this freedom is the bulwark of free institutions. I concede to the cleric exactly the same right as I concede to the lay. He is entitled to use the same weapons, advice and argument, as any other citizen. Hands off the spiritual sword every time, is, and always has been, my motto.

No Catholic can be silly enough to look for public favors because of his religion. In the race for political honors and public appointments, Catholics ask only a fair field and no favor. They ask to be judged as the citizens of a free country—each individual on his own merits and record. If they cannot furnish material equal at least to the best offering, then let them, by all means, stand aside. The country needs the services of her most gifted children. But they do protest, and will continue to protest, against being set aside, ignored, ostracised, because of the accidents of birth, bringing up, or choice of religion.

A further count in the indictment contains a strange interpretation and jug-handled criticism of the Premier's legislative and administrative record, particularly since the demise of the "Chieftain." It is hardly fair, it is far from generous, to saddle Sir John Thompson specially, and exclusively, as if he were the sole culprit, with all the sins and shortcomings of the last government. He is responsible to exactly the same extent as the rest of his colleagues of the Abbott Administration. It is quite in order, and explicable on party lines, that Liberals should oppose and condemn the general policy of a Conservative Government. This may be termed their constitutional function. But it is, to say the least, hard to expect Sir John Thompson to follow in their footsteps. While a member of a government, he is in honor bound to carry out and defend to the best of

his ability the policy chalked out for him by his party; or, failing this, to take up his hat and walk out. There is no middle course. A public man cannot, or should not, "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds." A public man who values honor, fame, and justice, above his own selfish and mercenary ends, will not "practise duplicity to accomplish his ends." At the Council Board it is the privilege of a minister to oppose or seek a change of policy. There he may seek the repeal or amendment of a statute. But when once a policy is determined on, it is the solemn and sworn duty of every minister loyally to carry it out, or, if he cannot conscientiously do so, sever his connection. Many a good man and true, honestly believes that the latter alternative would be Sir John's best course, whether gauged by prudence or honesty. But the responsible agent for Sir John Thompson's acts—Sir John himself—evidently thinks differently; and, I doubt not, as honestly and sincerely believes that his course is the one best calculated to serve the public. In such matters, either side is liable to be mistaken. It is opinion against opinion; and what are you going to do about it? In a free country, every one is entitled, on speculative subjects, to his own opinion, however ridiculous it may seem to his neighbor.

As to Catholic support for the Premier because of his religion, Sir John Thompson is greener than he is credited with, if he expects anything of the kind. Catholics, like other citizens, support the political party whose principles accord best with individual predilections, regardless whom the leader for the time being may chance to be. Leaders are ephemeral; principles are eternal. But in an intelligent community, it could not fail to raise for Sir John Thompson the sympathy and support of his co-religionists, if it transpired that he was being deserted by any considerable number of the rank and file of his party be-

cause of his religion. Catholics,—English-speaking Catholics, at least,—have suffered too much for conscience' sake, to be indifferent to the fate of a co-religionist, knifed for his religion. Party allegiance will always be secondary to freedom of conscience; and must yield whenever the latter is menaced. Men, who would desert their leader on account of his religion, would lead him to the stake and light the fagot: they have the will; they only want the way.

Sir John Thompson's assailants assert that their hostility is not begotten

of bigotry. What then is all the pother about? His ability is conceded, and, *a priori*, his fitness. Not one of his detractors has the hardihood to charge him with any impropriety in his private life or public career. He is not accused of any disloyalty or recreancy to party fealty. One and all admit that personally he is *sans peur, sans reproche*. If any "kicking" Conservative can point to any one objection to his selection as head of the Government, but his religion, the public would like to hear it.

AN IDYL OF THE PLOUGH.

Siller clouds, an' laerocks sang
 Up in the April blue;
 Doon in the field the hale day lang
 Young Geordie at the plough.
 "Gee-wo-min! hie-min! hie-min-hie!"

Buddin' trees an' bloomin' gorse'
 Aroon' the headrig braw;
 He turns the fur, an' steers the horse,
 Doon mony a bonnie raw.
 "Hie-min! hie-there! hie-min-hie!"

Katie in her new print goon,
 Atween the hedges green,
 Comes steppin' blythely to the toon,
 But ne'er let's on she's seen.
 "Hie-min! wo-there! wo-min-wo!"

Geordie in the furrow stands,
 An' glowers the lang road doon;—
 The reins hard grippit in his hands,
 What ails the donnert loon?
 "Hie-min! hie-there! gee-wo-hie!"

Red, red the west; a weary craw
 Sits on the idle plough;
 But Geordie's to the town awa:
 What's in his noddle noo?
 "Hie-min! hie-there! wo-man-wo!"

Up through the scented gloamin' sweet
 At last comes daunderin' slow,
 Love's langour in their lingerin' feet,
 Young Katie an' her Jo.
 Ay min! ay!

—JESSIE KERR LAWSON.

POLITICAL LESSONS FROM THE TIMES OF CICERO.

BY EDWARD MEEK.

THE political situation of the Roman Empire in the time of Cicero affords many lessons which apply with striking force to the political condition of the commonwealths existing at the present day.

The Roman experiment of self-government, though based on a narrow foundation, was carried out on an extensive scale. In the age of Cicero, the commonwealth was nearing the apex of its greatness. Its military discipline had conquered, and its generals and governors ruled, all the civilized and settled peoples of Europe and Africa, and of Asia as far as the confines of Persia. Rome had become the centre of power, of government, of wealth, and of civilization.

The condition of a nation at any period of its history, is the result of the forces which have operated in its development.

After the abolition of Monarchy, the Roman constitution, at first oligarchical, gradually became more democratic.

All the offices, from those of Pontifex Maximus and Consul, down to the lowest, were elective. Most of the officials were elected annually,—every Roman citizen from the wealthiest to the poorest, having a vote.

It was a plutocratic age—a new and numerous wealthy class had grown up—most of them ready to purchase their way into office and power. Hence, electoral corruption and bribery became rampant. In theory, every office was open to the poorest; in practice, none but the wealthy could hope to succeed.

There were stringent laws against bribery and corruption at elections. Then, as now, the ballot box prevented intimidation and concealed corruption.

Then, as now, there were election contests, election trials, and elections set aside, and men were unseated, disqualified and disfranchised for corrupt practices.

Corruption and intimidation eventually found their way to the seat of justice. Injustice, violence and disorder called for the interference of a stronger power. The way was opened for a permanent Dictator; and Julius Cæsar, the man of destiny and necessity, became supreme ruler.

The wars in which the Romans were forced to engage, compelled them to be conquerors, or to submit to the dominion of neighboring states. The subjugation of the Italian states carried with it their ultimate incorporation in the Roman commonwealth. Each conquest brought the state in contact with some new tribe or nation. This generally produced new complications and imposed new duties, which, in honor, the victors could not shrink from undertaking. These circumstances and conditions made the Romans a nation of warriors. Created and maintained by martial discipline, the commonwealth necessarily developed the military element, and that element naturally became predominant. The career of a soldier was the surest road to honor and power. Eventually it opened the way to the acquisition of wealth. War, originally a necessity, became in a time a profession. The patriotic citizen, in the early days, took up arms as a duty, and fought for the honor and glory of his country. Latterly, the soldier made the practice of arms the business of his life, and enrolled in the legions for the pay and spoils of war.

It seems clear to us, and it must have been apparent to many Romans,

that such a system would necessarily produce a military despotism.

The element by which the growth and progress of the state was nurtured, at last became the governing force.

Every institution of the commonwealth was designed to inure the people to war, and to inspire them with an aspiration for conquest and dominion. At times, a desire for peace gained the ascendancy, but the intermittent calms were deceptive. The Temple of Janus was occasionally closed, but the war spirit still lived in the Temple of Mars. Indeed, it seemed impossible for Rome to sink down into a peaceful life, without endangering or destroying her national existence. In a republic, there are always ambitious individuals, and this was true of the Roman republic. The tribunes, prætors, quæstors, and consuls became the generals of armies, and the governors of provinces. Veteran legions might salute their general, "Imperator." This distinction, bestowed by soldiers in the enthusiasm of victory, ultimately became a more exalted title than any conferred by the votes of the citizens. The victorious general was supported by the votes and influence of the veterans who had served under him in the camp and field. The support of the soldiers formed an increasingly powerful element at the annual elections.

Another influence had become powerful in the commonwealth. The commerce and finances of the world became centred in Rome. The spoils of war, the wealth, and the wreck of nations, found their way to the great city. Captive peoples were sold and purchased in her slave markets. Some men became enormously wealthy, and wealth purchased political power,—a Crassus could equip and maintain an army with his annual rents. Political power was thus reduced to two elements. "Government rested," says Cicero, "not on the constitution; not on the laws; not on the will of the best citizens, but on the power of

"money, and on the force of soldiers,"—the one representing the power to purchase; the other the power to compel.

"When matters had arrived at this stage," says Tacitus, "the spirit of the constitution was dead. The outward forms remained, the elections were held, the consuls, prætors and tribunes were annually chosen, but they could no longer command, unless supported by the army. The real power was in the hands of the wealthy, and of the army." The consuls, the representative heads of the republic, consulted the Senate, and acted on its advice; but when the Senate proved adverse, they could act on their own magisterial authority, or could apply to the "Comitia"—the Assembly of the people. The constitution set no limit to the power of the Assembly to decide any question whatsoever that was laid before it, and the magistrates might, at any time, consult the people, rather than the Senate. The will of the people in the "Comitia" had, in the most explicit and unqualified manner, been declared to be supreme, alike in the election of magistrates, in the passing of the laws, and in all matters affecting Roman citizenship.

In practice, the Senate, not the Assembly, was the Legislature of Rome, and the adviser and director of consuls, and governors of provinces; but eventually both the Senate and the magistrates fell into the hands of a class which, in defiance of all laws, arrogated to itself the titles and privileges of a nobility. The Senate could always be convened. Matters were generally settled by a "Senatus Consultum," without any reference to the people at all, but, though the Senate tried to engross the whole legislative and administrative powers of the commonwealth, yet, legally, it had no sound constitutional authority. It could merely advise magistrates, when asked to do so. It was customary for the magistrate to ask the Senate's advice on all important matters (as the

Senate was the most convenient body to be consulted), and to follow such advice when given; but, if the magistrate chose to act independently, the Senate was powerless. The Senate had no legal authority over the Assembly, and except in certain specified cases, it rested with the magistrate to decide whether a question should be settled by a decree of the Senate, or by a vote of the Assembly; and the magistrate was not bound, except by custom, to obtain the approval of the Senate before submitting a proposal to the Assembly.

In the last days of the republic, the whole tendency was in the direction of ignoring and setting aside the authority of the Senate. But, when the authority of the Senate was set aside, the difficulty arose of finding a sufficient substitute. Some central authority was needed. Such authority was found in a "Dictator," supported by an army. The army obeyed the "Dictator" rather than the Senate, and the magistrates were also pushed aside, and subordinated to this absolute authority. The Assembly and the army made Marius and Sulla, Pompey and Cæsar, notwithstanding the strong opposition of the Senate.

"In the better days of the Republic," says Sallust, "good morals were cultivated in the city and in the camp. There was the greatest possible concord, and the least possible avarice; justice and probity prevailed among the citizens, not more from the influence of the laws, than from natural inclination. Citizens contended with each other in nothing but honor. They were magnificent in their religious services, frugal in their families, and steady in their friendships. By courage in war, and equity in peace, they maintained themselves and their state. They adorned the temples of the Gods with devotion, and their own homes with honor. They took nothing from the conquered, but the power of doing harm. Their descendants, on the contrary, have even wrested from

their allies whatever their brave and victorious ancestors had left to their vanquished enemies. As if the only use of power were to inflict injury.

"At first the love of money, and then the love of power began to prevail. Avarice subverted honesty, integrity, and every other honorable principle, and in their stead inculcated pride, inhumanity, and general venality.

"Men made a sport of wealth, and were ambitious to squander disreputably what they had gained with dishonor. To gratify their appetites and passions, they indulged in all kinds of luxury and extravagance, without restraint." "They acted as though the perpetration of outrage were the only legitimate exercise of power.

"After Lucius Sylla recovered the government by force of arms, things proceeded to a more pernicious determination: all became robbers and plunderers. His victorious troops knew neither restraint nor moderation. Their rapacity was increased by the circumstance that Sylla treated them with extraordinary indulgence. Such troops, when they obtained a mastery, despoiled the vanquished of everything. Wealth was considered an honor, and poverty was thought a disgrace. Luxury, avarice and pride prevailed among them. They grew rapacious and prodigal. They undervalued what was their own, and coveted what was another's. They lost all distinction between sacred and profane, and threw off all consideration and self-restraint. Sloth, indolence, dullness and stupidity had taken possession of the nobility. They regarded the fame and virtue of another as infamy to themselves. They had recourse to slander and detraction against any seeking to rise by their own merits."

The small freeholders disappeared from Italy. The lands were owned by the wealthy. The estates were worked by gangs of slaves, superintended by freed-men. The old usages, beliefs and traditions, under which the re-

public had grown up, and which formed the solid substratum of thought among the masses of the people, by degrees had given way before the incoming tide of new ideas and fashions, intellectual and social, from Greece and the East. In temper and mental structure, the Roman commonwealth had ceased to be republican long before the republic fell. The people, deprived of their lands, drifted to the cities, became idle, and without settled habitations. They began to covet other men's property, and to regard their liberty, and the interests of their country, as objects of sale. They entertained themselves with spectacles of cruelty and sensuality. Gladiatorial fights and bloody exhibitions were their daily pastimes. The habits and thoughts produced by such influences were necessarily debasing and brutalizing. How could such men hope to retain the respect of mankind? How could they expect to remain the rulers of the world?

The generals, governors of provinces and pro-consuls—though accountable to—were independent of the Senate and the Assembly. They were free to rob and impoverish the provinces over which they ruled. Their insatiable greed, the exactions and forced contributions of the armies, the extortionate usury charged by Roman money-lenders, and the annual demands of the rapacious tax-collector, had reduced the provinces to an almost helpless condition of destitution and despair.

"The laws," says Tacitus, "disturbed by violence, defeated by intrigue, and undermined by bribery and corruption, afforded but a feeble remedy." The oppressed could appeal to Rome, and, in the better days of the republic, their appeals were heard, and the oppressors were sometimes severely punished. But, as venality increased, the sense of justice became blunted, and the appeals ceased to be effectual. The provinces, thus helpless, and wearied of the mixed author-

ity of the Senate and people, distracted by contentions among the powerful, longed for any change which might bring them relief. And the Roman citizens themselves were tired of anarchy and civil strife. The wealthy desired peace to enjoy their riches, whether well-gotten or ill-gotten. The industrious artisans, merchants, and agriculturists all welcomed peace, that they might enjoy the fruits of their labor.

It became immaterial what form of government should be established. The necessities of the time demanded only a strong government—one that could suppress disorder, alleviate injustice, and restore prosperity and peace throughout the civilized world. It was felt on all sides and by all parties that a strong central authority was needed.

Such was the condition of the Roman commonwealth when *Marcus Tullius Cicero* flourished.

Cicero believed in senatorial government. In this respect he agreed with the political principles of Sulla, and, by association and inclination, he naturally became the head and the orator of the senatorial party, the leadership of which the great Pompey was reluctantly forced to assume. Cicero thought the authority of the Senate could be restored,—that it could be converted into such a governing force as the Roman commonwealth required—that its voice was still sufficiently powerful to recall and replace ambitious pro-consuls and generals, and to punish their extortion and corruption.

From these mistaken opinions, his reputation as a statesman has greatly suffered, but, in his efforts to maintain the old constitution, and to restore the authority of the Senate, the Assembly, and the laws, he displayed a patriotism and abilities which entitled him to the immortality he possesses. He looked with alarm on the growing power, ambition and influence of the pro-consuls and imperators. He endeavored to thwart the increasing aggrandisement

first of Pompey and then of Cæsar. By his powerful eloquence, and no less powerful pen, he exerted his brilliant genius in support of the authority of the Senate and constitution. He appealed to the old Roman spirit, but the old Roman spirit had passed away. The senators—the only body capable of ruling—were too much engrossed in the acquisition, or in the preservation and enjoyment of their wealth, to act for the preservation of the commonwealth.

In Cicero's time, the Senate was not the body of Conscript Fathers it once had been. In the days of the elder Cato, it was the most august body of rulers the world has ever beheld; and many men of learning, virtue and honesty, were still to be found on its benches. Some, such as Cato, of the truest patriotism and highest character, still adorned its ranks, and added dignity to its consultations by their wisdom and eloquence; but the proscriptions of Marius and Cinna, and the wholesale slaughters of Sulla, had almost annihilated the old race. Fear for their wealth, their families, and their lives, paralyzed all. Sulla had filled the vacancies with new men, many of them ignorant—others, the brutal instruments of his cruelty. To awaken in the minds of such men an adequate sense of their duties and responsibilities; to inspire them with justice and patriotism; to elevate them to a proper appreciation of the greatness of the powers they were expected to exercise, as just and humane rulers of the civilized world, and to give them courage to support the constitution, was a task beyond the powers even of Cicero.

Cicero has said that "A commonwealth ought to be immortal, and forever to renew its youth." The question arises, could the Roman commonwealth have survived the disorders, internal weaknesses and destructive forces which worked for its dissolution? If wise counsels had prevailed in the Roman Senate, and the demands

of Cæsar had been granted, or his fair offers fairly met, the war between Cæsar and Pompey, or rather the parties they represented, might possibly have been averted; but the Senate had lost both its wisdom and its power. The two surviving triumvirs had arisen far above its authority. Nothing less could satisfy the ambition of the party represented by each, than universal rule.

Again, after the death of Pompey and the destruction of his party, was it possible, with Cæsar at the head of affairs, to restore a constitutional government? It seemed the desire of Cæsar to do so; but what he might have done, had he continued to live, can only be judged by his actions during life. After his assassination, the efforts made by Cicero to revive the patriotism of the leading men, and to restore the authority of the Senate, were worthy of a better result than the formation of a second triumvirate.

The death of the consuls, Hortius and Pansa, at the battle of Modena, gave a fatal blow to all his plans and labors. Had the consuls lived and retained the control of a powerful army, in the interest of the Senate and the constitution, it seems possible that the life of the republic might have been prolonged. The difficulty has always been to provide a sufficient reward for patriotism. The honor and glory of fighting and dying for one's country, sounds very well, but, with the mass of mankind, the glory of self-denial and self-sacrifice of this kind has not, and never has had, a sufficient influence to restrain those who have the means from acquiring the substantial rewards of victory and power. It may be true that "the life of a commonwealth ought to be immortal, and forever to renew its youth," and this would be the result if all the members of the commonwealth possessed an equal amount of patriotism.

But men are naturally and necessarily selfish, ambitious and grasping. The struggle for existence exists in

society, as well as elsewhere, and will continue, no matter what forms, rules, or regulations society may adopt. This struggle implies the survival of the fittest, in their way, and consequently the extinction of the unfit.

Octavius and Antonius were both ambitious of gaining and retaining supreme power. The vast armies they controlled supported their commanders in this. It became impossible for them to recede from the position towards which they were advancing. Indeed, it is generally impossible for a man at the head of a party, an army, or a nation, to stop short of the highest results to which the force he represents aspires and can attain. Should a leader attempt to do so, another leader will at once be found to take his place and assume the responsibility.

On the whole, I think the condition of Roman society, as it existed in the time of Cicero, was necessarily and legitimately produced by the forces and influences which had been at work in the commonwealth for centuries, and that the tendency of those forces and influences, and their natural consummation, was a military despotism.

Mr. James A. Froude, in his exhaustive and eloquent sketch of the life of Julius Cæsar, says:—"The public life of a nation is but the life of successive generations of statesmen, whose horizon is bounded, and who act from day to day as immediate interests suggest." I do not agree with this proposition. There are movements and forces operating in all nations, arising from their habits, institutions and surroundings, much stronger and more lasting than the individual will of any statesman. It is such natural characteristics, institutions and surroundings, that make and mould the life and history of the nation. The statesman can, at most, be only the leader or exponent of the strongest sentiment; and it is possible only for one who is such an exponent to

become the leading statesman of the nation.

Again, Mr. Froude says:—"The life of a nation, like the life of a man, can be prolonged unto the fulness of its time, or it may perish prematurely for want of guidance, by violence, or internal disorders." Can we accept this proposition without question? Can the life of a nation be prolonged? May it perish prematurely for want of guidance?

The forces operating in a nation may appear to prolong or prematurely to determine its national existence. They produce both the statesmen and the national life,—the guiding minds and what may appear to be the premature decay. But the immutable laws of cause and effect operate in the political and social as well as in the material world. What happens is the necessary result of sufficient cause or causes. We may indulge in endless speculations as to what might have happened had the preceding circumstances been other than what they were. History is the recorded experience of national life. From its lessons we may learn to check tendencies and eradicate evils which have proved destructive to the life of other states.

The parties in the Roman republic became military parties. The death of a leader might disorganize a party, but would not change the condition which produced it. The defeat at Pharsalia and the death of Pompey did not destroy his party; it still required the battles of Thapsus and Munda to crush it. The assassination of Julius Cæsar and the defeat of Mark Antony did not crush the Cæsarian party; it ultimately triumphed under the guidance of another. A nation may perish for want of guidance, but is such dissolution premature? When the conditions to call forth the guiding hand have ceased to exist, the guide cannot be produced.

Sylla did not aim at establishing a dynasty. His object was to restore and remodel the constitution by placing

the supreme authority in the custody of the Senate. By his sanguinary methods, did he prolong the life of the commonwealth? I think not. His policy proved only destructive and demoralizing. Cæsar did not contemplate the establishment of a dynasty or senatorial rule. His only plan seemed to be the creation of a supreme executive authority, leaving the legislative and judicial functions of the Senate, the magistrates, and the Assembly unaltered. Can it be said that Cæsar prolonged the life of the Roman commonwealth, or could have done so, had he lived? I think not. The forces which produced the political institutions of the commonwealth had become extinct.

The following lessons may probably be gathered from the history of the last days of the Roman commonwealth:—

1. That any government, from which the elements of justice and humanity are eradicated, cannot hope to be permanent.

2. That any government which develops the military element at the expense, or in excess, of all others, is tending surely towards a despotism, and will necessarily end in subjecting the nation to military rule.

3. That, when an army once feels its power in the state to be paramount, the way is open for the most popular or successful general to become the supreme ruler.

4. That true national development only takes place where intellectual and social superiority can gain the ascendant, or can have free scope to obtain such recognition and reward as they may merit.

5. That any government which does not exercise its power with the highest justice, humanity and moderation, has no right—other than the right of the strongest—to rule over any nation or people.

6. That a military despotism wielded by a wise and enlightened ruler may be a better government, and

more advantageous to civilization and progress, than a democracy torn by dissensions and strife; but, as such a ruler cannot always be the best and wisest of men, the best possible kind of government which mankind has yet experienced, is where the people govern themselves, in a well regulated democracy, either directly or by representatives.

7. That the annual election of the magistrates to the various executive, judicial and administrative offices of the commonwealth, and the law forbidding a re-election for two or more years in succession, was a radical defect in the constitution, and exercised a pernicious influence on the administration. It deprived the state of the services of men who had proved themselves industrious, capable and honest officials, and it gave opportunities to the corrupt and incapable, of procuring themselves to be elected to offices which they never tried to administer for the welfare of the people, and the duties of which they had no time, even had they possessed the inclination, thoroughly to master.

8. That the permission and encouragement of human slavery, by any nation, discourages industry and exertion among the free citizens; and the system, when generally adopted—as it was by the Romans—becomes a great source of weakness, and tends eventually to bring about national destruction.

9. That any system of government which facilitates the accumulation of vast estates and great wealth in the hands of the few, at the expense of the body of the nation, is subversive of free institutions, and is dangerous to the liberties, and unfair to the honest industry of the people.

In this connection, I will quote the appropriate language and sound advice of Sallust, from one of his letters to Julius Cæsar,—“Whenever wealth “is held in the greatest esteem, all “praiseworthy qualities, such as integrity, probity, moderation and

“temperance, are despised. For, to
 “honest eminence there is but one
 “path, and that a difficult one; but
 “wealth every man pursues in his own
 “way, and it is acquired as success-
 “fully by disreputable, as by honor-
 “able means. Let no one, therefore,
 “be thought more qualified on ac-
 “count of his wealth to pronounce
 “judgment on the lives, or to deal
 “with the fortunes, of his fellow-
 “citizens. Let no one be chosen con-
 “sul from regard to fortune, but to
 “merit. He, who by merit gains

“wealth, position, or reputation, feels
 “the greatest care and anxiety for the
 “welfare of the state.”

Such were also the principles ex-
 pressed in the strong and copious elo-
 quence of Cicero. But the time had
 come when words not backed by the
 force of legions were of no force.
 Only generals at the head of armies
 possessed authority, and the tumult
 continued until all the contending
 elements were consolidated and paci-
 fied under the authority of Augus-
 tus.

IN SUMMER.

O'er a hundred leagues of clover bloom
 And billows of waving corn,
 With her dewy tears sun-kissed to smiles,
 Comes the first breath of morn.
 Oh, the blossoming earth and the pearly sky,
 The cool, fresh scent of sweet things growing!
 I'll vex me no more with life's how and why,
 Or the things that lie beyond my knowing.
 I am alive, in a world new-born,
 Here is no room for scorning;
 God's dawn o'erflows the eastern skies,
 And the wind blows straight from Paradise,
 At four o'clock in the morning.

—L. O. S.

SOMETHING ABOUT HAWAII.

BY H. SPENCER HOWELL.

SITUATED 2,100 miles from California, 4,000 from New Zealand, and about the same distance from Japan, the Hawaiian Islands are therefore nearly in the centre of the Pacific Ocean, and just within the tropics. It takes six days and a half to reach the group from San Francisco, and about thirteen days from Auckland, New Zealand. There are eight principal islands—all of volcanic origin. The climate is delightful; so even that there is

the sea-level.) The native race evidently sprung from those wandering tribes which left the shores of Asia in the second or in the third century: certain it is that their traditions point to the fact of their occupation of the islands as early as the sixth century. From the year 1095 (giving an approximate length of time to each ruler) the Hawaiians have had an unbroken line of sovereigns—down to the present year. In 1542 the group was



IOLANI PALACE, HONOLULU.

only a difference of about twelve degrees between midday and midnight, and between summer and winter: the thermometer has not, within the last ten years, registered higher than 90° in the shade, nor lower than 54° (on

discovered by Gaetano, a Spanish navigator; and there is a legend that two ships were wrecked on the largest island, Ow-hy-hee, about 1527, and the sailors were compelled to remain and to intermarry with the natives. Cap-

tain Cook landed at Kealakakua Bay, on the west coast of Hawaii, in 1779, and there he was killed. Kamehameha I. conquered the entire archipelago

and blue-jackets from the man-of-war *Boston*. Queen Lilioukalani wished to form a better kind of government than that which had been in power



NATIVE RIDING WITH A "PAU."

in 1795, and a kingdom it has been ever since. In 1819, the people renounced the ancient religion: the first missionaries arrived in the same year and christianized the inhabitants of nearly all the islands—although there are many natives who still worship, in secret, the idols of their forefathers. The independence of the country was acknowledged in 1844. Although the islands were twice captured—once by the French and once by the English—the acts were done in error, and an apology was tendered the Hawaiian government by England and France. Certain Americans attempted to do the same thing in 1855, but the English and French consuls protested that it would be in contravention of treaties.

The alleged "revolution" of the present year was projected and carried out by a ring of sugar-planters and adventurers, under the protection of the then United States minister, Stevens, assisted by American marines

during the past few years; and one which would give the natives the preference; but when Her Hawaiian Majesty promulgated the new constitution the revolutionists deposed the queen and established a "provisional" government. (Which meant that they would still provide themselves with big salaries!) The cost of administering the affairs of this little kingdom had been something enormous—about a million dollars a year. The heads of departments received \$5,000 per annum: the courts of justice cost, in the two years, \$181,000: the expenses of the Legislature were \$35,000; Department of Foreign Affairs—\$217,000; Department of Finance—\$751,000; and the Department of the Interior no less than \$2,646,170; while there was an "appropriation" for *Miscellaneous Matters* to the extent of \$183,000—and still another "contingent" amounting to \$96,000! It would be interesting to know how much of this went into the pockets of

the natives! President Cleveland has shown wisdom in ordering the Hawaiian flag to replace the stars and stripes.

The heir to the throne is the Princess Victoria-Kawekio-Kaiulani-Lunalillo-Kalaninuiāhilāpalapa; and, whether she reaches the seat of honor in the Iolani Palace or is forced into exile, many of the natives will follow her fortunes—be they what they may; for it is the same all over the world—there is a spark of chivalry within the heart of every man, and deep-seated though it may be, 'tis kindled into flame by the touch of woman's hand. Of course it is possible that the political life of these beautiful islands may go through a complete change in the next few years; for all things change in time; there is no

promise made by woman only a breath of wind.

The Hawaiians of old worshipped many gods—deities who presided over the elements of nature, over nearly everything that was seen, and whose power was recognized in almost every act of their everyday life. The *Tabu* was the dread law that held the whole nation in servile bondage; and the chiefs and the sacred priests made it terribly oppressive to the common people. And yet with all this tyranny they were well governed; their private rights were respected—as long as they respected the rights of the chiefs in authority over them. It is strange that natives of tropical countries cannot stand civilization, that the advent of store-clothes and responsible government is but the precursor of na-



THE PALI, ISLAND OF OAHU.

perpetuity on earth—even as there is no finality beyond the grave; the strongest fortress constructed by man is but a heap of sand, the most solemn

tional decline and final extinction. The Hawaiians are not by any means free from guile; but envy, hatred and malice seem almost unknown among

these simple islanders. The native women are fine looking: they walk each with a carriage like that of a princess: the dress is a long, flowing robe—called a *holuku*—short in front, and with a train which they usually carry tucked up under the arm. Then, too, there is the *panu* (pronounced pah-oo) or divided skirt, which is worn on horseback, as they ride astride of the horse. Seldom is a native—man or woman—seen without a wreath of

as easy for a kanaka to get a divorce from his wife as it is to get a mortgage on his goods and chattels.

Honolulu is situated on the island of Oahu—not on Hawaii, as most people imagine; it has a population of about 25,000. There is a good telephone service in the city; the streets are lighted by electricity, and tram-cars run on the principal streets. A short line of railway runs out to Pearl Harbor—seven miles away. No one

who has seen the beautiful streets of Honolulu can ever forget them—the magnificent rows of cocoa, sago and royal palms; the overhanging tamarinds and “Prides of India”—with their scarlet crests; the stately breadfruit trees and *lauhalas*. The Iolani Palace, which cost over \$500,000; the Parliament Buildings, Kamehamehan Schools and Queen Emma’s Hospital, are all worthy of inspection, and would be creditable to any city in the world.

The Museum contains a fine collection of Polyne-



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, HONOLULU

flowers around the neck, or hat; these are called *leis* (lays), and look very pretty on the orange-colored and white *holukus*. The language is harmonious; it has a soft, flowing accent, not unlike Italian. One word, in particular, is heard on all sides, and that is “*Aloha*.” This means “love,” but it also takes the place of our “good morning,” “good night,” “kind regards,” etc. Divorces are very frequent among the Hawaiians; it seems

as if it were as easy for a kanaka to get a divorce from his wife as it is to get a mortgage on his goods and chattels. The Museum contains a fine collection of Polyne- sian curiosities; here we find specimens of the great *mamos*, or royal cloaks, *kahilis* and calabashes. The *mamo* was a bird that was once found on these islands; it had two bright yellow feathers, one under each wing; so it may be imagined the length of time it would take to procure enough feathers to make a large cloak: that of king Kamehameha I. had been in process of manufacture during “nine generations of kings!” The *kahili* is

is a sort of feather-banner, with a highly ornamented handle. The handle of one of these was a shin-bone of a rebel chief; while a *poi-bowl*—or calabash—was ornamented with teeth taken from the jaws of the slain enemy!

Kapiolani Park is a favorite resort of the people of Honolulu; it contains 200 acres, beautifully laid out in walks and drives, flower-beds, little lakes and rivulets—where millions of gold-fish can be seen swimming about in the shallow waters. Here, once a week, the Hawaiian Band plays in the evening. I found it delightful to sit on the river bank in the glorious "purple night," watching the flickering lights reflected on the surface of the Waikiki stream, and listening to the charming music, or *meles* sung by the natives; while through the *hau-tree* branches the misty-wing flitted about and sang her even-song. The band

The Hawaiian hotel is a large building, surmounted with a tower, from which a fine view can be obtained of the sea on one side and the mountain on the other. All the servants are Chinese. Cabs for tourists and others are always in readiness at the front door; but they are expensive luxuries in this city.

Still, few visitors lose the oppor-



ROYAL PALMS, QUEEN EMMA'S HOSPITAL.

often plays in front of the hotel: there is a large square in front, with many palm-trees, algarobas, and tamarinds, on the trunks of which are placed twenty or thirty electric lights; so on concert nights the place is very brilliant; whilst to the beauty of the scene are added the bright-colored dresses and flower-wreaths of the happy-faced native girls!

tunity to engage one of these hacks to take them out to see the *Pali*—an immense cliff, six miles from Honolulu, and one of the grandest sights, in the way of scenery, on the island. The road gradually rises to the height of 1,200 feet; after passing through "the fair Nuanuu valley" it strikes into a narrower gorge—where the mountains rise on either side in steep

precipices, green with ferns and clinging vines, and where little white mountain owls soar among the jagged peaks; then it takes a turn round a great, red rock wall—beyond this is the *Pali*. To the right and left a palisade of broken crags swoops downward to the sea-shore; in front, the mountain breaks off, a perpendicular cliff; eight hundred or a thousand feet below is a beautiful valley, dotted with cultivated patches, groves of palms, sugar-cane plantations, coffee-gardens, with here and there a cottage or farm-house. Far away, beyond the variegated coloring of the landscape, is the Pacific ocean, shining like a sea of silver. This spot was the scene of the last battle fought between Kamehameha and Kalani of Oahu: there the invaders, under the former, drove the poor islanders through the pass and over the precipice, and for many years their bones could be seen whitening in the sunlight on the ledges, 800 feet down from that terrible cliff.

About four miles from Honolulu is Waikiki, the chief bathing place; where, at nearly all hours of the day, natives and others may be seen sporting in the waves. There is a "toboggan-slide" erected on the beach, where the bold swimmer may come down at full speed and plunge far out into the sea. Here, too, many native girls are seen, bobbing up and down in the surf; their heads decorated with long, streaming switches of sea-weed. On the island of Molokai, on the north shore, is the leper settlement: here, at Kalawao and at Kalaupapa, are districts set apart from the main island, where hundreds of unfortunate human beings are doomed to pass the remainder of their lives. No sadder sight can be imagined than that of a young Hawaiian girl torn from her friends and family—and they so affectionate, these gentle islanders—taken to the rock-bound lazaretto below the sombre precipice of the Kalea Pali, and cast among the outcasts of the world; so soon to die. And, perhaps,

the very morning of the day of her arrest the poor thing did not suspect she has the fatal mark upon her. Who can describe the feelings of the condemned when the surf-boat grates on the beach—the shore from which she never can return? For many days the tear-dimmed eyes look seaward—far away, to that indigo cloud-shape which tells of her Oahuan home: for many weeks the aching heart seeks but to be alone: then comes the yearning for companionship in misery, and friendships are made; and the kind Franciscan Sisters come to the aid of the afflicted, helping her with words of sympathy and thoughtful acts to bear her terrible misfortunes with resignation.

Lahaina, on the Island of Maui, was once the capital: it is an ancient, sleepy-looking place, with long, shady streets, thatched and open lanais, and general tropical appearance. Behind the town the mountains of Maui rise up to the height of nearly 6,000 feet;—great dull-grey rocks which form a gloomy contrast to the light green sugar-cane fields and the cocoa-palms along the shore. Maui possesses one of the largest extinct volcanoes in the world—the crater of Halè-a-ka-la, which means "Palace of the Sun"; it is 23 miles in circumference and 8 miles in diameter; the scoriaceous walls enclosing the great hollow are 2,000 feet high. This monster volcano is 10,032 feet in height, and contains sixteen cones, from 400 to 900 feet high, within the barren cinder-field!

Kailua, on the island of Hawaii, was where Kamehameha died, in 1819: the priests hid his bones so carefully that they have never been found. Hilo, on the opposite side of the island, is a town of about 8,000 inhabitants. There is a saying among sailors on the Pacific:—"follow a rain-storm and it will take you to Hilo!" The only active volcanoes are on this island.

Mauna Kea (the white mountain) is extinct; but Mauna Loa (the long mountain) has been very active within

the last few years. One of the most destructive eruptions was the famous "mud-flow" of 1868. A large fissure, half a mile wide, opened in the side of this mountain at an elevation of about 5,000 feet, and a stream of hot

On a shoulder of Mauna Loa—twenty miles to the east—is the active volcano of Kilauea. In ancient days this was supposed to be the home of the greatest and most terrible, as well as the most beautiful, of the Hawaiian



THE OLD COCOA-NUT PLANTATION.

mud and lava poured out and flowed down to the sea-shore, carrying all before it. It is said to have travelled at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. Besides cattle, horses, sheep and goats, eighty-one human lives were lost! In 1881 another eruption occurred; but this was vertical—coming from the summit. The people of Hilo saw the molten lava slowly descending the side of the mountain, dividing itself into two streams—one part turning down towards Waimea, the other coming on in the direction of Hilo. It travelled at the rate of 75 feet an hour—slowly but surely; nine months after the outbreak it reached within three-quarters of a mile of Hilo: there, fortunately, it stopped.

deities—Pelè, the goddess of volcanoes: Kilauea is over 4,000 feet above the sea-level, and about 28 miles from the coast, by road. The great crater is two and a half miles in width and nearly four miles in length; it is a huge sunken pit, five hundred feet deep. Nothing can be more desolate than this black, rugged, lava-bed; it has the appearance of a storm-tossed ocean, suddenly petrified, wave mounted on wave, and yawning chasms gaping from beneath great mounds of tumbled lava-blocks. At the south end is the ever-active crater of Halè-mau-mau—"house of everlasting fire." Around the edge of this chasm are innumerable cracks, extending in broken lines, large enough to receive an ox,

and apparently unfathomable: beyond the bluffs clouds of sulphur-steam are constantly pouring out from the crater. Two hundred and fifty feet below is a lake of molten lava, half a mile wide, that lashes itself in waves of blinding light, as the gory lava is hurled high in the air by the subterranean explosions. The whole surface is moving; cracks appearing here and there, flashing now crimson, now gold, as the great cakes float off, to be swallowed up in the vortex in the centre. Sometimes the red lava at the edge will open and curl back showing the white-heat within; then the masses will heave up and furl over, as though in fiendish ecstasy. The fountains in the middle of this fiery maelstrom will sometimes shoot up forty or fifty feet; the great clots of lava falling back into the caldron with a hissing sound, and spattering in all sorts of fantastic shapes. But it is the slow movement that seems to tell of the irresistible forces, the mighty powers within the volcano; there is something majestic in the way in which the immense sheets of lava slowly tear themselves from the walls and sail onward to destruction. Viewed from the upper edge of the inner crater, the sight is truly grand, impressive—the most magnificent, perhaps in all the world! Compared with Kilauea, the volcanoes of the Andes are but smoking chimneys; Etna and Vesuvius—glimmering rush-lights. No wonder the Hawaiians of old worshipped at the throne of Pelè—no wonder that they still offer sacrifices, in secret, to the dread ignipotent; for where can be found a greater earth-god? Powerful in its constant movement; inextinguishable in its fiery glow; unapproachable in its heat and its sulphurous incense-fumes—it is more beautiful than anything else in nature's world, more horrible than aught conceived by man; it has the brilliancy of the heavens, it is the mouth of hell!

TO PHYLLIS, IN HER HIGH DISPLEASURE.

The fair sweet morn had come. Her'laughing eyes,
 Brimful of daring mischief, had undone
 Old Triton's self, and glancing shoreward won
 For many a slow-winged honey-thief a prize
 That wild-flowers love to lose. Ah! he was wise
 At stealing kisses whom she looked upon!
 E'en Zephyr's cool lips caught the wanton fun,
 And laughing echoes filled the wind-kissed skies.

What could I do when you laughed, too! My love!
 If you but knew how sweet that music fell,
 From lips—to tempt Ulysses' bonds in twain!
 If that blind boy whose eyes you have would tell
 Where mine learnt all their daring, then above
 These clouds should come the fair sweet morn again.

A CANADIAN IN NEW YORK.

BY ELGIN MYERS, Q.C.

A SHORT sojourn in New York in the summer of 1891, where I was the recipient of much disinterested kindness at the hands of Mr. Erastus Wiman, so increased the interest that had previously been aroused in me by the accounts in the public prints of his achievements in the business, political and literary world, that now that his financial fame has become somewhat dimmed, I feel a desire that his countrymen should have at least some faint insight into the character of a

and at such great sacrifices of time and money, labored to promote the interests of the land of his birth. It should be of interest to Canadians to study the development of one of their own countrymen, who, friendless and alone, without the prestige of family connection or social influence, and aided only by his sturdy independence of character, unusual capacity, and stubborn perseverance, arose from the position of a friendless lad earning a mere pittance as a farm laborer, to the commanding eminence of one of the leaders of the business, political and literary world of the continent.

It is in the hope that a short narrative of the incidents of that career will prove a stimulus to those who are about setting out to buffet the waves of the world, with possibly neither friendship nor capital other than their own individual merits and a determination to succeed, as well as in the hope that that narrative will bring nearer home to the Canadian people the life of one of their own countrymen who has gained distinction in a foreign land and who has been so misrepresented and misunderstood, that I have essayed this task. It is not within the province of this article to account for the recent eclipse of Mr. Wiman's star of fortune, nor to investigate its causes, whether they be founded on wrong business methods or miscalculation, or whether, as is more probable, his fortunes have been engulfed in the whirlwind of financial disaster that seems at present to be invading so much of the earth's surface. Suffice it for the present in this connection to simply reproduce the following portion of an article from a newspaper published in Staten Island,



ERASTUS WIMAN.

man who for so long a period has occupied the attention of the people of this continent, even though that information be imparted by one so incapable of adequately performing the pleasing task as myself. The radical difference of opinion that exists between us on the subject of this country's future should, in my opinion, form no bar to the attempt to do justice to one who has so unselfishly

which has for many years been his home:—"From real estate, stock in Rapid Transit and Electric Power companies, there seems ample assets belonging to Mr. Wiman's estate to pay all the indebtednesses in full, while behind it all is the energy, the ability and great force of ambition of one who fought in their home the Vanderbilts and their satellites and beat them all."

Of incidents in his career there is no lack. His life has been so active and so interwoven with that of the people, of all classes, that his biographer will not be troubled to find them, but will be perplexed by an embarrassment of riches. The great difficulty in preparing this article was to select from the great mass of facts, anything like a detailed relation of which would fill several volumes, those that might be deemed the most characteristic and at the same time, would not swell to an undue compass a magazine article. To the casual observer the most striking feature of Mr. Wiman's character, in view of the vastness and absorbing nature of his business enterprises, is his sentiment and imagination, two qualities that seem to be essential to that attribute in man that is generally termed greatness, but which are plants of so tender a growth that they have been crushed out of many men by the pressure of business pursuits, that, in many instances, have not been of so engrossing a nature as those that engaged Mr. Wiman's attention.

The youth, personal habits, religious beliefs and domestic life of a man of mark are always subjects of deep interest, the narration of which, as light streaks tend to relieve a darkened firmament, incline to brighten the heavy narration of the more weighty affairs of life. Beginning with his youth we find this erstwhile millionaire, at the age of twelve years, working as a farm laborer in the neighborhood of Churchville, near Brampton, in Peel County, a few miles west of Toronto, for the pittance of

fifty cents per week. We next find him for four or five years employed as a newsboy and then as a typesetter in the newspaper office of his cousin, the Honorable Wm. McDougall, who conducted the celebrated "North American," which, after enjoying a short but successful career under its brilliant manager and editor, became extinct. Here young Wiman worked from ten to sixteen hours per day at wages commencing at \$1.50 per week and ending at \$5.00.

A reminiscence of his newsboy career was forcibly and pleasantly recalled in London a year or two ago when dining as a guest of Lord and Lady Thurlow. The latter, during the course of conversation, remarked that she too was a Canadian. Upon Mr. Wiman asking whose daughter she was, he was informed that she was Lord Elgin's. "Oh," replied Mr. Wiman, "I remember now, your birthday was on a New Year's day, and I heard your first cry." Curious to know how this could be, Mr. Wiman explained to Lady Thurlow that he was the newsboy who delivered the papers about forty-five years before at Elm-slie Villa, which was situated just beyond Yonge street entrance to College Avenue, Toronto, where Lord Elgin, then Governor-General of Canada, resided. The house was a great distance from the street, and on this particular morning the snow was deep, and no track having been made, the newsboy, not large of stature, whilst beating his way through it became covered with snow. The weather was bitterly cold, and the kindly butler taking him into the hall before the large stove let him warm himself. The house, between the bustling of the servants and doctors, was in great confusion. Suddenly the vigorous cry of an infant heard through the door, and the butler exclaiming, "Thank God it is over," revealed to our newsboy friend that the future Lady Thurlow was born.

In passing, we may remark, that it is a comment on the small size to

which steam and electricity have reduced the world, and on the present all pervasive democracy, that the newsboy forty-five years later was, 3,000 miles away, the honored guest of this titled babe. The gold sovereign that Lord Elgin conferred on our friend was the first he ever possessed, and the joy it bestowed caused the naturally warm heart of Mr. Wiman to go out in generous contributions to the newsboys as regularly as succeeding New Year's came round.

These sums, as well as the farm wages, small as they were, were freely and regularly handed to a widowed mother to be applied to the common support of herself and a little sister, who divided between them the solicitude of the noble son and brother. Let it be said here that deep affection and never failing care for this widowed mother were among the strongest features of Mr. Wiman's character. Several citizens of Toronto, some of whom have occupied, and others of whom now occupy, positions of trust and honor, take pleasure in testifying, as indeed they also do to all the incidents of his Canadian life that are recorded here, to the noble self-sacrifices on the part of Mr. Wiman, in his earlier struggles for existence, to not merely support, but render comfortable and happy, his widowed mother, thus testifying to the possession of one of those human qualities that approach nearest to the Divine,—that of never failing filial love. It is needless to say that this anxious solicitude accompanied the mother through life, the need of support increasing with the capacity to contribute it, until death finally closed the eyes of one, who, while taking a last loving look upon her devoted son, prophetically foresaw that he would attain the eminence of what the world calls success.

From the many incidents that could be selected of absorbing interest at the newsboy period of his career, is one which also illustrates the narrowness

of his circumstances. When young Wiman lost his week's wage of \$5.00, rather than permit those who were dependent upon him to suffer from want, his filial and brotherly love prompted him to borrow from his co-workers in the office a sufficient sum to tide over the week, a sum which it is needless to say was speedily repaid out of the savings of future earnings.

The next we see of young Wiman is on the staff of the *Toronto Globe*, as commercial editor, where his keen commercial instincts soon became so manifest that they attracted the attention of Mr. R. G. Dun, who had established the enterprise of mercantile reporting.

The subject of this sketch went into the employ of this firm as a reporter, and his abilities soon raised him successively to the positions of manager of the Toronto and Montreal agencies, in which capacities he acquired that thorough and accurate knowledge of the commercial affairs of the Dominion, including a detailed information of almost every business man from Halifax to Winnipeg, for which he is so distinguished. Starting with a great prejudice in Canada against it, owing to its being regarded as a sort of detective concern, the broad and enlightened spirit with which its designs were pursued under Mr. Wiman's management soon rendered the agency one of the most popular institutions in the mercantile world, and soon caused it to be regarded as an indispensable adjunct to commercial life.

So successful was he in the management of the Canadian branch of the business, that he was, some twenty-five years ago, shortly after the close of the great American Civil War, invited to the larger field of usefulness in the commercial metropolis of America, to assist in the management of the business there. His success in the smaller sphere of action was only the harbinger of his triumph in the greater, for he brought to bear in his connection with the New York concern the

same industry, energy, wonderful knowledge, tact and enlightened methods that characterized his management of affairs in Canada, until an institution that was up to that time regarded with the same distrust that it had been in Canada, soon developed into the most marvellous and popular system of commercial reporting in the world. The agency, when Mr. Wiman was removed to New York, possessed only eighteen branches, whereas it now has 150, an enormous revenue, and a large army of employés. His knowledge of printing found full scope here. He soon reorganized the printing department, improved and enlarged the Reference Book, which contains the names and rating of every trader in the United States and Canada, and it soon became the best credit authority in the United States. To him more than to any other man is due that marvellous success of commercial reporting which renders it possible for every trader, no matter how remote his location, from Maine to California, from Vancouver to Halifax, to procure credit in the great centres of commerce in accordance with the resources and standing he possesses at home.

Of almost incalculable advantage to the South was this system as thus perfected. At the close of the war all industries there were necessarily in a disorganized condition, so much so that almost universal distrust of the capacity of the business men prevailed. Owing, however, to the wonderful Reference Book, information was soon disseminated relative to the deserving and reliable, confidence was quickly restored, business men obtained that credit which was so essential to their existence, and the distrusted and desolate South soon began to blossom as the rose. The book also soon became the guide, philosopher and friend, and indeed the almost indispensable auxiliary to every counting house. The success of the Mercantile Agency System is an enduring monument to

the business ability of Erastus Wiman and his associates, and alone is sufficient to satisfy the ambition of any ordinary man, for unless it had been well conducted it could easily have been the most unpopular of institutions.

It would be wrong, however, to suppose that this was his only achievement, although it is the one in which we believe he takes the most pride. Not satisfied with accomplishing, in connection with the agency, what was sufficient for the work of one life, he, almost immediately on arrival in New York, with that rapid insight into affairs that is so characteristic of him, saw what the multitude of other able financiers of that great metropolis failed to fully realize, the immense possibilities of Staten Island, which forms part of New York State, and lies six miles distant from and opposite New York, in a hollow of the coast of New Jersey. This island has been termed the Isle of Wight of America. Possessing an area of about 58 square miles, a shore capable of adding ten miles additional harborage to the port of New York, having in its north and centre lovely elevations which slope beautifully in all directions to the shore, Providence seems to have specially designed this favored place as an example of what His beneficence can accomplish for man in furnishing a spot where he could revel in luxurious delight, and which he could also turn to the most practical use. When Mr. Wiman first conceived the idea of putting to use this favored place, the beautiful uplands in its centre were almost unknown. Under his wise and skilful directions, the reputation of the island has much increased as one of the most popular resorts for recreation and amusement of the multitudes of the adjoining cities, who seek its sylvan retreats as a relief from the burdens of active business life, as well as one of the points to which is eagerly directed the attention of those men of affairs, who perceive the immense

commercial possibilities that are centred there.

One of his first and most noted achievements in this connection was the securing of a charter for the construction of a great railway bridge connecting the State of New Jersey with the island. This was accomplished against the whole force of that combative state, which did not wish to see its own water fronts depreciated in value by the presence of a competitor, combined with the enormous vested interests of the great railway corporations which had termini in that state, opposite New York city. After cyclopean efforts, he finally got the authority of Congress for its construction, and it stands to-day another monument to the ability, courage and pertinacity of this masterful man. By it, the Baltimore and Ohio and eight other trunk lines of railway are admitted to the harbor of New York making Staten Island probably the greatest future railway site in the world.

The Kill Van Kull bridge was incidental to the construction of the Rapid Transit Railroad in Staten Island, which Mr. Wiman also carried through against the immense local influence of such famous capitalists as the Vanderbilts and John H. Starin, who, as we would naturally suppose, would not care to be deprived of the monopoly they theretofore enjoyed in the ferry service between New York and the island.

The control of this ferry service was soon obtained by our Canadian friend. A direct result of the establishment of Rapid Transit and the building of the railway bridge has been to increase communication between the Island and New York city, by ferry, from 15 times per day to 58 times, to cause real estate to double in value, population to rapidly increase, the establishment of many additional manufactories, the price of products to the consumer to materially diminish, and to add a vast residential suburb to the adjoining overcrowded cities.

In the following extract from a letter recently written to Mr. Wiman, Sir Roderick Cameron, a large real estate owner there, expresses the universal sentiment respecting the value of Mr. Wiman's services to the island: "As fellow Canadians, we have differed in our political views, but there has never been an hour during the past ten years, when I have failed to appreciate what you have done for our island home. Your losses are as but a drop in the ocean compared with the enormously increased value of the island property, entirely due to your foresight and unflagging zeal. Keep up your spirits and all will be well with you."

One of Mr. Wiman's ambitions was to make the island a great centre for out-door amusements, and to this end he formed the Staten Island Amusement Company, which engaged for months the exhibition of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show on the island, and procured, at a cost of \$40,000, the celebrated Electric Fountains from England, which now form so great an attraction at the World's Fair at Chicago.

Out of the electric display grew the Richmond Light, Heat and Power Company, also promoted by Mr. Wiman, designed to supply every manufacturer and every private individual with light, heat and power, "on tap," and to render night as day, through the many miles of foliaged slopes, lovely glades, and shady dells of Staten Island. It will, on completion of the pending improvements, supply not only lights, power and traction for manufactories and domestic purposes, but will also supply power to an electric railroad system our Canadian friend has planned in connection with a large land enterprise, which will thus make accessible to New Yorkers cheap homes in the romantic but almost unknown interior of the Island.

These vast undertakings in the country of his exile which have been enumerated, apparently did not mon-

opolize, much less exhaust, the energies of this truly energetic man, for we find him in 1880 and 1881 engaged in organizing and promoting the Great North-Western Telegraph Company of Canada, of which he soon became president, and he, after many years of patient, skilful and persistent negotiations against obstacles that would have appalled a man of less courage and perseverance, succeeded in leasing and practically amalgamating the old Montreal and Dominion Telegraph Companies, which were, by this act, placed on a solid financial basis, thus securing substantial dividends that are being paid, up to the present time. Not content with the performance of these labors in the commercial world, Mr. Wiman has for years accomplished in the political world what would have sufficed for the energies of any ordinary man.

Among his less prominent achievements was one dictated by that broad and disinterested philanthropy, and sympathy for human misfortunes, which have, from his earliest boyhood, been among his most happy characteristics. I refer to the Act for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, a barbarous punishment that was, until the good offices of Mr. Wiman were enlisted to secure its repeal in 1887, permitted by the highly civilized state of New York. Under the old law, men for years had languished in Ludlow-street gaol for the crime merely of being too poor to pay their debts. The movement for its repeal originated in the case of one Ross, a Canadian from Montreal, who had been incarcerated for some trifling indebtedness which was paid by Mr. Wiman, who restored him to his family on the anniversary of the evening when angels ushered into the world the message of peace and good-will towards men, with pockets filled not only to furnish his family with a Christmas dinner, but to relieve their immediate necessities as well. From Ross, Mr. Wiman heard of the five years' incarceration

for debt of another person who was, from sickness contracted in gaol, likely to die soon, unless released. This man, by the way, had a wealthy brother in Montreal, who has liberally endowed a seat of learning there, but who was apparently unmoved at the prospect of his brother pining in gaol in New York for debt. I am unable to state whether or not he endowed a Chair of the Humanities. Mr. Wiman, during the course of his investigation into this man's case, was so struck with horror at the whole situation that he determined that perpetual imprisonment for debt should be a thing of the past, and going to work with his resolute will and against great obstacles, not the least of which was the stony indifference of the public, he eventually succeeded in accomplishing his aim.

On the wall of one of the cells in the Tombs of New York are these words, written by still another man, which bear mute testimony to the constant going about doing that unostentatious good which letteth not the right hand know what the left hand doeth, that characterized all Mr. Wiman's deeds of charity: "I am to-day forty years of age, and I thought I had not a friend in the world, when Erastus Wiman sent me a Christmas dinner. I vow that before I am fifty I shall be rated in the book which this man prints worth half a million, and before I am sixty I will be rated at a million." As idle as this boast at that time no doubt appeared, it has been more than fulfilled, as one of the largest places on Broadway, owned by this man, in which he is doing annually a business of \$6,000,000, amply testifies.

A tale of absorbing interest is connected with his release from the Tombs, which was secured by Mr. Wiman, which is too lengthy to relate here. It would be a mistake to suppose that these vast schemes, so scantily outlined, were the limit of Mr. Wiman's achievements. His essays in

political, literary and social spheres during the time he was engaged in promoting these great enterprises, were characterized by the same boldness, energy and comprehensiveness that were the main features of his financial achievements. His mind was probably the first to conceive the vast scheme of joining in commercial union the two vast territories that compose almost this entire continent. His public meeting at Dufferin Lake, in the summer of 1887, inaugurated the movement, in which his heart is still so engaged, and which soon became the battle cry of one of the great political parties of Canada, under the name of unrestricted reciprocity. So engrossed in the desire to benefit his native country was he that he took no less than twenty-five trips to Washington on behalf of this movement, and after a large expenditure of time, money and energy, procured the Committee on Foreign Relations of the House of Representatives to give it the stamp of its approval in the famous "Hitt resolution." His refusal to renounce allegiance to the land of his birth and to take the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States has entailed on him very great inconveniences, among which are a foreigner's inability to hold real estate in his own name, or any title whatever in coasting vessels, in some of which he was largely interested, or to become a director in any banking institution, in one of which he was a large stockholder. This stand taken by him is an unobtrusive testimony to a genuine sentiment of loyalty that breathed in him, and is in striking contrast to the noisy demonstrations of many of his opponents in Canada, who bandy about, without much reference to its meaning, this much abused and misconstrued word.

Among the large number of pamphlets he has published, the vast number of addresses he has delivered, and letters to the press he has written on political, social and scientific subjects,

are many that deal with this question of commercial union between Canada and the United States. No less than twenty-five articles of his grace the *North American* and *Contemporary Reviews*. He received requests to contribute no less than three different articles within five months to the same magazine. His public addresses have been delivered in nearly every city of the Union, and in all the cities of Canada except Hamilton. They have been delivered before the most noted commercial, scientific, educational and literary institutions in the United States. That he has been a powerful agent in the formation and controlling of thought on this continent scarcely any one will undertake to deny.

When we consider the work of this one man, we wonder what limit there is to human endurance, and naturally feel a desire to account for his ability to accomplish so much. That he must be a man of unusual ability, industry and energy goes without saying. Retiring at nine thirty, p.m. and rising at three or four a.m., he has thus been able to perform an amount of literary labor that would have been impossible, in view of his other engagements, without utilizing these early hours, most of his literary work having been done between these latter hours and seven a.m. He was always, when in the city, to be found at his office between nine a.m. and five p.m., after which his well known form could be seen pacing the deck of the ferry which carried him to his happy home in Staten Island, where he reigned as the idol with no rival, and where he usually spent his evenings reading aloud the popular authors to a charmed family circle. In this home, as well as in the city, he also dispensed the most generous hospitality. This extended not only to his private friends, but to the persons composing such important bodies as the Pan-American Congress, the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, the President and

Executive of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and other guests by the hundred.

To his other personal characteristics must be added a vivacity of intellect, a grand physique that has never been enervated by the use of tobacco or the excessive use of ardent liquors, methodical habits, dogged perseverance, a mounting ambition, and, above all, a light-hearted and cheery disposition which, during his whole career, from the time he was a barefooted boy earning fifty cents per week, to the time he became one of the most noted men of North America, has served him so well. Added to this, the springs of human sympathy and philanthropy were ever active within him, thus keeping fresh and green the moral constitution, which seems to react upon and keep healthy the physical, the drying up of which in any one is not favorable to longevity. It is almost incredible to a stranger viewing Mr. Wiman's freshness and vigor, that he is within ten years of fulfilling the sphere of life allotted by the Psalmist to man.

A short enumeration of his benevolent and charitable acts would fill a goodly sized volume. Among the objects of his cheerful support are his first school mistress, aged unmarried spinsters, widows, old men and distant relatives, who have up to the time of the present embarrassment in his finances been the regular monthly recipients of his bounty.

The offices in Montreal and Toronto of the agency with which he has so many years been identified were the centres in Canada from which these donations so freely flowed. No less a sum than \$50,000 has, in the opinion of those best capable of judging, been given by him within the last fifteen years to these objects of his fond solicitude in Canada. If this large sum represents his gifts in Canada, what must be the sum that represents like donations in the United States where the field and demand for them were greater. If, as Burke says, "Men are

ruined on the side of their natural propensities," we have in these charitable gifts the secret of Mr. Wiman's present financial embarrassment. Nothing is clearer to his most intimate friends than that if he had buttoned up his pockets to all cries for aid, the money thus saved, utilized as he so well knew how to utilize it, would have prevented his present temporary embarrassment. Many Canadians in the United States have especial reason to gratefully remember him. Scattered all over the Union from Maine to California are thousands who owe their present prosperity in life to the impulse of his sound and friendly advice and financial aid. His home and office in New York were the Meccas to which all Canadians, from the most prominent and cultured to the most ignorant settler, turned for recreation or help, and none of them went disappointed away. Especially was he solicitous of the welfare of the newsboys and telegraph operators, in whom, owing to his former connection with those callings, he felt a most active sympathy.

An indication of the hold he has gained on the hearts and imagination of the operators is furnished by an incident that occurred at a banquet given by the Magnetic Club in New York, where the chairman, upon introducing Mr. Wiman, said:—"He is the only director on a list of thirty millionaires composing the board, whom any one of the sixty thousand operators would approach with a certainty of borrowing a ten dollar bill."

In view of all these achievements, were the brittle thread which binds him to this life to be now snapped, could any one assert with truth that his life had not been a grand success.

Has it been any the less so because he has probably still twenty years, with all his accumulated experience, his ardor and energy undiminished, within which to recover from his present misfortune? All persons, however much they differ in opinion from Mr. Wiman on various topics, it is believed can join

in the heartfelt wishes of Mr. Bayard, ex-Secretary of State for the United States, and at present American Minister to the Court of St. James, who a few weeks ago thus wrote :

“DEAR MR. WIMAN :—

“The time draws near for my departure for my new scene of duty, but I am not willing to go without an expression of my sincere and hearty sympathy for the financial embarrassment which has come upon you. I cannot doubt but that the same foresight, energy, enterprise and integrity upon which your success has heretofore been builded up, will, in due time, re-

construct your fortunes, and leave you in that condition which you have so well earned and which, I sincerely hope, you may soon regain.

“Wishing you every good fortune, I am most truly and respectfully yours,

“T. F. BAYARD.”

Such words, from such a man, the most representative of all the public men in the United States, fittingly close this tribute to Canada's friend in the United States, as indicating the esteem in which he is held in the country of his adoption, and the influence he wields for the benefit of the country of his birth.



THE MOON-MAIDEN.

(With Illustration by Miss Fanny Saxe.)



I knew there was a maiden in the moon ;
 Something told me,
 And cajoled me,
 When beneath the mystic gleam I strayed alone,
 And those white and frigid flashes
 Fire of life to my heart's ashes
 Gave, as no fervid sun of day had done :
 And, though I could plainly trace
 Aspect of the larger face,
 And her shadowy profile had not known,
 Yet "Selene" 'twas I uttered,
 Or "Diana" softly muttered.
 When beneath the charmed moon I strayed alone—
 "Luna, Luna," low at vesper,
 All enchanted, I would whisper—
 Though so broadly smiled *he* in the moon—
 Thus professing,
 All unguessing,
 Fealty to the Maiden in the moon—
 To the patient, mystic presence in the moon.

REFERENDUM AND PLEBISCITE.

BY HON. G. W. ROSS, MINISTER OF EDUCATION, ONTARIO.

THE Republic of Switzerland, so fortified by nature against the encroachments of the invader, has fortified its constitution by a direct appeal to the popular vote against sudden changes, which for a moment seem plausible, but which on sober second thought may be found undesirable; while, at the same time, by the ancient right of petition, so emphasized in the British Constitution, a halting legislature can be compelled to submit to a vote of the people any question which in the opinion of a certain number of electors requires immediate action. The constitutional process to which these observations apply is called the Referendum, and is briefly as follows:

I. If the two branches of the Federal Assembly agree upon an amendment to the constitution, such amendment must be submitted for ratification to the people before it becomes operative.

II. If one branch of the Assembly favors the amendment and the other disagrees, or if fifty thousand voters demand an amendment, the proposed change must be submitted to popular vote. If the vote is favorable, a new election of both Councils takes place, for the purpose of making the necessary change, and a measure embodying this change, being first approved by the Assembly, becomes law, if approved by a majority of the popular vote, and by a majority of the cantons of the Confederation.

III. On the petition of thirty thousand voters, or of eight cantons, any statute of the Federal Assembly must be submitted to the people for approval.

It will be observed, that where it is proposed to amend the constitution the

Referendum is obligatory. In all other matters the legislation of the Federal Assembly is operative, unless a demand for a popular vote is made as above stated. In the cantons, which in many respects correspond to our counties, a similar demand may be made for a full expression of the public opinion of the canton.

This system of popular control has been in operation since 1874, and although it may appear to diminish the importance of the Assembly, inasmuch as an appeal may be taken against its legislation, to the people, it nevertheless has worked satisfactorily. As described by an able writer in the "*Edinburgh Review*":—"Swiss democracy has met and triumphed over all the obstacles to national unity arising from differences of race, from religious discord, from historical animosities, and from the difficulty, inherent in federalism, of reconciling national authority with state rights. Her present peace and unity are due, as far as national prosperity is ever in reality caused by forms of government, to a constitution which has achieved all that the best framed of polities can achieve, viz., the giving free scope to the energy and ability of the nation."

To a Canadian, the Swiss constitution would appear to be entirely subversive of party government as understood and practised in this country. Following the traditions of Great Britain, we are accustomed to look for the redress of political grievances from one or other of the great political parties of the day, and whatever may be the objections taken to the excessive zeal of party leaders, and to the methods by which they sometimes attain their ends, a system under which the British Constitution has

broadened down from "precedent to precedent" cannot be entirely wrong. Under the banners of party government have marched the greatest statesmen of the centuries, and by its powers of organization have been achieved those victories for civil and religious liberty which are the chief glory of the Anglo-Saxon race. Like all other human institutions, it has its imperfections, and while on the one hand it may boast of enlarging the bounds of freedom, on the other hand it has upheld tyranny and encouraged oppression. But so have ecclesiasticism and democracy, yet who would desire to dispense with the power of either, in their proper sphere.

Occasionally there may arise questions, however, of such national importance as for the moment to absorb the intelligent attention of the whole people, irrespective of party. Such a question was the federation of the Canadian provinces in 1867. Such a question was the preservation of the Union at the outbreak of the great rebellion in the United States, and such a question should have been the settlement of Home Rule for Ireland. The referendum on questions like these, dissociated from all other political questions, would be a great advantage. Had the delegates who agreed to the original terms of Confederation asked the Legislatures of the respective provinces to submit to the people of Canada those terms for ratification, I am confident that that unity of feeling, which happily is now becoming more apparent between the provinces, would have had an earlier and more vigorous growth. Had the United States Congress appealed to the people for an amendment to the constitution, with respect to negro slavery, instead of paltering with the question for nearly half a century, at the demands of the southern slave-holders, millions of treasure and lives would have been spared; and had the House of Commons said we will have a direct vote on the question of Home Rule, inde-

pendent of all other political questions, many a weary hour spent in acrimonious debate could have been given to much-needed legislation. As Dr. Bourinot, in a valuable monograph on "Studies in Comparative Politics," says:—"When a question comes before the people under the referendum, there are no considerations of party to influence their decision; men are not swayed by a desire to keep a particular set of men in office. The nature of the measure submitted is well known to them; it has been thoroughly discussed in the councils of the nation and throughout the country, and men are well able give their vote on its merits. A vote under the Swiss referendum, and an appeal to the people under the English system, are therefore subject to conditions which in one case generally give an impartial expression of opinion on a question, and in the other case may practically bury a great measure of public policy under the weight of entirely subordinate and irrelevant issues." In the United States the adoption of a new constitution by a state, or of amendments which may be proposed by the legislature, was always subject to ratification by the people. As far back as 1778 the legislature of Massachusetts submitted a draft constitution to the electors, and this practice has been followed by every state of the Union since that date. In some cases a vote is taken for the appointment of delegates whose special duty it is to prepare a draft constitution, but whether the draft is prepared by the legislature, or at the instance of a special convention, the popular control over the state constitution is the same in both cases.

Indeed, some states provide in their constitution for a direct reference to the people of questions which are ordinarily settled by the legislature. Wisconsin by its constitution took the right to refer to the voters whether or not banks should be chartered. Minnesota declared in her constitution

that certain railway laws should not take effect unless submitted to and ratified by a majority of the electors. Sometimes a legislature submits a question, in regard to which there is much conflict of opinion, to the people, in the form of a constitutional amendment. The legislatures of Indiana, Nebraska, Ohio and Oregon took this course in dealing with the proposition for extending the suffrage to women, and in 1876, Colorado, which had special power by its constitution to take a vote on the same question, submitted the matter to the electors. It may be needless to add that the franchise was refused in all these cases.

Another form of the referendum which has been acted upon in England, United States and Canada, is to pass legislation which becomes operative only upon its adoption by the people. For instance, in England, before a rate can be levied for the establishment of a free library, a vote of the ratepayers of the parish must be first taken, and there is now before the English house of Commons a bill in the hands of Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, for allowing the ratepayers of parishes, by a two-thirds vote, to say whether liquor shall be sold within certain defined areas. Over thirty years ago the legislature of the state of New York accepted the principle of local option in regard to the liquor traffic, and many other states since that time have adopted similar provisions.

The first legislation adopted in Canada in which the principal of the referendum was involved was the Temperance Act of 1864, known as the Dunkin Bill. By this act any municipal council could pass a by-law for the prohibition of the liquor traffic, but such by-law did not become operative until approved by a majority of the electors. In this case the legislature, which had clearly the power to pass prohibition, delegated its power to the electors, the *initiative* to be

taken by the municipal councils, instead of by a certain number of petitioners as in the case of the Swiss referendum. Similar powers were conferred upon the electors by the Temperance Act of 1878, the *initiative* in this case, however, being taken by a certain number of electors in each electoral district. The power exercised by the old parliament of Canada in the Temperance Act of 1864, although just now contested before the courts, is still exercised by the legislature of Ontario, and under the license act has been extended to the electors in polling sub-divisions, so far as the transfer of licenses is concerned. Municipal councils are also invested by the legislature with power to refer certain questions to the electors for ratification; for instance:

I. Before a free library can be established in any municipality the approval of the electors must be obtained.

II. Before debentures can be issued creating a debt beyond a certain amount, the matter must be referred to the ratepayers of the municipality.

III. Bonuses for aiding industries or railways must be approved by the ratepayers.

Even the location of a school site is often submitted to the popular vote.

The legislation so far referred to has, however, in every instance, involved the following considerations:—

1. Some legislative body, either the House of Commons, the parliament of Canada, the state legislature, the municipal council, or a board of school trustees, must have taken the responsibility of expressing a definite opinion on the question to be submitted.

2. The opinion thus expressed, either in the form of a statute or a by-law, must be submitted for the approval of the people, (a) directly by the authority adopting the same, or (b) through the intervention of another body authorized so to do, or (c) on the petition of the people themselves.

There was therefore :—

1. The discussion of the question in the legislative body in which the power originated.

2. The discussion of the question by the subordinate power authorized to take the next step.

3. The discussion of the question at the polls before ratification by the people.

All the elements of public consideration in the fullest sense of the term were thus united in determining the merits of the question submitted.

There remains one other form of ascertaining public opinion, in regard to which our constitution is silent, and which so far has not found a prominent place in the political organization of any country—the Plebiscite. Although the name has been but recently introduced into political nomenclature, it is nevertheless of ancient origin.

In the struggles in ancient Rome between the plebeians and patricians, for political power, by an Act known as *Lex Hortensia*, adopted in B.C. 286, the enactments of the plebeian Assembly were given the force of law, and the right of the common people to an equal voice in the government with the nobles was from that time recognized. The enactments of the plebeian Assembly were designated *Plebiscita*.

The first Napoleon, in 1804, and the third Napoleon, in 1852, asked the French people to mark approval of their accession to the throne of France, by a popular vote. In the State of New York, a number of years ago, the legislature, having been distracted and perplexed by the question whether articles made by prisoners in the state prison should be allowed to compete with other articles manufactured in the state, invited the opinion of the electors, and accordingly passed an Act in which the question was voted on over the whole state. Of course this decision of the people of New York was not binding upon the legislature; and, as Professor Bryce says in *The American Commonwealth*, "Al-

though the legislature could not expect, by proposing a constitutional amendment, to enable the people to legislate on the point, they could ask the people to advise them how they should legislate, and having obtained their view in this matter could pass a statute in conformity with their wishes."

In the instances above given of the plebiscite, no actual legislation is involved. The practice, under the British Constitution, in order to ascertain public opinion on any great measure, is to dissolve parliament and appeal to the country. Professor Bryce aptly expresses this practice in the following words:—

"It is now beginning to be maintained as a constitutional doctrine, that when any large measure of change is carried through the House of Commons, the House of Lords has a right to reject it for the purpose of compelling a dissolution of Parliament, that is, an appeal to the voters. And there are some signs that the view is making way, that even putting the House of Lords out of sight, the House of Commons is not morally, though of course it is legally, entitled to pass a bill seriously changing the Constitution, which was not submitted to the electors at the preceding general election. A general election, although, in form, a choice of particular persons as members, has now practically become an expression of popular opinion on the two or three leading measures then propounded and discussed by the party leaders, as well as a vote of confidence or no confidence in the Ministry of the day. It is in substance a vote upon those measures; although, of course, a vote only on their general principles, and not, like the Swiss referendum, upon the statutes which the legislature has passed. Even, therefore, in a country which clings to and founds itself upon the absolute supremacy of the representative chamber, the notion of a direct appeal to the people has made progress."

In effect, Professor Bryce says, the House of Commons, through its representatives, goes down to the people and asks them if they approve of certain measures, and if they do, to signify that approval not by voting for the measure itself directly, as in the Swiss referendum, but by voting for an individual as the incarnation of the measure; or, in other words, the people of Great Britain at a general election instruct their representatives to pass certain measures, and they are passed accordingly.

Under a plebiscite this order is reversed. Parliament, instead of passing a measure, and exposing it to the hazards of an adverse election, and its consequent repeal, asks the people in the first instance, for their approval of a general principle, leaving the legislation necessary to give it statutory effect, to a subsequent stage.

Among the objections that may be brought against a plebiscite are the following:—

(1) It is *un-British*. So was the ballot, manhood suffrage, the federal system of government, the municipal enfranchisement of women, local option, municipal government, free schools, free trade, international arbitrations. In this century of progress it will not do for the science of government to stand still while all the other sciences are making rapid progress.

(2) It reduces the responsibility of parliament. Even if it does, what harm? The tendency of representative institutions in modern times is strongly towards a diffusion of responsibility. Our federal system is practically based upon the theory that the perfection of government consists in the judicious sub-division of authority. Has parliament suffered in dignity because it invests municipal authorities, school boards, and other corporations with independent powers in their respective spheres? Or is the House of Commons to-day less dignified because by recent legislation it has conferred upon county councils powers which it

exercised itself five years ago? Even under a plebiscite, parliament must take the responsibility of action before effect is given to public opinion.

(3) It weakens the responsibility of the executive. As in the other case—what harm? The executive must take the responsibility of asking Parliament to submit a question to the people, before a vote can be taken. If this course is deemed unwise, Parliament may in the first instance condemn them, which would lead to their dismissal from power; or the people may condemn them at the polls, which would lead to their overthrow. So far as the executive is concerned, a plebiscite to them is simply a means of ascertaining public opinion. Instead of accepting petitions from individuals and corporations, resolutions passed at public meetings or by organizations of various kinds, as an expression of public opinion, they simply ask the whole people to express themselves coolly and deliberately on the question submitted for their consideration, and, having obtained that expression, they assume the responsibility of accepting or rejecting the advice given.

(4) It depreciates the individuality of public men. Why so? The importance of the question under consideration still remains. The man who favors its adoption could not desire a better opportunity for propagating his views. Every convert becomes an ally. Every effective argument represents a ballot. There is no confusion of issues, and there can scarcely be any uncertainty as to results, providing his views are accepted by the majority. A better field for the individuality of an honest, earnest man would be hard to find.

In favor of a plebiscite the following considerations may be mentioned:

(1) It is an appeal to the calm judgment of the electorate on a simple issue—a yes or no. Instead of a jury of twelve, as in ordinary civil or criminal cases, it is a jury of the nation, and the jurors know that their verdict

may affect themselves and their children to remotest generations.

(2) It increases the responsibility of the electors. In the last analysis, sovereignty is with them. Why should the sovereign not be consulted in matters of state? If an evil is to be removed, who is to be benefited thereby but the people. If a great national reform is to be inaugurated, why not let them share in the honor? Has Edward Burke's great maxim lost its force, namely, "Government by the people, for the people, and *through* the people."

(3) It increases the stability of legislation. In 1855, New Brunswick passed a prohibitory liquor law; the following year it was repealed, and Sir Leonard Tilley, the present Lieutenant-Governor of the province,—than whom no better authority could be cited,—says the effect was injurious to the Temperance cause. Permanence in legislation is quite as important as progressiveness. Under the British constitution, the House of Lords is supposed to check undue haste on the part of the House of Commons. Our Canadian Senate is supposed to discharge a similar duty for us. May we not strengthen this guarantee, that legislation is not ill-timed, by occasionally submitting a great question to a plebiscite.

(4) It is educative in the highest degree. To vote with the party in a general election is not necessarily the highest effort of electoral intelligence, although it usually exhibits a commendable degree of faith in party lead-

ers. To vote intelligently on a great issue, like Prohibition, requires study and reflection. In forming a judgment, the personal equation of party leadership must be omitted, and the responsibility of solving a problem on its intrinsic merits must be met face to face.

The plebiscite, in the form previously indicated, has already been accepted with respect to legislation of a very important character. For the purpose of ascertaining public opinion, even where legislation was not involved, it has been favorably considered. The great convention of Temperance workers that met in Montreal in 1875 recommended the passage of a prohibitory liquor law, subject to ratification by the people. In the same year the Senate of Canada, by a vote of 25 to 17, resolved that should the government feel satisfied that the indication of public opinion by the petitions presented to Parliament was not sufficient to justify the early introduction of a prohibitory law, it would be desirable to take a vote of the electors as soon as possible.

The legislatures of Ontario, Manitoba and Prince Edward Island have accepted the plebiscite with respect to prohibition; and the great National Liberal Convention that recently met at Ottawa has made the plebiscite on the question of prohibition a plank in its political platform. The tendency of public opinion in Canada is therefore evidently in favor of this form of appeal to the electorate on questions of national significance.

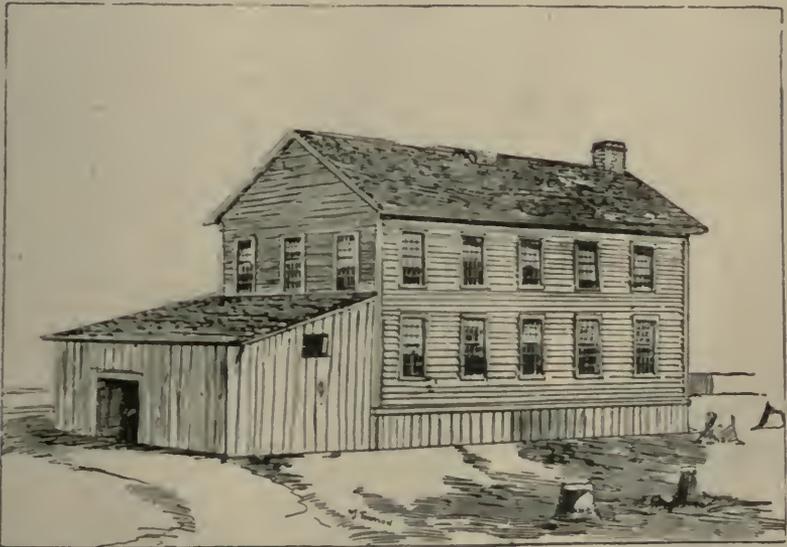


UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

BY W. ALLAN NEILSON, M.A.

AMONG the many proofs of their enlightenment which the English-speaking population of Canada have given to the world, none is more striking than the zeal they have shown on behalf of education. Settlers in a new country have often such a face-to-face struggle with their surroundings, for the physical necessities of life, that an excuse is easily found for the temporary neglect of those higher elements in a nation's life which are represented by the school

This endeavor and this aspiration have resulted not only in the establishment of an organized system of public instruction which can challenge comparison with that of any other country, but also in the establishment of individual institutions which have made reputations that have spread far beyond this Dominion. And of these institutions, none can boast a more brilliant past, or look forward to a more hopeful future, than the one



"THE BLUE SCHOOL," THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE COLLEGE WAS OPENED IN 1829.

and the university. But it is to the enduring honor of this people that they have never resorted to such an excuse, but have endeavored always to make their progress symmetrical, and to afford to their children opportunities of becoming not merely acute commercial men and industrious artizans, but citizens with an aspiration towards the development of those higher qualities which give life its value and its joy.

which forms the subject of this article.

The story of Upper Canada College is so closely bound up with the annals of the province whose old name it bears, that it is necessary to go back to the beginning of things here to find the germ from which the present growth has sprung. It will be remembered that after the Constitutional Act of 1791 was passed, bringing into existence the Province of Upper Canada,



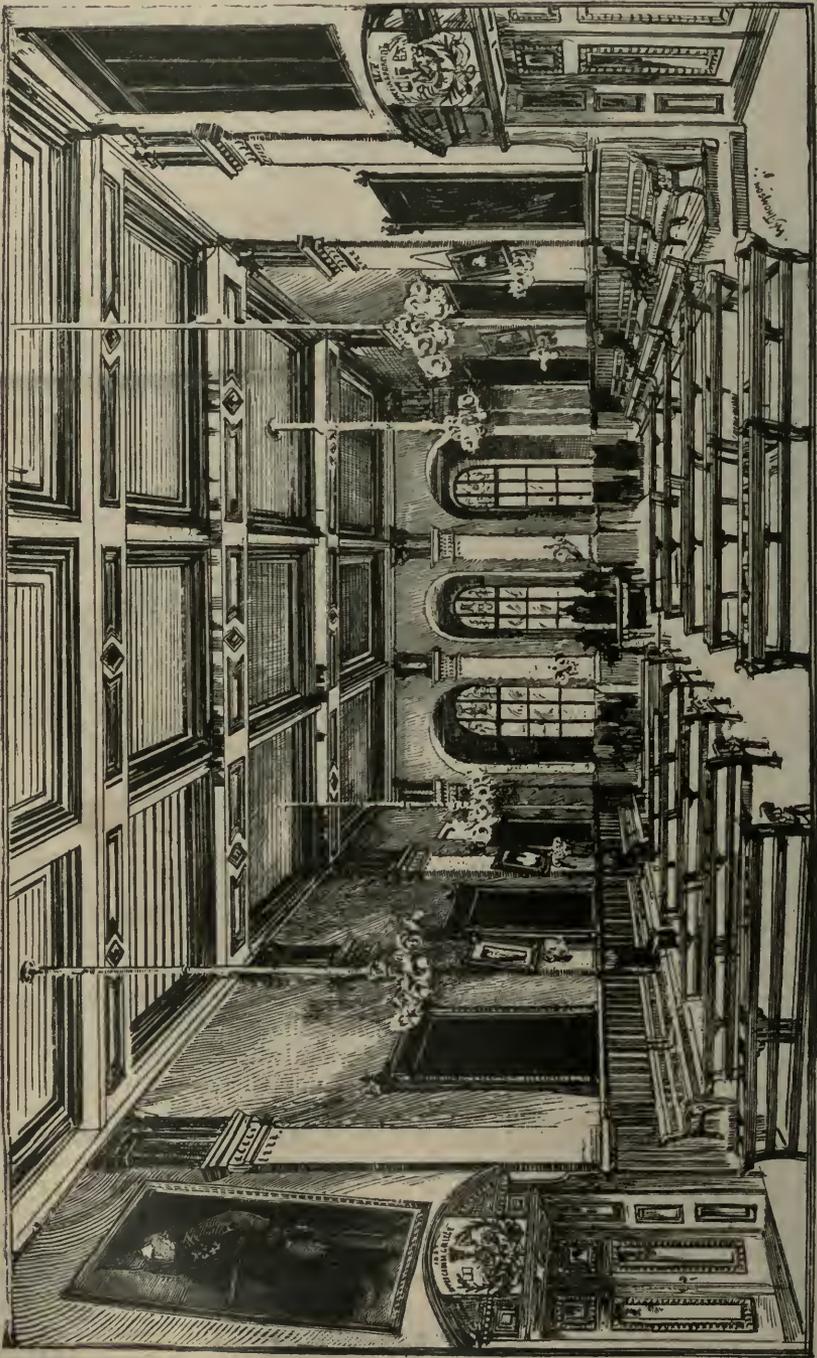
NEW UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, DEER PARK, TORONTO.

the first parliament met at Newark, now Niagara. This parliament passed a resolution for the founding of a Grammar School in each of the districts into which the province was then divided, but it was not till 1807 that anything was done in the York district to make the Grammar School more than a name. In that year the Rev. Dr. George O'Kill Stuart, afterwards rector of St. James's Cathedral, Toronto, opened the "Home District Grammar School," in a small building attached to his house, on the corner of King and George-streets. This school obtained recognition and a money grant from the Provincial Government; and though only a small rude building of one room, about twenty-five feet by fifty, we realize that its importance is not to be overlooked, when we read that it afforded the early training of men whose names are so identified with the progress and prosperity of the province as those of William Cawthra, Alexander Chewett, Charles and George Boulton, George and William Jarvis, and John Ridout. In 1813, Dr. Stuart resigned his charge and went to Kingston, as Archdeacon of that diocese. He was succeeded in the District School by Dr. Strachan, whose name is more familiar to the present generation as Bishop Strachan. Dr. Strachan was a native of the north of Scotland; had been a student of the University of Aberdeen; and, before emigrating to Canada, had had experience as a schoolmaster in a country village in Fifeshire. Before coming to York, he had been at the head of the Grammar School at Cornwall—the oldest school in the province—and one whose reputation he did much to create; and through his energy and originality, he not only put new life into the school over which he had come to preside, but formed a distinct acquisition to the community at York.

After Mr. Stuart left, the school was removed to a building near the corner of King and Yonge-streets, and it was held there till a new building was

erected, about 1816, in the centre of the lot lying immediately north of St. James's Cathedral. This building, usually known as the "Old Blue School," derived its name from the slate blue color with which it was painted. It was a two-story frame building, containing one large plain school-room on the ground floor, about sixty feet by forty, and a large hall upstairs, used for lectures and the like. The vigour of Dr. Strachan's personality, and the enlightened nature of his ideas on the objects and methods of education, made his term of office in this "Old Blue School" much more important in the early history of the province than the modest pretensions of the building itself would lead one to expect. The following extract from an address which he delivered to his pupils throws such a clear light upon his aims, and is in itself so admirable, that we venture to quote it. He said: "In conducting your education, one of my principal objects has always been to fit you for discharging with credit the duties of any office to which you may be called. To accomplish this, it is necessary for you to be accustomed frequently to depend upon and think for yourselves; accordingly, I have always encouraged this disposition, which, when preserved within due bounds, is one of the greatest benefits that can be acquired. . . . It has ever been my custom, before sending a class to their seats, to ask myself whether they had learned anything, and I was always exceedingly mortified if I had not the agreeable conviction that they had made some improvement. Let none of you, however, suppose that what you have learned here is sufficient; on the contrary, you are to remember that we have laid only the foundation. The superstructure must be laid by yourselves."

Dr. Strachan resigned his connection with the "Old Blue School" in 1823, when he was appointed General Superintendent of Education in Upper Canada. He was succeeded by Rev.



PUBLIC HALL, NEW COLLEGE, DEER PARK.

Samuel Armour, M.A., of Glasgow University, and he in turn by Rev. Dr. Phillips, of Queen's College, Cambridge.

Meantime, however, a new Governor had arrived in Upper Canada, who was to bring about great changes in educational affairs. Sir John Colborne, one of the heroes of Corunna, had been, before coming to Canada, Governor of the Island of Guernsey, and in that capacity had shown great energy and enthusiasm in the resuscitation of Elizabeth College there, an old foundation of the Virgin Queen's, which had fallen into decay. The educational zeal which had distinguished him at home was maintained here, and at his request the provincial parliament resolved on a scheme for the establishment of a college and a university. The Governor himself produced a scheme for the new college, and wrote to Dr. Jones, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and requested him, along with a master at Eton and a master at Elizabeth College, to select a principal and three other masters for the institution he was about to found. Plans for the school building and the masters' houses were drawn up, tenders advertised for, and the work got under way. The site chosen was what was then known as Russell-square, now, of course, the Old Upper Canada College Block, and building operations were begun there in the end of the summer of 1829. That same autumn the masters from England arrived. These were the Principal, Rev. Dr. Harris, late Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge; first classical master, Rev. Chas. Matthews, M.A., of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; second classical master, Rev. W. Boulton, B.A., of Queen's College, Oxford; mathematical master, Rev. Chas. Dade, M.A., Fellow of Cain's College, Cambridge. The other members of the staff were the Vice-Principal, Rev. T. Phillips, D.D., who had been head of the "Old Blue School"; Mr. J. P. de la Haye, French master; Mr. G. A. Barber and Mr. J. Padfield,

who taught English, writing, and arithmetic; and Mr. Drury, an artist of considerable ability, drawing master. The Principal was to receive a salary of £600, and the first three masters £300 each, with the privilege of taking boarders.

When these gentlemen arrived, the new building was not yet ready, so the old District School building was repaired and divided into several rooms, to serve until the college buildings were finished. Thus, in the old Blue School itself, Upper Canada College was first opened, and when the school was removed to its own buildings on Russell square, the furniture and part of the fittings went with it, part of which furniture is still preserved as a precious relic in the present buildings in Deer Park. These facts prove, beyond dispute, the right of Upper Canada College to consider itself the lineal descendant of the original Home District Grammar School of York, and the representative of the earliest educational institutions in the city.

The parliament of Upper Canada had set aside, for the endowment of the university and four colleges which it proposed to found, 500,000 acres of land, half of which was to belong to the university, and one-fourth of the remainder to each of the colleges. The other three colleges never came into existence, and their grants lapsed back into the Crown lands; and though 66,000 acres were set aside for Upper Canada College, this was for some time unproductive, and sums of money, amounting in all to £30,000, were borrowed from the funds of King's College to defray the working expenses. To repay this indebtedness, 18,000 acres of U. C. College land were made over to King's College, and the Legislature declared U. C. College free of debt. Orders were at the same time given to sell the remainder of the lands to provide funds for the benefit of the college.

King's College, the institution with which U. C. College had these deal-



THE COUNTESS OF ELGIN AND LADY ALICE LAMPTON, RECEIVING THE BOUQUETS AND CREST OF THE COLLEGE, OCTOBER 20th, 1847, IN THE HALL OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE. (From an old cut.)

ings, was as yet, however, merely a name, and did not come into existence for more than ten years after the opening of U. C. College. During that time the functions of the proposed university were in part fulfilled by the minor college, as Sir John Colborne sometimes called the institution which he had established, to distinguish it from King's College, the University which was to follow; and, in the seventh form, philosophy, higher mathematics, Hebrew, New Testament Greek, and other university subjects were taught. When King's College was at last founded, Dr. McCaul, who had succeeded Dr. Harris as Principal of U. C. College, became first President of the University, and the upper sixth and seventh forms of the school formed the nucleus of the University. Thus was U. C. College the foster-parent of the University.

During the early years of the existence of the college, the agitation which culminated in the rebellion of 1837 was going on, and the Reformers, who were fighting against the family compact, were not very well disposed towards the institution where many of the sons of their opponents were being educated. The feeling seems to have been mutual, for in 1837 the college boys are recorded to have marched to the Government House and offered their services in putting down the rebellion. Governor Head courteously declined, as there was no scarcity of adult volunteers, and having been treated to cake and wine by Lady Head, the boys returned to their books with the sense of having done their duty by their country. After the rebellion, and the reforms which followed it, the college ceased to be in any sense a party institution, and it is now again what it was intended to be at first, a national institution for the training of the men who are to be the leaders in all departments of public life.

How peculiarly Upper Canada College has fulfilled this function of the training of leaders may be realized by

a glance at a few of the names of her alumni. They abound in every sphere of life. In the army we have the names of General Charles Robinson, commander of the forces in Mauritius; General Samuel Jarvis; General Sir Francis Colborne; General Ingall, of Chester; Colonels Dunn and Wells, who charged with the Six Hundred at Balaclava; Lieut. Maule, who also distinguished himself in the Crimea, and was killed there; Col. McLeod; Lieut.-Cols. Williams, Mewburn and Tempest, and many others who fought for Canada within her own borders; Col. Fred. C. Denison, C.M.G., M.P., who commanded the Canadian contingent in Africa; Col. G. T. Denison, who won, against the military experts of the world, the Czar's great prize for the best history of Cavalry Tactics; and many others. Prominent among those who have entered the world of politics is the Hon. Edward Blake, member of the Imperial Parliament; and in the present Dominion House of Commons there are eight old college boys; in the Senate there are four, while in the Provincial Legislatures, the school is proportionately represented. In the legal profession the college claims six chief justices and fourteen other judges, over fifty Q. C.'s, and more than one hundred barristers and attorneys now in practice. In the academic world it can point to over thirty former pupils holding professional chairs, while the President of Toronto University is a former head-boy. The President and two ex-Presidents of the Ontario Medical Council, the Surgeon-General of Militia of Canada, the Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health, and others, all received their education at this college, and show by their standing that, in this sphere, too, the old college boy holds his own. With such a record to look back upon, Upper Canada College can surely claim, with justice, to be an institution for the training of leaders.

But the significance of such a record

is not confined to the past alone; it is immensely important for the present. In a new country like this, men are apt to slight tradition, but there are few influences in connection with a school more inspiring than the tradition of a noble past. The fact of having once done a noble deed, it has been well said, forms a reason for being always noble, and the impulse to live up to a moral tradition makes itself felt in boyhood as strongly as at any period. Thus, the past history of Upper Canada College is not merely a glory to look back upon; it is an active force, giving hope and promise for the future.

convenience. The college, however, again outgrew its habitation, and in 1887 the Legislature decided to choose a site at some distance from the centre of the city, and rebuild there. Accordingly, with the money endowments of the school, a large piece of land was bought in Deer Park, and a magnificent new pile erected there. This was opened in September, 1891, and after two years' experience the college is quite at home in its new surroundings.

The new building is a large red brick structure, with a foundation of brown Credit Valley stone, built in the

form of an E. Entering by the massive central doorway, you find two main corridors leading off to the left and right from the entrance hall. To the right are the reception room, the library, and the dining hall; to the left, on the ground floor and first floor, the class rooms, cheerful, well-lighted apartments, seated with a desk for each pupil. On the first floor, immediately over the entrance and under



THE PRINCIPAL'S LIBRARY, NEW COLLEGE, DEER PARK.

Returning to the history of the college, we find Dr. McCaul succeeded by Mr. F. W. Barron, M.A. Then in succession come Rev. W. Stennett, D.D., Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.A., and Mr. J. M. Buchan, M.A. Mr. Buchan died in 1885, when Mr. George Dickson, M.A., was appointed, under whose principalship the college has reached its highest enrolment.

In 1867, in consequence of the accommodation having been found too limited, additions were made to the buildings of 1829, which greatly improved them, both in appearance and

the tower, is the great assembly hall, where the whole school meets for prayers every morning. The walls are decorated with a magnificent portrait of the founder, Sir John Colborne, portraits of former principals, and massive walnut boards, with the names of head-boys and former pupils who have achieved scholastic distinction. The upper part of the building is occupied with the rooms of the pupils, (each furnished for one or two boys), and the rooms of the resident masters. Six of the staff, besides the Principal and Dean, reside in the boarding-house, each having charge

of a "house" or "flat," the twenty or thirty boys on which are under his immediate supervision. In the basement are well-fitted laboratories in connection with the amphitheatre, which is used for a science lecture room.

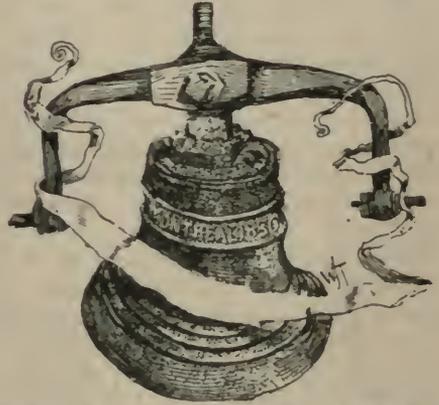
The college is lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the engine room in the central basement, which also supplies power for the college laundry. Behind the college there is a large skating rink, a gymnasium, eighty feet by forty feet, a reading room, and a swimming bath. The grounds, which cover about thirty acres, are laid out for cricket, football, and tennis, and a quarter of a mile race track is in course of construction. Thus, very considerable attention is paid to the occupation of the boys' time outside of school hours, and to their physical development. At the beginning of the session each boy is measured, weighed, and examined by the college doctor, with a view to directing the physical exercise to be taken by the boy. In the lower forms physical drill has a regular place in the school time table. The principal games of the school are, in the autumn term, foot-ball; in the winter term, hockey; in the summer term, cricket and tennis. In the first three of these, foot-ball, hockey, and cricket, Upper Canada College stands this year at the head of all the schools of the province.

A college magazine, a rifle company, and a camera club, all of them flourishing, suggest some of the other means of recreation in vogue among the students.

The teaching staff of the college consists of three classical masters, three mathematical masters, two modern language masters, two English masters, two commercial masters, a science master, a drawing master, two music masters and the physical instructor. The old classical course, which has characterized the school from the beginning, is still maintained, but the student has the option of a modern or scientific course, or a commercial course. The honor lists of

the University in recent years have given evidence that in scholarship, at least, U. C. College shows no sign of falling below the standard which it has reached for so many years.

In many cases, circumstances make it necessary for parents to send their children from home to be educated, and the Legislature only does its duty in providing for such. But necessity is not the only reason to be urged for



THE OLD COLLEGE BELL, NOW ON THE GYMNASIUM OF THE NEW COLLEGE IN DEER PARK.

the maintenance of the residential school. An able writer in an American magazine says of such schools in England:—

There is reason to believe that the rich Englishman finds for his children in the great public schools the best antidote for the enervating influences of wealth. These schools have long been, and are, the real salvation of the upper class of English society. Here a boy drops rank, wealth, luxury, and for eight or ten years, and for the greater part of these years, lives among his equals in an atmosphere of steady discipline, which compels a simple and hardy life, and in a community where the prizes and the applause are divided about equally between mental energy and physical vigor. Here respect and obedience become habitual to him; he learns to regard the rights of others, and to defend his own, to stand upon his feet in the most democratic of all societies—a public residential school. Above all, he escapes the mental and moral suffocation from which it is well nigh impossible to guard boys in rich and luxurious homes.

This is the function Upper Canada College has performed, and is performing, for the people of the Dominion.

THE ETHICS OF TILLAGE.

BY PETER H. BRYCE, M.A., M.D.

VIEWED rightly, there are, in even the homeliest occupation, some elements of an ethical character which are worthy of consideration, not so much from their practical bearing, as this term is commonly understood, as from the mental and moral influences appertaining to the metaphysical substratum of all matters brought within the sphere of human consciousness. This may be apprehended from the meanings, even, which have gradually become attached to the very word *ethics* (ἠθικός), itself. Primarily an *accustomed seat*, the secondary meaning became a metaphorical one, as "custom," "manners of man," "moral nature," "character," etc. That such an element subsists in our subject, as in others, might be naturally inferred; but the derivative meaning of its Latin synonym gives, beyond question, evidence of the fact. The word *cultor* means primarily *one who properly tends or cares for*; while its secondary meaning is "a respecter," or "adorer." The word itself is the principal form of *calo*, "I till," with a secondary meaning, "I cherish," "venerate," etc.

To the ordinary civic dweller, accustomed to view the farm as the source of so much material food supply, of varying quality, obtainable on the market or at the green grocer's, it will probably not have occurred that the occupation of "Honest Hodge" has any elements capable of being by any process of sublimation purged of its grosser material essence, thereafter leaving a residue worthy of admiration or even of brief contemplation. We trust, however, that for many the words of Cato express a truth, "In my opinion, there can be no happier life, not only because the tillage of the earth is salutary, but from the pleasure it yields."

With that delicate precision of meaning and apt expression peculiar to them, the French have adopted as the more common word for husbandman, *cultivateur*, a Latin derivative, and its selection would seem to indicate that, to the French mind, it represents a phase of rural life more or less peculiar to the Latin races, whose ancestors, at any rate, found therein ethical elements forming not an inconsiderable part of their ancient religion. Husbandry, moreover, was the occupation of the first pair: the *autochthones* of the earliest historic race, who dwelt in the Edenic land, between the ancient rivers, and *Ea* represented its tutelary divinity. The historic Nile Valley was for centuries the scene of an intense cultivation, whose details may still be seen pictured on the walls of ancient temples, and which has found in Theocritus a poet whose idyls have ever been the *Thesaurus* of pastoral sentiments and imagery; while all history attests that from the earliest times the mode of life of the ancient Romans was agricultural and pastoral, and that, in the Augustan era, it found its exponent notably in the poet of Mantua, whose immortal verse has lent a grace and beauty to bucolic pursuits, which still clings to the peasantry of the vine-clad hills of sunny Italy, and the valleys and plains of *La Belle France*.

It is not then to be marvelled at that the *cultor* became, while caring for the soil, an *observer* of its moods; a loving *student* of its processes; and, yet more, an *adorer* of Mother Earth. *Agricultor* came soon to mean a worshipper of the field, personified in a deity, his divine protector.

"Liber et alma Ceres, vestro si munere tellus
Chaoniani pingui glandem mutavit aristâ
Pocula inventis Acheloïâ miscuit uvis

Et vos, agrestum præsentia numina, Fauni
Ferte simul, Fauniquæ, pedem Dryadesque puellæ :

Munera vestro Cano. — Georg : Lib. 1-7.

With the decline of the Roman empire, and the accession of a series of emperors who represented but the vices of a nation intoxicated with its world-wide conquests, and lost to those heroic and honest virtues which had made Rome great, agriculture decayed; first, because of the attractions of war and foreign conquest, and afterwards because of the destructive inroads of Vandal hordes from the north. The Moors, who for a time became the light of Europe, resurrected Spain from its fallen state, and under them agriculture flourished in a high degree. But the victorious Knight of Spanish chivalry thought only of conquest and the pomp of glorious war, and the *matayer* was the laborer; and, as the laborer was held in contempt, so was his work. The seventeenth century saw some attention paid to agriculture; but it was not till the beginning of the present century that British agriculture passed from the stage of mere delving to that of a pursuit progressive, and more or less scientific. Without referring further to the rise and progress of modern agriculture, and passing by pursuits such as those of the forest-ranger, the gardener and botanist, and the artist of rural scenes, we may now turn to the more prosaic, if more utilitarian, pursuit of agriculture, as we know it in Canada. Until within very recent years agriculture meant the wholesale destruction of forests, in order that grain and grass crops could be grown. Later, we have seen introduced, cattle-raising, dairy farming, and fruit-growing; all becoming more or less specialized, with developments in material results which would have amazed our agriculturists of a generation ago. If we enquire closely as to what has produced these results, we shall find that primarily there have been a few individuals whom an absorbing love for

some branch of this work has caused to lend time and talents to observing the varied processes which nature carries on to accomplish her manifold designs. Let us, though but partially, examine what seems to the ordinary observer the simplest process, viz., the growth of the seed. For each climate Nature has supplied species either originally suited to their surroundings, or, through slow and almost imperceptible stages, has brought seeds, drifting over the ocean to other shores, into harmony with their new environment, and suited them to new conditions. In either case she supplies from her infinite treasure-house some seed with the innate potentialities for development into the perfect plant.

“So careful of the type, she seems,
So careless of the single life.”

Dormant this potency may remain for thousands of years, as the grain of wheat found in some sarcophagus in an Egyptian tomb; but still the matured seed, as some hidden thought, awaits only the favorable moment when its vital energy will develop into life and action. The seed, then, when planted, is at once placed under new conditions. Roughly, the gardener's boy knows these to be moist earth, and the bright sunshine, which pours thereon its warming rays; he may not know, nor care to know more. But how much more is involved! How infinitely complex are the processes which these new conditions bring into play! The vital germ of the seed begins to undergo chemical changes. The warm moisture fills its interstices and its walls, and finds in the elements of water the necessary element to begin the decomposition of its constituents and the evolution of new compounds. But these constituents are limited, and so upon the food supply stored up around it the germ draws for nutriment, which, as starch, has already been influenced by the moisture and warmth. And so the kernel of corn will soon have pushed its

second self above the ground, and another stage succeeds. Surely all this is but common every-day observation! But why this planting in the ground, when there is so much vital energy in the simple seed? Wise Nature knows that this energy will all be soon exhausted, and so, in common mold—the earth, earthy—she has laid away stores which have taken ages to accumulate from the particles which glacier and iceberg have torn from primæval rock and spread on the shores and floor of inland seas; there to lie till, lifted above the ocean's brink, they become the nursing mother of forests "vast, primæval." These have grown tall, have matured, have faded and died, and, reduced to simple mold, are now ready to play their part in building up new forms in the never-ceasing processes of the universe.

What part is it they play? The husbandman, perchance, knows not the *why*—only the *how*. He has, by the plough and all the array of wooden implements, opened up this mold to the air. He has trusted to the frosts of winter and the beneficent rain to spread apart its infinite molecules, thereby allowing the oxygen of the air—the alchemists' *phlogiston*—to enter in, and so exert its thaumaturgic influences. Long, very long, indeed, were its secret workings hidden. Two thousand years before Virgil's *cultor* led, by sinuous ditch, the waters from the Oread-haunted springs along the declivities of his Mantuan farm, the Accads had learned the uses of water, and led the waters of the ancient rivers through the paludal deposits of the peninsula, which became their so-called land of Eden. But it is but yesterday that we have learned the varied and diverse parts played by these occult forces in the history of plant life.

Centuries have passed since it was known that plant growth was promoted by allowing an escape of sub-soil water by drainage; but none knew that it was only by this means that

oxygen can reach down into the soil, and through the aid of its accompanying warmth, carry on its work of metabolism. The husbandman has known, too, for thousands of years, that organic mold becomes exhausted, and that the varied refuse, whether of animal or vegetable character, serves to supply the plant with what it needs; but none had known that all this plant life, growth, decay, and the transformation of dead matter into living compounds, depends upon the existence of myriads of living forms, so small as to defy detection—so minute, indeed, that millions may be in one cubic centimetre of earth—which, by developing and multiplying in the soil, utilize organic and mineral matters, gases in solution in the water of the soil, along with the oxygen in ground, air or water, and so prepare plant food which can be absorbed by the filamentous roots of the plant, and so being carried in stem and leaf, build up, under the influence of sun-light and heat, the myriad forms of plant life familiar to all.

Such, in brief review, is what he who delves and labors in earth's mold may see in fancy or know in actual fact; and therein may find ample food for contemplative enjoyment. But it is only the beginning of his pleasures. He notes the growing influences of a sun, and sees the earth waking from her winter sleep. The unfolding bud, the silent seeds springing into life and sending their tiny blades upward to meet the free air and sunshine, lead to further thought on the varying influences of climate, on the manifold forms of life, both animal and vegetable. How the chill air saturated with moisture, may in a few short days, or even hours, blight the promise of a fruitful year, by giving the lower forms of microscopic amporositic plants a favorable opportunity for development, thus stealing away the life of bud and blossom,—he may gradually learn to know; but the fell influence of these hidden powers, the

Ahriman ever opposed to the Ormuzd, —evil ever opposed to good,—he will never know, philosophize as he may on the origin of evil. But to some purpose will he have observed, when he knows that by labor, by draining away the water that becomes “waters of Marah” in the sodden soil, and by opening it up to the air by the tools of the husbandman, he may in large degree counteract, as in human life, the malign influences of an early existence, begun under untoward conditions. Observing, too, as in human life, the weak links of the armor, he cultivates in this or that plant some peculiar quality, specially fitted to oppose itself to a retrograde tendency due to soil or climate. Such becomes Art in the science of agriculture; such is the end and aim of all efforts in social life for the amelioration of the effects of heredity or bad social environment. The moralist, indeed, but turns to agriculture and finds in the common adage, “As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined,” his motto for daily use; and seeks in change of conditions, as in food, in physical and moral surroundings, to accomplish the task of overcoming, as does the agriculturist, the

“Sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.”

But for him who tills the soil there is extended, as to all, the ever-widening horizon of limitless possibilities. He has learned how to make two blades grow where one has been; he is learning to mold every stem to grow how and where he wills. The liqueous, stunted, natural plant becomes the luscious, cultivated fruit; the wood-side weed becomes the fashionable decoration of a bride. By selection he overcomes drought; by early tillage and drainage he escapes the frost. He takes advantage of the instinct of the bees and fertilizing buds; he sees in the tempered wind a potent ally in his need. He constructs a wind-break to protect the tender vine, and utilizes the wandering winds to lift from the

underground streams the nectar which makes the children of his rearing rejoice.

Surely, then, in the work of the husbandman there is food for contemplation, and subjects worthy of the highest imagination! If it be prosaic to many, then is it the *Eidolon*,—the mental image,—in such that is confused and imperfect. The images which are stamped on the brain in childhood, become the materials out of which the ideas and forms of things are created; and how unfortunate he whose ideas are but illusions, formed from impressions such as might be left on the brain of the captive prince, who has never seen aught but the bare walls of his prison-house! If it be true that the mercenary held in contempt the occupation which kept Rome virtuous and made her great; if the proud Spaniard thought arms the only profession of a gentleman; and if, perhaps, not a few amongst us to-day see in agriculture nothing worthy of their interest and instruction, one cannot help some discomfiting reflections on the results, not alone upon the physical capabilities of the coming race, but upon its capacity for appreciating what has ever been the basis of most that has endured either of poetry or prose. The spring-poet singing from a Diderat garret may perhaps be worthy of the arrows shot from the pages of a one-cent ‘daily,’ for, as modern Art teaches us, the sea-coast of Cornwall with a fisher-girl in costume, is a somewhat difficult subject to paint in a studio in murky London; but every contemplative spirit will realize the truth of Lowell’s words:—

“For as in Nature nought is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit; so, in whatso’er the heart
Has fashioned for a solace to itself
To make its inspirations suit its creed,
And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is
A sympathy with Nature which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of
light,
And earnest parables of inward love.”

GONGERNING GRITIGISM.

BY HELEN A. HICKS.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS, in discussing the methods of certain American essayists, has been satisfied to attribute to the peculiarity of sex whatever does not suit his individual taste in the critical work of Agnes Repplier. "In literature as in some other things," he says, "a woman's opinion is often personal and accidental; it depends on the way the book has happened to strike her; the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence."

Now, there are few who will wish to gainsay Mr. Matthews, when he declares that in literature a woman's opinion is often personal and accidental. It often is. What he has failed to demonstrate is that men have any immunity from personal prejudice in criticism, that their literary perspectives are always true, their standards always of the best, and their various sliding scales of valuation always identical with that of the educated opinion of the world. Expecting not at all that whatever unripe fruit women may have to vend in the literary market should be devoured with the same gusto as if it were a mellow, black-seeded harvest apple, is it not possible to show that this special fault which Mr. Matthews imputes to women alone—the fault of a personal and accidental judgment—is, if not a necessary and inseparable quality of the critical instinct, at least common to all critics in the present stage of development of that art? And are there not certain laws of criticism, formulated at infinite pains and after generations of experiment, by which the critic may guide himself, but which must be always subject to that final tribunal, the personal judgment of the reviewer himself?

Andrew Lang admitted, not long

ago, that that unfortunate though generally-admired young lady, *Tess of the D'Ubervilles*, was personally offensive to him, and further, in reply to Mr. Hardy's show of resentment at his plain speaking, he gave some reasons for his impression which go to show that it was purely "personal and accidental," and depended "on the way the book happened to strike him." "There is no absolute standard of taste in literature," he says, referring to *Tess*, "but such a consensus of opinion comes as near being a standard as one generation can supply. So I confess myself in the wrong so far as an exterior test can make me wrong; and yet a reviewer can only give his own impression, and state his reasons, as far as he knows them, for that impression. * * * To be more sensitive to certain faults than to great merits, and to let the faults spoil for you the whole, is a critical misfortune, if not a critical crime. Here, too, all is subjective and personal; all depends on the critic's taste and how it reacts against a particular error."

Besides this delineation of the critical temper, there are several rather notable examples on record of the mistakes these gentlemen have made. Carlyle's "mass of clotted nonsense," *Sartor Resartus*, was so abused by the ink-bottle gentry that when at last its author read Thackeray's laudation of it he could only say, "One other poor judge voting," having lost all faith in praise or blame. Even the bookseller's taster thought its wit heavy and much after the style of the German Baron "who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively"; while a critic in the *North American Review* lamented the fact that certain legislative improvements

which would admit of the lynching of *Sartor's* author had not yet found their way to England. Mr. Pickwick with his gaiters and his good nature has been a source of delight to innumerable people, yet wise, liberal, high-minded Dr. Arnold—not a critic himself, but the father of one of the greatest—was shocked by the book, and deplored its popularity among the Rugby boys. Robert Browning for the better part of his life was misunderstood, always published at his own expense, and refrained from replying to his detractors, because, as he said, he had an aversion to writing the poetry and the criticism too. Bret Harte's stories were denounced as immoral before the people began to praise them. *Vanity Fair* could not find a publisher and was hawked about London until Thackeray brought it out at his own risk. *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly Review*, the main avenues of intelligent criticism at the time, ridiculed Keats as a disciple of the Cockney School of Poetry. Emerson had so poor an opinion of the critics that he thought it safer to be blamed than praised, and always grew suspicious when he saw himself lauded in the newspapers. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table is even more cynical. "I believe," he says, "in the school, the college, and the clergy; but my sovereign logic for regulating public opinion—which means commonly the opinion of half a dozen of the critical gentry—is the following:—*Major Proposition*: Oysters *au naturel*. *Minor Proposition*: the same "scaloped." *Conclusion*: that — (here insert entertainer's name) is clever, wise, brilliant,—and the rest."

And the conscientious critic is frequently as wide of the mark as the fawning critic. It is even possible that some writers who have been but lightly esteemed by us have builded better than we know. Walt Whitman's stately chant may mean something more than a magnificent failure to the readers of the twentieth century, and

even what are called the objectionable features of Rossetti's strain may be explained by a better understanding of its *motif*.

No, the critics have never been infallible. What they have been in the past they probably will be henceforth and forever—a mass of individuals, each expressing, as well as he knows how, his individual impressions, and trusting the reader to supplement them with others which his own judgment commends. The critic shoots an arrow into the air; if it falls to earth, he knows not where; it may hit the mark and it may not. Men, apparently, have no immunity from bad marksmanship.

This is not to say that there are no guides to assist the critic as he seeks after the mysterious something called literature, in the miscellaneous mass through which he has to wade in quest of it. He has the accumulated experience of those who have gone before him, and has succeeded in some notable cases in imbuing his comments on other men's thoughts with something of the creative spirit.

But immediately on setting out he finds there are writers before whom all the laws and guides of his craft fall into insignificance, who cannot be tried by any of his tests, and who transform him from a critic into a eulogist. He discovers that the only tribunal before which the immortals have been or can ever be summoned is the bar of public opinion, of the opinion of the cultivated world, not of their own times only but of all succeeding generations. He recognizes the presence of something which is familiar, while it cannot be fixed or named, something of world-wide import, but too illusive to be snared in the meshes of a phrase. It is to be found in greater or less degree in all literature, but it is the predominant quality of Shakespeare, of Dante, of Goethe, and Milton. It dwells somewhere between the truth of an author and the perfection of his self-expression.

But to those writers who do not oppose this difficulty the critic may apply his canons, always bearing in mind that the last word has not yet been spoken, that the final models and standards have not yet been given to the world; that art is, in fine, a continuous revelation, having for its permanent element, spirit, not form. There is the textual criticism of the book, dealing with words and phrases and, the question of different versions; and there is the historical estimate, which presupposes a wide knowledge of the conditions under which literature has been created, which never detaches a writer from the age in which he lived, and which necessitates the ability to look through details of time, race, and circumstance to the *motif* that underlies the book, and has grown out of the development of language and thought. And there is the personal or æsthetic element, purely a matter of feeling, and making a book delightful or repulsive to us by reason of its relation to our own peculiar inclinations and experiences. It is here, in the realm of the feelings that the critic's taste is subjective and personal. It is unfortunate that certain blemishes should spoil the excellence of a book for a particular class of readers; but we know that they do. It is not an easy matter for a deeply religious person of the orthodox sort to do justice in his thoughts to Mrs. Humphrey Ward: the subjects of which Bourget and Maurice Barrès, and all the other modern French realists treat, as well as their form and conception, make them difficult to be appreciated fairly by Anglo-Saxon readers. The critic is not exempt from these personal prejudices. Indeed it is doubtful whether the cause of truth would be served if he were. Besides, in the majority of cases the exigencies of the book-trade make it necessary for him to perform that miracle, "to bestow faint

praise without damning." He is beset with difficulties. If he escapes the Scylla of a too vigorous denunciation, in one case, he is more liable to fall into the Charybdis of eulogy, which is never criticism, in another. Amid all these dangers he must steer.

It is not a new discovery that we see in others no more than we have in us to see. However we strive amain, invoke the literary Shibboleths of the past, or anticipate the standards of the future, the truth remains that no man can recognize or value in another what he is himself totally destitute of. Is it possible then for the critic to make this true estimate of which Matthew Arnold speaks as depending entirely on recognizing the degree of the soundness of substance and perfection of form of the author? Is it possible to point out that better part of each writer which is general rather than individual, which is an experience common to all, and finding expression in some new way in this one? For the new, some one has said, is only the old which has been condemned before. It is impossible to define this quality of genius which pervades the masterpieces of literature, and of which fugitive traces are everywhere discernable, but is it beyond the insight of the critic to point it out? It is the reflection of Truth herself, and, as in water face answereth to face, so in literature this shadow rises up to picture our common life. Let this once be recognized, and the rest may safely be left as a mere matter of what is called taste. Matthew Brown has illustrated this point aptly. He says, "The radical question put by the man who thinks he sings is: 'Do you acknowledge this for singing?'" All the praise in the critic's ink-pot that does not go to this point should be held worthless, all the blame that admits this point may be borne with, however unjust or foolish."

THE DISPLACEMENT OF YOUNG MEN.

BY J. L. PAYNE.

THE man who has his eyes open to what is going on about him cannot fail to see that the extent to which young women have entered the arena of daily work has materially contracted the range of congenial and promising employment for young men. It is observed, for example, that many of the places which young men had very properly regarded as hopeful starting-points in life, are now pre-empted by young women; and the question arises as to how far this displacement can go without creating very serious and far-reaching trouble. To my mind, the situation already wears a grave aspect, and yet it would seem to be only in the initial stage. If the conditions I have in view continue to develop as they have been doing for the past twenty years, we may expect to witness important social and economic changes. Indications are easily discernable of the forms which some of these changes will take.

Nearly all classes of clerical work are passing rapidly into the hands of young women. These young women enter the offices with skilful fingers, winning manners, industrious ways, and general aptness to write letters, keep books, count cash, and discharge the multitudinous duties attaching to business life. The time has gone by when it can be said they are unfitted to do as well as young men. They do their work satisfactorily and well. Taken altogether, they are neater, better behaved, and quicker than young men. Nor can it be said any longer that physical disabilities render them inferior to young men in clerical positions where endurance sometimes becomes a factor. Here again, the work and methods of the office have either been adapted to suit the clerk, or the

old notion of feminine frailty is shown to be ill-founded; for experience has clearly demonstrated that these young women can do whatever is required of them, and do it to the satisfaction of their employers. This is at once the severest and best test that can be fairly applied. But laying aside all arguments in this relation, and assuming that the facts are not in question, I find myself perplexed when I come to think about the bearing which these conditions now have, and may have in the future, upon the circumstances and life prospects of our young men.

Let me present a few facts in this relation. I know something of the Canadian Civil Service, and also the American, and from observation I should say that two young women now enter the departments at Ottawa and Washington to one young man. What is true of the Civil Service is unquestionably true of all branches of business where clerks are employed. Shops and offices are all but closed to young men, and each year the situation assumes a more fixed form. Into all the lighter branches of labor women are entering in steadily increasing numbers, to the exclusion of men. It is this exclusion or displacement to which I wish in this imperfect way to call attention, since it cannot be long until a remedy will be asked for to relieve the pressure. It is within my knowledge that competent and well-educated young men are fighting for places in the offices of the great railway companies, where, as yet, women have not entered as in other departments of work. Twenty clamor for every vacancy that occurs. The result is, that these bright young fellows, capable of doing excellent work, are forced to

toil for long hours, often at night, for the munificent salary of \$15 a month. After two or three years of hard and faithful service, promotion to the \$25 a month class is possible; while \$35 to \$50 is the outside figure to which a clerk may aspire if he exhibits special qualifications and sustained devotion to his task. Why do young men willingly work for less than board and clothing in many instances? The answer is obvious. So many of the starting points, formerly open to them only, are now barred by young women, that those who have clerical work to sell as the means of opening hopeful avenues, are obliged to take whatever they can get and be thankful. By-and-by the railway offices will find young women willing to accept \$15 a month, or less, for \$75 worth of work, and then the young men who wish to follow that occupation will be obliged to serve two or three years' apprenticeship for nothing, or abandon hope in that direction altogether.

The optimist comes forward with the convenient argument that these social and economic difficulties solve themselves by a process of adaptation. He instances the fact that the spinning jenny threw many thousands of weavers out of work in England a century ago, and yet the world did not come to an end. The children of the hand weavers adapted themselves to the innovation of machine weaving; but I have not learned that the fathers found anything but distress and loss in that change. Just so is it with the young men who see the barrier which the widespread employment of women is throwing across many of the established highways to commercial and industrial life. It may be an extreme view—I hope it is—but, if the next twenty years witness the same relative increase in the number of working girls and women as has taken place since 1870 in this country and the United States, we shall see young men doing the house work, and their sisters and mothers carrying on half

the business of the land. As an instance of how the pinch is commencing already to be felt, I might cite the case of a family, consisting of two girls and a boy, all old enough to earn their living. The young man is a wide-awake, industrious and clever fellow; but, while his sisters are in good situations, he finds it impossible to secure an opening in which he could hope to make even the price of his board. This is by no means an exceptional case. Twenty years ago there would have been ten openings before him to one that exists to-day.

It will be said that marriage comes in to remove a large proportion of eligible young women from the sphere of toil and competition, and that, because of this, the problem cannot grow any more difficult than it now is. This suggests the importance of a cognate matter. Whatever the thoughtless and unobserving may say, it is a fact capable of easy proof, that marriages are on the decrease in proportion to the population. Some months ago, I took occasion, in writing for an American magazine, to prove by statistics two really grave facts:—First, that the proportion of marriages on the part of young men between the ages of 23 and 30 had materially declined during the past twenty years; and, second, that the number of unmarried persons, in relation to the total population, had very materially increased. I hold, after giving the matter careful thought, that the increasing number of working girls, and the falling off in the relative number of marriages, are connected in the relation of cause and effect. It would be unreasonable to say that when a young woman undertakes to earn her own living she necessarily cuts herself off from marriage; but I do contend that when she does so she diminishes her chances, in that she aggravates the conditions which make for a reduction in the marriage rate.

It is not difficult to find the two main causes for the condition of things

I have so hastily and imperfectly outlined. The prime incentive to all this is the feverish desire of the great middle class to live like the rich; and the second cause is revealed in the popular doctrine of woman's independence. The wearing of expensive clothes, the renting of fine houses, and the consumption of luxuries in many forms, have enhanced the scale of general living to a high point. Neither young men nor young women are content to live as did young men and women a generation ago—a thing which is natural and in most respects commendable, but it is only accomplished by the payment of a high price. A part of this price is, that the daughters shall earn their living as well as the sons, and that neither the daughters nor sons shall have the willingness to begin married life on a humble scale. Then, there is this general clamor for the "emancipation" of women and the "equality" of the sexes. It has its origin in a noble instinct, and I cannot find it in my heart to blame young women for desiring to earn an independent livelihood; but I am firmly convinced of this: It is one of the inexorable and fundamental laws of creation that man alone shall be the bread-winner in the economy of domestic affairs, and the violation of this mandate can only bring retribution and sorrow. In other words, it is an unnatural thing to have women working as they are doing on every hand to-day, and we may rest assured that it can only be continued at heavy cost. The evidence of that cost will become painfully clear before another decade has passed.

I am honestly in doubt as to whether or not a remedy for this state of affairs can be successfully applied at the present time, or in the near future. Any means at all practicable would have to be educational in character, and should aim to simplify the general conditions of life. This is an easy thing to talk and write about; but I question if a feasible scheme to accomplish direct results could be devised

just now. The instincts and impulses which move the masses cannot be given a radical reformation within a short space of time. Only the few are philosophical; the great majority are like sheep. It is obvious, however, that society will not rest on a healthier basis until men and women in the community are content to modify the general scale of living. The spread of education has acted as a great leveller; but it has not brought the means for all to live alike. In this fact lurks the mischief. The great middle class in our country, who are well-versed in social current ethics, want to live as much like the wealthy class as appearances will permit. I have in my mind a young lady who asked me a few years ago to assist her in some arrangements for attending a ball at Rideau Hall. I tried in a quiet way to suggest that a ball at the Vice-Regal establishment should be regarded as the peculiar luxury of the rich, and quite outside the range of entertainments for common people like ourselves; but to all this she triumphantly answered: "You forget that I have the clothes to go in!" So she had. Although obliged to earn her living, she had heedlessly plunged into debt for the necessary equipment to move in aristocratic circles whenever, by hook or by crook, she could get the requisite invitation card. She was, however, but a specimen of the predominant type. More than half of all the people I know are obliged to scheme and sacrifice in order to maintain the standard of living which they have set for themselves—or, to be strictly truthful, which their neighbors have set for them.

Take away this artificial basis of social and domestic life, this imprudent and wasteful effort on the part of common people to live as if they were opulent, and by that one act you would return half the girls who now work to their homes. I say this because I believe that more than fifty per cent. of all the girls who now toil

do not need to do so. Twenty-five years ago only one girl earned her living to ten who do so to-day. Will anyone say that necessity has caused this great change? I think not. A very large proportion of the additional ninety per cent. have entered the field of toil in order that their parents may keep up appearances and they themselves enjoy many luxuries. So that, if this wild rush of young women into every branch of commercial and industrial life is to be checked, popular notions of what are the necessaries of existence, and what are the mere trimmings, must be altered.

No girl should work who does not need to. If this rule were observed it would create an opening for at least two hundred young men in this city of Ottawa alone; for there are at least that number in the capital who have no other excuse for working than comes from considerations of cupidity, selfishness and pride. I know something of the circumstances of at least fifty girls who earn their living, and it is the simple truth to say that thirty of them should be at home. Three bright young women have a father who owns much property and adds at least \$5,000 a year to his fortune. Two others emerge from a home to which the head brings a fixed income of \$3,000 a year. A score of others would not need to toil if anywhere from \$800 to \$2,000 per annum were thought to be sufficient for the maintenance of a small family. If it could be said that the surplus earned by these girls was saved over against the day when it might be needed some defence would be had for this voluntary labor; but the truth is, so far as my personal observation goes, that it is all consumed in relatively luxurious living. It has become fashionable to work, and every year sees the

army of working women grow larger.

The next step in the direction of remedial measures, is to awaken a proper appreciation of all that is involved in this wholesale displacement of young men. Few people seem to give the matter thought, although to me it seems an exceedingly serious thing. The fact that young men are being displaced seems to have been overlooked in the general desire to enlarge the mart in which girls might barter their deftness of hand and alertness of mind. When the community has begun to think and observe along the lines of this sketch, it may be that considerations of *right* will give way to considerations of *expediency*. No one can argue with good reason against the rights of women to enjoy precisely the same measure of freedom that is allowed to men. It should certainly be the privilege of every woman to earn her living if she wishes to do so, though her father be a millionaire; but when it is shown that she thereby blocks the road of some young man, who is obliged to win his bread, and curtails his opportunities in life, the matter wears a different complexion. Her real mission is in another direction. Hence, I say, young women must realize these two things in chief: First, that in working, if they do not need to, they take the places properly belonging to young men; and, secondly, that modern notions about the independence of women, coupled with extravagant ways of living, are partly responsible for the conditions which are bringing about a steadily declining marriage rate on the part of young men. In other words, when girls work they intensify the conditions which are filling this country with spinsters and bachelors.

A CHAPTER FROM THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION.

BY GEO. B. BROOKS.

FAR beyond the lines of travel, in a portion of the great Dominion where the white residents are few and far apart, and are either missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church or factors of Hudson Bay Company's trading posts, is a district of surpassing loveliness. Lacking the grandeur of the Rockies and Selkirks, or the weird sublimity of the Saguenay Valley, it possesses a beauty of scenery—hill and dale, lake and stream, copse and forest—which, when it becomes better known, will doubtless attract tourists from all parts of Canada. At present, despite the fact that the region teems with game great and small, its inhabitants, few in number, are pure Indians, belonging to the most peaceful tribe among them, the Chippewayans.

Comparatively little is known about these far-northern red men. Less warlike than their southern neighbors, the Crees; less civilized than the Blackfeet; seldom coming in contact with white men, and consequently purer in their morals than most North-Western aborigines, they are industrious, tractable, grateful to those who befriend them, and skilled as fishermen and hunters. Their chief settlement, extending from Beaver River to Cold Lake, contains a few well-built, substantial log-cabins, a small Roman Catholic Church, some cleared and ploughed land and, here and there, some rude attempts at fencing. They farm in very primitive fashion, but own a few head of cattle, a few rough, shaggy ponies, and the usual number of gaunt, ill-looking dogs,—not the least important or useful of their belongings.

As a race, or rather as a tribe, the Chippewayans have much in common with other Indians of the North-West,

yet they differ from them in many ways. What one notices in them first of all, just as it is noticeable in all Indians, is the prevalence of harsh features, a swarthy, if not a dirty, complexion, and sparkling eyes. But a different and better type is to be met—tall men, with noble-looking heads and delicate features. They are the exception among them, it is true; but they can be seen, and are a proof that the tribe is not utterly degraded. They are an interesting people, and just as long as they are not contaminated by white people, will, doubtless, retain their simplicity and the other good traits of character which they possess.

Nominally, at least, these people are Christians, and members of the Roman Catholic Church. Their religious instructor is Father Legoff, who has lived and labored among them for the last thirty years. Rev. Father Legoff deserves something more than a passing notice. A tall, thin, spare man, I mistook him for an Indian when I first saw him. His face was tanned the color of leather, his clerical garb was frayed and worn, his shoes would have puzzled a cobbler to mend, and altogether he looked more like one of his flock than their shepherd. It is true that my introduction to him was just after he had spent many weary weeks a prisoner in Big Bear's camp, wandering over the country, ill fed and ill protected against the weather. Father Legoff was born in Quebec and is of good birth, being descended from a long line of aristocratic nobles of Old France. Nearly forty years ago, when a young man, he volunteered for missionary work in the North-West, and, as I have already stated, has been

among the Chippewayans for the last thirty years. Residing long amongst the dusky children of the wilderness, following nomads, and sharing the habits and exposures of the tribe, in time he became subject to all the vicissitudes of the situation, and partook largely of the character of his surroundings. Ill and weary as he looked, there was no more enthusiastic priest in the North-West seven years ago. To listen to him as he sat at supper in my tent; to see his eye kindle and light up with enthusiasm, as he told of the gratitude of the uncultured people in his charge; to gradually come to understand his gentleness of character, his child-like, religious simplicity; to understand the hardships he had passed through—often in winter on the verge of starvation; to realize all he had given up, all that he had voluntarily assumed, was to love the shabby-looking priest, and to wish the world contained more such noble men and noble Christians. For months at a time this devoted priest never saw a newspaper or received a letter. His diet was that of the Indians, coarse, plain, ill cooked. He would work with the members of his flock on their little patches of clearances; he baptized, married, buried them, and when his own time comes, will be buried by them.

Whatever the bickerings of party politicians, whatever the aims of self-seeking, ambitious men; however strong religious antipathies in Eastern Canada may be, I wish to bear my testimony to the devotedness, earnestness and simplicity of the Roman Catholic missionaries in the Canadian North-West. When men of birth and breeding, of culture and high social standing, voluntarily sever the tie which binds them to the glitter and glare of the world, and don the garb of the humble missionary, there must be a prompting which carries them beyond earthly considerations. It was such a faith that sustained the holy army of martyrs in the last

agonies of their cruel torture, and the same faith reconciles to a life-long exile in arctic or semi-arctic latitudes the noble men who, for conscience sake, labor among the far North-West Indians and the Esquimaux.

The Chippewayans took part in the North-West rebellion, but reluctantly and under compulsion. The whole of Louis Riel's object in fomenting trouble; all the wild schemes he may have entertained, with the purpose of forming a republic of which he was to have been the first president, will probably never be known, but as he sent his runners and emissaries to all the bands of Indians between Rat Portage in the east and the Rockies in the west, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he contemplated a general Indian uprising, with all its accompanying horrors. Very shortly after the Frog Lake massacre, a band of Cree Indians visited the Beaver River settlement, and urged the Chippewayans to take up arms against the government. A prompt refusal was the reply, and then began a system of threats and petty persecution which finally succeeded. Some of the cabins in the settlement were looted; the church was invaded, and the altar despoiled, the few modest ornaments on it being stolen; cattle were driven away and the lives of the people menaced. Urged by Father Legoff, the Chippewayans remained loyal for a long time, but as their cattle kept disappearing and their cabins were burnt, they eventually threw in their lot with the rebels and went to Fort Pitt, accompanied by Father Legoff as a prisoner.

While it is to be deplored that these inoffensive people should have joined the rebellion, it was, in one sense, a good thing they did so. They were never active rebels. When Fort Pitt was burnt, they held aloof and took no part in its destruction. At the fight at Frenchman's Butte between the rebels and the Canadian militia, they refused to fire a shot, and on several

occasions showed they were unwilling rebels. To their devotion, at least some of the white prisoners Big Bear had captured, owed their lives. Every night they mounted guard over the tepee in which factor McLeod, his wife and daughters were confined, threatening to shoot at sight the first man who should try to invade their privacy. For three months, Big Bear dragged his captives about the country between Edmonton and Battleford, and during the whole of that time the Chippewayans rendered them many a service and did them many a kindness, often sharing with them their food. Who knows what additional horrors there might have been to relate had not these few Indians been in the rebel camp?

Immediately after the fight at Frenchman's Butte, General Strange camped for a couple of days on the banks of a small creek close to the scene of the fight, awaiting the arrival of General Sir Fred. Middleton from Battleford. While so waiting, a number of Big Bear's prisoners came into the camp and were well cared for. They had doleful tales to tell of hard treatment, painful marches and scant provisions, during the time they had been captives; and their appearance bore them out in all they said. A second-hand clothes dealer would not have given a dollar for all their apparel. From them it was ascertained that after the fight at the Butte the rebels had become disorganized and had broken up into different bands, Big Bear having gone in the direction of Battleford, and another band having gone north, taking with it Mr. McLean, the Hudson Bay factor at Fort Pitt, and his family. When General Middleton arrived, General Strange with a detachment of militia and mounted scouts was sent to the Beaver River in the hope of intercepting the rebels who were stated to have gone north. The Chippewayan reserve was reached after a three days' march through a country very diffi-

cult to traverse and swarming with mosquitoes and all kinds of small torturing flies. On the evening of the third day the detachment camped about a mile from Beaver River, on the southern extremity of the reservation, General Strange making Rev. Father Legoff's house his headquarters.

About four days later, a tall, thin man, heavily bearded and browned by the sun, shabbily dressed in a frayed long black cloak or coat which reached to his heels, was halted by one of the sentries and asked his business. He was no other than Father Legoff, and he was at once taken to General Strange's headquarters, where he told his tale. He stated that the Chippewayans had broken away from the rebel Crees and were within a few miles of their old home, anxious to return, but when they found the Queen's soldiers in possession of the place they were afraid to do so, conscious of having done wrong. The reverend gentleman had come on alone to see the officer in command of the troops and to intercede for the Indians. What passed between General Strange and Father Legoff is known only to those two gentlemen, but that same evening Father Legoff, accompanied by the chaplain of the Mount Royal Rifles, left the camp and went in the direction where the Chippewayans were. The following day, shortly after noon, a great yelping of dogs, gradually growing louder, showed that strangers were nearing the camp, and an officer and a squad of men were sent to meet them. It was the Chippewayans with their wives and children returning to give themselves up, and trusting to the leniency of General Strange. A more pitiful-looking lot of human beings it would be hard to imagine. Men, women and children were literally in rags, in many cases not having enough clothing to cover their nakedness. They were more than half famished, and many among them were suffering from loathsome

running sores. They were not allowed to pass the line of sentries, but after being disarmed, were told to camp about half a mile from where the soldiers' tents were. Canned meat, hard biscuits and some tea were served out to them, and gratefully did the poor folk accept the dole.

From Father Legoff it was ascertained that a few Crees, having with them Mr. McLean and his family, had pushed further north and would probably be found somewhere along the shores of Cold lake. The day after the Chippewayans surrendered, Lieut.-Col. Osborne Smith and one hundred men were despatched north to Cold lake, with orders to patrol the shores of the lake, and keep a careful lookout for any rebel bands. There is an old saying that "All trails end at Beaver River," and certainly it was hard work getting through the country between that river and the lake. There was no trail, but any amount of muskeg, and the swarms of flies were simply unendurable. Everything had to be carried on pack horses, and for them a road had frequently to be cut through the bush. The poor brutes suffered intensely from the heat and the flies, and more than once became so maddened by pain that they broke away from their drivers and plunged into whatever water might be near, glad to cool themselves. It was very nearly as hard upon the men in the detachment. As no tents were taken, every man had to carry an additional load in the shape of his overcoat, and not a few were overpowered by the heat. From the corners of the eyes, from the ears and nostrils, blood trickled—the consequence of bites from flies so small

that they were hardly discernable. This torture for man and beast lasted two days, when, with a joyful shout, the lake was reached, and for a time, at least, discomfort was at an end.

As its name implies, the waters of the lake were intensely cold, but were very pleasant to drink. With a rush, every man plunged into them, and the pack horses, as soon as relieved of their loads, did the same. At the borders of the lake the flies disappeared; beyond a few mosquitoes at night, there was no annoyance from that cause.

The lake is a large sheet of water, about twenty miles from north to south, and about the same from east to west. It was on the south shore that the militia camped, making their couches on the sandy beach out of the branches of trees. Small scouting parties were sent out, and the remainder of the soldiers enjoyed themselves fishing and bathing, all drill having been discontinued. After being at the lake for a week, a courier from General Middleton brought the news that Mr. McLean and his family had been rescued, and orders for the detachment to return to Fort Pitt—an order which, of course, was cheerfully obeyed.

It only remains to state that the Chippewayans were all pardoned by the Government for the part they took in the rebellion; that help in the way of seed and farm implements was sent to them, and that they are now doing well on their reserve and living in a state of contentment, which is all the greater from the wisdom gained through their experiences in the Riel rebellion.



A CAMP EXPERIENCE.

BY E. STEWART, D.L.S.

OUR party consisted of a surveyor, two assistants from the School of Practical Science, Toronto, a cook and three axemen, and our camp at the time in question was pitched on the grounds of one of those isolated stations of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in that wilderness region between Sudbury and Port Arthur. It was some time in the month of September. After a hard day's work we were just partaking of our evening meal, when passenger train No. 1 pulled up at the station. Now, this was an every day occurrence, and one of the great events of the day. There was one other of equal importance, which usually took place in the forenoon, viz., the passing of No. 2, going east; and these, with the passing of an occasional freight train, were the only disturbing elements to break the natural repose of that sylvan solitude.

But on the evening to which I refer, a very unusual occurrence took place. A passenger, not known to any one about the station, and apparently neither a pedlar nor a tramp, actually remained behind after the call "all aboard" had been given. He stood for a moment or two on the platform, watching the departing train, till it was lost to view around a curve in the road, and then noticing our tents only a few rods away he walked quickly over, and in a few minutes was a guest at our rude table.

Question and answer quickly followed, with the result that before nightfall we were probably better acquainted with our visitor than we would have been under ordinary circumstances in a week's time. He was a man of about thirty years of age, very tall and thin, quick and terse in his speech, and by no means disposed

to remain in ignorance of anything, if by asking a question he could be enlightened. We soon learned that he was a graduate of our own Toronto University, and that he had been a fellow of that institution; but, not satisfied with the ordinary course of studies pursued there, he was at this time taking a post graduate course in an eminent seat of learning in the State of Massachusetts, of which latter institution he was also a senior fellow, and was entitled to the prefix of either professor or doctor, whichever distinction we cared to use in addressing him. In a word, we found him to be a man of brilliant parts, and one who evidently had chosen the student life for the love of it, for he seemed an enthusiast on every subject: and the subjects were not few, that he discussed during his stay with us. But like most men who possess clear mental vision themselves, he seemed to think that any person of ordinary intelligence could not fail to understand and be interested in the rather profound subjects which, for the most part, engaged his attention. And his possession of this quality of mind will perhaps, account for his apparent lack of perception, as revealed farther on. His mission to this unfrequented region was in the interest of the ethnological faculty of his American Alma Mater, his special task being to obtain statistics and collect relics relating to the Indian tribes of Northern Canada.

I have next to say a word regarding one who is always a very important member of any camping party, viz., the cook. In our case, at this time, this important position was filled by a man of probably fifty-five years of age. He was by no means the type of man

frequently found occupying this position, but one who had read books, and not only read them, but also criticised them whenever he could not agree with the author. He claimed auld Scotia for his birthplace, and held, in all their Calvinistic purity and severity, the undefiled principles of his ancestors, the Covenantors.

The axemen, with one exception, were natives of our sister Province of Quebec, whose language they used incessantly, save when engaged in the recreations of eating and sleeping. The exceptional individual above referred to was an American by birth, from the State of Michigan, and his name in full was William Reenan. On week days he was known by and answered to the euphonious name of Bill; but on the Sabbath, when we had plenty of time, we soon all adopted the example set by our cook, a strict Sabbatarian, who invariably on that day addressed him either as William or Mr. Reenan. I am sorry to say, however, that the cook's reverence for the holy day did not seem to impose on him the same duty regarding poor Joseph and Peter. Joe and Pete seemed good enough any day for the "pea soups," as he called them.

Whether it was this distinction that led the Professor into the error of taking Bill for one of the staff, or the latter's off-handed familiarity with him, I am not prepared to say. However, we all noticed it, and I must confess that no one seemed anxious to set the Professor right on so trivial a matter.

Regarding, or to use his own favorite expression, "as regarding" the aforesaid Mr. William Reenan, otherwise Bill, I feel that I would not be doing justice to his memory, or to the public, if he were passed by without more than ordinary notice. Of his early history, however, unfortunately little is known to us, beyond what his own memory could furnish. According to his own account, he was born in the northern part of the State of Michigan,

of humble, but not particularly respectable parents, one of whom died when Bill was very young; and the other, shortly after this event, married another man, who conceived the idea that his acquired relationship to Bill gave him the privilege and imposed upon him the duty of *bringing him up* under the strictest rules of parental authority,—an authority that, strict as it was ordinarily, was exceeded a hundredfold on frequent occasions, when the aforesaid step-father had indulged too freely in the cups, which in Northern Michigan inebriate but do not cheer. This state of affairs continued till Bill had attained the age of fifteen, when he forsook the parental roof and came to relatives in Canada.

We have his own authority for the statement that he had completed his education before this; and though every sentence that he uttered proved that his preceptor had signally failed in teaching him to apply the simplest rules of grammar, yet he was as profoundly ignorant of this as poor, unpretentious Joe and Pete. And though not so vain as to imagine that he had mastered every subject, yet he had the assurance, very common to the Western American, that there was nothing too difficult for his understanding; and certainly there was nothing in the wide range of the sciences that he would hesitate for one moment to discuss. So much was this the case, that often, to relieve the ennui and dulness of the long Sabbath days, some one of us would propound some absurd proposition, just for the purpose of getting Bill's opinion regarding it, and when ever a question came up on which there was a difference of opinion between us, it could always be pleasantly settled by some one suggesting that it be left to "Bill." Consequently it was not long after the arrival of our new friend till we all took a back seat around the camp fire, and allowed "Bill" to discuss the most profound subjects with him. But we would often have to break in when we knew

Bill was going too far, lest the Professor should lose faith in his most interested auditor.

The Professor arrived on a Saturday night, and No. 2, the next morning, left with us an itinerant trader and his pack. This individual impressed us as being a direct descendant of his countryman who lived in Palestine many years ago, and in whom, we are told, there was "no guile." He seemed to respect our observance of the day, for he said not a word to anyone in our tent regarding trade; but we noticed that he was particularly friendly with Joe and Pete. The result of all this was that he sold them a gold watch and certain articles of jewelry at, as he said, half-price, because we had been so kind to him. But I am sorry to say that his generosity was only appreciated for about a week, when the jewelry, like the chameleon, began to change hue, and the watch became refractory, and, instead of moving on with the sun, or even standing still, like Joshua's moon, actually took on a retrograde movement, thereby causing great confusion in the calendar; and poor Pete, as he looked on the object of his former delight, was heard to exclaim that "if it kept on dat way it would soon be last week, and he would lose a great many day's pay." He said Mr. Abraham Moses was not "an honest man," and that he would never buy a gold watch any more.

The discussion during the forenoon revealed the fact that the Professor had by no means neglected theology in his range of studies; but it was evident that his views on this all important subject were far too advanced to meet with the approbation of our only authority in camp—the cook. On the Professor enquiring if there would be any religious service that day at the station, it was ascertained that the usual visiting missionary could not be present, and without any great pressure he agreed to fill the vacant place that evening.

We had dinner, and then to our surprise and to the horror of the cook, the Professor expressed a desire to try his luck at fishing in the lake near by, and asked if we had a trolling line. We at once appealed to the cook, who usually kept one in his tent, but on this occasion, no doubt for a good and pious reason, it could not be found. The Professor, however, after we had made a search, obtained one from another quarter, and in a few minutes he and a halfbreed, whom he had engaged, were seen going forth, as the cook said, "in defiance of the Fourth Commandment."

Consequently we were, for the most of the afternoon, deprived of our visitor's company. But, though absent, he was by no means forgotten, for we soon heard a lively theological debate in progress in our commissariat quarters, in which the participants were the cook and William. Now, as already stated, the former was extremely orthodox in his views. He admitted no middle ground whatever between the saved and the lost, the elect and the reprobate, and while William wished to shape his own views so as to be acceptable to his friend the cook, yet he was unwilling to believe that the Professor was an infidel. The controversy continued till they had both become sleepy, and finally, instead of quotations from Paul and Peter, there were heard only the snores of the controversialists.

I may say here, that if you have ever gone through a summer's Sunday afternoon in tent in those isolated regions, you will, at least, not criticise too severely the conduct of our guest. Nothing I know of is so wearisome to endure, unless you are of a somnolent disposition, as those warm, long, lingering, lazy hours, when all nature seems not only resting, but slumbering, undisturbed by a single sound save that of the ubiquitous mosquito, as it goes its rounds in search of its victims. One could almost fancy that the dream of the lotos eaters was here realized, and

that it was always afternoon. But all things here have an end, and about five o'clock a canoe was seen rounding a point in the lake, and a few minutes after the Professor and his man, Antoine, came up to the camp with a dozen fine fish. Half of these he gave to his man, and then walking quickly over to the cook's tent, said, "Here is a mess for supper." But the cook would have nothing to do with them till Monday morning, and, moreover, refused in the bluntest manner to attend kirk in the evening.

The service was held in one of the rooms in the station house, and was attended by about a dozen, besides those from our own party. Our own Bill led the singing, and was about to take up a collection, when the Professor vetoed it by saying that, at the expense of not seeming orthodox, they would dispense with that part of the service. Bill acquiesced, but afterwards remarked that the proceeds might have been applied for the conversion of the Jews. As might be inferred, all our party were present except Joe, Pete and the cook, who, divergent as their views were on most religious matters, were of the same opinion regarding the impropriety of this man occupying the position that he had assumed; and it was quite as entertaining as the sermon, or lecture, as it would be more proper to call it, to hear Bill, after it was over, explain to the cook the number of good points that the Doctor, as he invariably called him, had made, and insist that "he ought to have went." But he was as unsuccessful as ever in satisfying him that the Doctor was not an infidel.

It was growing quite dark when the Professor again came over to our quarters, and, seating himself by the camp fire, asked for a pencil, and was soon engaged in the rather abstruse reasoning by which Prof. Hinton and others attempt to prove the existence of a fourth dimension, that is, that outside of all that is comprehended within the three dimensions of length, breadth

and thickness, there may yet be a fourth beyond these. He undertook to show that this was not only possible, but probable, and it was soon apparent that the most interested of his audience was the aforesaid descendant of Abraham and our own Bill. The former, however, when asked if he could get a glimpse of the conception, said that he thought so, but that it was not his "beezezz," and that it would not pay him to waste his time studying it. But Bill said he thought it was very easy to understand, and turning to the rest of us said, "Can't you catch on? Why it seems to me that what the Doctor says as regarding that there fourth dimension is all right. I don't see why there can't be four, just as well as two or three of them."

This finished the day, and nothing of particular interest occurred till the following evening, when we returned to camp early, and ordered the cook to prepare supper as soon as possible, so as to give the Professor time to get away on No. 1 at 6.30. In a few minutes the operator sent over word that the train was two hours late. This gave an opportunity, after we had finished our evening meal, for considerable conversation, which happened to turn on mathematics, and the Professor, with book and pencil in hand, was soon engaged in some curious problems, some of them in the higher mathematics and others in, what might be called mathematical tricks. One of the latter was to prove that two parallel straight lines would enclose a space, "Euclid to the contrary notwithstanding," as the phrase goes. Of course the point was to detect the fallacy in the train of reasoning that arrived at such a result.

As usual, Bill was to the fore, and with all eyes followed the Professor with all the earnestness of one who comprehended every step in the long chain of reasoning, as he certainly thought he did; and when the latter arranged his equation, letting $x = a$

$\times b$, and then transposed, cancelled, multiplied, eliminated, etc., etc., Bill said, "Yes, that's true." But when he said, "Now, we can substitute this for that, on the ground that things equal to the same thing are equal to one another," Bill seemed to break down entirely, though the Professor, in the twilight, did not notice it, and Bill still said "yes." Soon the solution was completed, and Bill again said "Yes, that's so." The Professor waited a moment without saying anything, evidently expecting some conjecture from Bill, as to the problem, but Bill evidently thought that the proof was satisfactory enough for him and seemed anxious to change the subject, and, in fact, did ask him what arithmetic he liked best; but the Professor, without giving him a definite answer, said, "Well, do you see where the fallacy comes in?" Bill looked a little puzzled (the word fallacy not being in his vocabulary), and replied, "Which is that, Doctor?" "Why," he said, "do you notice anything incorrect in the work?" "Well, now," said Bill, "the only thing I don't catch on in that there sum is what you said as regarding things being equal to one another. How is that, Doctor?" The Doctor turned to him and said, "Why, did you never study geometry?" "No," said Bill, "I don't remember that rule being in our arithmetic at all; and, besides, I never got no further nor long division. But that there sum does mind me of one we used to have. I presume you've heard it, Doctor? Oh! you must of heard it:—

"If the third of six be three,
What must the fourth of twenty be?"

"But you must of saw it before, doctor!"

During the early part of the evening the rest of us around the fire had managed, with becoming gravity, to interpolate a word now and then, and, as usual, kept Bill from appearing too absurd. But fearing an abrupt termination to the conversation being brought about by the uncontrollable risibility of one of our number, some one suggested that there was a certain matter in the notes of the day's work which required immediate attention in our tent. So we retreated to this safe distance, and from there watched the proceedings, as revealed by the flickering light of the camp fire. I am afraid, however, that our conduct would have rather complicated matters and have had the effect of sending our good friend away with the impression that we had, along with our hospitality, designedly inflicted a practical joke upon him, but that just at the time when the worst was feared, the shrill whistle of No. 1 was heard near by, which served the double purpose of drowning any audible smiles that may have escaped from our tent, and also of permitting us to change the subject without any seeming disrespect.

The train, being behind time, only halted for a few minutes; and then another whistle from the engine, waking up a number of echoes over those silent hills, and our Professor was henceforth to us only a memory. We soon relapsed into our every-day routine of camp life, but Bill often afterwards referred to the Dr. as a "mighty smart man".



THE BACKSLIDING OF ELDER PLETUS.

BY WILLIAM T. JAMES.

PLETUS MERRICK, a foundling, had been brought in swaddling clothes, by strangers, to the Shaker Community of South Union, Kentucky. He had no recollection of any other home, nor of his parents, nor, indeed, of life in the outside world, save of what little he had seen of it in occasional glimpses, from time to time, when he had been commissioned to transact business for the Society in the neighboring town of Bowling Green to the north and the villages of Auburn and Russellville to the south of "Shakertown." His career had been narrowed to the uneventful routine of a life of quietude devoid of incentive to ambition and of the necessity to train and educate himself for the struggle for pre-eminence in which men of the world engage. The almost monastic seclusion in which he had been brought up, isolating him from influences that en-

courage competition for social and mental excellence, was enough to lethargize the faculties and energy of a nature less positive than his. Viewed retrospectively, the days of his existence from childhood to maturity were alike as the blades of grass on a hillside, which, seen at a glance, appeared a smooth, undulating ascent. Figuratively speaking, he had not yet reached the summit of his prime; therefore his

gaze was directed upward and rarely backward; for it is not until we are aware that we have begun the descent of the other side of the hill of life that we are disposed to turn and review the arduous part of the journey which has brought us thus far on our pilgrimage to the tomb.

The memory of his association as a boy with other boys, under the discipline of a rigorous deacon and the tuition of a kind but eccentric schoolmaster, recalled nothing remarkable of that period. The only impression received in those days calculated to give a bias to his after life, was derived from a book of travel and from another of biography, which a proselyte from the—to him—mysterious world had brought to the village and allowed him to read. From the former he learned that the whole area of the earth was not circumscribed by the



EX-ELDER PLETUS—TO-DAY.

visible horizon; that the sun did not go down about fifty miles to the west of South Union; that there were vast oceans of water, navigated by ships manned by intrepid sailors, who, sometimes, for months, saw no land on either side; and that these voyages were often made to countries whose inhabitants, fauna and flora were different from those of that neighborhood. The latter book gave him a crude idea of the

sorts and conditions of men who lived in large cities.

These books brought before the boy's mind, in a manner that stirred his imagination, facts and information that enlarged his understanding, and made comprehensible vague hints dropped by the schoolmaster, which only foreshadowed and never conveyed the knowledge that they did. Moreover, there was a something in them that appealed to his ambition and relish for adventure.

As he grew older, he was wont to ponder the possibilities suggested in the books as the guerdon of earnest effort, and to long for an opportunity to choose from among a thousand different occupations, one to be followed as a straight path to fame and fortune. Shakerism offered no outlet for ambition—no laurel-wreath for which to strive; and he felt himself to be restricted in his surroundings—unduly limited in scope for the exercise of his vigor and activity of intellect. With the self-assurance of a young man, he thought he lacked but freedom from his present restraints, and stimulus to exertion, to display intrinsic qualities that would lift him above his fellows. Thus it came to pass that this feeling of restlessness made him yearn to become a worldling.

These "unholy desires," he had been taught to believe, were the pernicious strivings of an inborn love of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," opposed to his peace and spiritual progress and likely to entice him from the pure simplicity of a Shaker communal home to the selfish pursuits of the world, scripturally metaphored to him as "the flesh-pots of Egypt."

Often he would withdraw himself from his brethren to debate silently and alone the thoughts which would obtrude upon his mind. Opinions which, from a Shaker standpoint, were decidedly heterodox, were being evolved out of the chaos of a mind that, for lack of proper training, had assimilated, without sequence, what

ever it could glean, whether from the religious teaching of those of his sect or from the expressed theories of converts newly settled in the Society. As these opinions began to take shape, they prompted him to fight his way through the doctrinal difficulties that beleaguered his faith with doubts and assailed it with that insinuating weapon of agnosticism—interrogation. To put these questions aside unanswered, was to ignore his reason; to retreat into negation, was to dwarf his personality; but an investigation of the distinctive difference between the manners, customs and ethics of Christendom and a life of self-abasement, celibacy, isolation, comparative inutility, and co-operative acquisition and ownership of all things elsewhere held as personal property, promised a solution of the problem which harassed his brain and made of serenity, turmoil; and of contentment, dissatisfaction.

But the world—that huge pantomime of tinsel splendor, dazzling as it allures and then becoming dreary as a deserted theatre when its gaudy finery is penetrated—was it really as his fancy pictured it to be? No. For had he not heard many times the testimony of those who, after squandering their prime in the pursuit of its vain glory, had turned from it disgusted, cynical and broken in spirit, to seek among the Shakers a haven, where, removed from its buffeting elements, they might drop the anchor of faith into the secure moorings of resignation and be at rest? But how few were these compared with the number of such as still sought and, mayhap, found happiness without the pale of his sect. Fewer still were they who lived out the last decades of their miserable lives in a Shaker settlement, after renouncing the world. Some ghost of a former illusion beckoned most of them away to their haunts of the past, as soon as their wounded hearts were healed and their fretful nerves soothed. Shakertown was to

some a convalescent home, whereto they came to rid themselves of mental maladies, the dregs of their wickedness, the malevolence of cheated desire or an itching for change. Restored by orderly living and rest, they returned as the dog "to his own vomit again, and as the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." With rare exceptions, only they who had spent their youth in the Society and knew little, if aught, of other religions and a more liberal and free life, seemed to

"Church Covenant," the final vow of complete consecration of himself to the Order forever. Should he do it? He resolved to decide once for all whether he would or would not leave his fraternal home. He decided in the negative, signed the solemn compact and set his face Zionward and his back to the world.

After his school-days were ended, he had left the cottage where the boys were housed and become affiliated with the Centre House Family as a novitiate member, when he worked at gardening, then on the farm, next in the tailor shop, afterwards at carpentry, until he again changed his trade to the more congenial occupation of printing.

Under the instruction of an itinerant printer, who periodically disappeared to return in a few months a penitent, he gained a rudimentary knowledge of the craft. There, in the small printing office, with its one Washington hand-press, some thirty fonts of type and a few other articles of an



"IN THE PRINTING OFFICE. . . . DISCUSSING POLITICS AND SPINNING YARNS"

regard as gospel the doctrines of Shakerism, and these usually showed a lack of character and soon succumbed to inertia.

Should he remain a Shaker till death, or should he despise the teachings of his sect to wrestle with a hostile world in the gratification of a mere dream of youth? This was a query that perplexed him by its recurrence, remaining an open question until he attained his majority, when he was urged—strenuously urged—to sign the

amateur outfit, he was taught his first lessons in type-setting and press-work, gaining what practical experience of typography he could from the printing of seed-bags, catalogues, occasional leaflets of Shaker songs and sundry other job work required.

When there was no printing to be done, he would sometimes lend a helping hand in the adjoining room, where the seed grown for sale was dried, sorted, packed and labelled for the market, or do such odd jobs around the

house and shops as such a jack-of-all-trades could turn his hand to. Often, in idle spells in the winter-time, when lack of employment grew irksome, he would be one of a motley group, whom Brother Joseph, the printer, would assemble around the oblong wood-stove in the printing office, for the pastime of discussing politics and spinning yarns.

Among those who formed this un-Shakerlike circle, more frequently were present than absent Daniel Knight, who had been in turn a sailor, gold-digger and an Arizona judge before his chameleon career found him a Shaker; Isaac Wilkins, a visionary with a tendency to spiritualism; William Booker, a tall, cadaverous individual, who wore his hair long, chewed tobacco and was the village Nimrod; Seth Bilbrook, an ex-Confederate trooper; and Thomas Potter, a short, wiry little chap, who had charge of the seed-room and was postman for the community. With such a variety of human nature, it was little wonder that the conversation was versatile, always interesting, often humorous, and usually not very edifying, for the worldly-wise would talk of the world, and the Shakers, bred to circumspection, were too much engrossed or amused to reprove them for referring to episodes of their past lives which, as professed converts to Shakerism, they had better have forgotten or remembered with shame. Judging from the entertainment they seemed to find in relating these reminiscences of their graceless lives, it is an open question whether their conversion was as complete or sincere as they feigned, or that they had not sought among the Shakers a home, which offered the necessaries of life and careless ease in return for their labor performed in a kill-time sort of a way, rather than a religious refuge from the blight of sin. Be that as it may, they were good fellows socially; not one of them but was liked even by the older members. So long as they outwardly conformed

to the rules and customs of the Society, were regular in their attendance at worship, decorous at union meetings and chaste in their behavior towards the sisters, their sincerity was neither questioned nor doubted.

All that Brother Pletus heard at these gatherings of the good and bad qualities of society, he mused upon afterwards, analyzing with his critical faculty the motives, and the ends of the desires of men; their aspirations and how far short they were likely to come of realization; their sordid pleasures and the penalties incurred in the pursuit of them; their passions and all the phases of human character as made manifest in their conduct. As he pondered over these things, the world seemed to him as being dominated by selfishness, lust of power and of place; that all, more or less, were playing the part of a make-believe; and that good flourished in out-of-the-way places, and even there, was trampled under-foot by the heedless throng, going its separate ways in quest of its own aggrandizement; that the good thrived and was imperceptibly outgrowing the bad only because the good was imperishable and could never be crushed out of existence. How the serene life he was living contrasted with that of those who were fretting and fuming in perpetual unrest, like the great sea, that leaps upon the shore and wrestles with the rocks that it may become greater—broader but shallower—and chafing by night and day because it cannot overrun the whole earth! How calmly—how contentedly he might live, if he would, in this dreamy, peaceful hamlet, the sound of the boisterous strife of contending factions borne in upon his ears from the streets of cities, only to make more snug the fraternal home in which it was his privilege to dwell!

“Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?” he asked himself in the words of the Psalmist many times. Why do not the people flock to Shakerism as sheep

to their fold at night? But then, on the other hand, it occurred to him that of the sheep that were once in the fold, many had returned to "the beggarly elements of the world." True, this was provocative of little surprise to the faithful few who never strayed from the flock into an unknown wilderness, since experience had taught them to recognize the inability of some to continue in the faith. Of these, he remembered, some came back and were received again into fellowship after confession and repentance of their backsliding, being too old or too indolent to resume their former status outside.

The return of such backsliders did much to convince Brother Pletus of the prudence of his resolve to adhere to the faith in which he had been nurtured, and to help him to curb his uneasiness under the restraint and monotony, the emptiness and lovelessness, of his existence, for, despite his apologies to himself for his decision to remain a Shaker, he still was subject to spells of doubting and restlessness, in which he was inclined to renounce the vow by which he was pledged till death to the life he had chosen at his majority. With a determination to improve the time and make himself more eligible to fill any position of trust or responsibility to which he might be called by the Ministry, he set zealously to work at educating himself in the higher branches of knowledge. Assisted in his purpose by Elder Harvey—one of the "Ministry" or executive board—who gave him access to his library, he soon became devoted to the acquisition of such literary and scientific learning as he had opportunity to study, and, before long, he began to be regarded by his brethren with favorable speculation as to what office he would be called upon to take.

His first promotion came upon the demise of the second elder of the Church Family, in whose place he was installed. This stimulated him to

a more scrupulous training of his thoughts into harmony with Shaker doctrine. Soon afterwards, he was again promoted. The organization of a new Family, to be known as the West House Family, for whom a house had been built in the western section of the village, necessitated the choice of an elder to take charge of it. To this important post Elder Pletus was appointed, much to his own gratification and that of the brethren and sisters who were drafted with him from the Family with which he was formerly associated.

II.

Not long after the West House was occupied by the new Family, Elder Pletus was deputed by the Ministry to go to Bowling Green to see a family named Pearson, who were contemplating the adoption of Shakerism and the consecration of what little property they possessed to the service of the Community. The family consisted of an elderly couple and their only daughter, Prudence. The latter was a pleasant-featured person, in the prime of young womanhood, with a genuine, affectionate disposition and an individuality as marked as it was unobtrusive. Her fresh complexion and habitual serenity betokened a mind at peace with itself and content with her lot; and her dignified, yet natural deportment at once commanded the respect of all whom she chanced to meet.

Elder Pletus was received by them, as the representative of the Society, with much cordiality, and invited to dine with them, which he did. During the meal the conversation turned to the object of his visit, soon leading to a description, by Pletus, of the habits, customs and social system of the Shakers, in the following words:—

"Scattered through the States of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine, Ohio and Kentucky, are eighteen communities of The United Society of Believers,

commonly called Shakers Holding ourselves aloof from the world at large and limiting our dealings with it to commercial intercourse, we are, in every respect, a peculiar people, worthy of more public notice than we receive, for our broad theology, our almost Utopian mode of life, and our primitive simplicity of habits

“This sect was founded in the latter part of the last century by Ann Lee, whom we regard as our spiritual mother; some of the older and more orthodox brethren claiming her birth as being the fulfilment of the predicted second coming of Christ,—the incarnation of the feminine personality of the Deity; but this has ceased to be urged as sound doctrine. As a matter of history, she was an Englishwoman, whose marital relations were such as to make her dissatisfied with the life she was living, and endeavor to attain to the realization of an ideal state of social purity, and a higher plane of spiritual experience, as taught and exemplified by our grand prototype, Jesus Christ. Having an exalted soul and a strong individuality, evidenced by a mind susceptible of original conceptions and unalterable convictions, she was, we believe, chosen of God for the mission she was pre-eminently qualified to undertake, and inspired—whether by direct revelation or intuition, I will not pretend to decide, for I know not—to formulate and establish a religio-socialistic system, which even our opponents will admit is unique and innocuous. This system, now known as Shakerism, begun and maintained by its founder and her faithful followers, in spite of much persecution, we, in our time, are perpetuating.

“Conspicuous among the principles of the Society are the dedication of ourselves to a life of absolute celibacy and chastity, the banding of ourselves together in a co-operative community for mutual support and protection—in short, a brother and sisterhood, pledged to purity and aspiration

to a higher life than it is possible for one to live outside of our borders.

“The particular Community to which I belong is similar to all the others in general arrangement. It is governed by a Ministry of its own, consisting of four persons, two of either sex, ordained by the controlling Ministry of the whole at Mount Lebanon Society, in the State of New York. Our Community



SISTER PRUDENCE.

is sub-divided into four Families, each occupying respectively the North, East, Centre and West Houses. Each Family keeps its property and industries separate from those of the others, holding in trust, and cultivating enough land from which to raise food for its own consumption and for sale. Carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking, farming, preserving of fruit, growing of

seeds and cattle-breeding contribute to our maintenance. The brothers occupy one half, and the sisters the other half of the house, while the children we adopt, and those of proselytes who bring their families with them amongst us, are housed in cottages apart from their parents, under the undisputed authority of deacons and deaconesses appointed to take charge of them. Parental and marital relationships are not recognized by us, all other kinship being merged into that of brother and sister. Order is maintained, and the domestic and industrial interests of each Family are looked after by two elders and two elderesses; deacons and deaconesses, acting under their instructions, attending to the duties to which they are assigned. Each house contains a large dining-room, kitchen, scullery, dormitories, sewing and store-rooms, a sick-room and a meeting-room. In the latter the Family meets thrice weekly for worship, devotional exercises and exhortation, there being also a general meeting-house in which the whole Community assembles every Sunday afternoon for the same purposes.

"We really have no definite creed, but accept the admonitions of scripture according to our own conscientious interpretation of them; and we believe in the precepts of Jesus Christ, and in the following of the pattern which his life affords of celibacy, continence and unselfishness.

"Rigorous precautions are taken to prevent the violation of our distinctive rules. The dormitories of the sisters are on one side of the house, and those of the brethren on the other side, approached by different stairways and corridors. They are large, and each contains six or more beds, the furniture comprising, besides these, a stove, chairs, tables, mats and wardrobes. They are also used by their inmates as sitting-rooms in the daytime. Lack of luxury is more than compensated for by their cleanliness and wholesome comfort, their orderliness, and

the cheerful companionship which should, and does generally exist among their occupants. Manifestations of partiality for one brother or sister more than another is reprov'd, for we are enjoined to be charitable in the matter of the personal faults of our neighbors, and to strive to be agreeable to all and offended at none. Clandestine courtship, or conduct between a brother and sister that may lead to love-making, is immediately punished with reprimand or removal of one of the offenders to another Family or Community, or even with expulsion from the Society, should they persist in these misdemeanors.

"Our method of admitting converts to fellowship amongst us is, on their profession of faith in our principles, to allow them first to live for a short time in a house set apart for the accommodation of those who are about to join, that they may have an opportunity for investigation before signing the Novitiate Covenant, and becoming attached to a Family for a probationary term of three months. Then, if they are still satisfied with Shakerism, and desire to unite themselves permanently with us, they are required to sign the Church Covenant as full members. This act necessitates the surrender of themselves and all their personal belongings to the service of the Lord and the Society, and the taking of an oath to relinquish all claims against the Society, either for the recovery of their former possessions, or for recompense for labor performed whilst with us, and to depart peaceably if they ever wish to leave. No distinction is made between those who have or have not money or property when they join, and all share equally in the privileges of the commonwealth.

"We are averse to war, taking no part therein, and we regard the barbarous slaughter of our fellow-men, by means so terribly cruel, as a blot upon Christianity and civilization. We lament the existing circumstances

which seem to compel nations to maintain and train their soldiery to the dreadful skill of warfare, and look eagerly forward to the time when universal peace shall prevail, and right, not might, shall be the arbiter of national disputes. While, as loyal and law-abiding citizens of the country in which we dwell, we are interested in American prosperity, we take no active part in politics, either by voting or otherwise expressing our opinions, for reasons which, perhaps, others may fail to appreciate."

From a statement of facts, Elder Pletus drifted into a laudation of the purity of a life of self-denying chastity, and the unselfish, fraternal equality of a communal home.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearson interrupted him at intervals to question and debate certain points, but their daughter spoke not a word. Her calm, thoughtful eyes never removed their steadfast gaze from his face. They seemed to pry into his very soul, to see how truthfully his words were in accord with his inner convictions. He seemed to feel that in her was a will not to be turned from the decision of her judgment, and so upon her he directed the ardor of his persuasion, for surely she was worth winning as a sister.

Although he was sincere in all he said, his motives, too, being unquestionably honest in exerting his influence upon the vacillating trio, there was beneath the impulsion of his speech an undercurrent of feeling, which, analyzed, would have been found to be the precursor of a love for Prudence Pearson more fervent than brotherly, and decidedly partial in its tendency. This, Elder Pletus did not realize at the time. Truly, he was aware of a predilection for the woman he was then wooing as a sister; but that only made him the more earnest in his appeal. Did he answer an argument from her father or a question from her mother, his logic swerved to the silent debater, and focussed its power upon

the mute opposition that came from her eloquent eyes.

Whether of the three she was the most intelligent, or that the object of his mission—now that he had seen and begun to love her—was made subsidiary to the prime purpose of securing her consent, was why he so assiduously courted her favor, it matters not. Before he left them, he so wrought upon the mind of the maid that she grew passive and concurred with the decision of her parents to become probationary members of the Society.

It was not until long after they had joined the Order, and been affiliated with the West House Family, that Elder Pletus fully realized the strength of the passion for Prudence Pearson which his familiarity as head of the household had ripened.

Dressed in a plain gray gown, a white kerchief fastened about her neck, with an unadorned lace cap upon her head, she looked the personification of modesty, simplicity and sweetness—a true Priscilla. Many were the furtive glances he stole at her meek face as she flitted about the house, intent on her duties. There was a grave—almost matronly—dignity in her mien, which, while it in no wise conflicted with her maidenly charms, neutralized the inharmonies of her surroundings and brought her personality into clear relief against the quaint background of Shaker life. She did not look so prim as the uniform mode of attire made most of the sisters appear. Indeed, her placidity harmonized with her Puritanical garments, and their sober hue and fashion made more obvious the classic contour of her face and figure, for beauty is enhanced by contrast.

"She is a woman who ennobles her sex; if the world is so bad, why take from it such an ideal example of womanhood?" thought Elder Pletus. He half reproached himself for having been instrumental to her immurement in Shakertown.

At "union meetings," when the



AT A MEETING IN SHAKERTOWN.

brethren and sisters who were disposed to be sociable met twice a week for conversation and singing of Shaker songs, the sisters seated in a row, with their hands clasped upon their laps and wearing the ubiquitous lace caps, faced by the brothers in a similar attitude, Prudence and Pletus were the conspicuous figures of the group. Great was his appreciation for her society on these occasions, and impatiently he awaited them. He could not help addressing his remarks almost exclusively to her; and the conversation being usually of an elevating nature, as it was generally confined to spiritual matters and topics concerning material progress, literature and social reform, she had ample scope for the display of her culture and sagacity in the discussion of subjects which interested her.

Every meeting such as one of these added fuel to the fire of his passion, and drew them nearer to the time when they must part or go forth into the world united as man and wife.

At the first religious meeting she attended, Sister Prudence was alternately surprised, amused and startled by the queer service, and the grotesque antics which the zeal of some led them to exhibit in a paroxysm when the dance culminated in a shake. Nor is this an uncommon experience with those who behold for the first time the ludicrous ceremonials of Shaker devotions. But the novelty wore off as she became accustomed to the sight, and, in time, she too could be seen in the ranks, apparently enjoying the singing, marching and dancing.

When the bell rang for worship, the brethren and sisters, who were quietly awaiting its summons in their rooms, would decorously form in Indian file in the corridors upstairs, each one locking hands together in front of him. Then, headed by the elders and elderesses, they would descend their separate stairs and march into the meeting-room on the ground floor, where, the brethren on one side and

the sisters on the other, they formed ranks. For a few moments they stood with heads bowed in silent prayer, then a song, in the singing of which all joined, was sung and repeated.

As the words and tunes of these songs are all composed by Shakers, there is a peculiarity about their melodies which is remarkable: and it is not unpleasant. Some are sung with a mournful cadence; others have a triumphant strain, while many are tender and pathetic. This is a favorite one, frequently sung as a prelude to the service:

“My weary heart has found a resting-place;

My feet no longer need to roam,
For in this blessedness of perfect rest
I've a home, sweet home.

I've a place to lay my heavy burden down,

A refuge when the cold storms come:

O happy thought!—the hope of life fulfilled
In our home, sweet home!”

And this is another, the tune of which is adapted to the time of the slow march:

“We are on the sea of life,

Tossed by winds and waves of strife;

Feeble though our hearts may be,

If, Lord, by faith we trust in Thee,

We can stem the rolling tide;

With our Saviour for our Guide,

Though the winds be rough and high,

We'll anchor safely by and by.”

As they sang the latter, they marched, two by two, around the room, waving their hands in graceful, rhythmical unison to the time of the music, while a selected choir of the best male singers marched in an inner circle, swelling the general harmony and imitating the others in their motions. In the short pause that followed the conclusion of the song, somebody would start a livelier air, suited to the quick-step march. As the words of all the popular airs are memorized by the members, the strain would be taken up at once and the procession would move at a jog-trot, keeping pace with the music, which kept pace with the feelings of the singers. As the excitement increased, the singing and the marching became more and more brisk

until everybody broke into a dance, still singing vociferously the while. This is an indescribable feat of Shaker agility, being a kind of hop, skip and turn-about, the variety of evolutions increasing as they lose control of themselves in the frenzy that seems to seize upon their wits at this time. There is a funny little nursery rhyme about one James Crow which is very suggestive of a Shaker dance. It contains a couplet which runs somewhat to this effect :

“ Wheel about and turn about, and do just so,
And every time you wheel about, jump, Jim
Crow ! ”

The words suit the action so appropriately, that a reputation for striking innovation awaits the first Skaker to discover and introduce this couplet into the ritual of his Order as a vocal accompaniment to the dance. Presently, when everybody became giddy and bewildered, and everything appeared to be in utter confusion, they stamped their feet upon the floor and wound up with a tremendous shake, as a dog would shake the moisture from its coat after having been in the water. The significance of the act is explained by them as being symbolical of their desire to rid themselves of sin by figuratively shaking off the baneful psychological conditions which are supposed to exist and to be detrimental to their spiritual natures. Unlike the custom of the world, the sisters did not dance with the brothers, but followed in couples behind them; and no instrumental music was used in the meeting-room.

Before the meeting closed, they again formed into line and sang; afterwards, if anyone had aught to say of experience or exhortation, the congregation remained standing and attentive during the speech, sometimes corroborating, sometimes verbally applauding, such sentences as evoked comment. Then they filed back to their rooms as they came, to pass an hour in reading or chat before retiring at ten o'clock.

It was considered the bounden duty of every member to make confession of his or her faults to the Ministry, and to report to that body at once anything known to have occurred contrary to the regulations, that wrong-doing might be suppressed and order maintained. Encompassed by so large a company of witnesses, and having so little opportunity to divulge his passion to whom it yearned, it was not strange that many months should elapse—during which period the ardor of his feelings intensified—before Elder Pletus dared to entertain the idea of opening the flood-gates of his soul to relieve himself of the pressure of desire which concealment could hardly hold in check.

Oh! the nights of broken slumber. Oh! the feverish restlessness of those long, weary months. Oh! the pangs of the struggle betwixt his application to duty and the temptation to ignore it. The glittering world loomed seductively before him; ambition and the strivings of his vigorous manhood rebelled against his will; the mild sanctity of the face of Sister Prudence haunted his dreams when asleep, and compelled his admiration when awake. His conscience complained of the load he forced it to bear unconfessed, and suggested an interview with Elder Harvey; but with that suggestion he would not—dared not comply, for he knew such a disclosure might cause the removal of Prudence to another Family or, more probably, the transfer of himself to another Community, if his infatuation should prove irremediable. So he held his peace; now wrestling with the secret; now trying to oust the love that possessed his heart; now giving himself up unresistingly to its delightful control, not disputing its supremacy until it threatened to elude his discretion by an open declaration.

III.

One day, towards evening, as the rain poured a deluge and the black

clouds of a thunder-storm darkened the sky, Elder Pletus heard the trampling of a horse in the yard, and looking out of the window of his room, he saw the animal running loose. Putting on his hat, he went to the door and called it first by the name of one and then of the other of the two horses owned by his family, but it did not come. He then concluded that it was one of the Centre House horses, and called "Selim!" haphazard. Selim whinnied and trotted straight to him. He patted the brute and spoke a few kindly words to it for its obedience, and then, seizing it by the forelock,

as a man who, in mortal fright, would grasp at an apparition; for he was thrown completely off his guard by so unexpected an encounter.

"Yea; and you need not be so scared. I am not a ghost, and I will not hurt you," she replied, laughing heartily.

"I am not scared. I—I was—"

"You were what now, Elder Pletus? Come, confess that you were frightened—and that by a woman! Fie! I thought you were braver than that!"

"Nay; I was not *frightened*. I was startled to discover it was *you*."

"Why me, pray?"

He did not answer; but, overwhelmed with a sense of the impropriety of the situation and his having taken hold of her, which she, in her chaste innocence did not realize, he took off his frock coat, wrapped it about her, and, despite her protestations that he should thus deprive himself of it for her, led her out into the teeming rain. What a conflict raged within him! How he



"SHE IS A LIVING DELILAH, WHO HATH ENTICED THEE WITH HER WILES"

led it out of the yard and across a long field to the Centre House stables.

After fastening the horse in its stall, he went into an adjoining barn to get some corn for it. He was surprised to find the door open, and thought that, perhaps, some tramps were sheltering there for the night; but he was still more astonished—nay, startled—when, entering the door, he ran against a woman in the gloom, and was accosted by name in a familiar voice.

"Sister Prudence!" he gasped, clutching at her wildly and trembling

longed to take advantage of this propitious chance to tell his love! How manfully he withstood what only a Shaker would consider a temptation!

"I have been to the office on an errand from Eldress Eleanor to Sister Nancy, and I was caught in the storm when returning, so I took shelter in the barn. . . . I am so glad you came, for it got dark suddenly and I was afraid, not knowing how long I might have to wait for the rain to cease," she said, half apologetically, after an embarrassing silence.

"Yea," he assented brusquely.

"But you did not tell me why you were startled to find it was me. Surely I was not to blame?"

"Nay."

"Then why not tell me the reason?"

"Sister Prudence, I must not—dare not explain. Let this suffice," was his answer, with an almost savage emphasis.

Prudence was now startled. Not understanding the motive of his unwonted severity, and thinking she had unwittingly broken some rule which she had yet to learn, she said no more.

When they parted at the door of the house, he said to her :

"Sister Prudence, you will, please, mention this occurrence to Eldress Eleanor, and tell her how we met and why we were thus together to-night."

However formally he had compelled himself to speak these words, the parting salutation of "Good night, Sister Prudence," was uttered with tenderness and punctuated with a deep-drawn sigh, which could not have failed to impart a clue to his feelings towards her.

Selim did not get the corn, and both the stable and barn doors were left wide open.

All that night Elder Pletus tossed on his bed and could not sleep, and the next morning he was in a fever and unable to rise. At last, nature, long harassed with wakeful worry by night and restless torment by day, had succumbed. As the day wore on, he became delirious. The secret which he had so vigilantly guarded from observation, escaped him in the disjointed phrases which he muttered in his aberration. The burden of his ravings was that a woman had bewitched him with her eyes and set his passions loose in defiance of his will. Luckily for him, none but Sister Prudence—who had been detailed by Eldress Eleanor to minister to his sickness—heard who that woman was, and she knew best why she kept that discovery to herself. Whether the knowledge thus derived was treasured in

concealment by her womanly tact as a joy which no one else might share with her, or whether for his sake, she deemed it discreet to be silent, she betrayed not that her lover ailed of stifled love for her.

"Aha!" ejaculated Elder Harvey, with a shake of his venerable locks as he picked up a novel from a table in the sick man's room and thrust it into the stove. "Getting wet is the cause of the fever, and this trashy book has put the woman with the bewitching eyes into his head," thought he. And he went away, rehearsing a homily on discipline for the reclamation of the backsliding favorite of his flock, which he intended to deliver to him as soon as Elder Pletus was restored. He did not know that the day before he had been taken sick, Pletus had gently reproved a young brother for cherishing this relic of the world he had professed to have forsaken with all its vanities, and had persuaded him to relinquish the book, purposing to take it to the Ministry for them to dispose of it.

Owing to the temperate life he had always led, and his robust physique, the herbal remedies given him allayed the fever in much less time than they would allay it in a person of inferior stamina. In a few days, his strength was sufficiently recuperated to enable him to attend to his duties. He looked rather pale, and felt weak, but otherwise was little the worse for his illness.

He was alarmed when told he had been delirious, and, while in that state, had repeatedly spoken of a woman who had a remarkable influence over him. He felt sure that that which he had held captive within his own breast with so stern a resolution, had burst the fetters of silence and become the gossip of the village. Yet no one mentioned it in his hearing on the first day he was out of doors; but this, he attributed to their consideration for himself.

The day following, a request came

to him from the Ministry to present himself before Elder Harvey. This was tantamount to a confirmation of his conjectures. He was, however, much relieved to discern that his elder brother had but a vague inkling of the true state of his mind, and had sent for him that he might chide him for having in his possession such a book as "a sensational novel—a gaudy fiction—an embellished lie, decked in the Devil's finery, the better to entrap the passions which deprave men." Seeing this, he ventured to interrupt him in the middle of an interminable sentence, predictive of the consequence of reading "such inflammatory literature," to explain how and where he had obtained the novel. Contrary to the expectation of Elder Pletus, instead of the explanation smoothing over the matter, the face of the old man clouded with a sorrowful, reprehensive frown, as he uttered the accusation:

"Brother Pletus, if she be not the woman of the book, she is a living Delilah, who hath enticed thee with her wiles that she may deprive thee of thy strength."

"Nay, Elder Harvey; she is no Delilah, nor have I been enticed of any woman," he replied.

"You acknowledge her existence: who, then, is she?"

Elder Pletus turned his flushed face to the wall and was silent awhile, before he answered in an almost inaudible, yet decisive tone:

"I will not say."

The old man stood aghast, amazed at this unwonted disobedience—nay, rebellion—in one who had heretofore been invariably docile, and submissive to discipline. Anger sparkled in his eyes; his lips twitched with the sudden checking of words that nearly found utterance. But it was gone in a moment, and unshed tears twinkled on their lashes. He had once been young himself, and, mayhap, had loved as this man.

"My son," he began in a quavering

voice, "nearly sixty years ago I fought the same battle against the flesh that you are fighting now, and I conquered. Look at me; consider my age; see this vitality for an old man! Am I not young in vigor, though old in years? Am I not straight and strong, when I might—if I had lived so long—been decrepit? Look, I say, and see in my life a proof of the blessedness of that victory! Hear you the words of scripture: 'Walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other!'"

Elder Pletus stood with his head bowed, pained to the core of his being, yet mute and unmelted.

"What say you, Brother Pletus?" the elder asked.

"Little I have to say, since nothing you or I can do will eradicate that which has become part of myself—bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh."

"Surely you are not betrothed or—married to this woman surreptitiously?"

"Nay; neither. But my nature is strong in its hold upon that which it cherishes. Many months I have striven to extirpate the love which came upon me with a stealth that eluded my cognizance until it was too late and I could not cast it out. I know now that, whether I marry this woman or never woo her, the love I bear in my heart will never leave me. Therefore I say it is 'bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.'"

"But do not the scriptures say, 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee?'"

"Elder Harvey, if you have ever loved in all sincerity, you may believe this assertion. It were easier for me to literally pluck out my eye than to pluck out of my heart that which does *not* offend me. If this subject must be discussed with Biblical arguments, how will you refute the scriptural declaration that 'For this cause shall a

man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh?"

"Enough—enough. We will not try to dispute the quotations of each other by controversy. Go you to your room, my son, and read studiously the eighth chapter of Romans. I will see you again soon. In the meantime, be strong; resist this allurements as a good Shaker, and you will be a better man for having suffered of it. Remember it is my wish and expectation that one day you shall fill my place, to strengthen the feeble faith of your weaker brethren."

In one of several interviews with the same member of the Ministry, which followed the one described, Elder Pletus, being vexed with a return of his old spirit of restlessness, and having grown despondent, spoke moodily of leaving the Community, promising to come back if the change should cure him of his infatuation. He even proffered his resignation as elder, since of late he had found it impossible to be consistent in his thoughts and aspirations with the principles of the Society, which, in his position, he felt bound to exemplify. But Elder Harvey ignored the proposition, saying that so long as he struggled against this besetting sin, he was blameless. And so, still disheartened,

he returned to the monotonous routine of his daily duties, his burden heavy as before, and the conflict still raging fiercely within him, with no prospect of a settlement of the question that would not be put aside.

One day, several weeks later, the matter was brought unexpectedly to a



"WILL YOU BE MY WIFE, PRUDENCE?"

crisis. Eldress Eleanor came to tell Elder Pletus that Sister Prudence had made up her mind to sever her connection with Shakerism, and would not be dissuaded from her purpose, not even by her parents. Thinking he might have some influence upon

her, she besought him to come and see the sister. He accompanied the eldress to the sewing-room, where they found the object of their solicitude alone and in tears.

"Sister Prudence," he began in a faltering voice, "are you unhappy here that you wish to leave us?"

"Yes," she replied in such a tone of distress, that he trembled with suppressed agitation.

"Why are you unhappy, Sister Prudence?" the eldress asked.

"That I cannot tell you," said the other, growing pale and controlling her emotion with difficulty.

"Entreat her to stay, Elder Pletus," pleaded Eldress Eleanor, bursting into tears also; for Prudence was greatly beloved of her.

Pletus made an effort to speak, but the words he would have spoken seemed to stick in his throat and choke their utterance. His hands were extended towards her in an attitude of earnest supplication, and his features expressed the entreaty his tongue refused to articulate, but she did not heed him.

Sister Prudence had swooned.

Elder Pletus was both alarmed and aroused. In an instant he had forgotten himself, his eldership, the presence of a spectator—everything and everybody save the unconscious object of his affection, whom he clasped wildly, endearingly in his arms.

Eldress Eleanor was horrified at this rash, unseemly behavior of the first elder of the Family. She screamed and endeavored to take her from him, but he motioned her excitedly away.

This, then, was the woman who had bewitched him—she to whom had been assigned the task of nursing him in his sickness. What an astounding revelation!

Gently he tried to arouse Prudence from the fainting fit by calling her affectionately by name. Not even when other sisters came into the room did he put her from his arms. When

she opened her eyes, he led her to a chair and allowed her to sink upon it. Then, to the amazement and confusion of the auditors, he said candidly and with much tenderness:

"Sister Prudence, I love you dearly."

"I know it, Elder Pletus; that is why I am going. I am but a stumbling-block to you if I stay," she answered.

"Prudence, pray do not go for my sake; for I vow I will not remain here a day after your departure. I am better able to cope with adversity than you are; I will be the one to leave—unless—unless—Oh! Prudence, do you love me? Say you love me—say you will be my wife, and we will go away together. Believe me, I am sincere. My love is not the growth of a day; I have loved you from the time when we first met. Tell me—tell me now: Will you be my wife, Prudence? This is no time for hesitation. Is it yes?"

During this almost frenzied outburst, wherein the words had flown spontaneously from his heart, hot with passion and charged with the magnetism of his ardent nature, he seemed totally oblivious of the presence of any third party. Prudence Pearson also appeared to be strangely unconscious of her surroundings. She stood as one fascinated, neither retreating or showing any sign of resistance as he approached her in the importunacy of his suit and took her hands in his, finally embracing her.

Then the spell of her entrancement was broken. As her head sank upon his shoulder and she hid her scarlet face, in very modesty, from her tearful sisters, only his ear caught the smothered whisper:

"I will, Pletus."

Turning to Eldress Eleanor, not without a smile of triumph upon his face, Pletus—no longer a Shaker elder—said with touching simplicity:

"My good sister, Eleanor, I have shocked you and these my sisters. I have, no doubt you think, brought re-

proach upon my eldership and given you all cause to grieve at the manner of our departure. Forgive me, sisters. I cannot for shame see my brethren, and especially Elder Harvey, who has been to me a spiritual father. Plead, I implore you, his and their pardon for us, and say I will write to-morrow. Good-bye—good-bye, and God bless you all.”

With these words, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he led his betrothed wife by the hand from among them and departed.

Prudence and Pletus were married that day in Bowling Green.

On the morrow, Elder Harvey found his way to them. He brought with

him their wardrobe, and a cheque for five hundred dollars as a gift from the trustees of the Society. He sat with them at their hotel an hour or more; but all he said—all he seemed to be able to say—as he left them was:

“We shall miss you both; do not forget us. May the world be kind to you, and the Lord God shield you as His own, and prosper and bless you with all that is worth having. I am an old man, and I may never see you again, my son. Heaven bless you!”

And the old Shaker tottered out of the room. When he got out of sight, he shook as he had never shaken before, but it was with an agony of tears.



A MOUNTAIN MARCH.

A Himalayan Reminiscence.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

OUR camp is on a little plateau, a natural level among the mountain steeps. Here we had halted yesterday morning after our first march up the basal slopes of the giant chain of the Himalayas. It is as yet pitch dark, for it is but one a.m. The *reveille* has, however, sounded, and already the companies are at their tents, striking and packing them for the camels. Every here and there are to be seen fires of dry bushwood, kindled to throw light upon the scene. The ruddy blaze causes everything near to stand out in strong relief, while rendering yet intenser the outer gloom, where the advanced line of the jungle repels the invading glare. I am luckily in a position to take matters easily, so sit and look on. My *barwarchi* (native cook) has prepared me a cup of hot coffee and a biscuit, and I loll on my folded tent, which has been packed by a fatigue party, and munch and sip while watching the preparations for the march.

It is a novel and an amusing scene withal. Ever and anon between the now paling glare of the fires and myself, stalk, like quadrupedal ghosts, the long lines of camels, which are the pack animals. Now an elephant, with flapping ears and ponderous tread, shuffles by towards the commissariat, or, again, a string of oxen are goaded, unwilling, toward their hackereys,—open carts for the accommodation of the regimental staff, the sick, the women and children, etc. A perfect babel of sounds has succeeded to the midnight stillness; men shouting to their comrades, drivers yelling to their cattle, oxen bellowing, camels grumbling savagely as they kneel to receive their burdens.

I watch the manoeuvres of one of these creatures, evidently an old stager, with amused interest. He has been forced, after a stubborn remonstrance, upon his knees, and there he squats, making no move, but grumbling awfully, with that half-plaintive, half-rebellious unctiousness that only a camel can summon on an emergency. Presently everything is nearly ready. The poles are in their places, the tent has been laid along, and the last ropes are being passed, when, with a vicious bellow, he makes a great lurch from his knees, and down tumbles the whole burden. A shower of blows and anathemas, delivered with every degree of emphasis, and the latter in half-a-dozen tongues, from broad Irish to Pushtu, follows, and down flops the irreconcilable again. This time he is held by the nose rope, and the lading accomplished, and at a given signal, his head being released, with an ungainly wallow, like a sinking Dutch lugger, he staggers to his feet, and stands placidly surveying the prospect as though nothing unusual has happened.

At length all is declared ready. As if by magic the tents have disappeared. The fires flicker low, toying with the vapors, and there, just on the confines of the plateau, beyond the lines of baggage animals now slowly wending their way onwards into the gloom, is seen the regiment in column ready for the route. A clear voice rings through the night air over the expiring embers: "Fours, right; left wheel; quick march." The last sound of the word march is lost in the resounding thud of the big drum, and the companies vanish away, one after the other, into the night-mists and the

shadows, to a glorious burst of music from their magnificent band, playing forty strong.

I am for the present a non-combatant attached to the staff, so I follow in the wake, keeping by the side of my hackerey, which is drawn by two small oxen, and piloted by a typical Hindoo, a very sphinx of Oriental reticence, from whom nothing can be elicited but a grunt, varied by an occasional ejaculatory "*aree bail!*" (ah bullock!) accompanied by a jab with his stick in the direction of one of the diminutive creatures. My native bearer brings up the rear with the inevitable *hubble-bubble* (native pipe). Presently he mounts the hackerey by the side of the sphinx, and I am left to trudge alone.

The air at this hour is chilly, for we are on rapidly rising ground, and the pace is tediously slow. I endeavor a remonstrance with my sable Jehu, "Come old fellow," I say, "can't you stir those *bails* up and get along a little faster?" My bearer interprets. For response, we have the usual grunt, supplemented by the customary jab. No recognizable effect results, save a remonstrant wag of the head from the near bullock. Grunt number two follows, "*aree bail!*" Jab number two. Remonstrant wag from the off animal. Then follows a short course of choice cursing in an unknown tongue, in which is invoked dire retribution upon the unfortunate creatures' heads. The stick jabs persistently, but no farther effect is produced. Presently, Jehu desists and lapses into the mummy state as before. It is useless to expostulate, so I resolve to take matters into my own hands. I approach the nearest bullock stealthily, and am about to administer a sound cuff, which, I imagine, will set things hurrying, when with a prescience altogether startling to one unacquainted with Hindi bullock life, the little savage, after a vicious snort and shake of the head, makes a side lunge at me with his hind leg, and narrowly

misses inflicting an ugly wound. "*Aree Sahib, mat maro!*" (Ah, sir, don't strike!) falls from the lips of the aroused driver, and a shower of jabs and blows follows from his stick; but these are native, and the bullocks are opposed solely to alien interference. They take no notice as before, and presently resume their dawdling gait, while their pilot once more re-enters the Land of Nod.

The hours drag, for it is dark and I have no company. The pace is simply petrifying, but we trudge patiently along, hoping for better things in the sweet by-and-by. And, indeed, ere long, things do begin to brighten. The air grows more elastic. My eyes open more fully to the prospect. The bullocks begin to travel a little faster. The driver rouses himself for a pull at the *hubble-bubble*. I hear the subdued twitter of a bird, and I know the dawn is at hand by an indefinable something in the air. For a space it seems to grow colder and darker, sure presages of the dawn. We gain a vantage ground upon a shoulder of the mountain side, just where the road makes a grand sweep to the left. I know instinctively, by the freshening air, that we have emerged from a narrow pass, and that, did daylight permit, the eye would range unimpeded to the right over distances of landscape, height and depth, hollow and ridge and summit, scarcely conceivable to him who has not traversed these mountain wilds.

My watch proclaims it daybreak, and I halt to view the phenomenon for the first time among the mazes of the Himalayas. Out to the east, and at what seems a prodigious distance, slowly palpitates into being a film of gauzy gray, slightly frayed at the lower edge. It is the glimmer of the far horizon, notched by the serried ridges. The film seems to shiver coldly. It is Nature shaking off her coverlid of vapors, waking for the day. Slowly the pulsing gray film lengthens and broadens, slowly at first, and then more

rapidly, for in the tropics there is no dawdling over celestial phenomena. One by one the objects outline themselves more distinctly: vast abysses of blue-black shade yawn up from depths profound, lost in gloom; intermediate

along the steeps, and are not lost till the pale purple of the distance seems to blend everything in a common hue. Even now in the spectral dawning they seem to cast their shadows from them, as substantial entities, a solid

something apart from themselves. Those wonderful shadows, mysteriously dark, vaguely outlined, grandly proportioned!

But while I have been standling lost in admiration, with my eyes fixed upon these masses of mountain giants, a great change has come over the face of nature. I turn from peering down into the black depths of a pine-clad abyss to behold a very transformation scene. Who could have conceived such distances, such outlines, such colors, lights and shades! The east is all a rosy red, pink scales and dapplings laid on silver-grey, barred here and there with crimson strata, the

banners of the advancing sun. Down in the valleys, at irregular intervals, are yet to be seen little floating islands of mist, fleecy and white, stealthily creeping, or rather sailing up the inclines to melt and dissipate in the upper air. The peaks tower one above the other. The pine slopes lap and are merged. The valleys stretch away in panoramic vistas, till the lip of the confining barrier, guarding the last, touches the crimson lip of the sky line. Between the mountain road and that sky line are to be seen every variety of texture, every gradation of color



ON THE HIMALAYAS.

stretches of cold gray elevations reach, fold on fold and tier on tier, toward the broadening film. That film, but a moment ago, cold and neutral, is now flushing pale pink, and the gray veil is lifting further to the zenith. And now have sprung into view, as if by magic, the masses of the mountain pines. There they stand, grim sentinels of the passes, sombre and impenetrable, rank on rank, phalanx on phalanx, deep on deep, immensity on immensity. Springing from the feet of the gorges too far beneath to be seen, they rear their mighty heads upward

and tint; from blue-black of unsearchable depth, strong grey of nearer rock, darkest green of foliage, through all shades of lighter greens and greys, browns, purples and neutral tintings of the middle distance and background to the red and blue of the horizon, and so up again through scarlet and pink and azure mottlings of the cloudscape, to the pearly greys of the utmost zenith.

At last with an exclamation of delight, I see the fiery rim of the sun as it is protruded above the crest of the farthest rise. Up it mounts, distending as it goes. The shadows flee away to deeper depths. The colors strengthen and blaze. The sky becomes a mosaic of the most marvellous hues, the painted vapors lying here in bars, there in cirri, surging now in rose-tinted waves, anon curdling into cream-colored masses and wreaths, brodered with silver, or shot with the radiance of gold. All nature is awake and alert, paying obeisance before the great round orb, now sheer of the crest, and flung like a protecting *agis* over the earth. All things seem jubilant at the advent of the morn, all, save a few outlying shreds of vapor away to the left. There, far as the eye can see, yet linger these pale gray skirmishers, sole remnant of the discomfited legions of Night, the last retreating scouts of yesterday; but they too begin to disperse, and presently melt away in a silvery dust of impalpable mist, pierced and routed by the arrows of the triumphant day.

I turn to pursue the mountain road, the hackerey being now some distance ahead; but I can soon overtake it, so am in no hurry; and just at this juncture, as we emerge from beneath an avenue of mountain oak and rhododendron into the open, we come upon the main column of the regiment, which has halted half-way for refreshments consisting of coffee and biscuit or bread. Nothing loath, I too call a halt, and obtain my cup of coffee from the stand.

It is a beautiful spot, this little nook cradled away among the mountain masses, a veritable oasis of bloom among a wilderness of trunk and leaf. Seated upon a fallen tree, hard by a little babbling rill which issues from a mossy recess in the hill-side and comes rippling down in musical cadence to my feet, I survey the scene. The road has widened into an expanse of broken surface and underbrush to the left, affording a fine halting ground. To the right stretches away, as before, a vast amphitheatre of hills, lifting their summits towards a now cloudless expanse of purest blue, in which the sun, yet young, gleams like a golden medallion set in lapis-lazuli. But it is the flora of the hillside that attracts me now. The pines here, as elsewhere, stretch tier on tier around and up, but between are the rhododendrons of tree-like growth, flushed at the edges of the sprays with the rose-pink of bursting bloom. Huge fronds of fern are set here, there, and everywhere, in files, in columns, in echelon, every separate leaflet dusted with spores. Broad and beautiful begonia leaves are interspersed, and green, grassy growths, crested with strange devices of Nature's heraldry, shake their quivering lances at the tilting breeze. Wild flowers, scarlet, purple and blue, are scattered about in lavish confusion, but, far up on the hillside, I catch a glimpse of the crowning marvel, a ledge, so it appears to me, on which is flourishing in tangled exuberance some strange herb with white blossoms. The contrast of color is strikingly beautiful, the pure white of the bloom breaking like a floral cataract over the edge of the verdant steep, and cresting like foam the dark green waves of foliage that surge and roll away from beneath the clustering wreaths of blossom down to the very foot of the gorge. And all this while, the mountain air, fresh and breezy, is singing low and plaintively among the pine tops its morning hymn, to the accompaniment of many sounds, of man

and bird and beast and inanimate nature, never heard in the plains below.

After an interval the men again fall in, and march off to the inspiriting strains of the band. I toss my last fragment of biscuit at a querulous woodpecker, a very dude of a bird, which has been jerking its crest and tail, and scolding me for the last five minutes, and rising, loiter along by the edge of the road, which has here a parapet built knee-high. Presently I look over into an abyss of leafage, herb, shrub, and moss-hung forest bole, down, down,—I cannot see the bottom for the trees. Two soldiers of the rear guard pass me, and after forging a little ahead, they also pause to look down. A troop of monkeys, huge, silver-gray fellows, here suddenly come into sight down the slope, slinging their agile way from tree to tree. One of the soldiers has observed them too, and, detaching a massive stone from the parapet of the road, rolls it down over the incline. It whirls, crashing and bounding like a living thing, towards the monkey troop. One great fellow, with extended arms, has just poised himself for a spring. He leaves his vantage ground, a projecting limb, just as the stone, thundering, attains his level. Either not seeing or heeding it, or confused by the noise, he springs to meet the stone half-way to the opposite tree, and falls like a shot, almost cut in two; while the stone pursues its headlong way till lost to sight in the maze of underwood below.

Moralizing upon the fate of mon-

keys and of men, I resume the route. Birds of gorgeous colors flit across my path. Beetles, huge and horned, encased in mail of burnished green and gold, crawl at my feet, and butterflies of many hues begin to disport themselves in the strengthening sunbeams. Suddenly at another bend in the road we come across a mountain cabin, before which is seated in patriarchal dig-



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nity the presumable owner, a white-haired and wrinkled son of the soil. He is squatted on a mat in the slanting sunshine, and is busily engaged in the usual cleansing process peculiar to his tribe—how the skins of these aboriginal mountaineers can stand as much rasping as they do is to a foreigner simply incomprehensible. The two soldiers linger for a moment to indulge in some good-natured chaff, and I catch

fragments of the dialogue as I loiter slowly by. The typical Hindoo who cannot speak English has one set answer to everything asked: *ham nahin janta*, (I don't know), varied by an occasional *hans*, (yes), whenever he wishes to vary the monotony of conversation, being influenced, doubtless, in his choice of answers by the expression of face, inflection of voice, etc., of the interlocutor.

"Rampur," says one of the men, raising his voice, "how far off?"

The patriarch, after a prolonged scratch and semi-contemptuous stare, shrugs his shoulders and vouchsafes answer, "*Ham nahin janta, Sahib.*"

"No *janta*, why what use are you, if you don't *janta* your own neighborhood, eh! You're an old duffer."

An equivocal shrug and no response.

"Any goat's milk?"

"*Ham nahin janta.*"

"I suspect you don't want to *janta* that, do you? A few pice (copper coins) would do your understanding all the good in the world, wouldn't they now, old fellow?" produces the coins, and makes gestures of drinking.

"*Hans, Sahib,*" and a capacious smile ripples over the countenance of the old man, "*dudh* (milk), *hans.*"

A hideous old woman, attracted doubtless by the conversation, here appears in the doorway. She is the wife or the mother of the aged mountaineer, it is impossible to tell which, so deceptive are the ages of Eastern women. She looks, however, over seventy, and is repulsively ugly and dirty, with sunken, bleary eyes, withered cheeks, and skin like that of an exhumed mummy. She glares at us half suspiciously, half defiantly.

The old man mutters something, and she re-enters the hut to re-appear soon with a brass *chattie* containing the milk.

The soldier tosses the coins on to the mat, and receives the liquid in his canteen, "Is that your daughter?" continues he. "She's a pretty little creature, a regular mountain daisy, isn't she now?"

"*Ham nahin janta, sahib,*" dubiously and with a puzzled look.

"Well she is, isn't she, Jim?" this to his companion.

Jim nods gravely, and articulates the cabalistic legend, "You bet," with all the unction of a judge of the supreme court.

"Yes, and you'll give her to me when we come back, won't you, and come and live with us yourself, eh!" good-humored rising inflection.



A HINDI BELLE.

"*Hans, sahib,*" taking the cue, presumably, from Jim's devout demeanor.

"That's sociable—and bring the whole family. Well ta-ta, we'll call again, and don't lavish the mountain beauty upon a ne'er-do-well before our return."

The old man, who had risen to pick up his coins and deliver the milk, resumes his seat with a self-satisfied salaam, and the incorrigible and his friend Jim turn to go.

In justice to the Hindi women it must be observed, that though they age early, and become for the most part singularly hag-like and repulsive in appearance, yet, when young, they possess in common with their Western sisters many attractions, being singu-

larly lithe and graceful in figure, with jet black tresses, small, well-shaped hands and feet, and large, lustrous eyes, that lose only too early their youthful fire and languor.

Our day's march is about twelve miles, and after another hour's trudging we come upon the new encampment, the white tents nestling cosily as before, on a level, or rather, gently rounded swell of undulating ground, a curtain, as it were, connecting two loftier hills. The regiment has been in some time. The baggage animals

have been unladen, the rations issued, and breakfast is in course of preparation. I wend my way to my tent, which is pointed out to me by a fatigue man, and after a delightful *douche* in cold mountain water, throw myself full length upon my *charpai* to wait lazily the advent of *bawarchi* with breakfast. That finished, there is nothing to do but while away the hours as best one may till the *reveille* sound the assembly for the route the next morning, as before.

ACCUSED BY THE DEAD.

BY E. MACG. LAWSON.

I THREW my *Materia Medica* aside, too restless to study, and thrusting my hands deep into my pockets, began mentally to review the situation. Here was I, a man twenty-three years of age, exiled from all the attractions of the city, from all contact with any sort of culture (other than agriculture) forbidden all manner of work, mental or physical, with instructions to rest and accumulate flesh.

After a four years' course in Arts at Toronto University, I had at once entered the faculty of Medicine. I had always been a hard student, and consequently had to pay the penalty. At last Exams., I had found myself a physical wreck, and the doctors had ordered me to leave work and rusticate for awhile. It was, then, six months ago that I had first come to B—.

I had liked the place well enough at first, but the want of some one with whom I might exchange ideas had soon become so great that I had resolved to return to the city. And this I assuredly would have done had not my landlady one morning informed me that a "handsome gent." had taken a

room in the farm house that stood about half-a-mile from mine. I had resolved to call on this man and beg him for pity's sake to help me spend some of the time that hung so heavily on my hands.

I had found him, at first, in all respects a most amiable companion. He was about thirty-five years of age, small in stature and rather foreign in appearance. His eyes were of that coal black, indefinitely expressive type so rarely met with among our very intimate friends. His brow was narrow, and his mouth, partly concealed by a well trimmed brown moustache, was small and rather indicative of weakness. I had noticed all this at a glance, and yet was prepared to find my new acquaintance a most agreeable companion. And I had not been mistaken. He had received me with all courtesy, inviting me to stay and lunch with him, and giving other evidences of a gentlemanly disposition towards me. There was one thing in his manner, however, that I could not help setting down in my estimation of him, to his discredit. I constantly felt that he was studying me with a suspicious

scrutiny whenever I had my eye removed from his.

Nevertheless we had got along splendidly together, and I had found him both entertaining and instructive. He had travelled much, and now a great longing for quiet had forced him to seek this secluded spot, where, for a few months at least he hoped to keep away from railways and steamships. He had a superficial knowledge of everything and could converse on any subject. In short, I had found him a most interesting character, and if at times he had seemed forced in his manner, I had been too thankful for his bare presence to be supercritical.

We had spent many happy days together, during which time I had attempted to find out some of the details of this remarkable man's life. But I had never succeeded in getting further than that his name was Tisdale, that his father had been Scotch and his mother Italian, and that he had no profession, but lived on a comfortable patrimony. There were many evidences of his Italian origin in his sudden-outbursts of passion, and, above all, in his superstition; for it has been said, that to be Italian is to be superstitious. Indeed, this characteristic of my friend Tisdale amounted to a morbidness. He believed in visitations from the dead, and in fact announced to me more than once, with an earnestness not to be mistaken, *that he had seen the face of a dead friend*. It was this peculiarity of his that had finally caused our drifting apart from one another. He had become morose and sullen and preferred being alone, and days would pass without any communication between us.

I had again begun to feel the want of a companion, but this time with a double intensity, because, before Tisdale had come to B—, I had made the time bearable by taking an interest in the exciting discussion that was going on in the city papers concerning a certain murder that had taken place in the city. An unknown man had

been found dead in the woods just outside the town. He had been shot through the heart by some one unknown, who had been careful to remove all means of identification. The newspapers had been full of it. My friend Bolton (who is a born detective rather than doctor), had written me several letters in which he put forth his theory of the murder. He had sent me all the daily papers, and caused me to take great interest in the mystery. But the murderer had so effectually removed all means of identification that the detectives could do nothing, and the case was dropped by the press.

And now there was nothing of this kind to reconcile me to my lot, so I had written to Bolton imploring him to come up. I had asked him also to bring up, if possible, something to dissect; for I had resolved to do some work in spite of the doctor's orders. It may be imagined, then, that it was a real joy to me to receive a few days later an answer from Bolton, telling me that he had decided to come up and that he had succeeded in purloining the head, thorax and right arm of an excellent sub. In a postscript he had added "*It is a most interesting sub.*"

I smile now as I think of that postscript. How like Bolton it was! His subs. were always interesting; he had a story to tell in connection with each one. And he would be here tonight! "What story will he tell about this sub.?" I wondered.

I rose up and gazed out of the little porthole window. It was twilight; one of those silvery twilights with delicately tinted west, so beautiful in themselves, yet so cruelly prophetic, with their leafless trees outlined on the grey sky, of the approaching cold. I felt an unspeakable sadness as I watched the last faint blush gradually disappear from the western horizon.

"What a sad thing it is," I said "to contemplate death, even though it be but the death of a beautiful summer."

"Contemplate death!" said a voice beside me in a hollow tone, "Oh Heaven! It is awful!"

I started. So completely had I been absorbed in the thought suggested by the descending darkness that I had not noticed the door open. Tisdale stood beside me, his face ghastly pale.

"Why Tisdale!" I cried, "What is the matter? you are ill!"

"It is nothing," he said, sinking into a chair, "my heart trouble—I am easily upset—As I came in—your face—so like my dead friend—Forgive me I pray."

"Calm yourself, Tisdale," I said, while getting some brandy from the sideboard. When he had drunk a glass or two he recovered himself, and before long we were sitting opposite each other, with bottles and glasses on the table between us, conversing as of old.

We sat thus for many hours, and it was nearly midnight before Tisdale rose to go. I accompanied him to the door, and, as we stood there talking, a flash of lightning lighted up the sky. Tisdale shuddered. "We are going to have a storm," he said nervously, "How I do fear these storms. Every blast of thunder seems directed against me, and every flash of lightning points at my heart. Do not despise me for my weakness, my friend," he cried imploringly, "but let me remain with you until the storm blows over."

So we went in again: at first vainly attempting to keep up a conversation, then silently resigning ourselves, each to his own peculiar thoughts.

We had been sitting thus for some time, and the storm was raging without, when there came a loud knocking at the door. I joyfully called out, "Come in, Bolt." The door opened and Bolton, carrying a huge valise, came into the room.

"This is a rough night," he said, placing his valise on the table.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, old man," I cried, as I pulled off his rubber coat.

I presented him to Tisdale, who shook hands with him, and again sank back into his chair, trembling with each new peal of thunder.

"But how did you manage to get the sub. away from the building?" I asked, pointing to the valise.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Bolton, at the same time applying a key to the lock. "That was a splendid piece of business. I got a lot of the boys to line up, forming a screen between Dr. Primy and myself, and, while they were feigning profound interest in Primy's demonstration, I wrapped up my sub. in my apron and bolted down the stairs. At the foot of the stairs this valise was awaiting me. I popped my sub. in, put on my coat and hat and walked home as unconcernedly as you please."

"And here you are," he said, while taking the subject from the valise and setting it on the mantel shelf. "There is as interesting a subject as either you or I have ever had anything to do with. *That man was murdered in cold blood!*" With his eyes fixed on the mantel shelf, Tisdale started from his chair, a ghastly pallor on his face. Bolton, who had his back towards him, did not notice the effect his words were producing.

"Six months ago," he continued, "that man was found, with a bullet in his heart, in the woods close to the city. The body was taken to the morgue, where it was preserved for a long time, till, when it was found that there was positively no means of identification, the corpse was secured by the medical school. I had taken a good deal of interest in the case, as you are aware, Ned, and you may imagine that I regarded it as a rare good fortune when it turned out that I was numbered off to work on this new sub.

"One day, as I was dissecting the arm, I discovered something that had escaped the vigilance of the detectives. (As there is a large reward offered by the city for the arrest of the murderer, I thought it just as well to keep the secret for a while.) On the under sur-

face of the arm there was a blurred blue marking, which on careless inspection appeared to be a bruise, but which a close examination proved to be the tattooed markings, T. G. R. I went to work to search the registers of the principal hotels (for according to my theory the murdered man was a stranger in the city), and at last came across the name Thomas G. Raeburn." A brilliant flash of lightning lit up the face of Tisdale, distorted with agony, still gazing at the face on the mantel.

"I made enquiries about this name, and also of the name that was written below it, James Brodie. I found that the first belonged to a refined foreign gentleman who appeared to be very wealthy, the other to his travelling companion or valet. I found that they had left the hotel three days before the murdered body was found."

While Bolton was speaking, the storm was raging more and more fiercely. The thunder and lightning seemed to come at the same moment.

"Now this is exactly in accordance with my theory. You remember I told you that I believed the murdered man to have been some wealthy foreign bachelor, who, being independent of home connections was wandering about the world at will. He had a

travelling companion who was his secretary. That secretary is the murderer. Now the question is, *where is that man?*" At this moment there was a blinding blaze of lightning followed by a peal of thunder that shook the rafters of the room. As if in answer to the question, *where is that man?* the arm of the subject on the mantel, which had been inclined to the head, fell down, and the finger with awful significance pointed straight at Tisdale. We all jumped to our feet in horror, and a shriek of terror burst from Tisdale's lips.

"I knew it," he cried, "I knew he would find me out. I confess it all. I am the man. I am *accused by the dead!*" and with a despairing and agonizing cry he fell on the floor.

Bolton and I looked into each other's pale faces, and read each what the other felt. Then, as if words had failed him, Bolton pointed to the face on the mantel. My heart stood still. Never before was such expression seen on the face of Death! Contempt, bitterness, and the cold, cruel smile of triumph were there. While we looked, there was another fearful blast of thunder, and, like a thing that had discharged its function and was no more, the subject seemed to collapse, and fell from the shelf.



SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., has announced a series of prizes and medals to be awarded out of the Hodgkins' Fund for the best treatises in the field of any science, or any art, provided only that they have to do with "the nature and properties of atmospheric air in connection with the welfare of man." The first prize is \$10,000; the second, \$2,000; the third, \$1,000; other prizes will consist of medals. Competition to close July 1st, 1894, save for first prize, which closes December 31st, 1894. Mr. Langley will supply full particulars to any applicant.

By means of patient observations, extending over many years, Schwabe, an amateur, discovered the periodicity of sun-spots. By means of ten years' photometric observation of the asteroids for brightness, Parkhurst, of Brooklyn, N.Y., another amateur, has discovered that the variation in the brightness of the sun during that time has not amounted to as much as one per cent., and that sun-spots, or no sun-spots—all sides of the sun give out essentially the same amount of light.

It is announced that the Warner Observatory will be removed from Rochester, N.Y., to the State University at Boulder, Col., with Dr. Lewis Swift and his son, Edward, as observers. It is now stated that though the observatory itself was the property of Mr. Warner, the well-known 16-inch telescope was and is the property of Dr. Swift.

The Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto is endeavoring to be of some service to astronomers in general, as well as to those amateurs in Toronto and in Ontario in whose interests it has been actively working for several years. It is trying to bring about, if possible, a world-wide understanding on the much vexed subject of changing the astronomical and nautical day so as to commence at midnight, at the civil day does, instead of at noon. To ascertain the opinions of astronomers, the Society, in connection with the Canadian Institute, has distributed nearly one thousand pamphlets containing matter leading up to a question which professional and other observers are asked to answer. It is understood that answers are rapidly coming in from the United States and Europe, and that much interest is being taken in the action of the Society. The course of the Society, in this and other matters, goes far to justify the Legislature in making an annual grant to its funds.

Notwithstanding the heat and drought of spring in the west of Europe, a backward spring was experienced, not only over much of

Canada, and the United States down to the Gulf of Mexico, but also in many parts of the old world. It seems strange to those of us who can think of Palestine only as a warm country, that Jerusalem, during the last ten days of March had snowfall so abundant as to rival the greatest ever known in Toronto in the third decade of March. Seventeen inches of snow fell, impeding traffic in the city and its environs. In the country the effects were not merely inconvenient; many perished through cold and starvation. Twenty-six travellers, lost in the snow, were buried at what was known in ancient times as Shechem. But later heavy snow-falls are recorded. A party of travellers tell of being snow-bound on the Mount of Olives about the middle of April, and from thence looking over at the snow-covered roofs of the Holy City. An inscription a little distance from the Lake of Gennesaret reads "Do not be surprised if you see snow here in April; I have seen it in June." These occasional occurrences of severe weather do not prove that the climate of Palestine is becoming colder. King David complained of the cold at night, and an ancient Scripture, included in the non-canonical books called the Apocrypha, tells how Nehemiah, the governor of the returned exiles, was waited upon by farmers from the neighborhood of Jerusalem to secure relief from the extortionate rates of interest on mortgages which well-to-do Jewish money-lenders were exacting from them, and how, after several days of consultation, they returned home on account of not being able to endure the severe cold.

A naked-eye comet, which will be known as Rordame's Comet, was discovered at 10 p.m., July 8th, at Salt Lake City. It was also independently discovered at 10 p.m., July 10th, at Galt, by Mr. John Goldie, who had not heard of Mr. Rordame's prior discovery. This comet, which about July 20th, was in the constellation Leo Minor, appears in a small telescope as a nebulous object with a hazy and ill-defined tail. Photographs indicate conditions not visible in any telescope, such as the presence of more than one tail, and the existence of a smaller comet travelling either alongside of or within the larger tail, and at the same speed. The stranger is an interesting object, and is being sedulously watched by astronomers, and is well worth the study and contemplation of amateurs. It is moving rapidly to the south-east and is generally supposed to have passed the sun. Its spectrum has been observed and drawn by Mr. A. F. Miller and Mr. Andrew Elvins, members of the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto.

BOOK NOTICES.

Later Canadian Poems.—Edited by J. E. WETHERALL, B. A. Royal 16mo, 187 pp. Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

A beautiful little volume, in blue cloth, in excellent print and the best of paper—it prepossesses the reader. The contents, on perusal, in-

crease his appreciation of the volume. The poems selected are from thirteen of the younger Canadian poets: none of the poems are of earlier date than 1880. The poets from whom selections are taken are William Wilfrid Campbell, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Prof. C. G.

D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, Frederick George Scott, E. Pauline Johnson, S. Francis Harrison, Agnes Maude Machar, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Sara Jeanette Duncan, and the late George Frederick Cameron and Isabella Valency Crawford. On the whole, we are inclined to think that the poems selected well represent the genius of the writers, and do great credit to the judgment of the editor, though, perhaps Prof. Roberts is not represented to the best advantage in the seventeen poems from his gifted pen. The work merits more than a mere notice; a review is impossible without entering into a discussion of the peculiar merits of the writers. Canadian scenery, Canadian life, and the vague aspirations of Canadian sentiment, find expression, sometimes in an exquisite manner, in nearly all of the writers; in fact the volume is a distinct evidence that Canada has a literature peculiarly its own. Campbell's references to the lakes and their surroundings are very happy, as are also Bliss Carman's rich descriptions of Nova Scotian scenes. Lampman's wonderful power of description is illustrated to the full in many of his poems, notably, in that exquisite series of pictures, surpassing almost anything in Wordsworth, contained in the poem on "Heat." Duncan Campbell Scott reflects well, in a tone distinctively his own, the scenery of the St. Lawrence Valley. The selections from E. Pauline Johnson, another of the writers, exhibit the peculiar personal force and beauty which makes her name rank amongst the greater names in the poetry of the present day. Altogether, the volume is a worthy reflection of Canadian literary attainments, and will receive appreciative attention in many lands. Canadians who wish to know what our own poets are doing, and the high rank they have achieved in the poetry of to-day, will read the volume with pleasure, not unmingled in some cases with surprise. Eight excellent phototypes of Canadian poets from whom selections have been made are given.

The Marshlands.—By J. F. HERBIN. Royal Octavo, 33 pp. Windsor, N.S., J. J. Austen.

This, is a modest, well printed and attractive pamphlet of poems relating to that beautiful Basin of Minas and neighboring lands which has furnished, and will always furnish, a source of inspiration for rare poetry and romance. Mr. Herbin, in this series of short poems, gives in easy flowing verse picturesque reproductions, of much merit, of the scenes and spirit of the Marshlands. His verse is melodious, even in the most difficult measures, and the poems generally show, not merely high descriptive talent, but that touch of soul which marks the truly poetic spirit.

English Pharisees; French Crocodiles, &c.—By MAX O'RELL. Demy octavo, 234 pp. Toronto, Rose Publishing Co.

This latest work of Max O'Rell is one of the very best by the racy, piquant author. French and English typical characters are portrayed in brief, pointed sketches; similarities between English and French ideas are skillfully drawn, and likewise the contrasts in the inimitable style of O'Rell. On the whole, the observa-

tions passed by the author appear to be good; at any rate, to contain more than a germ of truth, nor has the author, for the sake of wit and brilliancy, departed from a spirit of good nature and kindness in these sketches, which are at once French in some of their peculiarities, and, after the style of travelled Frenchmen, broadly sympathetic and cosmopolitan. The volume is at once brilliant, witty, and instructive. Some of the sketches—among them "Jacqueline, the Fortune of France"—are masterpieces of appreciative criticism.

In the Days of the Mutiny.—By G. A. HENTY, Demy octavo. 300 pp. Toronto, Rose Publishing Co.

Few periods in the history of the British Empire afford so fruitful a field for writers of fiction to draw inspiration from than does the period of the Indian Mutiny. The details of the terrible butcheries of that revolt, the deceit, treachery, inhuman cruelty of the mutineers, the heroism of the defenders of the Empire, the awfully perilous position in which the British were placed in many an instance, furnish material for masterpieces in descriptive literature. The present volume, on the whole, does justice to the opportunities afforded. It is a beautiful story, and a large, and for a considerable time, a steady demand for it is almost certain to exist.

Friendship.—By MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, FRANCIS BACON and RALPH WALDO EMERSON,—with portraits. Octavo demy. 104 pp. Chicago, Albert Scott & Co. Toronto, Rowse & Hutchison.

It was a happy idea, the combining in one volume of Cicero's *De Amicitia* (of which an excellent translation is given here by Cyrus R. Edmonds), with the essays of Bacon and Emerson on the same subject. A better selection could probably not have been made from the numerous dissertations that have been essayed on Friendship, nor could reading on this subject be found anywhere more charming, elevating, and profitable to the reflective. Of the three authors, Cicero's essay is the best. Ancient as it is, it is the most appropriate to the relations of men in our modern age, or in fact to the relations of civilized men in any age. It is unnecessary to say to those who have read it, that in justness and clearness of view, in the common sense application of his ideas to every day life, and, perhaps above all, in the lofty morality which characterizes Cicero's view of Friendship, the essay is a masterpiece. Bacon's very short essay presents views very similar to Cicero's. Emerson's quaint and brilliant writing charms, but his view of Friendship, is not satisfying: it is too burdened with conceits that, applied, would not be satisfactory to the best instincts, even of many of the most virtuous. All three of the writers hold that only the virtuous are capable of friendship in the highest sense of that term. The three essays, representing three ages of the history of the world, show how little ideas change on many questions which concern the heart; in fact, Cicero's is more modern in spirit than Emerson's. The volume is well printed on heavy paper.



A COOLIE WOMAN, TRINIDAD.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

BY GEORGE BRYCE, LL.D., WINNIPEG.

MR. JOHN S. EWART, of Winnipeg, wrote in the July number of the *Canadian Magazine* a readable and erudite article entitled "Isms in the Schools," in which, though the field of treatment was much wider, yet our schools were plainly the objective point.

Mr. Ewart discusses at some length the subject of toleration, and writes many melancholy extracts embodying the intolerance of our forefathers. These citations from the writings of the great, and may we not say the good, of the past would make us pity the race, did not Mr. Ewart embrace himself and all of us with the rest, and describe us with a touch of railery as "we, the infallibles."

We may well admire his adroit and good-humored use of the *bon mot* of Oliver Cromwell to the Scottish General Assembly: "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken." No doubt Mr. Ewart regards the writer, whom he calls "one of the bitterest enemies of the Separate schools," as the direct lineal ecclesiastical descendant of the Scottish Assembly. It must be confessed that those descended from the race to which Mr. Ewart and the writer belong have a great deal to fight against. The "perfervidum in-

genium" of which we have heard so much as a Scottish characteristic, overcomes the best of us. We must all plead guilty to a charge made by a brilliant littérateur against the Scottish people, that "their obstinacy is truly sublime." Indeed we can all heartily join in the prayer of that fellow countryman who pleaded for heavenly direction, saying, "Lord, thou knowest gif I dinna gae richt, I'll gang far wrang."

So Mr. Ewart's five columns of extracts ranging from Plato to Paley, each one dismissed with just a spice of dogmatism, — "Warburton was wrong," "Burke was wrong," and the like, — lead us to conclude that Mr. Ewart's own doctrine of toleration needs some examination.

Carlyle, a favorite of Mr. Ewart, suggested in one of his lectures that toleration may be abused. He says, "Well, surely it is good that each of us be as tolerant as possible. Yet, at bottom, after all the talk there is and has been about it, what is tolerance? Tolerance has to tolerate the unessential, and to see well what that is. Tolerance has to be noble, measured, just in its very wrath when it can tolerate no longer. But, on the whole, we are not altogether here to tolerate! We are here to resist, to control, and

vanquish withal. We do not tolerate Falsehoods, Thieveries, Iniquities, when they fasten on us; we say to them, Thou art false; thou art not tolerable! We are to extinguish falsehoods and to put an end to them, in some wise way."

Nor has Carlyle, in the trio—Falsehoods, Thieveries, Iniquities—exhausted the intolerable things. We do not tolerate injustice, disloyalty, anarchic tendencies, or official stupidity, against which it has been said "even the gods fight in vain." We say to them "Get thee behind me; thou art false; thou art not tolerable." What a genuine ring there is about the words of the sage of Chelsea! There is a false—hate it, exclude it, destroy it. There is a right—a true—search for it, and treasure it up when you find it. It is hard to find, as all truth is; but it exists; it is worth the toil and sweat and tears and blood of the search.

Contrast with this Mr. Ewart's doctrine. My right is your wrong; my wrong is your right. One for me is as good as the other for you. There is no fixed right. There is no hope of reaching a common standard.

Surely this is what Mr. Ewart means, for he says: "If we cannot decide (and Mr. Ewart says we cannot decide) whether the opinions are harmful or innocent, A has as much right to have his way as B, has he not?" (Page 362.) Or again, "Your opinions are not entitled to one whit greater deference or respect than are the opinions of others." (Page 361.)

Plainly Mr. Ewart believes there is no common standard of opinion; that there can be no consensus of right; that there can be no invariable moral principle in man which can serve as a basis of agreement, and hence of truth.

That being the case, then each must be allowed to believe and act as he likes. One man's opinion may be harmful to society, but the man says it isn't so. His opinion is as good as mine.

He must have liberty. Society is thus debarred from interference with him. Absolute, unrestrained liberty to do as he may choose must be given him. To the mind of the writer, these are the elementary principles of anarchy.

In making this statement, the writer is not condemning Mr. Ewart; who is a prominent and useful member of our Winnipeg community, but simply stating the inevitable drift of the opinions advanced by Mr. Ewart, for he says: "Religious and irreligious opinion is in the category of the debatable; the true policy with reference to all such questions is perfect liberty": or again, "In the name of liberty, I would say to the parents, certainly you have a right to teach, or have taught, to your children anything you like, so long as you can agree about it."

Now it is the contention of the writer, in opposition to these views:

1. That *the state has a right to form and enforce an opinion of its own at variance with the opinions of many of its subjects*, or, in other words, where it sees cause to disregard the "perfect liberty" claimed by Mr. Ewart. A few instances may suffice. The state may rightly insist on the education of all the children in it, whether the parents approve or disapprove. Ignorance is a public danger: the prejudice of a parent in favor of illiteracy may not be permitted. Mr. Ewart is compelled to admit this, when he says: "But at the same time liberty does not require that children should be allowed to grow up entirely illiterate;" though he had just stated that "Liberty requires that children should not be taught isms to which their parents are opposed," knowing perfectly well that one of the commonest isms or prejudices many people have is resistance to the education of their children. The state may compel vaccination, although, as every one knows, a good many of the inhabitants of the province of Quebec are as much opposed, in the very presence of small-

pox, to the vaccination of their families as they are to their education. The state in time of epidemic may rightly dismiss the schools, and prevent people from meeting for public worship, if the public health would thereby be endangered. Every one knows the great powers of expropriation vested in the state by which the rights of the individual may be trespassed upon, although in every rightly constituted state the individual is entitled to compensation. It is surely useless to show further how Mr. Ewart's doctrine of "perfect liberty," unwarily advanced by him, would render the existence of the state impossible.

2. The writer further contends that *the state, being founded on justice, may not give special privileges to any class of its subjects.*

Lieber says: "Everything in the state must be founded on justice, and justice rests on generality and equality. The state therefore has no right to promote the private interests of one and not of the other." This is a generally admitted principle. What does Mr. Ewart propose? He proposes that the people of Manitoba should have their public schools, and that one denomination should be singled out and be allowed to teach their "ism" in certain schools to be controlled by them. He was most strenuous, when pleading the Roman Catholic position before the courts, in insisting that Episcopalians and Presbyterians had no rights in the same way. Though they had schools in the Red River settlement, yet Mr. Ewart contended that their sectarian wishes might be disregarded and that they had no rights except as bulked together with half a dozen other sects as "Protestants." Is that justice?

Further, the state has now said there shall be public schools for all classes of the people in Manitoba. Its exact words are: "The public schools shall be entirely non-sectarian." No one maintains that the ordinary subjects

of education are not within the scope of the action of the state. They are subjects taught by the Roman Catholics everywhere, as well as by others. Nobody proposes that the Roman Catholics shall "have their children taught some ism that they abhor." Since the Roman Catholic people are, "all, but a very small percentage, in localities almost entirely French," they have local control of their schools. Is there the slightest ground, for Mr. Ewart's unwarrantable statement that, acting from intolerance, "Manitoba has consciously or unconsciously in view the hindrance of the teaching of the Catholic religion, as something depraved?" Manitoba has simply declared, as the Privy Council has decided she had a right to do, that the public schools shall be non-sectarian; and the Manitoba educational authorities are doing their best justly and temperately to carry out the law.

But the mild, gentle-faced tolerance, that Mr. Ewart so adroitly pleads for, is not the reality for which he is arguing. He knows perfectly well that the school which he regards as the creation of so many parents wishing their "ism" taught "so long as they can agree about it," is not the reality. Mr. Ewart's theoretical school involves an element just as objectionable to the Roman Catholic Church, as the public schools contain. The Roman Catholic objection to the public schools is that they are not under the control of the Church. It is the question of authority that is at issue. See how ruthlessly the bishops in Quebec crushed out the aspirations of Mr. Masson and his associates! Read the assertion of the position of the Church in the pastoral of the Roman Catholic bishops of the United States, and see its arrogant claim of control. To have recognition by the state of the teachers which its religious orders provide and to decide what text-books shall be used in the schools are most strenuously insisted on. Under the late separate school law in Manitoba no

text-book could be used in the Roman Catholic schools without the approval of the "competent religious authority."

Mr. Ewart's decentralizing and ultra-democratic suggestions for overcoming the difficulty will be met with the same disfavor as the Public Schools Act of 1890. To have a portion of the schools of Manitoba, say one-eighth, with the relative proportion probably decreasing, organized separately under the control of the authorities of a special Church; to have that Church dictating the character of the teaching, certificating teachers, and fixing its *imprimatur* on the school and its work, is contradictory to the fundamental idea involved in a state, is an "imperium in imperio," which a free people may justly unite in addressing with Carlyle's words: "Thou art not tolerable."

3. The writer contends that *religion is outside of state interference, unless religion invade the state's domain*. "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," is more than ever coming to be recognized by large numbers of Christians, and by those outside of Christianity as well, as the true principle. The declaration of Jesus Christ, "My kingdom is not of this world," is best interpreted by the statement that the sphere of the Church, of which Christ is the king and head, is outside that of the state. The school of thought in which Mr. Ewart and the writer were brought up in Toronto taught this so certainly, and the consensus of opinion of the vast majority of people in Canada and the United States is so strongly in favor of it, that possibly it is hardly worth while to argue it further.

The limitation, however, is somewhat necessary, that the state may interfere in some cases in the religious sphere. The case of Mormonism is one to the point. There a so-called religious doctrine is regarded by the state as destructive of social order and

is so repressed. Certain churches regard marriage as a religious contract; the state, for cause, dissolves the marriage thus formed, by granting a divorce. Religious bodies, which in their worship destroy the peace of the Sabbath and interfere with public convenience, are rightly checked by the state.

But on the whole, the trend of modern thought is to allow as great liberty as possible to religious opinion. This is willingly allowed where Mr. Ewart's "perfect liberty" cannot be permitted. Probably most would say that should Roman Catholics or others desire to educate their children in private schools at their own expense, so long as illiteracy does not result, it would be well to allow it. But where this is permitted, for Roman Catholics then to put in the plea of exemption from the public school taxes is plainly unjust; for it would violate the condition of equality on which the state is founded, were this allowed. Many Protestants prefer to educate their children at private schools and denominational seminaries. They never dream of asking exemption from the public school taxes. No one rushes to their aid to denounce the state as persecuting them.

And here, too, comes in the opportunity for granting a large amount of liberty to those who desire special "isms" taught their children, and who are willing to pay for it. If some parents wish their children brought up, imbued with the principles of "Imperial Federation and Militarism," private enterprise provides such schools, and we might name them, to which they may be sent. The state may deem it wise to shut its eyes to this so long as illiteracy is avoided. Should others desire their children to be immersed in the doctrines of "Pietism, Sabbatarianism and Anti-Alcoholism," for them, too, private or church enterprise will supply schools, such as we might name, and the state may shut its eyes again so long as general edu-

cation is not neglected. So with schools to educate the young in Conservatism or Liberalism, in Æstheticism or Dogmatism, in Anglicanism or Agnosticism. One may express doubt as to the wisdom of such a course on the part of parents; but they may enjoy the luxury, by paying for it.

When, however, such an one approaches the state to demand exemption from paying his public school taxes, the Privy Council, the people of Manitoba, and, we venture to think, common sense, unite in saying: "The public schools are for all: they may be used by all: thou art asking an advantage over thy fellow subjects: thy claim is not tolerable.

Nor does our advocacy of the principle of the separation of church and state justify Mr. Ewart's dithyrambs at the close of his article, where he says: "And so secularism must have its day, and show what of weal or woe there is in it. It may be the 'ultimate infallible credo'; but it, too, most probably will sink into the ditch and become a dead body, and a warning for all later cock-sure philosophers."

The public schools of Manitoba are supported by the vast majority of the religious people of Manitoba. And in Manitoba the religious education of the children is not neglected. The Church, the Sunday School and the family circle are all agencies for cultivating the religious life of the young. The public schools of Manitoba are essentially the same as the public schools of Ontario. In Ontario the second and third generations of the population have grown up under this system.

The writer has seen many countries of the world, but can say with firmest belief that nowhere will be found a more intelligent, sober, and religious people than the people of Ontario. There are probably fewer secularists or infidels in Ontario than in any population of its numbers in the world. As the writer has said elsewhere, if

there be a defect either in Ontario or Manitoba it is because the Church has not done its work thoroughly; it is not the fault of the public school.

In conclusion, the writer is of opinion that the people of Manitoba have followed a wiser and more patriotic course than that suggested by Mr. Ewart with his lax and unphilosophic plan of so-called toleration. The problem facing Manitoba was unique. The province was made up of people of many nations. Its speech is polyglot, with the majority English speaking; it has eight or ten thousand Icelanders; it has fifteen thousand German-speaking Mennonites; it has some ten or twelve thousand French-speaking half breeds and Quebecers; it has considerable numbers of Polish Jews; it has many Hungarians and Finlanders; it has Gaelic-speaking Crofter settlements. The Icelanders petitioned the Educational Board, of which the writer is a member, for liberty to have the Lutherans prepare their candidates for confirmation in the schools: the Mennonites with singular tenacity have demanded separate religious schools: the French had their Catholic schools, and their spirit may be seen when their late superintendent, Senator Bernier, refused to consent to a Protestant being a member of a French-Canadian society: many of the other foreigners are absolutely careless about education.

What could patriotic Manitobans do? They were faced with the prospect of whole masses of the population growing up illiterate. The Mennonites, who came from Russia, are more ignorant to-day as a people than when they came from Russia eighteen years ago. Yes, British Manitoba has been a better foster-mother of ignorance than half-civilized Russia had been.

The only hope for the province was to fall back on the essential rights of the province, and provide one public school for every locality, and have a

vigorous effort made to rear up a homogeneous Canadian people.

It has required nerve on the part of the people to do this, but the first steps have been taken, and in the mind of most there is the conviction that the battle has been won.

And yet the people of Manitoba are not intolerant. They are, as Mr. Ewart knows, a generous people. Last year the general election in Manitoba turned on this question. There was no abuse of Catholics or Mennonites or foreigners. There has not been the slightest animosity manifested. Violence was unknown in the campaign or at the polls. There was simply the conviction that public schools are a great necessity for the province; that they are the only fair system yet devised for meeting prevailing ignorance; and that in order to make us a united people, a patriotic love of our province demands this expedient.

Our French-Canadian and Mennonite fellow countrymen are coming to see this. Among both of these classes the public schools are spreading. The Department of Education and Advisory Board are both in a thoroughly conciliatory mood, and earnestly desire every locality to avail itself of government co-operation and the government grant. So mote it be!

WINNIPEG, Aug., 1893.

THE RAINBOW.

I.

Up from the West the dull, grey clouds are rolled :
 All day their gloomy mist close veiled the sky.
 As sobbing earth winds drove them slowly by ;
 And now, like ghosts in their cerements stoled,
 They flee beyond the hills of purple cold,
 And burn with palpitating light on high.
 In sparkling foam the waves of vapor die
 Along the margin of the sea of gold ;
 While on the quiet palms of myriad leaves,
 Fall clear and bright the sun's receding rays.
 Like drops of amber on the golden sheaves
 The rain drops glisten in the shining haze,
 And from the heavy boughs the spider weaves
 The filmy meshes of her faultless maze.

II.

See, in the Orient throbs a mighty song,
 A symphony majestic, writ in light,
 Whose numbers roll with grand, harmonious might
 From earth to sky, in measures sweet and strong—
 A hymn of Truth triumphant over Wrong,
 Clear rising from the purple in swift flight,
 Through waves of emerald to the amber bright,
 Ending in crimson cadence low and long.
 Thus the cathedral earth, at vesper's chime.
 When from the west the veiling clouds are blown
 After the rain in the still sunset time,—
 And in the light is her great altar shown,—
 Proclaims, as with an organ's voice sublime,
 The praise of God before His hidden throne.

—GERTRUDE BARTLETT

A WHIRLWIND OF DISASTER : ITS LESSONS.

BY ERASTUS WIMAN.

IT will furnish a commentary on the management of human affairs that in a year when so great a nation as the United States of America had specially invited the attention of the world to the great progress, stability and prosperity of that country, that in that year a financial disaster of the first magnitude should occur. The universality of the misfortune, the fact that hardly any class or locality has escaped, that the depreciation of values has been enormous, that nearly four hundred financial institutions have succumbed, that industries of all kinds have been greatly restricted, and that confidence and credit have received a shock from which it may take years to recover,—are all circumstances that make the event more than usually significant. It is the more significant, not only because it occurs at a period when it was thought the highest success in material prosperity could be exhibited to mankind at large, but because it occurs in the presence of conditions which it would seem were calculated to make impossible so great a calamity. Never in the remarkable history of this country were there apparent so many evidences of prosperity. Never before did it seem that every element of success in life for this vast aggregation of humanity existed so completely as now. A nation of forty-four nations, trading with each other and the world in the products of every climate; occupying areas unparalleled in extent, with natural resources unequalled in variety and richness; with means of communication perfected to the highest degree; with sound financial institutions, and abundant currency as a medium of exchange; with perfect political contentment; at peace with all the world;

with enormous contributions from immigration; with capital from abroad constantly seeking investment; with no foreign indebtedness; and with it all a people of great industry and intelligence, whose genius for business, finance and enterprise is unsurpassed,—in the presence of all these conditions, and at a period when the world was invited to observe them closely, that there should occur circumstances so disastrous and so far-reaching in their effects, seems most surprising, and most unfortunate for mankind at large. It is an object lesson of enormous proportions, and to study its teachings—discover its causes, and discuss its consequences, may well occupy the minds of thoughtful men. The many millions of dollars of loss which the American people have sustained in the past ninety days, will doubtless all be regained; the wheels of commerce will soon again revolve with wonted rapidity, and no serious set-back will occur to the progress of the great galaxy of commonwealths that illumines the western hemisphere. But that at such a period of pride in the achievement of a century, in the face of conditions so extremely favorable to the development of all that is desirable as the result of human effort, that such a financial crash is possible, is full of the deepest import.

Of course, in the presence of a subject so broad, with influences at work so numerous and powerful, and at best with imperfect grasp, it is impossible to account in any one way for the financial disaster that has overtaken the United States. But there are one or two prominent conditions which in a measure have contributed to the results so deplored, and they are conditions that may be termed consequences,

quite as much as they may be regarded as causes. What is apparent on the surface is that the machinery of a great internal commerce is somehow out of gear. Like other machinery, the complicated mechanism of business can only run smoothly if perfect proportions are maintained. Whenever a great disparity in the equilibrium occurs, for instance in the matter of supply and demand,—and this so broadly applies as to affect almost every department of industry,—the result is a disturbance just such as now has occurred.

Attention is directed to the fact that one of the greatest elements of disparity existing in the United States is found in the increased growth of the population and wealth of the cities as compared with the growth of population and wealth in the country. It is true that this tendency all over the world is so marked that to attempt in the United States to account for the recent panic from that cause, would be to imply that every other country was exposed to a like calamity. But there is this difference. The United States, so far as the products of manufactures from cities and towns are concerned, trade only with themselves. Other countries in which cities grow with great rapidity do not depend alone upon the country around them, but, for an outlet, depend upon the world at large. Great Britain, in which the cities have grown with great rapidity, as compared with the growth of the country, would be in a sorry plight if she had not trade for her cities, except that which the country itself affords. France, Germany and Belgium have great cities, but they have also great trade with the rest of the world. With the United States the case is entirely different. The products of their great cities, so numerous and so large, is for themselves alone, and no contribution is made for their maintenance except that which is afforded by the people of the country itself. Hence, if the cities grow with

undue rapidity, and the country grows with meagre pace, it will be seen that a disparity will soon exist that will bring about a disturbance of the equilibrium of supply and demand. This seems to be about what has occurred in the United States, as between those who produce in the cities and those who absorb in the country. As a matter of fact, the disparity in the United States in the growth of population between the cities and the towns, on the one hand, and the growth of the farming element, on the other, is the most startling revelation made by the recent census. The figures show a growth in cities in the last ten years of sixty per cent., while the growth of the population of farmers is only fifteen per cent. In the short space of ten years, which by the way succeeds twenty years of a similar tendency, there has been a growth four times as great in the power of production within the cities, as there has been in the growth of the power of absorption in the country. The difference in the products of cities and towns, on the one hand, and of the country, on the other, must be borne in mind. The cities and towns are far more dependent on the country than is the country on the cities and towns. Food and clothing are alone derived from the country; merchandise and manufactures are from the cities and towns. Not alone are the cities and towns dependent on the country for food and raw material, but they are dependent on the farmer and planter for the absorption of goods and merchandise in exchange for food. In other countries, the manufacturer and merchant have all the world to draw their customers from. In the United States this class has only the farmer and planter to look to as possible customers. It will therefore be apprehended that if the power to manufacture merchandise increases in ten years at the rate of four-fold to the power to absorb the product, the equilibrium, before referred to, of supply and demand must be seriously

disturbed. In the United States this is the condition that exists, and it is important to bear in mind how far-reaching and, to a certain degree, how permanent this state of affairs may be.

Perhaps the best proof of the distinctive tendency of over-production in the manufactures of the United States, which to many appears the direct cause of the present misfortunes of the country, is found in the great number of combinations that have been effected in industrial pursuits. It is no exaggeration to estimate that in fully one-third of the distinctive interests of the cities and towns, consolidation of competitive establishments has taken place. Competition, that in early days was supposed to be "the life of trade" became, by its excess, the death of profit when limitations of demand were reached and there seemed no limit to production. Hence in almost every line of life the new economic principle of combination, as a substitute for that of competition, has come into vogue, and with a result that tens of thousands, formerly employed in competitive establishments, are, owing to consolidation of interests, the elimination of competition, the regulation of production and the fixing of prices, out of employment, or seeking it in other avenues already over-crowded. It is significant that in the very great number of establishments closed, or put on "short time," throughout the United States, in the last ninety days (estimated, perhaps, at one-fifth or one-fourth of the entire manufacturing forces of the United States), there is hardly one interest seriously affected in which consolidation or combination has been consummated. True, certain departments of these industries have suffered in common with others, and in pursuance of the policy of restriction of out-put, many factories have been shut down. But it is a fact that failures and serious disasters have been avoided almost universally by interests in which

the principle of combination has been at work. The necessity, as well as the wisdom of this policy, thus illustrated, proves the assertion that in the growth of cities and their output, a vast disparity exists in comparison with the growth of the country and its power to absorb.

The inference is, that so long as the cities continue to grow at the present pace, and the country, having reached its limitations as to area and other conditions, grows no faster than hitherto, there must either be a universal adoption of the principle of consolidation or an outlet found in the world outside. Either one of these two results is inevitable, or the disastrous conditions, as to internal commerce, prevalent in the last few months, it would appear will permanently prevail.

To confirm the statement that the existing unfavorable conditions of internal trade in the United States are contributed to by the rapid growth of cities, as compared with the slow growth of the population of the country, and equally to show how forceful that influence already is, it may be well to follow out to its logical consequences, the growth of this disproportion, even within the life-time of those now living. Fifty years is not an exaggerated expectation of the average American youth of to-day. Within that period, a census for each of five decades will be taken, and if the same proportion of population in city and country prevails, the result will be very startling. New York and Brooklyn to-day have a population of 2,500,000. In fifty years, even at the rate of forty per cent. increase every ten years, the population of New York and Brooklyn will reach 7,000,000, or 2,000,000 greater than that of London to-day. At the same rate of progress, the population of Chicago will have attained 5,000,000, which is not at all unlikely. Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Kansas City, and numerous other cities,

will have attained an equal proportion. Not only will they be much larger in extent of population than European cities, but they will number four or five times the population of these cities. It will thus be seen that an enormous aggregation of humanity will be gathered together in the cities of America within the life-time of boys now living.

Meanwhile, if the country grows only at the rate of fifteen per cent.—and under existing conditions there is no reason why it should grow at a more rapid rate,—it will be seen what a tremendous condition of disparity would exist. If in the present moment there is a vast disproportion in the power of production of one class of industrial effort and the power of absorption, what will it come to as time goes on and this proportion intensifies the conditions that seem now to offer the principal explanation of existing troubles in the United States in the face of so much that is favorable to the highest degree of prosperity. When it is recalled that there are no more States to go into the Union; that there is a great exhaustion of arable lands; and, further, that nearly forty per cent. of the country is an arid desert, and cultivatable only with irrigation, and that a great land hunger has set in which is unappeasable, it will be seen that even a growth of country places at the rate of fifteen per cent. is not nearly so likely to be maintained as the growth of even forty per cent. in the cities.

Of course, there are other causes, numerous and potent, to account for the financial crash in America, but it is submitted that the rapid growth of one class of the community at the expense of the other has so disturbed the mutuality of interests that is essential to prosperity, that it seems impossible that under these conditions, a commerce which is absolutely internal can forever exist in a healthy condition.

But in addition to the disparity in

growth of cities, on the one hand, and of the country, on the other, there is another unusual condition, heretofore prevailing in the United States, that may have great influence in the creation of existing and future difficulties. This is, the system of taxation of one class for the benefit of the other class, and especially the taxation of the people who live in the country for the benefit of the people who live in the cities. The fact that a vast national debt, amounting to nearly 3,000 million of dollars, arising out of the war, had to be paid, justified a heavy import tax, and by this means it was largely liquidated. But whether the country ever really paid the debt, or whether it was simply shifted from the shoulders of the government to the shoulders of the farmers and miners of the country, is in some minds an open question. The debt, it is believed by some, still exists somewhere; and though the Government does not owe it, and the people collectively are not bounden for it, possibly individually it is scattered among them, and especially among the special class from whom it was levied as a tribute to the policy inaugurated for its collection. But most unfortunately, and perhaps, accounting in no small degree for the existing unfavorable condition, the taxation necessary for the payment of this debt was greatly augmented by the Government enforcing a discrimination in favor of one class as against another, and especially stimulating one class of industry at the expense of another, so that in addition to raising by taxation, within a very brief period, all that was necessary to liquidating the vast indebtedness arising out of the war, there has been contributed by taxation of one class an immense sum, not for the Government, but for the benefit of another class. It so happens that it is the class in the cities that were benefited, and at the expense of the people in the country, and it accounts for the enormous growth of one compared with the meagre growth of the other.

Perhaps the best illustration of the excessive taxation of the one class for the benefit of the other, and of the continuity of the indebtedness thus created, is found in the matter of steel rails, used in the construction of the railroads of the country. Since the war, and up to the recent reduction of the duty on steel rails, there has been constructed in the United States, 130,000 miles of railroad. A duty of \$17.60 per ton existed on steel rails, and it is to be presumed that including equipment, every mile of road cost \$2,000 per mile more than it would have done had this duty not existed. Thus there has been an expenditure in the railroads of the country amounting to about \$260,000,000 greater than was necessary for the construction if no taxation or duty existed. This expenditure is now represented by bonds on the railroads, averaging an interest rate of five per cent., which, as a rule, is paid with the regularity of clockwork. The interest on this \$260,000,000 added by the policy of the Government to the cost of the railroads, amounts to \$12,000,000 a year. It is paid only by the proportionate increase in the freight and other charges of the railroads upon the farmer and planter, who are compelled to use the roads to carry their products, which they sell, and for the merchandise which they consume; and as long as grass grows and water runs, this added tax upon their efforts will exist. If this be the case with steel rails, why is it not so with other highly protected products of the manufacturers, which, after they are removed from the domain of competition by the convenient Trust, are enabled to exact any charge fixed upon as yielding the largest possible profit. Thus, it will be seen that one class has been taxed, not only sufficiently to take the original debt from the Government upon their shoulders for all time, but, in addition, that class has had an added tax taken over for the benefit of the more fortunate fellow citizens

who were the favorites of the Government.

Of course it will be urged that had there not been the stimulating influences of favoritism by the Government for the benefit of one class at the expense of the other, the prices of steel rails or other articles would not be as low as they now are. This is not the place to go into a discussion of this point, but this may be said, that the price of every article produced has been so high as to completely shut out the possibility of competing with other countries in the markets of the world; and, further, the existing conditions in the United States are intensified by the fact that not only is the output of everything augmented by Government interference (unless it is in combination), but there is no possibility, owing to the high cost of production, of an outlet beyond the country itself. The people of the United States are practically living upon one another, which is bad enough, as seen in the great collapse of industry, but is rendered worse by the fact that one class is unduly taxed for the benefit of another class, and that there is no possibility of relief from the outside world, in the shape of a demand for what the favored class produces. The added cost of living, of raw material, of business expense, owing to increased taxation for the benefit of one at the expense of another, put upon the products of manufactories, completely shuts out the possibility of a foreign trade, except for the products of the earth, which are brought forth mostly by the heaviest taxed portions of the community. The spectacle presented is an interesting and instructive one.

But a new and improved condition is about to prevail in the United States. The acute intelligence of this great people has already apprehended the mistaken policy of isolation from the rest of the world, and especially the evils resulting from a paternalism in a Government never created for the

purpose of favoring one class at the cost of another. The existing unfortunate collapse shows how impossible it is to get rich by taxation; and it is clear that never again can any party control the policy of the country, whose claim to power is based on taxation, unnecessary, unjust and impolitic. As soon as the temporary trouble arising out of the silver situation is adjusted, as it will speedily be, the question of a new scheme of taxation will occupy a Congress especially

created by a mighty mandate from the people for that purpose. The existing financial trouble will not have been in vain, if a lesson is taught that nations of the world are as dependent on each other as are individuals, and that selfishness, favoritism and paternalism are inconsistent in a free country, where equal opportunity and an even chance with all the world is the essential element of success and safety.

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AUGUST.

Now languorous summer, weary unto Death,
 Lolleth and dreams among her poppy flowers,
 And coying softly with the lazy hours,
 She scorcheth all things with her sultry breath;
 'Till with her own delights she quarrelleth,
 And when the noonday faint before her cowers,
 She yearneth for the cool autumnal showers,
 And of her dalliance she wearyeth.
 Anon she slumbers: in her dreaming sweet
 The sunlight swims around her veiled eyes.
 Haply she dreameth of her love complete,
 Or of her flutt'ring distant argosies!
 Cometh September, kneeling at her feet,
 And in his longing arms she swoons and dies.

TORONTO.

—EMMA C. READ.



A STUDY IN GRIMINOLOGY.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE title of this paper, it must be confessed, is not attractive. But few are likely to be drawn to an article thus labelled, in the hope of finding in its perusal a source of enjoyment. There are, however, subjects that deserve to be studied for other reasons than on account of the entertainment which is to be found in them. There are great humanitarian and socialistic problems which cannot be solved without the patient and thorough investigation of subjects from which the virtuous mind naturally revolts. One of these is crime.

This evil exists among us, however, and—to use a hackneyed phrase—is apparently here to stay, and the question naturally arises—What are we going to do about it? That the criminals constitute a numerous and growing class in most countries throughout the civilized world, imposing heavy and ever-increasing burdens upon the orderly and law-abiding people, is a fact too palpable to be either gainsayed or ignored. Mr. Boies's recently-published book on "Prisoners and Paupers,"* in the United States, describes a state of things which, though it does not yet exist among ourselves, comes so near to our own homes as to appeal to us with startling effect. It shows that human nature is the same in the new world as in the old, and that the evil influences which have been at work elsewhere, producing depravity of manners, and leading men into criminal courses, are quite as po-

tent on this continent as in any other part of the globe.

One of the facts brought out in this remarkable volume is—that, phenomenal as has been the increase of population in the great republic—an increase which has been the wonder and the admiration of the world—the increase of the dangerous and the unfortunate classes is entirely out of proportion to that of the population as a whole. Indeed, of late the proportion appears to have been nearly two to one. To be exact, while the increase of population during the decade ending with 1890 has been 24.5 per cent., that of the inmates of penitentiaries, gaols, and reformatories, has been 45.2 per cent. And, that this period, though more strongly marked with crime than any which has preceded it, is not altogether exceptional, is evident from the following facts:—In 1850 the criminals in the United States were 1 in 3,500 of the population, while in 1890 they were in the proportion of 1 in 786.5; from which it appears that while the population has increased 170 per cent. in forty years, the criminal class has increased 450 per cent.

The overflow of such a criminal population, separated from us by little more than an imaginary line three thousand miles in length, would be sufficient to give us trouble enough, and to impose upon us a sufficiently heavy burden, even if we had no such population of our own. But unfortunately we have. Human nature is the same on both sides of the international boundary, and the same influences are at work here that are in operation in the States. With one in about 1,200 of our population in a penitentiary, a reformatory, or a gaol, even though this

* *Prisoners and Paupers. A Study of the Abnormal Increase and the Public Burdens of Pauperism in the United States; the Causes and the Remedies.* By Henry M. Boies, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: The Williamson Book Company. Octavo, pp. 318.

Criminology. By Arthur Macdonald, with an Introduction by Dr. Cesare Lombroso. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk and Wagnall's Company. Octavo, pp. 416.

may be discounted to some extent by the fact that our gaols have, in many instances, to do duty as poor-houses and lunatic asylums, as well as for the detention of persons, either accused or convicted of crime, and a considerable proportion of their inmates made up of the unfortunate, rather than of the dangerous, class, we are not in a position to point the finger of scorn at our neighbors, or to treat this subject as one in which we have a merely academic interest.

This is a matter which deserves to be carefully studied by us on our own account. It is one that concerns the safety of our lives and property, the peace and well-being of the community, and the economic interests of the country. Even if we were influenced by no higher motives, these prudential considerations are enough to invest this subject with sufficient interest, one would think, to induce us to make it a matter of careful study. But it is a question of humanity; the criminal, however deeply fallen and degraded, is, after all, a man and a brother. He has a common origin and a common destiny with ourselves; and this branch of social science deserves to be studied on his account, and in his interests, as well as in our own.

There are three things about crime which deserve our careful attention: its *nature*, its *causes*, and its *cure*. These are the points to which the following pages are to be devoted. It will be readily seen by any one who has given any degree of intelligent attention to the subject, that the treatment of these in an article of this kind, in the nature of things, must of necessity be superficial and summary.

"Crime or misdemeanor," says Blackstone, "is an act committed or omitted in violation of a public law either forbidding or commanding it." And this definition has been adopted, in the main, by all who have since written upon the subject. Indeed, the etymology of the term seems to point to a similar, if not an identical, meaning.

Guided by this alone, we should be disposed to define it as an act or omission which exposes to condemnation and punishment inflicted by the civil power. The word, in both its Latin and Greek equivalents, signifies judgment, sentence, or punishment; but by an evolutionary process such as is constantly going on in all languages, the cause has taken the place of the effect, and the word which was originally used to express the latter has come, in these latter times, to signify the former.

In harmony with this view, Judge Sanford M. Green, of Michigan, in his work on "Crime: its Causes, Treatment, and Prevention," says, "Crime is said to consist of the wrongs which the Government notices as injurious to the public, and punishes in what is called a criminal proceeding, in its own name."

These are legal definitions, intended for the guidance of those who are called to expound the law, and who are intrusted with the administration of justice; but whatever value and importance they may have for this purpose, they are scarcely comprehensive enough to cover the whole ground, or radical enough to be made the basis of thoroughly scientific inquiry. The facts that what is called crime and treated as such in one country, may not be so regarded or treated in another, and that what was held to be a crime at one time, and even visited with the extreme penalty of the law, may, in the same country, either wholly disappear from the statute-book or be treated as merely a misdemeanor at another, show the necessity of some more radical and comprehensive definition. Indeed, Judge Green, in the work which has already been alluded to, admits this, and does not, therefore, confine himself to "what the law calls crime," in the discussion of his theme, but includes within the meaning of the term, "all wrongs committed against persons and property, public health, justice, decency, and morality, whether forbidden by a public law or not."

Sir James Stephen, in his "History of the Criminal Law of England," while holding that the only perfectly definite meaning which a lawyer can attach to the word, is that of "an act or omission punishable by law," admits that "criminal law must, from the nature of the case, be far narrower than morality" "It never entered into the head of any legislator," he says, "to enact, or any court to hold, that a man could be indicted or punished for ingratitude, for hard-heartedness, for the absence of natural affection, for habitual idleness, for avarice, for sensuality, pride, or, in a word, for any vice as such." And yet a moment's reflection should be enough to convince any right-minded person that the element of deep criminality may be discerned in all of these. Scarcely one of the crimes which are punishable by law has not its root in one or other of these vices.

It is, however, only when a man's vices intrude themselves upon others that human law has a right to take notice of them and punish them as crimes. "If a man makes his vices public," says Blackstone, "though they be such as seem to principally affect himself (as drunkenness and the like), they then become, by the bad example that they set, of pernicious effect to society." The distinction, therefore, between vice and crime is not essential, but merely accidental. The different light in which they are viewed by the law arises from their relation, respectively, to society.

Crime, then, is an offence against society. It may be either positive or negative, but, in either case, it is a violation of the social pact, an infraction of the bond which holds society together. It is, in fact, a blow struck at the very root or foundation of society. So far as the criminal is concerned, it involves a return to savagery. The very purpose for which society exists is mutual protection and helpfulness; but crime, in its essential, underlying principle, is not only the direct opposi-

tion of protection and helpfulness, but it involves the sum of all those evils from which society seeks to protect itself. The criminal, by the mere fact of his lawlessness, not only puts himself outside of society, but takes up an attitude of hostility to it. This is true especially of the professional criminal, who prefers to live in the habitual disregard of law, to the enjoyment of the rights, privileges, and immunities of civilized life.

Crime and sin are not synonymous terms; the former meaning the violation of human law, the latter the violation of the law of God. All crimes, properly so called, are sins; but all sins are not necessarily crimes. A wrong action in its relation to the Supreme Ruler, and the divine harmonies of the universe, is sin, but in its relation to civil government, and the order and well-being of society, it may be a crime. Crimes, then, are that class of sins which, on account of the injury which they inflict either upon the individual or the community, are properly taken notice of and punished by human government. But the sin which, by reason of its private and spiritual character, is not a proper subject for human legislation, or for the investigation of human courts, may be no less heinous when viewed in the purer light of a divine morality. Radically and essentially, then, sin and crime are the same. Lawlessness is the evil principle, of which they are both the manifestation. "*Every one that doeth sin, doeth also lawlessness: and sin is lawlessness.*" (1 John iii., R. V.)

Now, this is the scriptural definition of sin; but it will only require a little reflection to convince any one of intelligence that it is equally accurate as a definition of crime. The root principle of both the one and the other—the disposition to escape control, to repudiate authority, to have one's own way, to do as he likes—is that which not only brings disorder into human society, but disturbs the

harmony of the universe, and it only requires to get headway so as to become universal among the subjects of the Great King in order to make the Universe a widespread scene of confusion.

If, then, this be the relation between sin and crime, and if lawlessness, which is the essential principle of both the one and the other of them is the common heritage of the race, descending from generation to generation, manifesting itself in each of us according to our various idiosyncrasies, and the peculiar circumstances in which our characters have been formed,—this fact brings us into closer relationship with the wayward and the erring, and gives them a stronger claim upon our forbearance and sympathy than most of us, probably, have ever realized or brought home to ourselves. We shall be all the better fitted for prosecuting an investigation of this kind, if we knock at our own bosoms and ask them what they know that is like our brother's sin. We shall pursue the enquiry with all the more feeling, if we find in ourselves, though beneath a fair exterior, the root principle of many a crime that we have denounced with as much zeal as if we never had any feelings that were at all akin to it.

That which differentiates the criminal from the rest of mankind is not to be found—if I may use a philosophical distinction by way of illustration—in the substance, so much as in the accidents of his faults. It is not in the essence so much as in the form. Account for it as we may, whether on the biblical principle of a lapse from a higher and purer state, or the Darwinian hypothesis of the survival of the evil qualities which belonged to our bestial ancestors, the propension to lawlessness is universal. It is that evil selfishness which seeks to have its own way, and to seek its own gratification, regardless of the rights and interests of others, which is the root of all evil; and that pernicious

principle is in each of us. And if we could ascertain with any degree of precision the influences which are at work in determining the forms in which this vice of our nature manifests itself in individual instances, we should have a disclosure of the causes of crime.

First among these causes is what criminologists call organicity, or the influence of the physical organism on the springs of action. This is a matter which until recently has not received anything like the degree of attention which it deserves. We, long ago, recognized the effect of organicity in determining the capacity and the peculiar qualities of the mind. Men of observation know pretty well what they are to look for in this respect from certain physical types of humanity. Though they may know nothing of the technicalities of phrenology, and have no confidence in it as a science, they never expect to find the mind of a Shakspeare, a Locke, or a Bacon pent up in a contracted skull and compressed brain, or associated with a coarse organization. We have come, in these later times, to trace mental disorder to physical causes. Insanity is no longer regarded as, primarily, a disease of the mind. It is in the malformation of the body, or in its diseased condition, that the root of this terrible malady is to be found.

With these facts before us, is it not strange that we have been so slow to recognize the part that is played by organicity in the production of crime; and that moral as well as mental disease may in many instances be traceable to the same cause? We naturally shrink from the appalling conclusion that large numbers of human beings are born criminals; but the result at which those who have made the subject a life study, after having investigated it most thoroughly, and thought upon it most profoundly, is that a considerable proportion of those who become habitual criminals came into the world with constitutional tenden-

cies so favorable to the development of such a character, as to make it almost inevitable that in a world constituted as this is, they, if left to themselves, should become what they are. If their criminal tendencies are not strong enough to amount to something like a necessity, they are at least so strong as to put them at fearful disadvantage in the struggle—if there be any struggle—for an honest and virtuous life.

This brings us face to face with one of the profoundest, and, in some of its aspects, one of the most appalling mysteries of nature—the law of heredity, by the operation of which nature visits the iniquities of the fathers, and more especially of the mothers, upon their children, and their children's children, to the third or fourth generation, or even farther. A high authority in Germany, found, as the result of patient investigation, that "over one-fourth of the German prisoners had received a defective organization from their ancestry, which manifests itself in crime." Dr. Vergilio says that "in Italy 32 per cent. of the criminal population have inherited criminal tendencies from their parents." Dr. H. Maudsley says, "The idiot is not an accident, nor the irreclaimable criminal an unaccountable casualty." It seems to be the opinion of those who have had most to do with criminals,—who have watched them most closely and studied their history with the greatest care,—that while there are criminals who are such by occasion and by passion, and who do not properly belong to the typically criminal class, the peculiarities of those who have adopted crime as a vocation, and are found to be incorrigible, are in most instances to be traced to inherited tendencies.

It would be easy, no doubt, to make too much of this aspect of the subject. They are not all criminals, by any means, who have the misfortune of being the offspring of criminal parents, and it is not easy to say what proportion of the children of such, and who

have actually grown up criminals, might have been saved from a criminal life, if in childhood they had been removed from the evil surroundings in which they had the misfortune to have their lot cast. The question is sometimes debated whether hereditary tendencies, or evil environment, has most to do with producing a criminal character; but, unfortunately, these generally go together, and the child born of criminal parents grows up in a home in which he finds himself in an atmosphere of crime even from his infancy. And even if in some of these unfortunates the innate propensity to evil-doing was not abnormal, it would be remarkable if from such a school they did not graduate, in due time, as pests of society.

The evil to itself, and to society, that may be pent up in a single family abandoned to criminal courses, is strikingly illustrated in the history of two or three families in the United States, which have been made the subject of special inquiry during the last few years. Dugdale's Study of the "Jukes" family is too well known to need more than a passing notice; in seven generations it produced 1,200 criminals and paupers. The descendants of Ben Ishmael, who lived in Kentucky one hundred years ago, are no less notorious. Among other contributions which this family has made to the criminal class during six generations is that of 121 prostitutes. And if the Jukes's—as we learn was the case—cost the state \$1,300,000, it is pretty evident that the tribe of Ben Ishmael has cost no less.

The history of vicious families in other countries tells a no less startling tale. Count Pastor Stocker, of Berlin, investigated the history of 834 descendants of two sisters, the elder of whom died in 1825. Among these he found 76 who had served 116 years in prison, 164 prostitutes, 106 illegitimate children, 17 pimps, 142 beggars, 64 paupers in almshouses; the whole number estimated to have cost the state more than \$500,000.

It is not, however, criminals alone, in the narrower and stricter acceptation of the term, who are helping to swell the dangerous classes. All parents who are living intemperate, dissolute, idle, or generally vicious lives, are involved in this condemnation. What can be expected from such parents but a debased and degraded offspring. Whatsoever inflames the blood, undermines the health, weakens the constitution, enfeebles the will, and robs the individual of self-control, not only tends to criminality in the persons who indulge in it, but also in their offspring yet unborn. It is sometimes said that seventy-five per cent. of the crime existing in civilized and Christian communities is the result of intemperance alone, and this is probably true, if intemperance be understood in its broad acceptation. There is intemperance in other things beside the use of intoxicating drink. And there are forms of secret sin which touch even more directly the fountain of life than this does, and that contribute even more powerfully toward the production of an imbecile, vicious, criminal, or insane offspring.

These are solemn aspects of the subject, which parents, whether actual or prospective, may well lay to heart. Sad as it is to be deprived ourselves, it is even more appalling to be the instruments of sending a stream of vice and criminality, with its attendant misery, down into the future, to poison and plague hundreds and thousands of people yet unborn. But even when children are not the victims of any abnormalities, either physiological or psychological, they inherit enough of the common depravity of the race to make careful training necessary in order to prevent them from contracting vicious habits and falling into criminal practices. It may well be doubted whether education with us is all that it should be. Submission to authority, and the ability to say no to any temptation—especially when it comes in the line of our own natural

desires—must be learned early, if it is to be learned at all. The same is true of habits of industry and of persevering application. In a word, self-government, involving self-denial, and the subordination of our own desires to right and the superior claims of others, is one of the lessons which, unless learned in childhood, is seldom mastered in later life. The laxity of proper discipline in the home has much to do with swelling the volume of criminality in our day. The theory that children are to be allowed to grow up, rather than to be reared and trained, is producing terrible results.

And the training in the school unhappily does little to make up for this lack in the home. Its fatal defect is the want of practicality. The industrial and business idea is not made as prominent in it as it should be. Its aim seems to be rather to prepare the student to live by his wits, than to fit him for gaining a livelihood by honest toil. The fact that so many are allowed to grow up without any industrial, mechanical, or business training, accounts for very much of the criminality that exists. The ancient Jews judged rightly, that the man who brought up his son without a trade, taught him to be a thief. Then, the gambling element which enters so largely into the business of our times, especially the business by which great fortunes are made within a few years, tends to confuse the moral sense and destroy the basis of morality. The war that is being carried on between capital and labor, in which everything seems to be looked upon as right which helps to push the adverse party to the wall, and in which the right of property is often not only denied, but its possession represented as being a crime, has the same tendency. It may be that even the pulpit is not entirely free from a share in the responsibility. It may be doubted whether the simple ethical principles in our religion are made as prominent as they should be. It is possible, even, for preachers to be

so fully occupied with the theoretical, as to lose sight of the practical; and political economy and sociology, may be allowed to take the place of the divine morality of the New Testament, which is, after all, the hope of the world.

The cure of this great and growing evil is, however, the most important branch of the subject to the discussion of which this article is devoted—this has been anticipated in part. To know the nature and the cause of a disease is to be put in possession of, at least, the first and most essential condition of its successful treatment. The problem, however, is too complex to be dealt with summarily and in an off-hand way. So we have seen there are criminals and criminals. They constitute entirely different types and classes, and what would be effective in one case would not be in another. First of all, there is the typical criminal—he who has adopted crime as a profession, whether deliberately or instinctively by choice, or by the prompting of innate tendencies—who after repeated trial proves to be incorrigible. There does not seem to be any reason why he should be treated with undue severity; indeed, there are strong reasons why he should be treated with the utmost degree of humanity, but there is no consideration which can justify his being set at large. Perpetual imprisonment is the only thing that is consistent with his own best interests and the safety of society. Mr. Boies thinks that after two terms of imprisonment, upon a third conviction the criminal should be treated as an incorrigible and the prison doors should close upon him forever. This seems to be nothing more than is reasonable. We do not hesitate to deal with the dangerous lunatic in this way; why should we deal differently with the criminal.

With the occasional criminal, the man who has committed a crime in a moment of passion, or who has been drawn into it by evil associations and

unfortunate circumstances, the case is different. All sorts of reformatory influences should be brought to bear upon such. The chief object of the imprisonment of such an one should be his recovery from the evil courses into which he has fallen. His sentence should be indeterminate, and he should never be set at large until he has given good reason to believe that he is reformed. Two things should characterize his treatment, kindness and firmness. The laws of the prison should be like the law of gravitation, working as steadily and as beneficently. Nothing unreasonable should be required of any one, but what is required should be exacted to the letter. Submission to authority, obedience to law, and the habitual recognition of the rule of right, should be quietly, steadily, and persistently insisted upon every hour. These are the things which the prisoner needs to be taught, and to have ground into his nature. He should be made to feel that his liberty, and his life, as far as it is worth living, depends upon his mastery of this simple lesson. And, in order to make this consideration the more effectual, the prospect of a time coming when he should be a free man, should be constantly set before him; and he should be made to feel that—though the idea of punishment which always follows in the wake of transgression, should not be excluded from his mind, and the idea also of the safety of society—the state is aiming at, as its supreme object, the making him a new and better man.

But the cure, to be effectual must not, however, be confined to the prison and the reformatory. What has been said of the prison regulations, must be true of the law of the land; it should operate with the steadiness and certainty of the laws of nature. England sets an example to the whole world in this respect, worthy of universal imitation; not by the severity of its punishment, but by the certainty with which the criminal is overtaken by the legal consequences of his crime. This is the

reason why crime is constantly diminishing in England, while it is increasing everywhere else. But as we have seen that the home is chiefly responsible for the production and multiplication of criminals, to it we must look for the reduction of their number, and for the gradual extirpation of the evil which menaces society. And the regeneration and purification of the home is the appropriate work of the Church; in it, in its last analysis, is our hope for the world.

OVER SEA.

Speed swiftly, splendid Sun !
 You need not stay with me ;
 My thoughts are wide with one
 Beyond the deep blue sea.

Quick to the waiting West
 Go o'er your glowing track,
 And give to Ocean's breast
 Her stolen jewels back !

Crown the broad bay with foam,
 And paint the faded skies
 That bend above her home
 The color of her eyes.

Then swift her chamber seek
 To scare away the dark.
 And kindle in her cheek
 Life's bright mysterious spark.

Glisten along her hair,
 And give her lips their rose ;
 Her swan-white forehead fair
 And snow-soft neck disclose.

Then gleams of silver weave
 To give her eyelids white,
 But on her lashes leave
 The lustre of the night.

And back o'er all her face
 Its animation win ;
 The dainty shadow chase
 From the dimple in her chin.

Let every sunbeam shake
 In golden fiery strife,
 And glow her eyes awake,
 And love her back to life !

* * * *

A moment stay your beams !—
 I almost had forgot—
 If 'tis of me she dreams
 I charge you wake her not !

DOWN THE YUKON AND UP THE MACKENZIE.

3,200 Miles by Foot and Paddle.

BY WILLIAM OGILVIE, D.L.S., F.R.G.S.

..... The land where the clouds love to rest,
Like a shroud of the dead on the mountain's
cold breast,
To the cataract's roar, where the eagles reply,
And the lake its lone bosom expands to the
sky.

—Rob Roy.

PROBABLY no great international commercial transaction of modern times approaches more nearly to the perfect ideal of a "pig-in-a-poke" bargain than the sale and transfer of the great unknown country of Alaska by the Russian Government to the United States in the year 1867; not merely the purchaser, but the seller also, in this case, being in almost entire ignorance of the value of the treasure so unceremoniously exchanged for seven and a quarter million dollars' worth of old gunboats belonging to the people of the United States. The hydrographic chart made by the Russian Government in the early part of the century was known to represent the coast line with reasonable accuracy; but no exploratory survey of the interior was ever undertaken by the Russians; nor has any such survey been subsequently contemplated by the Government of the United States. All that is known of the interior of Alaska and the adjacent country—and this knowledge is meagre and scanty in the extreme—has been gathered from the lips and pens of the few Arctic travellers who, animated with the commendable ambition of the noble lord of high degree of the old ballad, have gone abroad determined "strange countries for to see," and who have returned, from time to time, to astonish civilization with an *experto crede* account of its trackless, frozen, solitary wastes.

The present article, however, deals only casually and incidentally with

Alaska, but mainly with the adjacent British territory, which, aside from certain lines of travel, may also be said to be a *terra incognita*. To within a few years ago a great unexplored solitude extended to the eastward between the valleys of the Upper Yukon, or Lewes, and the Mackenzie, and from the 60th parallel of latitude northward to the shores of the "frozen ocean." This extensive region is known as the Yukon country, a name rendered appropriate by the fact that it is drained by the Yukon river and its tributaries, which form one of the great river systems of the world. A general account of the exploration of a portion of this great area is the subject of the present article.

Walled in by high mountains, and in consequence unapproachable from every side, it is not strange that the Yukon district should so long have remained in almost undisturbed seclusion. Had it not been for the fact that the rich metalliferous belt of the Coast and Gold Ranges passes through the district from one end to the other, the probability is that it would still have remained unexplored for many years to come.

Only four gates of approach to the district exist, and, strangely enough, these are situated at the four corners. From the north-west, access is gained to the country by following the Yukon from its mouth in Behring Sea; from the north-east, by crossing from the Mackenzie to the Porcupine, and following down the latter stream to its confluence with the Yukon; from the south-east, by ascending the Liard from Fort Simpson and crossing the watershed to the head waters of the Pelly; and finally, from the south-west, by en-

tering where the Coast Range is pierced by the Chilkoot and Chilkat Passes.

As a matter of fact, all these routes are beset with difficulties, and when it

the source of the Lewes River to Nuklikahyet, continuing his journey from this point to the sea by boat. The object of this expedition was to



CHILKOOT INLET.

is remembered that there are only four roads into a region three times greater in extent than the total area of the New England States, it is not to be wondered at that the total population of the region should consist of a few scattered Indian families and a hundred or so of hardy miners.

Occasional contributions to our knowledge of the district have been made from time to time for at least half a century, mainly by officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, miners and employés of the abandoned Telegraph Expedition; and skeleton maps of the interior have been constructed in accordance with the topographical data, so far as known.

Among recent expeditions that of Lieut. Schwatka, of the United States Army, in the summer of 1883, may be mentioned. Entering the country by the Chilkoot Pass, Lieut. Schwatka floated down the Yukon on a raft from

examine the country from a military point of view, and to collect all available information with regard to the Indian tribes. We are indebted to it also for a great deal of general information with regard to the country. Schwatka, who seems to have gone through the country with his eyes open, used the explorer's baptismal privilege freely, and scattered monuments of Schwatkanian nomenclature broadcast throughout the land, rechristening many places that had already been named, and doing so too in apparent indifference to the fact that many of the names thus set aside had an established priority of many years. Of Schwatka's two subsequent expeditions to Alaska in the interests of a New York newspaper syndicate, very little need be said; little, indeed, seems to have been accomplished beyond taking a huge slice of a thousand feet or more off the top of Mount St. Elias,

without any reason whatever being assigned for this stupendous act of vandalism. This, however, may be said to be aside from our subject, as no one seems to know whether the mountain thus obtruncated is in Canada or not, and until this point is settled no one need feel aggrieved.

In the year 1887, mainly in consequence of numerous applications for mining locations, the attention of the Canadian Government was directed to the gold areas along the Yukon River and its tributaries, which were said to be particularly rich and extensive in the vicinity of the international boundary, and an expedition was determined upon to explore this region. The expedition was entrusted to me.

On the evening of the 2nd of May I reached Victoria, B.C., and at once set about making preparations to start by the monthly mail steamer which was advertised to leave on the 9th. The vessel did not arrive, however, until the 12th. I then found that she was much overloaded, and it was with some difficulty that I persuaded Captain Hunter to consent to take my outfit, which weighed about six tons, and under the circumstances it was a real act of kindness for him to do so. Owing to the heavy load we made slow progress, and it was not until the 18th of May that we reached Fort Wrangell, at the mouth of the Stickeen River. Dr. Dawson, of the Geological Survey staff, landed here, his proposed route lying along the Stickeen, Dease, Upper Liard and Francis rivers, crossing the Arctic and Pacific watershed, descending the Pelly, and returning to the coast by the Lewes—a circuit of about thirteen hundred miles. Before parting with Dr. Dawson I arranged to meet him at the confluence of the Pelly and Lewes or Yukon about the 20th of July following.

The part of the journey between Victoria and Chilkoot Inlet has been so much written of, talked of and pictured during the last few years that I will repeat only one of the many state-

ments made concerning it—that, though it is in ocean waters and can be traversed by the largest ships, it is so sheltered by countless islands from the gales and waves of the vast Pacific, nearly the whole of the length, that its waters are always as smooth as those of a large river. In marked contrast to this is the west coast of the United States, where harbors are like angel's visits.

On the 24th of May I arrived at Chilkoot Inlet and here my work began. The first news I received on landing, and at the very outset of the expedition, was that there was serious trouble with the Indians in the interior on the Lewes River. A miner who had recently arrived from the scene of the alleged disturbance, stated that there had been a fight between the Indians and the miners, at the mouth of the Stewart River. A circumstantial account of the affair was given. The result, as alleged, was that four Indians and two white men had been killed, and that the Indians had come up the river as far as the Cañon to lie in wait for any white men who might be going into the country. I did not have an opportunity of questioning this man, as he had gone to Juneau City the day before I arrived. The rumor seemed to me improbable; but, true or false, it was an unpleasant one to hear, and it must be confessed that it had a somewhat discouraging and deterrent effect upon some members of the party. As there was no means either of verifying or disproving the rumor, I decided to go on. If the Indians in the interior were hostile, I had no doubt I would not long be in ignorance of the fact.

Chatham Strait and Lynn Channel lie in almost a straight line, and during the summer there is nearly always a strong wind blowing up them from the sea. At the head of Lynn Channel are Chilkat and Chilkoot Inlets. The distance down these channels to the open sea is about three hundred and eighty miles and along

the whole extent of this the mountains on each side of the water confine the incoming currents of air and deflect inclined currents in the direction of the axis of the channel. Coming from the sea, these air currents are heavily charged with moisture, which is precipitated when they strike the mountains, and the fall of rain and snow is consequently very heavy. I was unfortunate enough to have three days of the wettest kind of wet weather, so that I could do nothing in the way of commencing the survey. During the delay, myself and party were employed in making preparations for carrying the instruments, provisions and other baggage up to the head of Taiya Inlet, a distance of twenty and a half miles. This was accomplished by securing the services of two boats, belonging to a trader, which were towed to the head of the Taiya Inlet by the little United States gunboat "Pinta," to the commander of which (Captain Newell) I owe a debt of gratitude for his very obliging and attentive treatment of myself and party. The "Pinta" is not properly speaking a gunboat, but simply an iron tug overhauled and made to do duty as one. She carries two brass guns, one small gatling and a crew of thirty men, and although she is a slow sailer, not being able to make more than seven knots an hour, she manages to uphold the dignity of the stars and stripes and to make herself thoroughly respected along the coast. The Indians are especially afraid of her shells, which they call "the gun that shoots twice."

The latitude and longitude of Pyramid Island were fixed by a party sent out by the United States Coast Survey to observe an eclipse of the sun, August 7th, 1869. Beginning at this point I carried the survey over to Haines Mission; then along the west side of Chilkoot Inlet to Taiya Inlet and up to its head.

Under the Anglo-Russian Convention (1825) the inland boundary of the south-eastern coast strip of Alaska is

declared to be "the summit of the Coast Range," or "a line ten marine leagues from the sea." Much depends upon the meaning assigned to these phrases, and, as the location of the boundary is one of the questions of the near future, it is important for both governments to be in possession of all possible information. The attitude and locations of some of the highest peaks around the head of Taiya Inlet were therefore determined. The highest visible from Taiya Pass proved to be some six thousand two hundred and nineteen feet above the mean sea level.

Taiya Inlet has evidently been at one time the valley of a large glacier. Its sides are steep and smooth, and evidences of well-defined glacial action abound on every side. From a high ledge of polished rock on the west side, looking back and down, I caught my last glimpse for years of the broad bosom of the great Pacific shining like molten gold in the level rays of the setting sun. Light clouds drifted across the picture and before I turned away from its contemplation it was completely veiled from view.

At the head of the inlet preparations were commenced for taking the the impedimenta over the Coast Range to the head of Lake Lyndeman on the Lewes River. Commander Newell kindly aided me in making arrangements with the Chilkoot Indians, and did all he could to induce them to be reasonable in their demands. This, however, neither he nor anyone else could accomplish. They refused to carry to the lake for less than twenty dollars per hundred pounds, and as they had learned that the expedition was an English one, the second chief of the tribe recalled some memories of an old quarrel which they had had with the English many years ago, in which an uncle of his had been killed, his idea being to obtain indemnity for the loss of his uncle by charging an exorbitant price for our packing, of which he had the control. Commander

Newell told him I had a permit from the Great Father at Washington to pass thro' his country in safety, and that he would see that I did so. After much talk they consented to carry our stuff to the summit of the range for ten dollars per hundred pounds. This is about two-thirds of the whole distance, includes all the climbing and all the woods, and is by far the most difficult part of the way.

My outfit consisted of two canoes, scientific instruments weighing about seven hundred pounds, camping requisites, tents, clothing, provisions for eight men for two years, carpenters' tools, nails and spikes suitable for building a boat or a house, and, last but not least, might be included about six thousand dollars in gold and silver coin for current expenses, as none of the Indians in the interior will take paper money. I had, in all, exclusive of what was taken over by myself and party, one hundred and twenty packs, ranging in weight from forty to one hundred and fifty-six pounds; and on the morning of the 6th June one hundred and twenty Indians—men, woman and children—started for the summit with them. I sent two of my party on to see the goods delivered at the place agreed upon. Each carrier, when given a pack, received also a ticket, on which was inscribed the contents of the pack, its weight, and the amount the individual was to get for carrying it. They were made to understand that they had to produce these tickets on delivering their packs, but were not told for what reason. As each pack was delivered, one of my men receipted the ticket and returned it. The Indians did not seem to understand the import of this; a few of them pretended to have lost their tickets, and, as they could not get paid without them, my assistant, who had duplicates of every ticket, furnished them with receipted copies after examining their packs.

While they were packing to the summit, I was producing the survey, and

I met them on their return about eight miles from the coast, where I paid them. They came to the camp in the early morning before I was up, and for about two hours there was quite a hubbub. When paying them I tried to get their names, but very few of them would give any Indian name, nearly all, after a little reflection, giving some common English name. My list contained little else than Jack, Tom, Joe, Charley and so on, some of which were duplicated there and four times. I then found why some of them had pretended to lose their tickets at the summit. Several who had thus acted presented themselves twice for payment, producing first the receipted ticket and afterwards the one they claimed to have lost, demanding pay for both. They were much surprised when they found that their duplicity had been discovered. While paying them I was a little apprehensive of trouble, for they insisted on crowding into my tent, and for myself and the four men who were with me to have attempted to eject them would have been the height of folly. I am strictly of the opinion that these Indians would have been much more difficult to deal with if they had not known that Commander Newell remained in the inlet to see that I got through without accident.

These Indians are perfectly heartless. They will not render even the smallest aid to each other without payment; and if not to each other, much less to a white man. I called one of them (whom I had previously assisted with his pack) to take me and two of my party over a small creek in his canoe. After putting us across he asked for money, and I gave him a half a dollar. Another man stepped up and demanded pay, stating that the canoe belonged to him. To see what the result would be, I gave him the same amount. Immediately there were three or four more claimants for the canoe. I dismissed them with my blessing and made up my

mind I would wade the next creek.

Down Taiya Pass flows a small river, the Dayay of Schwatka, navigable for canoes to about six miles above the mouth: above this the current is too swift and rough for boats, and everything intended for the interior has to be carried over the mountains on men's backs, a distance of about seventeen and a half miles. The Pass is heavily wooded to within about two miles of the summit; and getting through these woods, especially with the canoes, was a matter of patience and Christian forbearance.

There is only one really dangerous spot, however,—where the little river runs between perpendicular, or rather overhanging, rock banks. The path for a little distance runs close to the brink, and a misstep here would precipitate one some three hundred feet to the bed of the stream below.

The river has to be crossed three or

ing is about thirty yards wide, and the current is so strong that unless one has a load on his back he can hardly stand on his feet. The Indians when crossing carry a stout stick which they use as a prop while making a step. The women, while fording the stream, tie their skirts up very high and use their sticks as dexterously as the men. Before my canoes came up to this point I had to cross twice; the second time while I was very warm from clambering down the steep side of a hill thirteen hundred and sixty feet high. To people living in ordinary conditions, this would seem dangerous, but no ill effects resulted to me from my cold bath.

From the timber line to the summit, the slope is easy and uniform, with the exception of one steep bit, in which there is a rise of five hundred feet in about as many yards. When packing over the Pass, the Indians, if



HAINES MISSION—THE INDIAN SCHOOL.

four times in the Pass, and as the water, flowing from the glaciers above, is ice cold, it will never be resorted to as a bathing place. The lowest cross-

they get to the timber limit during the day, remain there until about midnight, when the snow in the Pass is frozen, and they can travel over it

with comparative ease. On the very steep places they cut holes in the crust with a small hand axe, and help themselves up with their hands; otherwise, with heavy loads on their backs, they could not get up. When the snow is soft they use a stick which they push vertically into the snow and pull themselves up by it.

I have read somewhere of red snow being seen in this region; so it is, but it is only snow covered with a vegetable juice. When I first saw it I was surprised at the confirmation of the statement I have alluded to; but soon noticed that it was confined entirely to the line of travel. This led me to examine it more closely, when I found that it was caused by the juice of a berry which grows on a ground vine at the head of the timber limit. When pressed, this berry gives out a purple juice, which by dilution shades down into a pale pink. This juice is absorbed by the leather of the Indian's moccasins as he tramps on the berries, and afterwards stains the snow as he travels over it. This, by the heat of the sun and the action of gravity on the hill side, is distributed over a wide space, compared with the track, and is visible after all sign of the track is gone. The red snow of the arctic regions is in part due to vegetable coloring matter. Might not some at least of the instances recorded in which the phenomenon has been observed be traceable to a similar source?

Before proceeding any further, a word with regard to the party may not be out of place. Morrison and Gladman were my lieutenants, and I deem myself peculiarly fortunate to have been so ably seconded. Parker and Sparks the basemen, were both expert canoeists and the expedition owes much to their skill with the paddle. These, with myself, made up a permanent party of five. Two men were picked up at Victoria for the summer of 1887, and Captain Moore, who was going into the country on his own account, was attached to the party for a short time.

The captain is an old-timer. Everybody on the coast from Frisco to Unalaska knows Bill Moore. He is a Hanoverian by birth, but has knocked about the Pacific Coast ever since he can remember. He excels as a storyteller, and many queer stories are also told about him. The captain is one of those easy-going, good-natured but unfortunate individuals, who have a standing grievance against the law of the land, and on whom its heavy arm seems to be continually beating, in a small way it is true, but with monotonous regularity, and apparently with but indifferent beneficial results. Not bold enough to go entirely beyond the charmed circle, and not clever enough to keep just within it, the captain's relations with the executive authorities of the Dominion and of the republic were so strained at all times as to threaten rupture at any moment. An account of the adventures of the little "Western Slope," on board of which, as he says, he had to keep a "tam staff of lawyers" to keep her afloat, and for whom there was "some volverine of a sheriff or customs officer" waiting at every port, would fill a volume in itself. The captain, notwithstanding his little failings, has many excellent qualities and a genuine hearty humor about him that freshened the tired spirits of the party like a spray from a salt sea-breeze blowing inland. His dialect and his peculiar opinions of men and things—always expressed with the emphatic dogmatism of matured consideration—chased dull melancholy from many a wet day's camp.

The captain had a couple of boys mining in the interior at Cassiar Bar, whom he had believed to have "struck it rich," and his object in going down the river was to visit them and help to take care of their good fortune. His paternal solicitude for those boys was highly commendable, and bright visions of prospective wealth made the old man doubly anxious to hurry on and impatient of the least delay.

But to return to our mutton. After completing the survey down to the lake, I set about getting my baggage down. This proved no easy task. Of all the Indians who came to the summit with packs, only four or five could be induced to remain and pack down the lake, although I was paying them at the rate of four dollars per hundred pounds. After one trip down, only two men remained, and they only in the hope of stealing something. One of them appropriated a pair of

on snow blindness, the intolerable pain of which only those who have suffered from this complaint can realize. I had two sleds with me which were made at Juneau city specially for the work of getting over the mountains and down the lakes on the ice. With these I succeeded in bringing about a ton and a half to the lakes, but I found that the time it would take to get all down this way would seriously interfere with the programme arranged with Dr. Dawson, to



LOOKING DOWN TAIYA INLET.

boots and was much surprised to find that he had to pay for them on being settled with. I could not blame the Indians much for not caring to work, as the weather was stormy and disagreeable—raining or snowing almost continuously. After they had left, I tried to portage the stuff with the aid of my own men, but found it slavish labor, and after the first trip one of them was laid up with what appeared to be inflammatory rheumatism. The first time the party crossed, the sun was shining brightly, and this brought

say nothing of the suffering of the men and myself from snow-blindness, and the liability to sickness to which we were exposed by protracted physical exertion under such unfavorable conditions. I had with me a white man who lived at the head of the inlet with a Tagish Indian woman. This man had considerable influence with the Tagish tribe, the greater number of whom were then in the neighborhood where he resided, trying to get some odd jobs of work, and I sent him to the head of the inlet to endeavor to

induce the Tagish Indians to undertake the transportation, offering them five dollars per hundred pounds. In the meantime, Captain Moore and the Indian "Jim," who had been, by my direction, exploring a low-level pass to the south, which I have named White Pass, had rejoined me. I had their assistance for a day or two, and "Jim's" presence aided indirectly in inducing the Indians to come to my relief.

The Tagish are little more than slaves to the more powerful coast tribes, and are in constant dread of offending them in any way. One of the privileges which the coast tribes claim is the exclusive right to all work on the coast or in its vicinity, and the Tagish are afraid to dispute this claim. When my white man asked the Tagish to come over and pack, they objected on the grounds mentioned. After considerable ridicule of their cowardice, and explanation of the fact that they had the exclusive right to all work in their own country—the country on the north side of the coast range being admitted by the coast Indians to belong to the Tagish tribe—just as the coast tribes had the privilege of doing all the work on the coast side of the mountains, and that one of their number was already working with me unmolested, and likely to continue so, nine of them came over, and in fear and trembling began to pack down to the lake. A few days later some of the Chilkoots came out and also started to work.

I was now getting my stuff down quite fast; but this good fortune was not to continue. Owing to the prevailing wet, cold weather on the mountains, and the difficulty of getting through the soft snow and slush, the Indians soon began to quit work for a day or two at a time, and to gamble with one another for the wages already earned. Many of them wanted to be paid in full, but this I positively refused, knowing that to do so was to have them all apply for their earnings

and leave me until necessity compelled them to go to work again. I once for all made them distinctly understand that I would not pay any of them until the whole of the stuff was down. As many of them had already earned from twelve to fifteen dollars each, to lose which was a serious matter to them, they reluctantly resumed work and kept at it until all was delivered: this done, I paid them off and set about getting my outfit across the lake, which I did with my own party and the two Peterborough canoes.

After getting all my outfit over to the foot of Lake Lyndeman, I set some of the party to pack it to the head of Lake Bennett. The stream between these two lakes is too shallow and rough to permit of canoe navigation, and everything had to be portaged the greater part of the way. I employed the rest of the party in looking for timber to build a boat to carry the outfit down the river to the vicinity of the International Boundary, a distance of about seven hundred miles. It took several days to find a tree large enough to make planks for the boat I wanted, as the timber around the upper end of the lake is small and scrubby. To give an idea of its scarceness I may state that a thorough search was made around the head of the lake and over ten miles down it, and only one tree was found suitable for my purpose. This tree made four planks, fifteen inches wide at the butt, seven at the top, and thirty-one feet long. Such other planks as we wanted had to be cut out of short logs, of which some, ten to fourteen inches in diameter and ten to sixteen feet long, could be found at long intervals. The boat required only four hundred and fifty feet of plank for its construction, yet some of the logs had to be carried a long distance, and two saw-pits had to be made before that quantity was procured; and this on ground that was all thickly wooded with spruce, pine and some balsam, the latter generally the largest and cleanest-trunked.

A gravelly spot on the shore was selected and the boat built bottom up. As she approached completion a good deal of speculation was indulged in as to how she was to be turned. The united strength of the party was insufficient for the purpose, and even if it had been sufficient the shock she

tain walked around her admiringly, and was good enough to admit that that was one way to turn a boat, but at the same time he was convinced that it was not the right way.

The boat, as completed, measured thirty-two feet in length by eleven feet beam, and was thirty-two inches



CHILKOOT INDIANS, TAIYA INLET.

would have received in going over would have damaged her badly. The captain, as usual, was full of advice and fertile in suggestions, displaying a profundity of ignorance of mechanical principles which furnished amusement for the whole party and kept them in a constant good humor. After a week's hard work the boat was finished, and I had her mounted on blocks at the two ends and a trench about four feet in depth dug all along one side.

The captain watched these mysterious preparations with considerable interest. When all was ready a lift and a shove from the united party was all that was necessary, and she turned without strain, coming up on the sloping gravel bank on her side. The cap-

tain walked around her admiringly, and was good enough to admit that that was one way to turn a boat, but at the same time he was convinced that it was not the right way. The boat, as completed, measured thirty-two feet in length by eleven feet beam, and was thirty-two inches deep. A new difficulty now presented itself. The entire party were of the opinion that she was not big enough to carry her load, and to satisfy them, before she was launched I calculated her weight and found that loaded she would float with fourteen inches free-board. The captain laughed derisively when I marked her *load-line* on her side, and he insisted that in spite of all calculations, that loaded she would sink. When put into the water she floated well up, however, and as the men began to load her for her venturesome trip, the captain watched that line sink lower and lower until it just touched the water—and there it remained. He then gave vent to his astonishment in language more vigor-

ous than choice, declaring that he had been "for near forty year on de coast and *never* saw noding like dat before!"

The captain was so proud of the boat and of his share in building her that he insisted she should be named; and, as the story-writers say, "thereby hangs a tale."

The Tes-lin-too, or Newberry, River marks the point on the main stream where gold in placer deposits begins to be found. Dr. Dawson called this stream the Tes-lin-too, that being, according to information obtained by him, the correct Indian name. Schwatka, who appears to have bestowed no other attention upon it, dubbed it the Newberry; but whatever its name on the maps of the future may be, it will never be known by any other name among the miners in there than the Hootalinkwa.

A number of miners, the captain's boys among them, had prospected the Hootalinkwa and reported it rich in placer gold. Such reports, of course, grow rapidly from mouth to mouth—the error being cumulative, so to speak—and by the time the report had reached the captain the Hootalinkwa was a perfect El Dorado. The old man was never tired of conjuring up bright visions of the happy days ahead when we should "get down to de Hoodalinka and scoop up de gold by de bucketful."

"I tell you what it is, boys," he would say, "de Hoodalinka is de place for us. De gold is *dere*, sure, and every bar on dat river is a reg'lar jewel'ry shop. Now, I tell you dat." And so on from morning until night the captain built his air-castle, until "de Hoodalinka" became a by-word among us. When, therefore, the subject of naming the boat came up it was suggested that out of respect for the captain she should be named "de Hoodalinka," and by common consent and amid much merriment (we had not the traditional bottle of wine, unfortunately) the "Hoodalinka" was accordingly named. The two Peterborough canoes,

also, came in for a christening at the same time, while we were in the humor, the longer one being known as the "Mackenzie" and the other as the "Yukon."

While on Lake Bennett, building our boat, I found an extensive ledge of auriferous quartz, the assay of which, however, shewed that it contained only traces of gold. The ledge is sixty to eighty feet wide, and can be easily traced on the surface for three or four miles. A small creek cuts through it about a mile from the lake, and in this creek are found colors of gold.

My boat was finished on the evening of the 11th of July, and on the 12th I sent four of the party ahead with it and the outfit to the Canon. They had instructions to examine the Canon and, if necessary, to carry a part of the outfit past it; in any case enough to support the party back to the coast, should accident necessitate such procedure. With the rest of the party I continued the survey on the lakes; this proved tedious work, on account of stormy weather. In the summer months there is nearly always a wind blowing in from the coast; it blows down the lakes and produces quite a heavy swell. This would not prevent the canoes going with the decks on, but, as we had to land every mile or so, the rollers breaking on the generally flat beach proved very troublesome. On this account I could not average more than ten miles per day on the lakes—little more than half of what could be done on the river.

Navigation on the Lewes River begins at the head of Lake Bennett. Above that point and between it and Lake Lyndeman there is only about three-quarters of a mile of river, and that is narrow, shallow, swift and rough. Many small streams issuing directly from the numerous glaciers at the heads of the tributaries of Lake Lyndeman feed this lake and make it the head fountain of the Lewes. It is a pretty little strip of water, about five miles in length, nestling

among grey-green granite hills, which are here and there clothed, down to the gravelly beach, with dwarf spruce and pine.

Lake Bennett is about five times as long and, like all the lakes of the district, narrow in proportion to its length. About midway comes in from the east an arm which Schwatka appears to have mistaken for a river and named Wheaton River. This arm, down to that point, is wider than the other; it is also reported by the Indians to be longer and to head in a glacier which lies in the Chilkoot Pass. As far as seen, it is surrounded by high mountains, apparently much higher than those on the arm we travelled down. Below the junction of the two arms

the flat, shelving beach at the lower end of the lake, apparently reaching the Canon, or to a short distance above it. The bottom of this valley, which looks like an ancient river course, is wide and sandy, and covered with scrubby poplar and pitch-pine timber. The waters of the lake empty through a channel not more than one hundred yards wide, which soon expands into what Schwatka called Lake Nares. Through this channel there is quite a current, and more than seven feet of water, as a six foot paddle and a foot of arm added to its length did not reach the bottom.

Lake Nares, the smallest and most picturesque of this chain of northern lakes, is separated from Lake Bennett



SUMMIT OF TAIYA PASS.

the lake is about a mile and a half wide, with deep water. At the south-west corner there flows into the lake a muddy glacier-fed stream, which at its mouth has shoaled a large portion of the lake. A deep, wide valley lying between regularly terraced hills, extends northward from

by a sandy shallow point of not more than two hundred yards in width, and from Tagish Lake by a low, swampy, willow-covered flat, through which the narrow, curved channel flows. The hills on the south-west slope up easily, and are not high; on the north the deep valley, already referred to,

borders it; and on the east the mountains rise abruptly from the lake shore,

About two miles from its head, Tagish Lake is joined by what the miners have called the Windy Arm (one of the Tagish Indians informed me they called it Takone Lake); and eight miles farther on the Tako Arm enters from the south. This arm, which is about a mile wide at its mouth or junction, must be of considerable length, as it can be seen for a long distance, and its valley can be traced through the mountains much farther than the lake itself can be seen. Except from reports from Indians, it is, so far, unknown, but it is improbable that any river of importance enters it, as it is so near the source of the waters flowing northward; however, this is a question that can only be decided by a proper exploration. Dr. Dawson seems to include the Bone Lake of Schwatka and these two arms under the common name of Tagish Lake. This is much more simple and comprehensive than the various names by which they have been heretofore designated. These waters collectively are the fishing and hunting grounds of the Tagish Indians, and, as they are really one body of water, there is no reason why they should not be included under one name. From the junction with the Tako Arm to the north end of the lake, the distance is about six miles; the greater part is over two miles wide. The west side is so flat and shallow that it was impossible in many places to get our canoes ashore, and quite a distance out in the lake there was not more than five feet of water. The members of my party who were in charge of the large boat and outfit went down the east side of the lake and reported the depth about the same as I had found on the west side, with many large rocks. They passed through it in the night in a rain storm, and were greatly alarmed for the safety of the boat and provisions.

The river, where it debouches from

the lake, is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, and for a short distance not more than five or six feet deep; this depth, however, soon increases to ten feet or more, and so continues down to Marsh Lake, a distance of about five miles.

On the east side of the river are situated the only Indian houses to be found in the interior with any pretension to skill in construction. They shew much more labor and imitativeness than one knowing anything about the Indian in his native state would expect. The plan is evidently taken from the Indian houses on the coast, which appear to me to be a poor copy of the houses which the Hudson's Bay Company's servants build around their trading posts. These houses do not appear to have been used for some time past, and are almost in ruins. The Tagish Indians are now generally on the coast, as they find it much easier to live there than in their own country. As a matter of fact, what they make in their own country is taken from them by the coast Indians, so that there is little inducement for them to remain.

Marsh Lake is a little over nineteen miles long, and would average about two miles in width. The miners call it "Mud Lake," but on this name they do not appear to be agreed, many of them calling the lower part of Tagish or Bone Lake by this name on account of its shallowness and flat muddy shores, as seen along the west side, which, being more sheltered from the prevailing southerly winds, is the one generally travelled. The name, "Mud Lake," however, is not applicable to Tagish Lake, as only a comparatively small part of it is shallow or muddy; and it is nearly as inapplicable to Marsh Lake.

At the lower end of Marsh Lake, on a jutting point of land, are situated several Indian graves, each with its small enclosure (in which, with the dead man's bones, are deposited the few trinkets he may have possessed),

and its long pole surmounted by fluttering many colored rags which appear to serve the double purpose of monument and scarecrow, attracting the reverent attention of human passersby, and at the same time frightening stray birds and prowling animals from the locality.

The Lewes River, where it leaves Marsh Lake, is about two hundred yards wide and averages this width as far as the Cañon.

From the head of Bennett Lake to the Cañon the corrected distance is

No streams of importance enter any of these lakes. A river, called by Schwatka McClintock River, enters Marsh Lake at the lower end from the east; it occupies a large valley, as seen from the westerly side of the lake, but the stream is apparently unimportant. It is not probable that any stream coming from the east side of the lake is of importance, as the strip of country between the Lewes and the Tes-lin-too is not more than thirty or forty miles in width at this point.



LAKE LYNDEMAN.

ninety-five miles, all of which is navigable for boats drawing five feet or more. Add to this the westerly arm of Bennett Lake and the Takone or Windy arm of Tagish Lake, each about fifteen miles in length, and the Tako arm of the latter lake, of unknown length, but probably not less than thirty miles, and we have a stretch of water of upwards of one hundred and fifty miles in length, all easily navigable, and connected with Taiya Inlet and the sea through the Chilkoot and White passes.

On the 20th of July we reached the Cañon and camped at its yawning mouth. I found that the party with the "*Hoodalinka*" had arrived there two days before, and, having carried a part of the supplies past it, were awaiting my arrival to run through with the rest in the boat. Before doing so, however, I made an examination of the Cañon and the rapids below it, incidentally keeping a sharp lookout for hostile Indians, as this was the place where they were said to be lying in wait. I was greatly relieved to find

that there were no Indians about, and no indication of a war party having recently camped in the vicinity.

While we were examining the Cañon, an enormous brown bear put in an appearance upon a rocky ledge above us about a quarter of a mile distant. His inspection of the party, though an exceedingly brief one, must have been entirely satisfactory to himself, for I never saw an animal turn and disappear more quickly than this particular bear did. The singing of a couple of bullets in close proximity to his awkward person no doubt helped him to a prompt realization of the decidedly bad character of the intruders.

Parker and Sparks were anxious to run the Cañon in their canoe. They both thought they had been through as rough water on the Saskatchewan, so, directing them to take a hundred

Mackenzie went through all right, but her occupants would not have liked to repeat the trip. They say the canoe jumped about a great deal more than they anticipated, and I had the same experience in going through in the boat.

The Cañon and rapids have been described in several articles by several parties, all agreeing in giving a more or less thrilling and dangerous character to them. That they are dangerous for small boats no one would deny, but that there is such terrible risk and such narrow escapes as have been reported is a delusion. I do not wish to deny any man any credit he may be entitled to for running through them on a raft or in a boat, but what I wish to decry is that any individual should consider and report himself a hero for having done something never before attempted, and in comparison with which a descent of Niagara would pale, if we were to estimate the daring of the feat by the amount of bosh used in describing it.

The only danger in the Cañon is in striking the sides; if one will keep in the channel he is safe, unless his boat is very small. I admit that the run through is exciting, and a person who had had his fears aroused by reading some of the highly-colored descriptions of it, more especially if he had no previous experience of the kind, might lose his head and run into danger, instead of out of it. The walls are perpendicular and high, and they seem to fly past, in the narrow channel, with a frightful roar, involuntarily recalling the sinister "Facilis est descensus Averni" of the Roman poet. Seated on a pile of stuff in the bow of the boat, I directed the helmsman with my arms, as speech was out of the question. The passage through was made in about three minutes, or at the rate of twelve and a half miles an hour. The only exciting episode in our trip was in the final plunge, where there are three heavy swells, each about five feet in height. The last of these broke



ON LAKE LYNDEMAN.

pounds of bacon for ballast, I sent them down with the *Mackenzie* to await the arrival of the boat and to be ready in case of an accident to pick us up. The

over us in a blinding, drenching shower, from which the white, scared face of the cook looked up in an agony of sudden fear which I shall never forget.

ing thought it best to pray, and to their surprise found themselves safely through before they had finished either.



A TYPICAL SCENE BETWEEN LAKES LYNDEMAN AND BENNET.

The rapids, extending for a couple of miles below the Cañon, are not at all bad. What constitutes the real danger is a piece of calm water forming a short, sharp bend in the river, which hides the last or "White Horse" rapids from sight until they are reached. These rapids are about three-eighths of a mile long. They are the most dangerous on the river, and are never run through in boats except by accident. Parties always examine the Cañon and rapids below before going through, and on coming to the calm water suppose they have seen them all, as all noise from the lower rapid is drowned in that of the ones above. On this account several parties have run through the "White Horse," being ignorant of its existence until they were in it. It is related of two young French Canadians who ran into it in this way, that they hastily started to strip for a swim, but before finish-

These rapids are confined by low basaltic banks, which, at the foot, suddenly close in and make the channel about thirty yards wide. It is here the danger lies, as there is a sudden drop, and the water rushes through at a tremendous rate, leaping and seething like a cataract. The miners have constructed a portage road on the west side, and put down rollways in some places on which to shove their boats over. They have also made some windlasses with which to haul their boats uphill, notably one at the foot of the Cañon. This roadway and the windlasses must have cost them many hours of hard labor.

The only practicable way of getting the "Hoodalinka" through the "White Horse" was to let her down with a line; and as a precautionary measure I determined to make a couple of anchors for use in case she should become unmanageable in the rapid current. For

this purpose I selected two large pieces of conglomerate rock, weighing from two hundred to three hundred pounds each, which were lying near my camp on the shore, and began cutting grooves in them. While thus engaged the captain approached and inquired:

"What you doing here, Mr. Ogilvie?"

"Making a couple of anchors to help hold the boat back in letting her down the rapid to-morrow," I replied.

"Vell, dem anchors 'll hold de boat, sure. She won't get away—no mistake about dat."

I continued chipping away, but I could see that the captain was not satisfied with this expression of opinion, and, moreover, so favorable an opportunity for the display of his superior knowledge of river craft was not to be lost. He returned to the attack with — "What's de use making *two* anchors, anyway, Mr. Ogilvie? I been on some pretty rough

does not we will have the other to heave after it."

Seeing that I was not to be persuaded, the captain walked off in supreme disgust.

The men were rather dubious about getting the "Hoodalinka" through the rapid without accident, and I was not surprised the next morning on looking round for volunteers to find only two within sight. The others had strolled off in various directions.

"Well, Charlie, are you coming with me?" I said.

Gladman, who had never flinched in the hour of danger, now hung back.

"I will go if you want me, Mr. Ogilvie," he said quietly, "but I consider that it is risking my life."

"Oh, well, if you think so you had better not come," I replied. "What do you say, Morrison?"

"I am ready to do what you say," he answered, but with evident reluctance.



ACROSS TAGISH LAKE—4.15 A. M.

waters, and I tell you dat one of dem rocks 'll hold de 'Hoodalinka' in mid-stream."

"Well, perhaps it will, but if one

"All right, then, get a pole and jump aboard."

Two more were added to the "Hoodalinka's" crew—Captain Moore and

an Indian to help keep her clear;— and the other five men took the line on shore.

When all was in readiness, the little craft was poled out into the current, where she hesitated a moment, then gently slid towards the smooth brink of the rapid, dipped and shot downward like an arrow. The five men on shore were jerked forward, desperately clinging to the rope and yelling to me that they could not hold her. The first anchor went over with a big splash. The boat still gained headway. The second anchor was promptly heaved, but with no more effect than the first. The men by this time were up to their waists in water; the boat was fast becoming unmanageable, and, fearing a casualty either from the line breaking or from the men being dragged off their feet, I determined to run her into a little bay just ahead. By snubbing round a convenient tree on a little rocky point, and easing out the line, which was fortunately a long one,

the descent was arrested, but the tension was so great when the full strain came that the line twanged like a fiddle-string. For an anxious moment the "Hoodalinka" hung in mid-stream, the seething water breaking over her; then slowly she swung round into the bay. Here the line was cut and doubled, and by snubbing at every convenient point the boat was let down to the foot of the rapid.

When clear water was reached, *the two anchor-lines could be seen sweeping ahead, the masses of rock attached to them, by their momentum, actually dragging us forward.*

"What do you think of the anchors now, captain?" I said, pointing to the lines.

"Vell, Mr. Ogilvie," said the captain, pausing deliberately to give the utterance added weight, "I've seen strong currents—many a time—but I never before—saw a current—dat would roll along a two hundred pound lump of rock like a pebble."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Down the river! down the river!
 Hear her laughter ring and quiver,
 'Mid the rocky walls and mountains
 Of Thayendinaga's home.
 Hear the Indian maiden singing,
 While the waters break and shiver
 In a thousand silver arrows,
 Into bubbles, into foam,
 From her paddles and canoe.

Down the rapid—the wild water!
 Hear the laughter
 Brooks have taught her
 Ring and mock the rushing water!
 Moons have hid the silver traces
 Of their fires in the river,
 But the restless rapid's daughter
 Scorns their brightness 'neath the surface,
 Stealing all their hidden graces,
 For herself and her canoe.

THE FINANCIAL DEPRESSION IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY VORTIGERN.

THE unparalleled and unprecedented wave of financial depression sweeping over Australia and wrecking its banks is not without its lesson. One can form no idea of the dire disasters this merciless storm is causing. It is pitiful to behold the abject poverty existing everywhere, especially in Melbourne. Families that could write out cheques for \$1,000,000 four years ago are now without a cent to their names, and in the majority of cases liable to be called upon to give up to satisfy angry creditors any money they might possibly earn. There are at least 50,000 empty houses in Melbourne. Thousands of desperate and disappointed people would gladly leave Australia were it not for the great distance that separates them from the rest of the world, and for their inability to obtain the necessary money.

The continent of Australia is divided into five colonies :

Western Australia.....	<i>Capital.</i> Perth.
South Australia.....	Adelaide.
Queensland.....	Brisbane.
New South Wales.....	Sydney.
Victoria.....	Melbourne.

Adding the island colonies of New Zealand and Tasmania, we have also in Australasia :

New Zealand.....	<i>Capital.</i> Wellington.
Tasmania.....	Hobart.

Each has its own responsible government, consisting of an upper and a lower house, elected by the people; and a governor appointed by the British Government. New Zealand, some few years ago, raised large loans in England, and plunged headlong into excessive expenses by building docks, railroads, bridges, large public buildings and other great enterprises that proved unremunerative. Reverses fol-

lowed, and the Bank of New Zealand suffered severely. Ten years ago the colony was at its worst; but with the policy of retrenchment inaugurated, and an absolute stoppage of borrowing, combined with continued good harvests and a largely increased trade in frozen mutton with England, it is to-day in the most satisfactory financial condition of any of the colonies, its last budget showing a surplus of £200,000.

Western Australia is largely unexplored, and is quite a new colony; so has had little or no chance to experiment much yet. South Australia is comparatively new, too, and although suffering in sympathy with the others, has not reached the sensational state they have. Queensland has been very heavily knocked by reckless plunging and the late gigantic floods that swept away over \$10,000,000 worth of property and left 20,000 people homeless.

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, is over a hundred years old, and is in every respect a lovely city. The public buildings are very beautiful, but have been erected on capital borrowed in the "Old Country" in a most extravagant manner. Ugly rumours as to the colony's ability to repay these loans led to its inability to borrow freely. This brought about the lack of confidence and the comparative stagnation that has led to the failure in that city of a large number of small, though large-dividend-paying, financial concerns, founded on the most unsound principles.

Even in sleepy little Tasmania, which, to the visitor, would seem forever bathed in evening's twilight and tranquillity, failures followed each other quickly. The Bank of Van Diemen's Land, founded over fifty years ago, closed its doors in August, 1891, after

declaring a dividend of over 9 per cent. at its half-yearly meeting in June of that year. Tasmania was booming, owing to the many rich "finds" and the facility with which speculators borrowed money on scrip. People became intoxicated with the successes they saw a few gain; and many unscrupulous men took advantage of this and floated companies by sending from Mount Zeehan, the silver fields, specimens which they had perhaps bought in Melbourne, and false reports of rich finds that had never been discovered. The failure of the bank paralyzed all this, and plunged the colony into despair and debt. One of the directors in the bank had an overdraft of \$400,000 on little or no security. Had prosperity reigned, this bank would have become enormously wealthy; but, as in horse racing, the right horse did not come in.

The key to most of the trouble, though, is to be found in Victoria. The Victorians are a progressive, aggressive, assertive and go-ahead kind of a people. Everything is done with a spirit, and ordinary business precaution, as practised in other parts of the world, was regarded by them as obsolete and behind the spirit of the times. Their motto was always "Put your shoulder to the wheel." They did put their shoulders to the wheel, but as New South Wales tells them, they pushed too hard, and so shot right over. Melbourne, marvellous Melbourne, is really a wonderful example of man's energy. It puts one much in mind of Chicago, but seems even more wonderful, for the population of the whole of Australasia is only about 4,000,000. It might almost be termed a city of banks; for as one is "doing the block" on a Thursday afternoon up and down Collins-street (the proper thing to do, by the by, on that day), you cannot but pause again and again to admire the magnificent bank buildings, most of which bear a brass plate with the appalling words, "in liquidation." About forty years ago Melbourne was a mere

collection of straggling huts on a prairie; but owing to its geographical position it became the headquarters and port for all the successful mining adventurers. Doctors, lawyers, authors, younger sons of noblemen, reprobates, discharged and escaped convicts, and men in every grade of life, rushed to the gold fields and shared the reckless life offered. Their splendid finds built up this city of noble business blocks and palatial residences. The rapidity with which wealth accumulated instilled a reckless extravagance in its people, and led its business men to discard the recognized business methods as "old fogeyish." A feverish gambling tendency possessed everyone. About five years ago a big land boom was started. Banks and building societies sprung up like mushrooms, giving interest up to 11 per cent. on deposits, and advancing money at high rate to buyers of land. In most cases these land banks ran up jerry-built houses, planned townships, ran special trains, and provided sumptuous collations to crowds of people who were sufficiently seized with the land craze to go anywhere to snap up a bargain. Had it lasted there would have been enough homes to house 5,000,000 people, and Melbourne would have had a larger area than London. Thinking men knew it could not last, and it is to be regretted that some of these men simply traded upon the artificial valuations, and perpetrated most outrageous swindling transactions. The tide commenced to turn in 1890. In 1891 and 1892 all these speculative institutions, that were paying dividends up to 20 and 30 per cent., were extinguished, one after the other, like gas illuminations in a sudden squall of wind. The fraudulent methods of many of them were forced to light, and a large number of their officers are now languishing in prison cells. Some of the highest government officials were discovered to have taken part in their management, or rather mismanagement. The Mercantile Bank of Australia, with

liabilities \$12,050,000, was the largest of these bubble companies.

For mutual protection, and to give a semblance of security, the large regular banks formed an association, and were known as the associated banks. This quelled the excitement for a time. And it was thought it would be almost impossible for any one of them to fail. Ugly rumors soon got afloat, however, and the Federal Bank of Australia failed in, I think, August, 1892.

The general depression and lack of confidence became so intensified that a steady and growing run upon all the banks commenced. April, 1893, ushered in the wildest excitement in Melbourne amongst depositors and shareholders. On Easter Tuesday, the Commercial Bank of Australia, with liabilities £14,695,000, closed its doors. They refused the terms of assistance offered them by the rest of the associated banks, considering the conditions so severe that suspension would be preferable.

The failure of several other banks immediately followed; among them the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney (15th May). This bank's chief office was in Sydney, and its business was confined entirely to the colonies of New South Wales and Queensland. It had for many years been paying a regular dividend of 25 per cent. per annum on a capital of £600,000, and was reputed to be one of the soundest and best managed banks.

Immediately upon the announcement of this failure, the Government of New South Wales issued a proclamation declaring the notes of the four following banks legal tender for six months:

Bank of New South Wales (oldest bank in colonies).

City Bank of Sydney.

Bank of Australasia.

Union Bank of Australia.

The two banks last named, which are English institutions and of undoubted strength, immediately declared that they should not take advantage

of the authority, as they had instructions from London to continue to pay in gold.

The following is a list of the principal failures which occurred in six weeks:

Liabilities.

Commercial Bank of Australia	\$ 73,470,300
Commercial Banking Co., Sydney	70,075,200
Australian Joint Stock Bank	65,392,500
National Bank of Australasia	62,408,000
Queensland National Bank	53,114,800
London Chartered Bank of Australia	45,731,800
Bank of Victoria	43,733,900
English, Scottish and Australian Chartered Bank	41,341,800
City of Melbourne Bank	30,943,000
Colonial Bank of Australasia	22,981,500
Royal Bank, Queensland	6,798,000
Bank of North Queensland	3,256,500
	<hr/>
	\$519,247,300

Add to this the liabilities of the Federal Bank, \$15,182,800, and we have a total of \$534,380,100, made up as follows:—

Paid capital	\$ 43,676,000
Reserve	24,219,500
Undivided profits	3,480,500
Notes in circulation	12,874,000
Bills payable	30,355,800
Deposits	419,774,300
	<hr/>
	\$534,380,100

Assets.

Cash	\$ 66,734,800
Government securities	18,855,400
Premises and property	18,005,600
Advances and discounts	430,784,300
	<hr/>
	\$534,380,100

The deposits, as given above, were distributed as follows:—

Victoria	\$129,386,000
New South Wales	100,861,000
Queensland	36,733,000
South Australia	16,188,000
Western Australia	2,443,000
	<hr/>
	\$285,611,000
Great Britain	134,163,000
	<hr/>
	\$419,774,000

Many of these banks will be re-organized. The chief proposals to this end take the shape of suggestions that a part of the fixed deposits should either be renewed for five years or should be converted into preference shares or into debenture stocks. The

Commercial Bank of Australia has reopened; but dividends will be harder to earn with their increased capital and the falling off of profitable business consequent upon the stoppage of all the public works that kept employed at high wages thousands of men who in turn created general business by their ever-increasing wants and the large circulation of money.

In the last ten years these colonies have increased their combined debt from \$475,000,000 to \$975,000,000. In 1860 it averaged £7 18s. 7d. per head. In 1890 it was £45 9s. 3d., made up as follows:—

		Per head.	
	£	s.	d.
Victoria.....	£ 41,443,216	36	11 5
New South Wales....	46,051,449	41	1 0
Queensland.....	28,105,684	71	17 4
South Australia....	20,401,500	63	18 6
Western Australia...	1,367,444	27	15 10
Tasmania.....	6,292,800	43	6 3
	£143,662,093	£45	9 3

The annual interest at 31st Dec. 1890, was £5,772,160 = 4.02 per cent.

Debt incurred for	Amount.	P.-c't.
Railways and tramways....	£ 96,617,873	69.4
Telegraphs.....	2,727,610	2.0
Water supply.....	14,721,961	10.6
Harbors, rivers, lighthouses and docks.....	8,446,162	6.1
Roads and bridges.....	3,065,696	2.2
Defence works.....	1,487,678	1.1
State school buildings.....	2,055,191	1.5
Other public works.....	5,233,780	3.7
Inmigration.....	3,497,419	2.5
Other services.....	1,287,280	0.9
Total debt apportioned....	£139,140,650	100
Unapportioned.....	4,521,443	
	£143,662,093	

The system of credit that has prevailed in Australasia has been a potent cause in helping to bring about the present trouble. A bank would make large advances to an importer, who in turn supplied the retail dealer, the retail dealer demanding credit, as he could only supply customers on the same terms. If crops, wool and mines turned out trumps many outstanding accounts would be settled; but when the great depression swept over them they were precipitated into bankruptcy.

The reserve funds of the banks were, as a rule, invested in the business, instead of being invested in solid securities, redeemable readily in times of emergency. So that in a crisis they had to either increase their capital or borrow,—two very difficult things to do in a panic.

A well-built reserve fund, properly invested, becomes a source of income, and in some institutions will often meet the requirements of a dividend in bad times. The gold reserves, too, were allowed to run down very low. Some of the banks would borrow gold a day before issuing a statement, and afterwards return it. Their harborers, as it were, were mere paper ones, so when the storm burst upon them they found themselves thoroughly unable to cope with its fury.

The profits were based upon the uncollected charges on huge overdrafts, covered by questionable security; and the congratulatory and complimentary remarks addressed to the shareholders by the chairmen at the half yearly meetings had their foundation, often, in what might be.

There being so many governments in Australia it has been found very difficult to properly legislate on banking matters.

On April 29th the Victorian government proclaimed a five days' bank holiday, thinking it might allay public distrust in the meantime. The Bank of Australia, the Union Bank of Australia, and the Bank of New South Wales protested against this action, and remained open. These banks do business all over the colonies, and had they closed their Victorian offices only chaos would have prevailed.

Sir Henry Parkes, ex-premier of New South Wales, has been fighting for a long time for Federation. The Australians should have followed Canada's example long since. Were they federated, Australian stock, in view of the larger security offered, would increase in marketability and

decrease in the rate of interest. They could then adopt banking laws such as the Dominion is protected by.

From a glance at the figures already given, detailing the purposes for which the Australian public debts were raised, it will be noticed that only about £10,000,000 is what would legitimately fall to the share of a Federal Government. The liabilities amounting, to about £134,000,000, would be looked upon as provincial debts.

Assuming, then, that this division be approved, and Federation established, it is clear that the ten millions might, without demur, be at once taken over by the Federal Government, on conversion into a uniform Australian stock, bearing at first about $3\frac{1}{4}\%$, but eventually 3% interest.

The one hundred and thirty-four millions might also be taken over by the Federal Government on the security of the public works, on such terms as it might deem necessary or expedient, in order to insure the regular payment of interest and expenses by the various colonies interested.

New Zealand's debt, up to the end

of 1890, amounted to £38,832,350. I have purposely omitted this in my figures, as that colony would undoubtedly, like Newfoundland, refuse to come into the Federation should such a desirable object be accomplished.

In conclusion, I would like to say that Australia, teeming with natural resources, blessed with an unmalarious climate more brilliant and equable than that of Italy, and peopled from the most adventurous of the colonizing Anglo-Saxon stock, is still in a position to be ranked as a field for investment. Her people have been drunk with the most magical success from which they are now suffering recovery. They will profit by their experience, and in years to come Australia will be the happy, glorious and prosperous land she was, with the additional charm and security that the sun of Federation will spread through the "Dominion of Australasia" when it rises in their horizon, and sheds its warm, comforting and life-giving rays throughout the length and breadth of a united and prosperous country in the southern seas.

CHICAGO, Aug., 1893.



THE CEREMONY OF "THE KEYS" AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY CAPTAIN C. F. WINTER, R. L. CANADIAN MILITIA.

To Canadians visiting London, especially for the first time, the old Tower of the Conqueror has exceptional attractions, and it invariably occupies a foremost place upon their lists of special points of interest to be visited. That such should be the case is not at all surprising, considering that upon a retrospect of the history classes of our school boy days, the Tower is perhaps to most of us the most prominent landmark in English history during some six or seven centuries.

It is a most interesting old place, containing, as it does, relics of the most eventful epochs in British history, but as the average visitor is conducted only by way of a defined and limited route, many features of the historic pile and its associations are lost and even unknown to the majority of the sight-seeing public. Among others, there is one of these features which I feel confident my fellow Canadians will be pleased to hear of, particularly as it is really a time honored observance and may be counted as one of the few surviving relics of feudalism in England. This is an occurrence which takes place within the Tower every night at eleven o'clock, but to witness which is essentially a garrison privilege, since all strangers are excluded from the precincts of the fortress at tattoo. I refer to the so-called ceremony of "The Keys," which we are told has been performed continuously by the Royal Main Guard at the hour of closing the Tower gates, every night since the time of the Third Henry, that is from about 1250 down to the present time.*

* The writer invites correction if inaccurate as to exact date.

To many, I dare say, this will appear open to question, but when one comes to sum up the very conclusive evidence of the uninterrupted occupation of the place from nearly two centuries anterior to the time which I have mentioned, and of the constant presence therein of a military garrison and guards, the likelihood of the custom having lapsed does not seem very probable, except perhaps during the *regime* of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, when one would scarcely think the rounded-headed gentlemen who went out of their way so much at that time to change the old order of things, would retain at the Tower, the very cradle of despotism as it were, a custom savoring so much of kings and their alleged "rights divine." But to come to the ceremony of which I wish to tell you.

Some years since the writer had the honor and privilege of serving Her Majesty as a member of one of her oldest and most distinguished Infantry Regiments of the Line, when, owing to some battalions of the Foot Guards, one of which usually garrisons the Tower, being withdrawn for service in Ireland, his regiment took up duty there in the fall of 1881. On the first day of our arrival at the Tower I happened to be detailed for duty with the Royal Main Guard, and in company with my fellows was much amused at our lieutenant, who after reading over to us the standing orders of the Guard, proceeded to caution us as to the solemnity of a ceremony which we would be called upon to perform that evening at eleven o'clock, the hour of closing the gates. He dwelt upon its

six hundred years of existence, how in old times it was a test and constant reminder of the allegiance of the Guard to the Sovereign, how this was the only place in the world where a military ceremony of such antiquity was performed, and how to any thinking soldier it should be a source of pleasure to participate in such a time-honored custom, which in a manner might serve as a link connecting England's soldiers of the past for many hundreds of years with those of to-day. This was all new to most of us, and naturally we awaited the closing of the gates with much interest. Shortly before eleven p. m. we were all waiting in the guard-room, armed and accoutred, ready to turn out, when, following the sharp challenge of the sentry at the door, we heard him repeat "Required an escort for the Keys. Guard turn out." We at once hurried out, taking our places at "open order" on the stone verandah in front of the guard-room, whilst the escort, consisting of a sergeant and six men, four with arms and two without arms, and who had previously been detailed for this duty, filed down the steps and took up their position on each side of the prime mover in all this commotion, an aged "Beef-eater," or "Yeoman of the Guard." This important personage, who had just arrived with the key of the main gate (a large iron key about 6 or 8 inches long), from no less a place than the Constable's residence in the Queen's House near by, then proceeded with his escort on his duty to close the gates, the four men with arms being for his and the key's protection, and the two without arms to perform the manual labor of closing to the ponderous portals. After their departure we "stand easy," but in a few minutes the "Keys" are heard returning. As they approach the "Bloody" Tower, our sentry at the guard-room door repeats the customary challenge, "Halt. Who comes there?" The Yeoman Porter replies "The Keys." The sentry again calls. "Whose Keys?" to which the Yeoman answers

"Queen Victoria's Keys." The sentry then asks for the countersign, and upon it being conveyed to him by one of the party, repeats, "Advance, Queen Victoria's Keys; all's well." Our Guard is now called to "attention," and rifles shouldered, while the "Keys" party place themselves opposite, the Yeoman Porter taking a step forward and raising the "Key" in full view of the Guard,—that is if it is not too dark or foggy to see (as a general rule, at the Tower in the winter season one seldom sees either Yeoman, escort, or key, it is so foggy). The officer then commands the Guard to "present arms," and saluting also himself, the highest compliment is paid the "Queen's Keys," just as though the Queen herself were present. The "present" being given, the trusty Yeoman holds the key aloft and reverently repeats, "God bless and preserve Queen Victoria," to which all of the Guard and escort respond "Amen," after which the aged Porter returns the keys to the Constable's quarters. This completes the ceremony; the Guard is dismissed and at once betakes itself to the more cheerful surroundings of the open grate in the guard room. There, while story and jest pass the time till the hour of the next relief, the more sober-minded and thoughtful soldier will find ample food for contemplation in the ceremony just performed. In the flames of the ample grate, in imagination he can pass in review the long train of departed warriors who in their day have played their several parts in a similar ceremony. A visit to the armory of the White Tower will have given him accurate ideas of their dress and armament during the several periods of our mother country's history, and it will require no great stretch of imagination to picture the archers of Crecy and Poitiers, the mail clad men who fought for the Two Roses, arquebusiers and match-lock men, crossbowmen and spearmen; the gay cavalier with his flowing ringlets; members of the old train bands, and then the soldiers of

the regular army down to our own time, all of whom, it is said, have taken part in the time-honored custom, and paid the compliment just performed, to the Keys of Kings Edward, Henry, James, Charles, William, or George, and Queens Elizabeth, Mary, or Anne, as the case may have been.

At 5 o'clock the next morning, a similar escort is furnished the Yeoman Porter for opening the gates, but no such elaborate ceremony takes place as that which accompanies the closing.

I dare say many of my readers will say, "how absurd." We thought so at first, and often laughed heartily at the ridiculous figure we cut standing at the "present" in a dense fog, or amidst a howling storm of rain or wind, when the ancient Yeoman with his "Keys" and escort could be dimly made out through the gloom, and sometimes "simply heard, not seen." The climax of the ridiculous, though, appeared to have been reached one night when a freshly joined "Sub" was doing his first guard. The Yeoman on duty was very old and very hard of hearing, and to aggravate this the night was a very dirty one, such as we often got in London in the winter months. It seems the old gentleman with the key failed to catch the usual hearty response, "Amen," after his benediction on Her Majesty. The following morning our colonel received rather a sharp note from the Lieutenant of the Tower commenting on the fact that of the many regiments of the army that had garrisoned the Tower for many years past, it remained for "ours" to be lacking in proper decorum and respect

during the performance of the ancient ceremony of the "Keys." The commanding officer naturally felt somewhat nettled at this, and at once cited the officer and sergeants of the offending guard before him. They all, however, protested their entire compliance with the rules, and that none of the guard had the least intention of slighting authority as represented. Of course the usual response had been given, but the Porter was very deaf and had not heard it; but after that, you may depend, the Yeoman Porter of the day got the full benefit of our lungs.

Though absurd in a way, the old ceremonial is singularly in keeping with its surroundings in the Tower, where everything savors of the past and its by-gone terrors and glories; and it would I think detract much from the place were the old custom discontinued. Morals can be drawn from it, too, as from the old Tower itself. It speaks volumes for the conservative stability of British institutions. What other country, even in its most conservative militarism, has a daily ceremony in keeping with this which was performed before there was an English Parliament, and which is still, night after night gone through with? Then again is there not something fittingly beautiful in this nightly benediction of the aged "Beef-eater," as he holds aloft the key,—“God bless and preserve Queen Victoria,”—followed by the “Amen” of the Lieutenant and his Guard, in this venerable citadel, so long the heart, as it were, of the power and dominion of our English Kings and Queens?



PLAYHOUSE SONNETS.

BY HECTOR W. CHARLESWORTH.

I.

COMEDY.

There is a rapture shimmering with light,
A golden laughter minted in the soul
And rich in tenderness, whose echoes
roll
From heart to heart in airy, mystic flight
Till their soft harmony hath found aright
The spring of love that lurks in every
heart,
And in the general gladness all have
part,
And love of men glows in us warm and
bright.
Then, in the moment of its joyous birth,
'Tis well if there appear a sad, wan
face,
Speaking of grief and lingering a short
space,
E'en as the face of Death at Egypt's feast,
Till we shall know that, throbbing 'neath
all mirth,
Passion and tragedy lie unreleased.

II.

TRAGEDY.

The spell of tragedy is vast and deep !
A fiery, sonorous chant of mighty deeds
With rare love-cadences, blown from
the reeds
By poets who have felt the heart-strings
leap
And throb with passion ; men who yearn-
ed to reap
The inmost truth and beauty of all
things.
A voice unheard in every deep heart
sings,
Touched by the mystic spell—and strong
men weep.
And when the strange romance of souls
in strife
Burns in our hearts, the while we sip
of grief,
And ponder o'er the blue, hot fires of
Fate,
'Tis well if joy shall, like a budding leaf,

Steal forth in gold and tell us 'tis the
great
And gladdest, most mysterious truth in
life.

III.

Julia Marlowe as GALATEA.

Quiet as Maytime sunlight, and as fair,
And simple as a blush rose in the dew ;
In perfect Greece the old fond legend
grew,
But she in this far time its perfume rare
Once more makes real. See the glad eyes
there,
With joy in Life, new found, are brim-
ming warm ;
The soul expands within the tremulous
form,
And all its depths of tenderness declare
Her, knowing nought, as wise beyond
all men.
The dream dies as dreams do ; Life quick
doth leap,
To choke the love and joy that are too
deep ;
But we may love the sweet simplicity,
The lovely art that in it wakes again
"The light that never was on land or sea."

IV.

Julia Marlowe as JULIET.

Mark how this maiden loved ! her passion-
ate heart
Glowed not with flames of some return-
ing bliss :
The love she gave came as the earliest
kiss
Of the June sun on buds, whose petals
part
And glow to roses when the day doth
start.
We saw first love's unfathom'd joy again,
First grief with its unutterable pain,
The first distrust of men from wide eyes
dart.
Th' illusive rapture of her face can show
The dew upon the soul : within her
veins

The blood of Juliet seems to pulse and
glow :
Her lyric tide of love doth surge and flow,
Till, as a mystic stream of music wanes,
Death kisses her with breathing soft and
low.

v.

Felix Morris as "THE VAGABOND."

A homeless, hopeless, hungry man in rags!
Sincere in wretchedness—no gilt ro-
mance

Put upon beggary—the woeful glance
Of one by Life thrown naked on the crags,
And torn in soul and body, while Death
lags!

He has the wistful mirth that knows
but pain,

Until life's old fair vistas glow again,
And mad with memories the grey head
wags.

Hark! 'Tis a ghostly shrilling of the life
Ringing in martial madness down the
years!

The hero of the morning time of life,
Rises in rags with war-songs in his ears,
And soul athrob with joy of glorious strife;
While, wondering, we joy with him
through our tears.

vi.

**Franklyn McLeay as THE "BAT."*

You would not call this gnarled thing a
man :

That were to mock the God that gave
us life

In image of himself—some savage strife
Of circumstance hath put on him the ban
Of hideousness; he lives—and laughs—a
wan,

Dark mockery of life; but mark the rose
His mangled fingers cherish—who but
knows

A soul dwells in the shape Tartarean.

Call him "The Bat"—but look upon his
grief;

He hath a heart for love and light
and joy!

They could not mould into a tyrant's toy
The whole of him; he sees his mighty sheaf
Of sorrows grow, and may not know a
breath

Of human joy but the rare kiss of Death.

* This actor, though almost a beginner, has achieved fame in all parts of Great Britain and this continent from the wonderful physical facility as well as the spiritual dignity of his impersonation of the part here designated—that of the court plaything in Wilson Barrett's "Pharaoh." He is a Canadian who graduated with honors at Toronto University in the Class of '89.



REMINISCENCES OF THE WEST INDIES.

BY JULIA MATHEWS MOODY.

“CAST off the bow line!”

“Ay! Ay! Sir!” and the last link was severed which bound the steamer *Taymouth Castle* to her dock at Halifax, N. S.

Yes! off at last, to the sunny lands and golden weather of the tropics. Not simply Jamaica and Havana,—which the writer visited two years before, and which served to fill her with a consummate longing and a passionate ardor to see more of the wonders of those emerald isles which are clustered, like the stars in the firmament above, in the azure blue of the Caribbean Sea;—but a long cruise from isle to isle, past capes, promontories and valleys brodered with spicy plants and shrubs and crowned with the palm which Bayard Taylor describes as “the tree whose fluttering shadow wraps us there with love, and silence, and mystery.”

It seemed almost impossible to realize the fact, as in the bright moonlight, and shivering meanwhile with the cold and wrapping our furs more closely round us, we watched the icy streets and snow-covered citadel of Halifax recede from view, that in a few days such wraps would be superfluous, and only the lightest of garments necessary.

It was on the 23rd of February that we left Halifax, and our first port of call was the Bermudas, discovered and named after the Spaniard, Juan Bermudez, in the year 1515. And a lively time we had on our voyage thither! Fiddles or racks adorned the tables; hatches battened down; and at times a curious toboggan slide of wicker chairs and settees (the ship listed to port) slid across the “social hall” with their freight of living beings, who looked as if they were cogi-

tating whether life was, after all, worth living at that moment. A witty Hali-gonian facetiously remarked one morning at the table,—“What delicious breakfast rolls!” At dinner it became quite an art to hold the soup plates at the proper angle. Occasionally, during the conversation, a startling punctuation mark would occur, in the shape of an avalanche of dishes falling from the sideboard to the floor, as if old Neptune was having “Ta-ra-ra boom de ay” performed, with an accompaniment of china cymbals, for his private delectation.

At 7 p.m., on February 27th, we were off the white fixed light of St. Davids, Bermuda, opposite which the powerful revolving light known as Gibb’s Hill, together with H. M. S. Blake’s search-light, formed an imposing sight. At daybreak the pilot (a gentleman of color) came aboard, and navigated us up to Grassy Bay, where we anchored, in company with a number of men-of-war belonging to the British North American squadron, which rendezvous here every winter. A small tug, the *Triton*, came out to convey the passengers to the Hamilton dock. With what interest we looked towards the shore, noting the quaint white stone houses, with corrugated roofs, and with pipes leading to the big tanks from which the Bermudian obtains his water supply! The houses are mostly built after the same pattern and are whitewashed periodically. The material used is limestone, which is so soft that it can be sawed, but upon being exposed to atmospheric influences hardens and becomes very durable. The roads strike one at once, they are so smooth and well kept. It is a perfect heaven for bicyclists.

There are beautiful drives in every

direction. Passing down Cedar Avenue, which is an exquisite bower of evergreen, we drove out by the North Road to Joyce Caves. Aloes, Spanish bayonets, paw-paws, palmettos, palms of various species, the Pride of India, calabash, mahogany, India rubber and goodly cedar trees, while all along the route bananas, plantains and onions were in great abundance. At

high groined roof, from which dazzling white stalactites hang suspended, in some places nearly touching the stalagmites below. A still, silent lake adds to the solemnity of the place, and the weird shadows cast by the glare of the torch produce "a sort of supernatural feeling." One would hardly be surprised if a mermaid should appear recreating in yonder water; or, perchance, we have stumbled upon Prospero's abode! and is that lulling sound the voice of Ariel? or, is it the low hum of the distant sea? How the imagination runs riot in such a place!

It was with almost a feeling of regret that on March 1st we bade farewell to these beautiful isles and sailed through the extraordinary turquoise-blue water on our way south. Our next port of call was St. Thomas, which we sighted four days after. How pleasant was our voyage thither! The sun smiled indulgently on the ladies who had hitherto kept below, and who now with demure faces reclined in their deck chairs,



BOTANICAL GARDENS, TRINIDAD.

last we approached the entrance of the caves. It is a noticeable fact that the road in this vicinity has a hollow sound when the horses' hoofs alight on it. Taking a couple of guides, each visitor is presented with a candle, and after an exciting scramble, one of our dark skinned friends proceeds to light a branch of palmetto, and then one can almost fancy himself in some old temple, the cave appears so vast, with a

with the indispensable novel close at hand, or were idly making attempts at embroidery; while the gentlemen exerted themselves with deck quoits and shovel-board. Thus the days glided by, and the evenings had their own peculiar enjoyments.

Such opportunities were afforded to sweep the heavens as would rejoice the soul of an astronomer. Antares, a double star of 1st and 7th magnitudes in

Scorpio, is an intense fiery red, like the planet Mars, and from this it gets its name, which means "the rival of Ares" (Mars). To us, so far north, this beautiful star is not particularly noticeable, but "under the Southern Cross" it alters its hue and bickers into fiery red and brilliant green, Willis beautifully describes it as—

"Capricious Antares
Flushing and paling in the Southern Arch."

It was in latitude $27^{\circ} 40'$ and $64^{\circ} 40'$ longitude that the brilliant Canopus was first seen. The late Lord Tennyson mentions this beautiful star in his "Dream of Fair Women" in that portion relating to Cleopatra. It is deep yellow in color and greatly resembles the bright disc of royal Jupiter, except, of course, that it scintillates. It is safe to say that it ranks next to Sirius in brightness, but it is not visible anywhere north of the parallel of 38° . It is in Argo Navis (the ship), one of the largest, most important, and longest named constellations. Plutarch relates that Canopus received its name from Canopus, the pilot of Menelaus.

As we proceeded farther south it was curious to note the inverted positions of some of the northern constellations. Perseus appeared to have some difficulty in rendering assistance to Andromeda, as he stood on his head. The North star grew fainter and fainter, and each night brought it farther down from the zenith, until at length we saw

"The pale shining Southern Cross on high,
Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky."

Who has not felt a thrill at the first sight of it? There it shines, a cross of gold upon the altar of the heavens; and there it shone over eighteen hundred years ago above Calvary's cross. Involuntarily one murmurs as one looks at it, "Christe Eleison!"

On Sunday, March 4th, about six a.m., we were passing the Virgin Islands, which are shrubby and rocky in appearance. A singular looking one

to our right resembles a sailing ship, and is consequently called "Sail Rock." Indeed, as the sunlight fell upon it, one could readily imagine it a vessel in full sail. These islands were discovered by Columbus in 1494, and named Las Virgenes, in honor of St. Ursula and her companions. The western portion of the group belongs to Spain, the central to Denmark, and the eastern to Great Britain. The islands are about one hundred in number, and mostly uninhabited. It is rumored that they are overrun with rats.

How eagerly we levelled our glasses towards the unknown shore, while at intervals the sharp *click* of a *snap-shot* would break the silence. Presently St. Thomas came in sight,—more vegetation, very high ground. A succession of mountain peaks, some cone-shaped, others in frills, stand out against the pale blue sky, with cloud cumuli above them, and pale green water lapping idly at their feet.

St. Thomas is exceedingly picturesque and quaint. The entrance to the harbor is narrow, but it widens into a beautiful basin, horse-shoe in shape, almost entirely surrounded by mountains varying in altitude from 700 to 1,550 feet. In the centre, situated on three spurs of the hills, lies the town of Charlotte-Amalia, the capital of the island. It is built in the form of three triangles, and the streets rise in terraces one above the other. The houses are mostly grey or buff. All have flag-poles and red tiled roofs which glitter in the clear atmosphere. The tiles are about the size of a brick and about the thickness of a man's hand. The harbor was filled with ships. Besides our own staunch *Taymouth*, there were German and Brazilian men-of-war, several mail steamers, a dozen barques and ships and innumerable smaller craft.

St. Thomas was the principal rendezvous of the famous old buccaneers. There are two castles still extant, called Bluebeard's Castle and Blackbeard's Castle, perched far up on the slopes of

the mountains, where those free, bold-hearted corsairs used to revel after a successful cruise.

Upon going ashore we saw many new trees whose acquaintance we had not made in Bermuda. The flamboyant was curious, being almost entirely free from foliage, with long pods attached to the branches. The spa was among the most graceful. It stands about as high as our northern elm; the drooping foliage, similar to a laburnum's, recalls Ruskin's idea that "the trees of the earth are capable of a kind of sorrow." Strolling up to the "Hotel de Commerce," which was built in a somewhat Spanish style, we made our way to the upper verandah, where we sat facing the harbor, with

er lip, quite à-la-militaire,—all perambulated to and fro, awaiting the advent of the St. Thomas band.

Never shall I forget the scene which greeted my eyes when looking out of the northern casement of our sleeping apartment. The hush of the night had fallen. The moonbeams tossed kisses to the drowsy trees and sparkled on the scarce rippling water. The white houses and trees were silhouetted sharply against the silvan slopes of Signal Hill, which thrust its head far up into the sky, and, crowning it apparently so close that one could touch it, the North Polar star rested like a tiara upon its brow.

The scene recalls Goethe's

"Hushed on the hill
Is the breeze;
Scarce by the zephyr
The trees
Softly are press'd;
The woodbird's asleep on the
bough.
Wait, then, and thou
Soon wilt find rest."



BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE, ST. THOMAS.

the park in the foreground containing a band stand and café. Troops of colored nurses with babies in arms, toddling little niggers in pretty, bright frocks, dudes of black and white, man-of-war sailors, soldiers, and the ordinary peasants with their fantastic turbans so jaunty in effect,—some with such killing hats tied with gorgeous ribands on their chin, close to the low-

About five o'clock the next morning we were awakened by a loud report of "the morning gun," and simultaneously the dulcet tones of a bugle sounded the reveille, arousing us with little ceremony from our dreams. What novelty there is to be found in a morning's ramble through the quaint streets of St. Thomas. You are easily recognizable as strangers. You are under the constant survey of the precocious negroes, who have no scruple in complimenting or ridiculing your personal appearance. At every corner some baskets or trays with a motley collection of fruit, fish, candy and cassava are thrust at you, with such an air of careless indifference as to whether you purchase or not. Buying a huge circular piece of cassava, I suggested to the party who sold it that "it would

make a very good sun hat." "Yes marm! Gawd bless you, so it would," was her fervent reply. An old driver named "Henry," with an eye to business, followed us all around, stopping when we stopped and moving cautiously when we continued to stroll. At last, summoning up his courage, he touched his cap and asked if "Massa want to goa for a drive, sah?" Driving along we passed one of the public schools, a small building somewhat gothic in style. Upon going in we found the teacher, a most courteous lady, who had her hands full with 160 negroes of all shades and sizes. One was forcibly reminded of Mother Goose's old ditty:

"Four and twenty black birds
Baked in a pie—
* * *

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing, etc."

And sing they did with all their hearts, keeping excellent time. Education is compulsory, and even on Saturdays the pupils have to attend a morning session. Soon it became time for us to return to our steamer and bid farewell to St. Thomas, and many a lingering look we cast behind us as we leaned over the taffrail and watched the picturesque little town grow fainter and fainter, until at last even the mountain peaks disappeared from our sight.

Early next morning we dropped anchor in the harbor of Basseterre, St. Kitts. It is a beautiful spot, surrounded by high mountains. One towering volcanic peak called Mount Misery is 4314 feet high, with an accessible crater over 800 feet deep. St. Kitts lay on our port side, while to starboard, about fifteen miles away, the high mountains of Nevis, their tops shrouded with vapour, were plainly seen. A sprinkle of rain produced a double rainbow, which spanned the heavens from the ocean's brink to the mountain. I counted fifteen different tints of green down the slopes of the latter, from the vivid

emerald of the cane, to the almost black hue of the shadowy ravines.

The first settlement by the English in the West Indies was made at St. Kitts by Thomas Warner and his followers, in 1623. Their first act was to drive the Caribs from the island; but, feeling that they would return to avenge themselves, Warner gave a warm welcome to the crew of a French brigantine which arrived at St. Kitts in 1625. He invited them to make a settlement. They accepted, and the island was divided between them, the French settling at Basseterre and the English at Sandy Point and Old Roads. This, naturally, resulted in war, and in the latter part of the seventeenth century the French were in possession, but by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, the whole island was conceded to Great Britain.

Basseterre is the capital of St. Kitts. The population numbers about 7,000. Driving through the town, we noticed that many of the dwelling houses were surrounded by beautiful gardens, of which we could only catch a glimpse through the gateways, for the West Indians are fond of imitating English customs, and their gardens are shut in from view by massive high stone walls.

The drive to Brighton is unequalled in the loveliness of the scenery. The road, bordered with white cedar, silk cotton, bread fruit, and gay almond trees, twists and curves around the foot of Canada Hill and Dales' Mountain, with Key Bridge at the foot. Away to our right stretches the sparkling blue Atlantic, with the surf rolling in with a delightful musical sound upon the beach. At the foot of Dales' Mountain we noticed a very massive stone wall about 12 feet thick. It was built for a protection to the inhabitants of Key, as a few years ago, during a hurricane, an immense torrent of water rushed down the mountain slope, sweeping everything away in its course. The principal place of interest at Brighton is the sugar mill. Here one can see the whole process of sugar-

making, from the time the canes are crushed by the powerful rollers until the syrup is brought into the crystal state in the boiler. The employes receive wages of five shillings per week, and subsist principally on salt fish and meal.

At St. Kitts we tasted sapadilla, pawpaw, bread fruit, guava, chochoo, and, last but not least, the luscious mango. One requires much dexterity in managing a mango, as it is such a slippery thing; indeed, in order to fully appreciate Stoddard's description in his *South Sea Idylls*, one should have tried his or her individual skill in eating it.

Steaming away from St. Kitts, we reached Nevis in about two hours, anchoring about a mile from shore. The mountain of Ben Nevis, 3,596 feet high, towers above the clouds, and slopes at first abruptly, then gradually, to the valley below; and at the foot the quaint little town of Charlestown nestles against the soft emerald cushion that Nature has provided for it. After the usual parley in securing a boatman, we went ashore. As a rule, the West Indian oarsmen face the bow and give a sort of back-water stroke.

A little way from the town are the ruins of the Bath House Hotel, built of stone, in 1803, at a cost of £40,000, and sold recently for £40. Close by, in a bower of tamarind and mango trees, is the bath house, two stories high. The lower story contains a large tank, into which a natural sulphur spring flows. The temperature is about 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

One should take a stroll along the beach to the right of the jetty. It is carpeted with delicate shells of beautiful tints and shapes. In the opposite direction, St. Paul's Church, decorated with fluttering palms (it happened to be Palm Sunday), enticed us to enter and join in the hearty service. The choristers (robed) numbered about thirty boys, all colored, save one. They sang extremely well, and paid

far more attention to their "shading" than many of our northern choirs.

The next island touched at was Antigua. It is low compared with others of the group, but still there are hills and valleys dotted with bright patches of cane. The water here is of a peculiar, rare, pale green. After quite a sail in a small tug we arrived at the pier of St. John's, passing with a shudder the lazaretto isolated on a hill at the north of the harbor.

Near the pier is the public library, where we were surprised to find two large rooms containing 8,000 well-bound books, also current magazines and papers distributed through the reading-rooms. St. Patrick's Cathedral (Anglican) looms up on an eminence at the back of the town. It has two towers, and has double walls as a preventive against injury from earthquakes. Quite an interesting place to visit is the reformatory some miles out of the town. There are 147 boys there. They make their own garments. They are drilled every morning, and fairly well educated. The good conduct boys win a red badge, earning thus 3d. per week. Their dinner consists of soup and Irish stew etc.: each boy receives a large bowlful, which one small nine-year-old said was not sufficient, and, like Oliver Twist, wanted more.

Leaving Antigua we sailed over to Montserrat, where we had time only for a short stroll amid an avenue of outstretched palms and Wesley Mission boxes, and "just a penny, me darling," uttered in soft persuasive tones by the irrepressible negro woman.

The next place touched at was Guadaloupe, which consists of two islands separated by le Riviere Salée. The banks of this river are lined with mangroves. It is one of the hottest places in the West Indies. The eastern island is flat and sandy.

Point à Pitre was our port of call. It was totally destroyed by an earthquake in 1843, but has been rebuilt in a very substantial manner. It contains the second largest sugar factory in the

world. Visit the open market place by all means; you will not soon forget the scene. Here you may see the products indigenous to the soil, and the natives in their daily characteristics, habiliments and customs. A clamor of French arises on all sides! Such fantastic turbans and kerchiefs of vivid contrasting colors, worn with such a *démarche*! One had to step carefully to avoid treading on the babies, who seemed to spring up like mushrooms under our feet.

The western part of Guadeloupe rises sheer from the ocean in one grand mass, the peaks ranging higher towards the southern extremity until the "Soufrière" is reached. The latter is over 5,000 feet above the sea. Basse Terre, where we called to deliver mails on our homeward way, is situated at the foot of this mountain.

Of all the Caribbean Islands, as seen from the sea, Dominica is the grandest and most beautiful. Enormous mountains, thickly wooded, which can be seen from Guadeloupe, 30 miles distant, arise precipitously from the ocean, peak after peak filing their crests far up into the blue. Mount Diablotin, 5,314 feet above sea level, is the highest in the Caribbean archipelago. Great cloud cumuli veiled their summits; below the verdure was of every conceivable tint of green and golden brown. On a plateau, in bold relief against the sky, stood an avenue of palms so metaphorically described by Stoddard as "those exclamation points of nature!" Browning's lines rushed to my mind as I looked at Dominica:

"Hills draw like heaven,
And stronger sometimes, holding out their hands
To pull you from the vile flats up to them."

Dominica was given its name by Columbus because he discovered it on Sunday, during his second voyage in



SAINT PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

1493. It occupies an important naval position, separating the French West Indian possessions. The Spaniards owned it first, then the French wrested it from them, and probably would still hold it had it not been for the memorable battle fought by Rodney, April 12th, 1782, when, after a terrible slaughter on both sides, De Grasse sur-rendered his sword to Rodney on the quarter-deck of the *Formidable*, and Dominica became English and has since remained so.

Roseau is the principal town. It is situated on the western coast, which shelves off so rapidly that within a gunshot from shore no soundings can be made. The town is squalid in appearance, but very clean, owing, probably, to the abundant water supply, streams running down every street. It is not an unusual sight to see the babies being washed in the gutters. Here one sees a typical native street, with rows of huts seldom containing more than one room, for

which the rent is usually \$3 per month.

The Botanical Garden, directly opposite the Government House, overlooks the sea, and contains many rare plants and trees, among which we noticed particularly the curious "cannon-ball tree" and the "traveller's palm," the latter the shape of a huge fan, and the fronds containing a quantity of liquid very refreshing to thirsty travellers.

Leaving Dominica behind us in the twilight, we sailed towards St. Pierre, Martinique, thirty miles distant. It is in this vicinity that one can best see "around the waves phosphoric brightness," which Byron describes so beautifully, in the "Corsair."

From the harbour of St. Pierre the ravages made by the recent hurricane are seen, as the mountain, which rises abruptly from the water, is almost bared of trees, and lots of new roofs on the houses testify of the calamity. The Roman Cathedral, built of white stone, with two towers, first attracts your attention. The natives, attired similarly to those of Gaudaloupe, jabber in the spacious market-place; a panic in the New York Stock Exchange is nothing compared with their noisy vociferation. A river divides the town. Here the females have a unique way of doing the fashionable "drawn linen work." They, however, designate it as "washing;" but a recent writer humorously calls it "offering up sacrifices of linen." Rinsing the clothes in the stream, they used a jagged rock for a wash-board, a detrimental process, to say the least.

The Roman creed predominates as is evidenced by the many wayside shrines containing images of the Mater Dolorosa, or Salvator Mundi, which we passed on our way to the famous Botanical Gardens. The Gardens are beautifully laid out, and contain many varieties of palms, orchids, cacti, and an enormous ceiba, or silk cotton tree, with immense gnarled branches. A great precipice leaps

down abruptly, with a waterfall dashing over it, flanked on each side with most luxuriant foliage. We were somewhat timid about walking out of the main path, on account of the venomous snake called *fer de lance*, which is the curse of Martinique and St. Lucia. It is yellow in color, with a tail like a rat, and very fearless. One darted in our way and received a volley of stones from our black guide, but it escaped uninjured.

Leaving Martinique, we passed the celebrated Diamond Rock about a



mile to the south. It rises perpendicularly from the sea 600 feet. Captured from the French by Admiral Hood in 1804, it was entered on the admiralty books as "H.M.S. Diamond Rock," and was held for nearly two years, when, for the lack of ammunition, it was surrendered to the French.

Of course we were on the *qui vive* to see the famous Pitons of St. Lucia, two cone-shaped peaks which rise sheer from the ocean up nearly 300 feet, thickly wooded, and almost inaccessible.

The port is Castres, and is the only place affording wharfage in the West Indies. It is to be made the coaling station of the British fleet. Castres is an exceedingly picturesque little place, and the scenery reminded us of Jamaica, as we viewed it from the wayside rustic bench upon the mountain slope. The road, bordered with mango and other tropical trees, twisted and curved down the valley. The mountains towered above on the right, and

at the left descended abruptly to the harbor, horse-shoe in shape. Various little creeks wound and slipped between the ridges of the opposite hills, one of which the light-house crowned. As we looked on this peaceful scene, it was hard to realize that battle after battle had been fought here, between Caribs and English, and English and French, the struggle lasting for 150 years before St. Lucia eventually became British.

Our thoughts of the past were speedily put to flight by one of those heavy tropical showers which come and go suddenly; and we took refuge in a quaint little mortuary chapel (fortunately near) until it was over. We left soon afterwards for Barbados.

After a pleasant run, we steamed into Carlisle Bay, the harbor of Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados. The scene is a lively one. Boat after boat, with black oarsmen frantically gesticulating, swarm round the sides of the steamer, each trying to get the advantage of the others in securing passengers. "Dis yo boat sah!" "Try White Wings sah! She's berry clean, sah!" Here the divers come out and dive for pennies, fearless of sharks; or a scratch band consisting of an asthmatic violin, a cracked horn, and a jingle triangle, warble the irrepressible "Ta-ra-ra" into our unwilling ears. Bum-boat women appear with tempting jars of guava jelly, and curios which are simply irresistible.

Upon going ashore we hastened to the Marine Hotel situated at Hastings, two and a half miles from Bridgetown. It is near the ocean, and very pleasant it was to get out of the hot, glaring white streets of the town, and inhale the cool ocean breeze in this charming spot, the murmuring surf blending with the exquisite music of the band of the West Riding Regi-

ment, which gave an open air concert on the esplanade that afternoon. At the "Marine" we made the acquaintance of a potent West Indian beverage called "Swizzle." Its fame had preceded it, but it even excelled our expectations. An interesting place to visit in Bridgetown is the establishment where ice is artificially made. It was something akin to a Turkish bath to emerge from the chilling atmosphere into the scorching streets. The whistling of the steamer recalled us, and hastening on board we soon afterwards sailed for Trinidad.

After the excitement and novelty of being on shore, the "*dolce far niente*" of ship life is delicious. We passed Tobago twenty miles to windward. It



PITONS OF ST. LUCIA.

is supposed to be Robinson Crusoe's island, and his cave is still to be seen at the southern end. Grenada loomed up to leeward, by many authorities considered the "Gem of the Antilles."

The approach to Trinidad is very grand. Miles and miles of virgin forest reach away to the mountains, running up to a height of 2,700 feet. The passages, or bocas, from the Caribbean sea into the Gulf of Paria, the embouchure of the Orinoco, are four in number—east to west—Boco Mono, Boca Huevor, Boca Havior and Boca Grande, with the Spanish main or Venezuela on the west. The passages are very narrow, save the Grande Boca, but the

water is very deep, the current rushing through the openings at a six to eight knot gait, at times making the Grande Boca only safe for vessels not propelled by steam.

Trinidad was discovered by Columbus, July 31st, 1498, when, catching a glimpse of the Three Sisters (peaks of Moruga united at the base), he called the island Trinidad, the formation of the hills having suggested to him the Trinity. It was then populated by several tribes of Indians, chiefly the Arouacas and the Chaimas. They are now all but extinct. Fully one-third of the inhabitants at the present time are coolies, immigrants brought from India by the Government. They are the chief laborers, having been found to work at a much cheaper rate than the Creoles. They are easily recognizable by their slight, graceful carriage, long black, *straight* hair, and fantastic mode of dress. The wo-

strolled through the streets, which were patrolled by impudent black vultures. Noting the fine shops and cathedrals, we wended our way to the market, which is a good criterion of the eccentricities and customs of the people. The botanical gardens were reached after a pleasant ride in a tram. They are most beautiful, and contain many rare plants, trees, and shrubs. Here we saw cinnamon, clove, Brazilian nut, and that beautiful tree, the nutmeg, so symmetrical in form, and with the rich green foliage growing so thickly. There were many varieties of orchids, which were set in bamboo pots. A noticeable feature here, which it would



PORT-OF-SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

men wear great quantities of jewellery—tiaras, rings, ear rings, nose rings (a sign of marriage), bangles, necklaces, anklets, and toe rings of gold and silver, which, as a rule, they willingly sell to you. In addition to the Indians and coolies, there are Spanish, French, Portuguese, German, British and Chinese.

Landing at Port of Spain, the capital, at about 8.30 p.m., we repaired to the principal hotel, known as the "Ice House." Early next morning we

be well to imitate in other places, is that nearly all the plants and trees are labelled with their botanical names, and, if imported, their native soils are stated. The grass was of a brilliant green, and the eye was not offended by any of those disfiguring placards, which one sees at home—"Keep off the grass!"

Returning to the Ice House for breakfast, at 11 o'clock, we tasted, for the first time, a dish peculiar to the West Indies, called pepper-pot. It

was passed round in a big pot, and *prima facie* looked anything but tempting.

The drive to Coolie Town was next on our programme, and very quaint it was. Queer little huts each side of the road, some with a little charcoal fire in front, at which a coolie sat, occupied in making silver bangles. The steamer's whistle now summoned us, and soon we were under way for Georgetown, Demerara.

After a two-days' run through the muddy, red water—so through the sediment discharged by the Orinoco, we arrived at the wharf at Georgetown. Quitting the steamer, we went to the "Tower Hotel," to which we had telegraphed from Trinidad for rooms.

Strolling around, we went into the new St. George Cathedral (Anglican), which was opened for service, for the first time, on March 26th. It contains a fine, large, three-manual organ, with forty-one stops and about nine combination levers, and was manipulated by the organist very ably and with much feeling. High-street is charmingly picturesque. A canal, frescoed with the broad leaves and exquisite blossoms of the *Victoria Regia*, flows through the middle of it. The canal is framed in green sward, and shaded with lordly palms and white cedar, while the gorgeous frangipani, in one mass of red blossoms, presents a striking contrast. The driveway is smooth, and the villas nestling in their peculiarly luxuriant gardens overlook the fairy scene.

We visited the museum, the law courts, the market, and went the round of the stores, picking up many curiosities.

The Botanical Garden does not contain such *rare* tropical trees as that at Port of Spain, but it is more pleasing to the eye. Owing to the humidity of the climate, the grass is delightfully fresh, and presents a pretty contrast to the peculiarly red soil of the driveways. There is one long avenue



A CANEFIELD, DEMERARA.

of stately trees, almost meeting overhead, their trunks shrouded with beautiful clinging blossoming vines, which destroy the stiffness of form which many trees have. We drove from thence to the sea wall. Here lovers promenade, and nurses bring their little charges, who are mostly of a pale complexion; one rarely sees a healthy, rosy-cheeked child in the West Indies.

Demerara has recently lost one of the best Governors the colony has had in modern times. I refer to Lord Gormanston, who, by the way, was the first Roman Catholic who filled the office. He has been appointed to Tasmania, and sailed from Georgetown March 23rd. Under his *régime* occurred the Portuguese riots in 1889; the establishment of the North-West district; the connection of Bartica with Georgetown by telegraph, and the sudden development of the gold industry. In 1887 the export of gold was less than 12,000 ounces. In 1892 it was

nearly 130,000 ounces, and yielded a revenue in royalty alone of nearly \$120,000.

At last we bid farewell to Demerara and return upon our homeward way, and, after calling at the different islands and reviving our former pleasant experiences, we again set foot in Bermuda on Easter Sunday.

Picture to yourself a white stone church, cruciform in shape, surrounded by tall cedars and graceful oleanders. The pillars of the nave were festooned with wreaths of cedar. Upon the lectern and pulpit were crosses made of blush roses, Michaelmas daisies, and maiden hair fern. This beautiful combination, typical of the Cross of Calvary elevated for the poor and lowly as well as for the rich and cultivated, — stood out in relief, with a background of Easter lilies. Upon the altar a cross of callas, flanked with Eucharist and Easter lilies, opened their pure petals, dispersing incense, which the breeze, a fitting censor, wafted upward through the opened casement. Truly it has been said that "Flowers preach to us if we will hear," and it seems to me that they are peculiarly emblematic of Easter.

Great hedges of red and white oleanders abound in profusion; the air is fragrant with lilies—acres and acres of them. And the roses! Oh! the roses! and geraniums and begonias growing wild out of doors! And the lantana, or sage plant, which pokes its blushing little face out of every niche and angle of the quaint roadside walls, smiles at you, the life plant clinging amatively about it, greeting you at every turn.

"One Spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding
brows,
Rules universal Nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or
stain,
Of His unrivalled pencil."

And now farewell to Bermuda's sunny isles and hospitable people! May the day be not far distant when I see again thy coral shores, and stand in the shadow of thy rustling palms, listening to the music of thy waves idly lapping on thy beach; inhaling thy balmy, perfumed air! Who does not feel at such times with Susan Coolidge?

"Thank God for life!
Life isn't sweet always, still it is life,
And that is a cause for praise.
I am alive! And that is beautiful."



ROBERTS.

BY T. G. MARQUIS.

SOME fourteen years ago the children of the High School at Chatham, New Brunswick, a saw-dust strewn town on the banks of the Miramichi, had their curiosity intensely aroused by the news that the "new teacher" was a distinguished poet,—having already won a place in Scribner's Monthly, then one of the two leading magazines of this continent. This, to their minds, was equivalent to having a world-wide reputation; and a few of us were ready to worship our poet with as much reverence as we now give to Shakespeare, Milton, or Browning. When the poet arrived we were amazed to find that he was little more than a boy: and had it not been for the venerable aspect given to his countenance by a pair of glasses, I am much afraid we would have doubted the reports, and looked upon him as being like unto ourselves.

His influence soon began to be felt. He was a man who could not fail to reach the young heart, joining in our games with all the vigor of his athletic nature, and giving us personal help in our studies with his keen, young intellect. His influence over the minds of the elder pupils was very great, and the hour of his arrival gave some of us our bent. From that hour we loved literature; to one among us it became a passion that even a residence in flat, unpoetic, grain-growing, cheese-producing Ontario cannot eradicate. Every line from his pen has had the power to call up happy memories of days spent under the graceful birch; of rambles by the Miramichi and near the willow-clad city of Fredericton; of hours with the poets, particularly with Shelley, the one who had more power to touch our hearts than any other singer in our language.

"Ave," C. G. D. Roberts' latest poem, has been before me for several days, and the metre, the thought, the rich coloring, the exquisite pathos, the fine sympathy, have so taken possession of my heart that I have been impelled to write a word in his praise, and to indicate what I believe to be Roberts' place both as a poet and a patriot.

The poem is one of the happiest,



PROF. ROBERTS.

from an artistic point of view, that he has ever written. It is in memory of Shelley, and, while characterizing his work and life with marvellous power and fidelity, it gives his influence on the poet himself in so subtle a manner, that it leaves not the slightest doubt as to the sincerity of the work. The difficulty with most poets is that they beat about for a subject to write upon and then work up their inspiration,

The result may be highly artistic, rich, strong, but the student will have no difficulty in recognising the false fire, and will detect a lack of sincerity that is fatal to the most carefully wrought line. Roberts, in this poem, is free from this fault. Shelley's personality has filled his being from boyhood. The skylark's song has vibrated in his heart in the woodland ways of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; the "cloud" has helped him to see new beauty in the heavens, new shadows on the earth; the "sweetest songs that tell of saddest thought" have solaced many months when the soul was faint with unutterable longings; all his life he has loved the "wild child-heart of Shelley;" so that "Ave" might be called the fine crystallization of many years of unuttered song.

Minds unacquainted with Acadian scenery and Roberts' work as a whole, will not, perhaps, at a first reading, or even after many readings, feel the full force and beauty of this poem. What, they will ask, can Tantramar have to do with Shelley? Not much, it is true, but it has a great deal to do with Roberts. Shelley has been to Roberts a grand song impulse, a source of never-dying music; and with Shelley is associated the spot in nature that first lifted his heart above the material aspect of earthly scenery, and made song take possession of his brain. Those vast Westmoreland flats, "miles and miles, level, and grassy, and dim," that red sweep of weedy shore, the blue hills, the sea mists, "the sting of buf-feting salt;"—his life is full of them, and they are to his eyes what Shelley is to his mind. Through them he has been taught to look for the beauty, the sublimity, in all nature, just as Shelley has been an inspiration to him in his own lyrical efforts; and the introduction, to anyone acquainted with Roberts' previous work, will be considered not only a fine piece of poetry in itself, but most fitting for this ode. Shelley strikes "with wondering awe his inward sight," and these are the very

words he uses to describe the influence of the Tantramar Marshes on his being.

This poem gives us Roberts' mature work. Since the publication of "Orion," we have had continuous growth, not, perhaps, so marked as we would have desired, but this poem is a distinct advance on anything he has previously done. Nearly all his old mannerisms are effaced, and his good qualities stand out strong and fine, stamping him as an original poet in force and fire. His characterizations are incomparable; "the speechless ecstasy of growing June" with its "long blue hours;" the "glad bobolink, whose lyric throat peals like a tangle of small bells afloat;" the "gusty flocks of sand-pipers;" the "orange flood" coming "roaring in from Fundy's tumbling troughs and tide-worn caves;"—are all pieces of local coloring given with a realistic force without a rival in American literature.

• His compassionate breast
Wherein abode all dreams of love and peace,
Was tortured with perpetual unrest;

"his eager brain;" "the avatar of song, Love, Dream, Desire and Liberty;" "Thy bright and chainless power;" "the breathless child of change;" all these and many other such expressions give us a fuller insight into the soul and brain of Shelley than all the volumes that the learned compilers have written in these latter days. One stanza is so perfect in its grasp, and so full in its knowledge of Shelley, that it must be given in its entirety.

Thyself the lark melodious in mid-heaven;
Thyself the Protean shape of chainless cloud,
Pregnant with elemental fire, and driven
Through deeps of quivering light, and darkness loud
With tempest, yet beneficent as prayer;
Thyself the wild west wind, relentless
strewing
The withered leaves of custom on the air,
And through the wreck pursuing
O'er lovelier Arnos, more imperial Romes,
Thy radiant visions to their viewless homes.

The poem is a master-piece of diction; every word is chosen with unique power, and yet is free from that ob-

trusiveness that mars the work of even such a word-master as Tennyson. Once or twice such expressions as "hubbub" and "troughs" strike us as uncertain; but when the mind recalls the tide-tortured New Brunswick and Nova Scotian rivers and salt Fundy's storm-tossed waters, they are readily recognized as the most fitting words that could have been used.

But the great beauty of the poem—as the predominant beauty of any such poem must be,—is the perfect wedding of the words and thought to the rich music. There is an undertone of mourning in the opening lines; a sadness seems to creep in from the waste of waters, and the music plays a pipe-like dirge along the reedy shore. Sea-shell echoes, sea-bird cries, plaintive marsh notes, seem to haunt the flowing lines that lead up to the lyric love that mourns the death of our unrivall'd Prince of Song. The organ responds to every touch of the player. The lyric note, as is natural, is struck with the greatest frequency, but occasionally the verse assumes an epic grandeur that is Miltonic in its sweep:

He of the seven cities claimed, whose eyes,
 Though blind, saw gods and heroes, and the fall
 Of Ilium, and many alien skies,
 And Circe's Isle; and he whom mortals call
 The Thunderous, who sang the Titan bound
 As thou the Titan victor; the benign
 Spirit of Plato; Job; and Judah's crowned
 Singer and seer divine;
 Omar; the Tuscan; Milton, vast and strong;
 And Shakespeare, captain of the host of
 song.

Poets have frequently linked names together in high-sounding lines, but no cluster has, perhaps, a stronger, more original music than this. The breaks and pauses are handled with so much skill, and the whole is so sequacious, that the most unpoetic mind must admire its strength. The stanza beginning is:—

Lament, *Lerici*, mourn for the world's loss! is the essence of plaintive music. It resembles *Adonais* and several stanzas from "The Pot of Basil," but it resem-

bles them only in so far as they are the expression of absolute grief. Shelley and Keats were both lyrical souls, giving unrestrained utterance to their passion, and Roberts' verse has the same spontaneous depth of feeling as their immortal sorrows.

"Ave" is, I believe, the strongest and most original work of our poet. It is free from the faults of his early classical work, and from the intense realism of his more Canadian poems. He is happy in his theme; and critics will probably place this master-piece alongside of the best work of the kind that has been done in English since *Adonais*; and this not only on account of its artistic qualities, but for its intensity and depth of thought.

Roberts has now been before the literary world for fifteen years—ever since the publication of *Memnon*, in 1878—and Canadians, while thinking of him as the Canadian poet, have failed to give the appreciation that his work deserved. It is, perhaps, a mistake to look upon him simply as a Canadian poet. While he is this, his poetry has a universal value; and to speak of a man in that insular way is apt to detract from his influence, even in his own land. He has a gift, rare among men, of being able to take the scenes before his eyes, and give them to the world, so that we who cannot see with our own eyes may see through the poet's mind. He is Canadian in so far as he deals with Canadian scenery and Canadian subjects, just as Tennyson is English in his fine local touches; but he appeals to the common heart, in so far as every spot of earth that man can inhabit is of interest to mankind. Hundreds have been drawn to Lincolnshire and the Isle of Wight by Tennyson's vivid pictures, and few, I think, can read "Tantramar Revisited," "Fredericton in May Time," etc., without a yearning desire to see these places for themselves.

Roberts, like almost every modern, has essayed classical themes, and has

had his measure of success. His efforts will stand well with the very best of such men as Gosse. But these show the scholar and the artist rather than the poet. Given a certain amount of Hellenistic culture and the Grecian spirit, and any man with a fine ear might produce exquisite work in that line.

We turn from "Orion," from "Memnon," "Ariadne," "Actaeon," etc., to "Tantramar Revisited," "Salt," "In September," "The Potato Harvest," "Birch and Paddle," etc., and in these we see a poetic power not found in the more scholarly work. It is with very much the same feeling that we turn to the "Angelus," "Winnowing the Grain," "The Reapers," after the sensuous delight of paintings on classical themes. Too much could not be said in praise of the poems mentioned. They are absolute transcripts of Nature. To one acquainted with Acadia, with sea-sights, sea-sounds, and sea-odors, they have the power of bringing these things vividly before the mind's eye. Roberts has done more to give the outside world an insight into the scenes of his native land than any historian or essayist could have done. This has been a part of his mission to mankind, and he has done his work well.

Mr. Roberts has had an even more important task than this. He has one of the highest ambitions a man can have—a whole-hearted desire to stir his countrymen up to a sense of the weakness of their present position, and to fill them with a national spirit. Throughout the entire Dominion of

Canada there is a subtle influence at work, infusing into the young and active minds a desire for something different from their present system of dependence on the Monarchy of England. Annexation, seemingly the most simple of all changes, has been for years held up by the mercenary and the pessimistic as the only salvation of the Dominion; Imperial Federation, with its enthusiastic apostle, Mr. Parkin—Mr. Roberts' old master, by-the-way—has been vigorously presented to Canadian minds, and has met with but small success.

Prof. Roberts might be considered the Coryphaeus of the Independence movement in Canada. His "Collect for Dominion Day," his "Canada," his "Ode for the Canadian Confederacy," are all full of the fire that makes a nation; and if the tide of national feeling only rises to the height that the hopeful amongst us anticipate, these songs will become deeply graven on the hearts of all patriotic sons of the "Child of Nations." If, in his Tantramar poems, he has succeeded in portraying his native land with truthful eye and loving heart, in his patriotic poems he has caught the spirit of liberty and freedom that burned so gloriously in the heart of Shelley; and he has struck a stronger chord of patriotism than any other Canadian. But his power in this direction will not be recognized until others have been filled with something of the same spirit—till the sons of Canada are determined that earth shall know the "Child of Nations" by her name. And the day is not far distant.



THE GOMET.

BY A. ELVINS.

THE recent appearance of a comet in the north-western sky has been the means of arousing the interest which has always existed when one of those strangers has paid a visit to our system. It is, therefore, quite natural that many questions are asked in relation to our visitor from outer space, and it is the object of the writer to

bright, forming striking objects which at once arrest the attention of everyone. The part nearest the sun is brightest, and is followed by a long and fainter light; we call the bright part the head, while the faint light following is called the tail.

Sometimes this tail is quite straight; sometimes it is curved. Coggia's com-

April 4th, 1892.
Exposure 1h.

April 6th, 1892.
Exposure 1h. 5m.

April 7th, 1892.
Exposure 50m.



PHOTOGRAPHS OF SWIFT'S COMET.

Taken by Prof. E. E. Barnard, at the Lick Observatory, with a 6 inch camera of 31 inches focus.
From *Knowledge*.

state some facts which are known, and some fancies which are indulged in by those who have made such objects a special study.

To the naked eye, comets differ vastly in appearance. Sometimes, as in the present instance, they are so dim as to be seen with difficulty; at other times they are very large and

et, 1874, was straight, whilst Donati's in 1858 was a beautiful curve.

Even without any instruments, something is easily learned about those strange objects. We can see that they are not stationary among the stars, but are moving; they recede from some stars in their neighborhood and approach others; and it can be noticed that

when they pass over stars, the stars are seen through them. So we find two facts proved by the unaided eye: first, that comets move; second, that they are not opaque, but transparent.

In the telescope, comets are more striking objects. Their tails are not much better seen than we see them with the naked eye, but the head is seen to far better advantage; they increase in brightness from the outside to the centre, and in some cases throw jets of light out in front of themselves, which turn backwards and mix up with the tail: Coggia's comet, 1874, was one which showed this phenomenon well.

The head of a comet is usually said to consist of two parts—the nucleus or brightest part (thought by some to be a solid planetary mass), and a fainter part called the coma. I have not been able to see anything more than a gradual increase of light toward the centre, and think that, as a rule at least, no solid nucleus exists. Every globular cluster of stars becomes more dense at the centre, because we look through a greater depth of stars near the centre than near the outside; I think that this is the case with most comets.

But of late the naked eye and the telescope have been supplemented, if not superseded, by the admirable work of the celestial photographer. The beautiful photographs of Swift's comet, taken at the Lick observatory in April, 1892, by Prof. Barnard, show details which the telescope cannot reveal, and are far more trustworthy than any drawings.

The photographs, which are here reproduced from "Knowledge," show plainly that comets are subject to rapid change. The one taken on April 7th shows a division in the cometary matter; a small comet is distinctly seen forming in the tail.

The drawings of Rordame's comet which I made on July 21st, at 9 p.m. and 9.40 p.m., give a true representation of the late comet as seen with a

three inch achromatic,—power one hundred and twenty. At 9 p.m. the outer part of the head was over a star, which was seen through it: this was only seen through the coma, but Miss C. Hershell and Miss Mitchell have seen stars through the nucleus. The motion of the comet in relation to the star can be plainly seen in the views which were taken at forty minutes distance in time.

The density as also the mass of all known comets is exceedingly small: as has just been noticed, stars may be seen through these bodies, and though they sometimes pass very near the planets, they have never been known to influence the motion of the latter in the slightest degree; whilst it is well known that the planets have acted so powerfully on some comets as to change the form of their orbits, and the periods of their revolution entirely. Lexell's comet in 1770 was entangled among the moons of Jupiter, and remained near that planet for four months. Jupiter completely changed the orbit of the comet, which has not been seen since.

The modern investigator is greatly aided in his researches by the use of an instrument of modern invention—the spectroscope. Under certain conditions, it reveals the nature of distant bodies when they give forth light. Light coming from any luminous body, when it is passed through this instrument, acts differently according to the nature and condition of the matter emitting the light. If light comes from a solid incandescent body, it is seen as a long ribbon of light, red at one end and violet at the other, with all the colors of the rainbow between these two. But if the light comes from incandescent gas, we do not see such a ribbon of light, but one or more bright lines, crossing the space covered by the bright band in the spectrum of solids; and further than this, the bright lines coming from a gas of one chemical element do not fall in the same part of the spectrum,

in which fall the lines coming from another element. So we can tell not only whether the light comes from a solid or from a gas, but, when it is a gas, what the chemical element is which emits the light. This instru-

spectrum as seen with his excellent instrument.

It has been found that whilst some comets come from far outside the solar system, and, after rushing around the sun, fly off again into space, others



RORDAME'S COMET.
July 21st, 9.40 p.m.



RORDAME'S COMET.
July 21st, 9 p.m.

ment, attached to a telescope, has been used to determine the nature of cometary bodies, with the result that the light of comets is found to proceed from hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen gases; and sometimes a faint continuous spectrum is also seen, showing that some of the light comes from solid incandescent matter.

Rordame's comet seems to show the spectrum of hydro-carbon, for the lines correspond with the spectrum of such a flame. Mr. A. F. Miller, a brother member of the Toronto Astronomical Society, has kindly furnished the writer with the drawing accompanying this paper, representing the

are permanent members of our system, and move in elliptic orbits around the sun, which is always in one of the foci of the ellipse. Such comets seem to cluster around the planets, and form groups, with their aphelion distances passing near the orbit of the planet which seems to be, or to have been, somehow connected with the group or family. Several comets of short period are thus connected with Jupiter; some are connected in the same way with Saturn, Uranus, Neptune; and a group which passes far beyond Neptune, seems to point to the existence of another planet outside of the orbit of that most distant of the known planets.

Just here I must notice one of the most interesting discoveries of modern times. Everyone has often seen what seemed to be stars shoot through the sky, and many have speculated as to the nature of these meteors. It was very long before this question, which doubtless was asked by our forefathers as well as by ourselves, found a correct answer; but one step followed another in the enquiry until the question was finally answered.

The attention of the world was drawn to this subject by the splendid meteoric shower of 1833. Prof. Newton, of New Haven, Prof. Daniel Kirkwood, and other distinguished astronomers, showed that the meteors seen on that occasion were moving in an orbit, and entered the earth's atmosphere from without. It was noticed also, that on the same day of the same month (Nov. 12) thirty-three years earlier, Humboldt saw a meteoric shower of grand proportions in the Andes. It was finally found that the meteors were part of a vast swarm which moved in an orbit which the earth passed through about Nov. 12, and that the orbit was a little inside the earth's orbit when at perihelion, and a little outside the orbit of Uranus when farthest from the sun.

It was also discovered that one or

an orbit which contains both comets and meteors, and we get a shower from this one every year.

But about Nov. 27 we pass through a stream of meteors more instructive still. They come from the region in and near Andromeda, at that time of the year just overhead. Now it is known that at this date the earth passes through the orbit in which a comet formerly moved. Biela's comet, which is the one referred to, has divided and subdivided so frequently that, as a comet, it has ceased to exist. When in our neighborhood in 1846 it was seen to divide into two parts, and at its next return two separate comets were visible following each other. Biela's comet has ceased to be visible; but on each 27th of November we get more or fewer meteors, and every six years (which is the period of Biela's comet) we get a splendid shower.

It is worthy of note that all meteors are not small bodies which burn up before they reach the earth's surface. Some are large and do not undergo entire destruction by the heat produced by their friction in passing through the air. They reach the earth, and are of all sizes, some weighing many tons.

But gases as well as solids move on together in those meteoric orbits. We have seen that comets show gaseous spectra, and it is quite certain that we encounter gases and solids in these meteoric or cometary orbits.

This brings us to the most speculative, but at the same time the most interesting, part of the enquiry. Does our passing through those meteoric streams have any effect on the atmosphere and surface of the earth.

I remark first, that the mass and volume of the earth must be constantly increasing by the addition of the matter from without. Of course the increase of matter is extremely small when compared with the earth's size, but the downfall adds billions of tons of matter to the earth's bulk every year, and it only requires this to con-



SPECTRUM OF RORDAME'S COMET.
By A. F. Miller, Esq.

more comets moved in the same orbit, and the conclusion was soon arrived at that Prof. Kirkwood had been right in suggesting that meteors are the fragments of comets, left in the track of these great wanderers, and that it is such fragments rushing through our atmosphere which we see as shooting stars.

Later observations have confirmed this view. We pass in August through

tinue long enough to give the earth the size which Jupiter now possesses. This is a pregnant thought, but there is no escaping from the conclusions to which it leads.

Again, we must notice as a second fact, that when matter is retarded or stopped by other matter, heat is always developed. Now, millions of bodies having their motion of translation destroyed in our atmosphere and at the surface of the earth will in a small but certain degree add to the molecular motion of the earth's matter,—which is simply increasing the earth's temperature.

I think the fall of the cometary or meteoric matter may help us to understand the nature and cause of some of the unexpected changes of temperature which take place over considerable areas of the earth's surface, and that a slow but permanent rise of temperature may result.

It is a question whether this influx of outside matter, mixing with the gases and vapors of our atmosphere, may not form chemical combinations which may affect the health of mankind. It is not impossible that such may be the case. Some epidemics have broken out so suddenly and over such wide areas, that this view of the case may be regarded as more probable than it would first appear. Many diseases are doubtless caused by bacteria, but it is not certain, or even probable, that all are. This question may be followed by physicists who are also medical men, and I must leave it for them to settle.

I have long thought that our auroræ or northern lights may be due primarily to the fall of very finely divided matter (probably iron molecules) into our atmosphere. Clouds of meteoric dust rushing with planetary velocity into our atmosphere would as surely take fire, and burn up, as the larger particles do in meteoric showers; or some gases might combine with the gases of our atmosphere, and by a process of slow combustion,

like that of phosphorus in the air, give us the auroral light.

This view of the aurora would enable us to understand why some auroras are so widespread, and others so local. Some are seen over the whole world at the same time; others are visible over only a very small area.

The matter must be regarded as descending, but, when it ignites, the



COMET b, 1893.

Photographed by Dr. H. C. Wilson, July 11, 1893.
From Astronomy and Astrophysics.

light will pass upward, burning up the metallic dust as it proceeds.

An observer standing south of an auroral shower will see the streamers or beams northward of his station, and as the auroras fall around the magnetic pole as a centre, we usually see them in the northern heavens. But when we are just under the descending matter the streamers pass downward on every side of us, and we see an opening in the centre, from which

the rays diverge like the meteors in a meteoric shower, and from a somewhat similar cause. If this be the true theory, the aurora is *cometary* matter falling earthward.

It may be interesting to know what becomes of the meteoric matter of which comets are composed. Of course, we have seen that much of it falls on the planets and is added to their mass: by far the larger number of meteors,

however, may be diverted from their orbits by planetary action and pass not only sunward, but into the sun itself. The meteoric matter near the sun, where it is most dense, will also frequently come into collision, lose its momentum and fall on the sun, and thus, in part, the solar heat is doubtless maintained.

Toronto.

BY THE SEA.

A REVERIE.

Thou restless, rolling, sounding sea,
Thou mystic sea —
That chafest, with untiring strife,
Thy bonds to free!

Ever as on thy breast I gaze,
Thy heaving breast —
Comes o'er my soul, with surging tide,
A vague unrest:—

A longing for a wider life,
The thought of years
Far gone, that now I only view
Through misty tears.

I see the child I used to be
Stand on thy shore;
With parted lips, and eager eyes,
She scans thee o'er.

The salt breeze lifts the heavy hair
From off her brow;
Her heart beats light with youth and hope;
Yet then, as now,

Thy music seems to strike a chord
Within her breast
Akin to thine own ceaseless dirge
That will not rest.

And, like a caged bird, her soul
Throbs 'neath some thrall,
Vague, undefined, but none the less
A prison wall!

A maiden grown, again she comes,
Drawn by thy might;
Her life is crowned with happy days,
Her future bright:

Yet does thy voice wake in her soul
A minor strain,
Whose cadence vibrates thro' her dreams
Like hidden pain,—

A sense of powers repressed, that e'er
Strive to be free,
Yet have their bounds set as thine own,
O, mighty sea!

And now I stand by thee once more;
But youth is fled,
And hopes that once I cherished dear
Are cold and dead.

And the resistless tide of time
Rolls, fathoms deep,
Above the graves where treasures rare
In silence sleep.

Yet have I learned in life's stern school,
To bear the pain
Of loss and cross, and prisoned pow'rs
That strive in vain;

And wait the birth-hour of the soul,
When, freed from clay,
It rises far beyond the stars,
In endless day—

In that blest land where time shall be
No longer known
And "no more sea" upon the shore
Its myst'ry moan.

HELEN T. CHURCHILL.

Lockeport, N.S.

THE "SKY-PILOT:" A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY A. F. CHAMBERLAIN, M.A., PH.D.

IT is well nigh thirty years since I, Henry Rateham, found myself in the Rocky Mountain region of New Caledonia (as British Columbia was then called). I had come from the east in search of a relative, who, although he stood heir to not a little property, had, in a fit of pique, left his native village to waste his life in the gold-diggings of the Columbia.

It was Saturday morning in Tenuke in July, 186—, and the camp was all agog with excitement. Josh Lewis, the oracle of the little mining town, stood on a stump in front of Jim Dens's "Golden Gate," haranguing a score or more of the gold hunters.

"I tell ye, pards," he was saying, "there's another o' them parson fellers a-comin' to stir up these diggins'. He's a-going to wawa⁽¹⁾ Sunday; they say he's a reg'ler coyote at the preachin', and can talk like a chief at a pot-latch⁽²⁾. I 'spose ye'll have a good look at the sky-pilot, and take in his gospel talk?"

"I'll go fer one," said a bronzed, rough-looking fellow. "It's a pretty tough critter I am, but, pards, my mother allus went to hear the parson,'—and here his voice faltered, while a tear filled his eye,—“and I went with her, too, boys, in them days. You can count me in.”

"Me too!" came from several others at once, and Josh, seeing his proposal met with general acceptance, called out,—"Come along, boys, let's liquidate! What'll ye have? Name yer pizen."

The crowd, sauntering up to the bar, wet their whistles in true western fashion, filling the air with the choic-

est flowers of miner's rhetoric:—"Here's to ye, Josh! May the coyotes never scratch open your grave. May ye live as long as old Nick! Ye're the tyee⁽³⁾ talker o' this ranch! I'll bet my best hoss agen a yeller devil's pig-tail that Josh could get away with the preacher, hands down!"

While these rough compliments were being dispensed, another miner walked in. "Here's Mike!" said several at once.

"Hello, Mike!" called out Josh Lewis, as soon as he noticed him, "will ye have somethin'?"

"Will I, indade? Did yez iver know Mike O'Harmin to refuse a drap o' the cratur? Shure and what's an Oirishman widout whiskey?"

So Mike took his glass, and draining it almost at a draught, set the tumbler down. Turning to the crowd, he began:—"Well, byes, ye've heard the news, I 'spose. There's another of thim sky-pilots a-comin' this way. This mornin' early 's I wuz a-comin' in from lookin' after the hosses, and was clost to the old bridge 'cross Deer Crick, I saw a feller wid a biled shirt on, sittin' there a-fishin'. Yis, shure as ye're a-livin', sittin' there on that bridge—'tain't fit fer a muskiter to dance a hornpipe on—a-fishin'! He seemed sorter occypied like, so I went on to the shack and left the tender-foot to himself. By and by, just as I wuz a-fixing up fer dinner, I saw a shadder in the door, and, jump my claim, if that tender-foot wasn't there a-bowin' and a-scrapin'. Sez he:—'Is this the residence of Mr. Michael O'Harmin?' 'Mike O'Harmin, sur, sez I, 'at yer honor's sarvice; come

(1) *Wawa*:—A word from the Chinook jargon; meaning "to talk."

(2) *Potlatch*:—An Indian festival at which gifts are made.

(3) *Tyee*:—Chinook jargon word for "chief."

in and hev a boite!' 'Thank you for your kindness, sir,' sez he, 'I am on a mission to this district, and shall be glad to accept your kind hospitality.' Hang me, byes, if I knew what he meant by bein' on a mission. 'Spos'd he wuz one o' thim d—— gov'ment spies or Yankee dead beats? But just before he sat down, the feller with the biled shirt stuck his hand into his pocket and hauled out somethin' nicely done up. Taking the paper offen it, he stretched it out almost under my nose. It wuz a fish, not much bigger than a minnie—so small that a coyote pup'd eat a whole bushel fer breakfast, and then be like to starve before sundown. And what do yez think the tender-foot sez, byes? 'Mr. O'Harm-in,' sez he, 'will you do me a great favor? I've been fishing. I never caught a fish before in my life, and I'll be exceedingly obliged to you if you'll cook this one for me—the first fish I ever caught,' and he looked proudly at that confounded minnie. 'Cook it, is it ye mane! Why, a half-drunken Siwash (4) wouldn't have looked at the d——n thing!' So, kinder riled at sech foolishness, I sez, 'D——n the fish! Throw it to the cat!' and I up and grabbed the minnie and chucked it under the table, where my old mouser, Bill, soon had it chewed up.

"Well, the tender-foot seemed sort o' taken a-back at such doin's, and I had a mighty hard time of it, persuadin' him to stop for grub. However, he sot down and we got a-talkin'. Sez I:—'I hear there's a sky-pilot snoozin' round these parts. Hev ye sot eyes on him, stranger? They say he's a daisy to spout; talks like a cardinal.' Just then I noticed the feller had a book beside him on the table, and, coyotes and catamountains! if it wer'n't a Bible! So sez I to him—wonder I didn't do it before:—'Who be ye sir?' Sez he:—'I am the Rev. Jonas Delver, a minister of the Gospel, and, if the Lord wills it, I am going to preach in Tenuke to-morrow.' Well, byes, stam-

pede my hosses if I didn't want to hire an Indian to kick me round fer a week. Here was the preacher, and I'd been a-conductin' myself like a fool, and cussin' and swearin' like a drunken half-breed. So I just begged pardon of the parson, best's I could, tellin' him how I was rough, uneducated like. He didn't seem much hurt after all, for he up an sez:—'I did not, of course, expect to find in this remote district, the refinement and elegance that constitute the ornaments of social life in more civilized communities, but I do hope to find honest and good-hearted men.' Yes, that's what he sez, byes, sure as ye're livin', fer I was mighty careful to keep it all in my head.

"Well, after dinner, I showed the parson to Phil Jones's, where he'll stop while he's here."

"Mike, ye're a daisy!" said Josh Lewis, after the Irishman had done. "Come, byes, let's liquor up again, and then Mike'll sing a song!"

When the drinking was over, Mike began in stentorian tones:—

Old man David,
Long time stop,
Halo Klutshman,
Tikegh swop. (5)

He got no farther, for some one called out:—"Hello! there's a tender-foot strollin' along. Mebbe it's the parson."

It was the parson; and as he came up everybody shook hands with him heartily, except Sam Sniggles, who grunted out:—"I ain't got no use fer them fellers as works only one day in the week, and then does nothing 'cept find fault with folks. D—— yer preachers, I sez. Let'm work fer a livin'. He won't get nothin' out o' me."

"Dry up, Sam Sniggles, or I'll blow the top o' your good-fer-nothin' head off!" interrupted Josh Lewis. "Drop

(5) Beginning of song in the Chinook jargon:—

"Old King David,
Long ago,
Had no wife,
And sought for one."

(4) *Siwash*:—Chinook jargon word, meaning "Indian."

that kind o' talk, mind you, while parson's round." And Samuel subsided.

"Well, I swow, if there ain't another tender-foot—you can tell it by the way he's ridin' that hoss!" said one of the miners, as a young man rode up and prepared to dismount. As he entered, he was greeted with cries of:—"Glad to see you, stranger! Come and liqui-date."

"No, thank you, gentlemen, I don't drink."

"Don't drink! Well, corral my hosses, if there ain't another sky-pilot! Ye're a parson, ain't ye?"

"No, I'm no parson; I'm plain Henry Dubbs, but I don't drink."

"Nor me neither!" came from a man sitting in the corner. "Give us your paw, pard, I've been mighty lonesome lately, but there's two of us now—three, counting in the parson—and that's a crowd in these diggins'."

The speaker was a grizzled miner of some sixty years—one of the oldest inhabitants of the camp. Jim Rallson had been at the mining on and off for twenty years, in California and the north. Seizing the opportunity to converse with an old stager, the young man withdrew with him and the parson into an adjoining room, where they talked till supper-time came round.

Meanwhile, in the bar-room, the rest were making merry. "I say, pards," suddenly began Josh Lewis, "this new sky-pilot ain't much like old Holston, who was round these diggins' ten years ago. He could preach like a son-of-a-gun—told him so myself. Could play poker, and take a horn in a way that would make a tender-foot's hair curl. You remember him, don't you, Bill."

"Indeed, yes," said the miner addressed. "I mind the time he came all the way from Yakano—that's nigh onto 350 miles—on horseback; startin' with three pounds o' bacon and a flask o' whiskey. And when he reached the camp he'd lots o' bacon left, but devil's the drop o' whiskey. And the

first thing he let us see was his euchre deck. O, but he was a stunner!"

"And do you remember," broke in another miner, "the row he had with Jedge Gamble. He sort o' riled the Jedge by reflectin' on his doin's. It was that day, you know, when the Jedge got on the stump in front there and talked to the byes a bit afore the court began. 'Byes,' sez he, 'why the devil didn't ye lynch them two rascals and save the districk a lot o' money, and myself a peck o' trouble.' That's the way the Jedge used to talk. He and the byes were in cahoot. As he was lettin' himself off this way, up comes the parson, and blowed if he didn't sail right into the Jedge and insinuate that he was a-doin' wrong, prostitutin' justice, and that sort o' thing. Was the Jedge riled? Never saw him wass in my life, not even the day that Bill Deems so riz his dander by informin' the crowd that the Jedge, havin' done with the court of chance, would sit in the court of iniquity. You saw the Jedge that day, Josh. If it hadn't been fer some o' the byes, he'd a-killed poor Bill. Well, the Jedge lept off that stump in no time, and sez:—"You confounded tender-foot, do you know who I am? Fer less'n two bits, I'd run ye into the calaboose myself, after givin' ye a good lickin' on the spot. Insult a Jedge, would ye? I'll teach you how to behave yourself, and the Jedge, with fire in his eye, reached out to grab the parson, who, by this time, was half scared to death. Suddenly, however, Josh Lewis called out:—"Hold on, Jedge, that's the new sky-pilot!" 'That's the parson, is it—eh—well, he's like the rest of them—more blame fool than anything else. Let him 'tend to Heaven and I'll run this ranch. I won't trouble him if he'll keep his tongue off me. But lassoo a mustang! I can't abear his talk. But here's a hand, parson. Let's liquor up, byes. Have a drink, sir.' 'With pleasure,' said the sky-pilot, and the last seen of the two was that they were havin' a

friendly game o' cards just before supper time. It's a pity the old Jedge ain't here now, for this new parson don't drink, don't swear, don't play poker, don't do nothin'. He's one o' them Canada fellers—too good for this world, I guess."

Just here the parson entered, and sitting down in a chair, listened attentively to the conversation of the miners. Before long, Lum Ki, the cook, entered from the kitchen, ringing the supper-bell. Spying the parson, he rushed over to him, grasped his hand heartily, and cried out:—"Lum heap likee see Melican man. Jos say Melican man heap savez pleachee—muchee chin-chin talkee."

And so they went into the supper-room. And a good, big western meal it was, no mistake about that. Fish-stories, bear-yarns and Indian tales, came thick and fast. The preacher and young Hubbs retired early, but the rest kept up their drinking and talking till the stars went in.

Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, church was held. The big room next the bar served to hold the audience, and, out of deference to the occasion, business was suspended till the service was over. There was a good attendance; everybody for miles around was there—ranchers and miners. Some had come thirty miles or more. Little stock those rough pioneers took in theology, but they always treated the parson well, and most of them came to hear him preach when they could.

After a brief prayer, the Rev. Mr. Delver, who had previously distributed a few books amongst his congregation, announced that the services would be opened by the singing of a hymn; and he read out the first verses of one of the old Calvinistic kind. But just at that moment, old Ned Lapstock—a rancher from Susu Lake—rose up,—a lean and lanky fellow he was,—and called out in his usual loud voice:—"No, you don't, parson! We don't do no singin' in these parts. This ranch ain't no bird-cage."

The preacher, somewhat surprised at the unexpected turn of affairs, hastened to explain that he considered singing an important and necessary part of public worship.

But this had no effect upon Ned, who retorted:—"O, well, run your own show, parson! Sing it yourself!"

Most of the boys thought it a good time for a joke, and when the singing took place, about the only participants were the parson himself and Lum Ki, who, with his book turned upside down, was humming away with right good will; he had caught the tune and that was about all.

The preacher—although women were at a premium in that settlement, and the only two in the district were present, and were his most attentive listeners—took his text from Genesis—"The woman tempted me and I did eat,"—a procedure of which the major portion of his audience certainly did not approve. The sermon was long, and rather above the heads of the hearers. When the parson was about half through, old Ned rose up again, and in loud tones, exclaimed:—"Sing another hymn, parson, and call it square!" But he stuck to his text like a brick, and when he had done, a right good collection was taken up. Everybody contributed something, even the Chinaman, who took delight in saying, with an expansive grin:—"We allee samee heathen, you savey," put his hand into his pocket, and extracting a handful of miscellaneous coins, dropped them into the hat, while a Papist, who happened to be present, tossed a dollar into it, with the remark that he didn't bank on the preacher's theology, but supposed he had to live like the rest of us.

But, funniest of all, old miserly Jack Dudley gave his mite; and what a mite it was! It came about in this way. Jack and Phil Jones were sitting together, and when the hat came round, Phil said:—"Jack, you ought to give something." Jack was rather nettled just then, and replied:—"Will you go

halves with me?" "Yes," said Phil; and with the remark, "Here goes," Jack pulled a bill out of his pocket and handed it to Phil, who, looking at it in curiosity, let it drop into the hat, wondering what on earth had come over Jack Dudley. After service was over, and the bar was busy again, Phil said to Jack:—"What a generous fellow you are, Jack! The parson thinks a great deal of you!" "What do you mean?" said Jack. "Don't you know what you had me put in the hat this morning?" queried Phil, "It was a tenner, you know." "I didn't know I was such a d— fool," replied Jack. "No more preachin' for me." It was a long time, however, before the boys left off chaffing him about his contribution to the parson's exchequer.

After a good dinner, the afternoon was spent in harmless amusement, and when supper-time came it brought the usual number of stories of sport and adventure.

Bright and early the next morning the parson was off, "with lots of bacon and no whiskey," the miners said, and soon afterwards, leaving that honest, merry company, I, with young Dubbs, set out for Sale's ranch, where, I was informed, I should meet the object of my search. I found him, and we returned home together.

I have never had the occasion to travel in that region again, but pleasant memories will linger with me long, and never shall I forget the "skypilot," and the ranchers and miners of Tenuke, with their frank, rough ways.

SUPPER IN A SHEEP RANCHER'S JACAL.

BY LINDA BELL COLSON.

THE Eastern horizon was delicately tinged with yellow and pink, which slowly dispersed as the moon, the *luna pastor* of the Mexican herders, that is the shepherd's moon, on the night after the full, rose and flooded the prairie with its pale light.

The plains stretched out like a great silent sea, until they were merged in the blackness of the mountains looming in the distance.

Here and there, dark against the pale coloring of the prairie, lay knots of sleeping cattle, and occasionally breaking the level sweep, groups of palma and cactus plants stood up, gaunt and tall.

We had left the lonely little railroad station on the southern Pacific far behind us, and were riding straight towards the mountains, following a narrow trail scarcely discernible, to my untrained eyes, from the general grayness of the prairie.

We were on the way to spend a few days at the sheep ranch of a young Englishman, which was situated high among the mountains bordering the Rio Grande, some twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad, and I know not how many more from the nearest town. Our host had met us at the station with the warm welcome of one who but seldom sees the faces of friends. Even the bronchos he had led in for us to ride seemed in a manner to partake of his pleasure, and we had started out gaily on our long ride.

We "loped" along at a good pace. The tall figure of our host in his picturesque cow-boy costume, tall *sombbrero*, leather *chaparraras*, spurred boots, stout six-shooter and long bowie knife, riding slowly in advance of us, was sharply silhouetted against the moonlit sky. I had seen him last in England, at the country home of his father, an officer in the British army, and as

I listened to the familiar English voice, the great lonely Texas prairie faded away, and a vision of the old English home, surrounded by velvet lawns and stately oaks, rose before me.

I was recalled to a sudden sense of the present by the erratic movements of my horse, a spotted broncho named Gaucho, which was making frantic efforts to strike out for himself, and not until, in obedience to my host's instructions, I had given him a few cuts of my quirt, applied to the flanks with the deft backward movement of the hands, learned by every rider on the frontier, would he consent to follow the others; and then our host told us the story of Gaucho.

"Many years ago," said he, "when the canon, towards which we are riding and in which my ranch is situated, was an Apache encampment, Gaucho was stolen by the Indians and taken out to their headquarters, and there branded on both ears in such a manner that he has ever since borne the name of Gaucho, or lop-ears. When the Apaches were driven out of the pass by the United States troops, Gaucho was recaptured and restored to the white man, but his long stay among the silent red men seems to have made him rather taciturn and unfriendly. Poor chap; he's getting old, but he is a good one to go yet, though he is not as smart-looking as he once was."

He paused at the end of his story, and a silence fell on us. The night was advancing. For the last hour we had been slowly ascending, and now, having ridden through a narrow pass where high on one side loomed an old Indian fort built in the solid rock, we climbed a bold spur of mountain; then descending again, rode into a wide canon, and the sheep ranch lay before us.

There stood the jacal, our host's home, a small brown shanty, built of scrub oak and cedar poles, plastered in the chinks with mud, and covered by a sloping roof thatched with bear grass. Near by, a couple of white

tents were pitched, and two or three Mexican herders, wrapped in their blankets, lay asleep on sheep skins on the hard baked ground before the jacal. On either side of the canon rose a bald, uncovered ridge, dotted with white specks—the recumbent forms of the sleeping sheep. Darkly below, a wide *arroyo* showed, from whence floated a faint perfume from the pink blossom of the wild walnut trees growing thickly along the water course.

As we rode up, the herders sprang to their feet, and a yellow dog barked us a noisy welcome.

Inside the jacal, which contained only one small apartment,—the general living room—a Mexican *peon*, a tall *sombrero* on his head, a cigarette in his mouth, was busily preparing supper over a fire of cedar logs burning cheerily in the huge "rock" fire-place.

He was assisted by a beautiful young Mexican boy, Romaldo by name, whose features and coloring were simply perfect.

There was no light but that from the fire, and the flickering rays danced fantastically across the smoke-grimed rafters of the sloping ceiling and the dark walls hung with the skins of the mountain lion, coyote, fox and antelope, and decorated with deers' and lions' heads, arrows, guns, six-shooters, bowie knives, and cartridge belts, lariats, lassoes, and all a cowboy's usual paraphernalia. Above the fire-place the white skull of an Indian shewed out weirdly against the dark wall.

The earth floor was scattered with sheep skins: a deal table, a couple of rough chairs and some packing boxes filled with canned food, made up the furniture of the room.

In one corner stood a great pile of papers, principally fat copies of the *London Times*, through which our host told us he was carefully wading. The papers always reached him, a large number at one time, and he read them in turn. It was now April, but he had only begun on January and he

laughingly begged us not to expect him to know anything of the world's history since the ending of the old year.

The yellow dog, considering he had done his duty towards us in his loud welcome, now lay down on a sheep skin before the fire to watch the operations of the two Mexicans, who sat crouching on their heels, stirring the various dishes simmering appetizingly over the coals. They glanced at me furtively now and then from out their sleepy black eyes; they had never seen a white-skinned woman before, and I dare say I was fully as interesting to them as they were to me.

I was very tired and very hungry after my long ride, and when presently we sat down to our supper it seemed to me a repast fit for the gods. I do not think I shall ever forget a single detail of it.

The intense silence without; the knowledge of our isolation; our farness from all else human; the quaint, smoke-grimed interior; the picturesque figures of the two Mexicans, with the ruddy glow of the fire-light playing on their swarthy countenances; the warlike hangings on the walls—it all seemed so unreal—but the supper was real enough, and, oh! how delicious it tasted, in spite of the strangeness. Our host, like many Englishmen who go out to rough it, was an excellent cook, and he had well instructed his Mexican assistants. Our *menu* was a varied one. Quail, which had fallen a victim to our host's unerring shot, delicately roasted over the coals; a dainty manufacture called "devil'd sardines;" a hot bread cooked in a kind of pot-oven affair, and, it goes without saying, *frijoles guisadoes*, beans,—one has them three times a day on a frontier ranch and exceedingly good they are too, when one has learned to like them. Besides, we had *huevos fritos*, *chili verde conqueso*, and, to drink, the incomparable *champurrado*. What though we supped without table cloth or napkins, on a pine table, off tin plates, with tin mugs, pewter

spoons and rough knives and forks,—we had hunger for sauce, and never did a merrier group make greater havoc of a supper. Our long ride in the open air had made us proof against any form of indigestion, and when at last we retired to our tents for what remained of the night, it was to sleep the sleep of the utterly satisfied.

I give below the recipes of the purely Mexican dishes, as I learned them from our host:

FRIJOLAS GUISADOES.—Place one pound of beans to boil (Mexicans always cook them in an earthen vessel) and boil until they are thoroughly soft; they will take from four to eight hours, when they must be mashed (or in the expressive language of the frontier, machacadoed) until not a bean remains whole. Heat two or three ounces of *manteca* (lard) in a skillet and pour the mashed beans into it, when a tremendous spluttering will take place, the hot grease giving the *frijoles* the peculiar flavor possessed by this most common of all Mexican dishes. A few onions shredded and fried in the lard are an addition, and a few pods of *chili colorado*, (red peppers) stirred into the grease just before the beans are poured in and allowed to boil with them for a few minutes, are supposed to add greatly to the tastiness of the dish.

Indeed a great number of dishes are made with the mashed beans as a foundation. Cheese grated and added to the beans after they have been poured into the hot lard is a favorite one, but the secret of having a good dish of beans is to have the beans thoroughly boiled and the grease hot.

HUEVOS FRITOS.—*Huevos fritos* are simply eggs poached in very hot lard, delightfully crisp and brown about the edges and soft in the inside.

CHILI VERDE CONQUESO.—Nip a tiny bit of the point off of as many pods of *chili* (peppers) as you require—twenty or thirty is enough for a good dish—and roast them in the coals until the outer skin will separate from the flesh part. Then peel them and give the green pulp a good washing in cold water: mash this up in a basin with three or four tomatoes (all the better if they have been roasted in the coals and then skinned), and a little salt. (On a ranch, of course one has generally to fall back on canned tomatoes.) Place a couple of ounces of *manteca* (lard) in a skillet or frying pan and let it get thoroughly hot, when the *chili* and tomato should be emptied into it, and about a half a pound of *queso* (cheese) shredded in and the whole allowed to boil up for a few minutes before serving.

CHAMPURRADO.—Boil one quart of *maize* (corn) until it is soft enough to grind on the *metate*. When it is ground, mix the paste with two quarts of water, and strain through a fine sieve. Put it on to boil and add a cake or two of grated chocolate and a little *piloncillo* (native sugar), some cloves and cinnamon.

THE SAULT STE. MARIE SHIP CANAL.

BY J. J. KEHOE.

THE River St. Mary, flowing a distance of sixty miles, carries the waters of Lake Superior into Lake Huron. It runs its noble course in varying width from about one hundred feet at one point to four miles at another, and forms in its main channel part of the international boundary. As it passes between the Canadian town of Sault

built parallel and close to this and completed in 1881. In 1889, the United States Government commenced work on a new canal on the site of the one of 1855, now demolished to make room for the new one, which is likely to be finished next year. Our neighbors will then have two canals to accommodate the immense and growing



EASTERN END—PUMPING ENGINE AND TRAVELLING DERRICK.

Ste. Marie and the Michigan city of the same name, it rushes over a rocky bed in shallow rapids of half a mile in length, with a difference of nearly nineteen feet between the upper and lower levels. To overcome this impediment to navigation, there was built on the Michigan side a canal which was completed in 1855. Another canal was

traffic which now presses very hard on the canal of 1881, at present the only the in use.

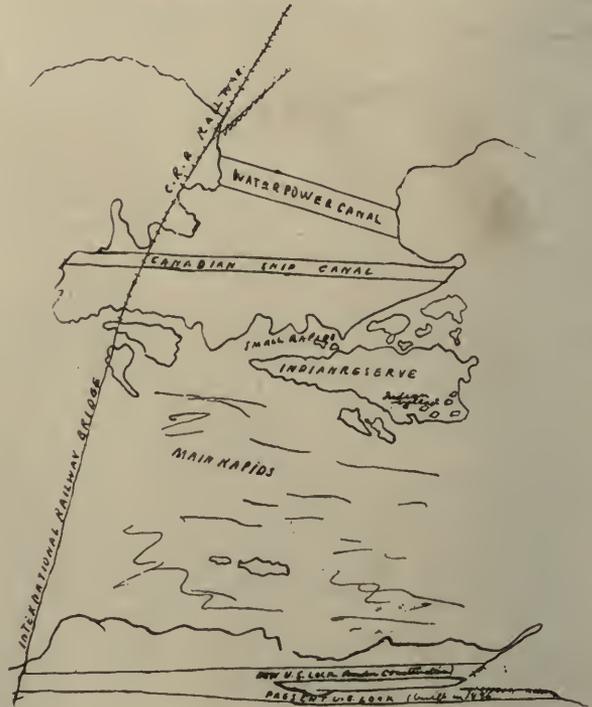
The project of a Canadian Ship Canal has been suggested at different times, and as early as 1851 it was attempted to form a company for its construction. This company did not become incorporated owing to the opposi-

tion of the late Sir Francis Hincks, then Prime Minister. The action of Sir Francis was made the subject of grave charges against him, which, however, were fully disproved on an investigation by a select committee of the Legislative Council in 1855. But even earlier than the time of Sir Francis, and earlier than any one now living can remember, a canal and lock had actually been constructed and used on the Canadian side. No trace of this canal was visible until, when excavations were being made in May, 1889, for the water power canal, the timbers of the old canal were unearthed. It was built in 1797 by the North-West Company -- in its time a rival of, but afterwards amalgamated with, the Hudson Bay Company -- and was destroyed by the United States soldiers in the war of 1812. The curious reader can obtain fuller details of this canal at page 25, *passim*, of the Canadian Archives of 1886.

The need of the Canadian Ship Canal has been very specially felt on two memorable occasions. The first of these was when the United States Government refused to allow Sir Garnet Wolseley to go through the Michigan canal with the Canadian troops on their way to quell the first Riel rebellion. The other was during the canal toll excitement of last year. Whatever may be the opinion of any one, be he a political partisan or not, every Canadian would have been better pleased if the Government had been in a position of independence. It would have been so, and the Washington Treaty, too, would have been different in terms if our ship canal had been built twenty years ago. Apart from these political considera-

tions, however, the growth of Manitoba and the North-West and the consequent increase of lake traffic require the building of the fine public work

TOWN OF SAULT STEMARIE, ONT.



which is now under construction, and an account of which, in its building and in what it is to be, is here attempted.

Work was commenced on the 1st May, 1889, by Messrs. Hugh Ryan & Co., the contractors, and at the time of writing the greater part of the excavation is done, and sixteen courses of stone out of the twenty-two of the lock-pit walls on both sides are built. The whole of the work will easily be completed so as to have the canal open for navigation in the summer of 1894.

The site of the canal is through a neck of land jutting out from the mainland. This land may be called either a peninsula or an island, the term to be used depending on whether a small stream running on the north-

erly side be considered of sufficient importance to make this jutting land an island rather than to make it a peninsula. There was, until three years ago, a larger stream, but this has been since diverted by the work of the contractors. A glance at the map will give the reader a good idea of the location of the canal and its relative position to the canals on the other side of the rapids. Before ground was broken, this neck of land was a wild and beautiful piece of nature. There were many small streams where the fisherman caught fine specimens of speckled trout, and plank bridges thrown across these streams afforded a means for the strolling tourist to reach the Indian fishing village, which is still on the banks of the main rapids. There are now left but two of the

consists of an upper stratum of sandy loam mixed with boulders, and below this is red Potsdam sandstone of varying hardness. The work of excavation gives employment to about four hundred men on an average. The excavation of the lock-pit is completed, and, as already mentioned, a large amount of masonry work is done. The facing or cut stone comes from Amherstburg, while the backing stone comes from Meldrum Bay on Manitoulin Island. The quarrying of the stone gives employment to upwards of two hundred men in the two quarries, and a fleet of vessels is required for the transportation of the material. It takes about two hundred stone cutters and masons to do the work for the lock-pit walls. There are also numerous machinists, carpenters, etc., and no



A TRAVELLING DERRICK.

streams, the construction of the ship canal and of the water power canal having destroyed the others.

The general formation of the ground

fewer than eighteen blacksmiths. The magnitude of the operations being carried on may be better conceived from the statement that there are fifty-three

teams of horses and ten miles of railroad track. The bottom of the canal is now like a railway yard, and is a scene of constant activity; tram-cars, carrying stone and concrete, being constantly moved and switched.

The stone is all brought to this railway yard and hoisted by three travelling derricks stationed at points convenient for the work as it progresses. These travelling derricks deserve special mention. They are each built on a truss reaching from one wall to the other, and carried on a track of a gauge of forty-eight feet six inches. The walls on which these derricks rest are the walls of the culvert, the bottom of which is twelve feet below the bottom of the lock wall. They project below the lock-pit, thus making a channel under the basin or floor of the lock: a narrower channel will be used for culverts to convey the water into and out of the lock. After the masonry is completed and the derricks are taken away, a timber covering will rest on the walls, which project as above described. The derricks are so built that they have hoisted the stones that are laid in the lowest course, and will hoist the coping stones, which will lie on top, forty-four and one-half feet higher. Each derrick has four masts, two for each wall. The engine on each derrick drives five sets of drums, four being for hoisting and the fifth for locomotion of the derrick on the tracks.

The various pieces of machinery for hoisting, pumping, drilling, stone-crushing and other purposes require a large amount of power. Water-power has been utilized, and one thousand horse-power obtained. This both drives the air compressor and transmits power by cable to various machines on the work. The compressor is here used for the first time in Canada on a public work, though it is also used, I believe, in mining. The great merit of air compression is that the pow-

er can be transmitted a long distance without loss, unless by a possible leakage. On this work it is used for some of the rock drills and hoisting derricks. Others of these drills and derricks are driven by steam-power. The total number of derricks is forty. The cable runs the pumping engine which keeps the big ditch dry, and also transmits power to a stone-crusher one thousand three hundred feet away. There are two stone crushers, one with a capacity of fifteen to thirty tons per hour, and the other able to crush from twenty-five to forty tons in the same time. The amount of crushing done depends on the hardness of the stone to be



LOCK-PIT WALLS.

crushed—whether it is a hard boulder or soft sandstone. The stone is crushed for concrete, and while the crushers can be regulated to produce different sizes, the heavy rocks which enter the jaws of these crushers are broken so that the pieces can go through a two and one-half inch ring.

To more fully describe the work of construction would require more space than can be afforded in this sketch, which is intended not for engineers or builders of canals, but for the general reader. The whole of the work is mainly carried out for the contractors by one of the three members of the firm, Mr. Michael J. Haney, who is well known as a civil engineer of re-

pute. A good testimony to the ability with which the work is carried on is that with all the enormous mass of material, the numerous engines and the 750 workmen, order and system are evident everywhere. It is also worthy of note that in the course of four years of construction but one man has been killed; his death was caused by the breaking of a derrick.

three feet in a season, and depends on the effect and direction of the wind. On the 22nd of August, 1883, after a wind storm, the water was three inches from the top of the wall in the Michigan Canal; it is usually five feet below this.

The filling and emptying of the lock will be accomplished by means of the four culverts beneath the floor of the



THE STONE-CUTTERS' YARD.

The length of the canal from water to water will be three thousand seven hundred feet. The masonry walls will be one thousand one hundred and six feet on each side; the length between the gates will be nine hundred feet and the width of the lock sixty feet. There will be but one lift to overcome the eighteen and three-quarters feet of fall between the upper and lower levels. There will be twenty-one feet of the water above the mitre sill, taking the lowest recorded water level. In this connection it is to be observed that the level of the water has a variation of about

lock. In this floor there will be one hundred and fifty-two openings through which the water will flow up or down as may be required. The old way of letting water through a sliding valve in the gate itself or through the walls around the gates was found objectionable, for the reason that the force of water driving the boats to the lower gates and breaking their lines, often causes damage to both boats and lock. This will be avoided by the method to be adopted, as the boats will belifted rather than shoved.

There are to be three sets of gates at the eastern or lower end; one is to be

a guard gate and will be used only when it is wanted to empty the lock for repairs. Of the other two gates, one is a spare set to be used in case of accident to the other, which will be the outer gate and in constant use. At the west end there will be a main gate and a guard gate.

The width of the walls will be eleven feet at the top and twenty feet at the bottom, but there will be a uniform width around the gates of twenty-five feet carried the whole way up. There will be altogether seventy-five thousand cubic yards of masonry in the work.

The manner of opening and closing the gates is not yet determined, but it

is most likely that electric motive power will be used. This power will be generated from the water power; this water power will be supplied by means of a pipe running back of one of the walls, and turbine wheels will be used to generate the electricity.

There have been a great many changes in the design of the canal and lock since the plans and specifications were first made, but in the main the plans are those of the late Mr. John Page, who was chief engineer of the Public Works Department at Ottawa. The resident engineer in charge on behalf of the Dominion Government is Mr. W. J. Thompson.

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.



JULIE'S DOWRY, AND HOW IT WAS WON.

*A Tale of the days of Marie Antoinette.**

TRANSLATED BY MRS. CLAYES FROM THE FRENCH.

My earliest memory is that of living at the village of Montreuil in the house of the good cure', whom I loved as a father. It was he who brought me up and taught me the little that I know of music. After a while he permitted me to sing in the choir of his chapel. In those days I had plump, red cheeks; a shrill, clear voice; long, curling hair that blew about my face; wooden shoes and a blue frock. Now, I do not care to look in the glass often; when I do it does not show me quite the same picture that it did then.

There was an old spinet in the parlor of the cure's house; it was not in very good tune, but to play upon it was a delight of which I never wearied. The dear, old man, who always encouraged me by declaring that I had by no means a bad ear, took great pains in drilling me upon the scales, and making me practise *soffeggio*. When he was pleased with my efforts, he would pinch my cheeks until they glowed, and say, "Maurice, my boy, you know that your father and mother were only poor peasants; but, nevertheless, if you attend to your catechism and your prayers, practise diligently until you become perfect in your *soffeggio*, and leave off fooling about with that rusty old musket, I have no fear you will in time become a first-rate musician." This increased my courage, and I pounded away harder than ever upon the poor old spinet.

But my life was not wholly filled with music, catechism and prayers. Sometimes I was permitted to amuse myself, and then I had a companion—

a little girl not a great deal younger than myself, who bade fair to have a very fine singing voice, and whom the cure' also instructed in music. Her name was Julie, and her mother was the cure's housekeeper. I thought she was very pretty, and so it was evident did others as well.

When she was not more than thirteen years of age, and as yet knew nothing of the value of her sweet face, strangers often turned to look again as they passed her on the street; and I have seen grand ladies descend from their carriages to kiss my pretty one and talk with her. I grew very proud of her beauty and her voice; and we loved each other as brother and sister.

One of our greatest pleasures was to take the lump of bread that always made our luncheon, and to go hand in hand to the end of the park of Montreuil, to eat it close to where a party of masons were engaged in building a pavilion for the queen. This habit of ours finally resulted in our making the acquaintance of a young stone-cutter, some eight or ten years older than ourselves, who encouraged us to sit upon the grass, or a stick of timber, near the place where he was at work.

He proved to be kind and gentle, always good-humored, and sometimes even gay, though that was seldom. When he had an unusually large stone to cut, we helped him to the best of our ability; I by pulling with all my strength at one end of the saw, while Julie poured water upon its blade. We soon became the best of friends.

This young man had already known something of the troubles of life. His father, who had been an architect, died after losing all that he possessed; and

*Published about seventy years ago in a Paris news paper.

then the son, although at heart a poet, was obliged to work diligently at stone-cutting, to support his widowed mother and two small brothers by his labor. He always bore himself cheerfully, however, singing at his work little songs and couplets which he improvised at the moment and which Julie and I greatly admired. Sometimes he sang with him, and sometimes he amused himself by composing little dialogues and plays, which he made us learn, teaching us how to repeat them with the proper tones, gestures and actions, just as if we were really performing them in a theatre. But he never neglected his work, meanwhile, as was proved by his becoming a master mason in less than a year. To us he was simply Michael, but his full name was afterwards known to the world as that of the distinguished dramatist, Michael Jean Sedaine.

The good cure' loved me so much and treated me so kindly that I was truly in danger of forgetting that I was the son of two poor peasants who died of small-pox before I was old enough to remember ever having seen them. At the age of sixteen, although ignorant enough, I had acquired a little Latin, a good deal of music, and was skilful in all kinds of labor appertaining to the care of a garden. I was also very happy. Julie and I were constantly together. She nearly always would place herself where I could look at her as I worked, and we were content even when no word was spoken between us.

One day I was employed in the park of Montreuil, and Julie had accompanied me. I was trimming the branches of an elm tree and binding the clippings into faggots, when Julie said, rather breathlessly—

“Oh, Maurice! here are two ever so grand and beautiful ladies coming towards us down the path. What shall we do?”

Turning, I saw two ladies, young and lovely, one a step in advance of

the other. The first was clad in a rose-colored silk dress of great richness, and was moving so rapidly—in fact she was almost running—that the other could with difficulty keep up with her.

Frightened, like a little fool of a peasant that I was, I turned to Julie, saying, “Let us run away.” But it was too late to do that, for the rose-colored lady had actually made a sign to Julie, who, blushing scarlet, laid hold upon my hand as if for protection. I snatched my cap from my head and leaned against the tree, quivering as if I had been one of its own leaves.

The lady came directly up to Julie and, gently touching her chin, lifted up her head, saying to her companion, “Did I not tell you the dress is beautiful? Just what I want for my Tuesday masquerade! And she, too, is lovely. My little angel, you will give me your clothes, will you not? My people shall fetch them and I will give you these of mine in exchange.”

“Oh, madame! Oh, madame!” was all that Julie could utter.

The other lady, who was smiling gently, tenderly, but with a melancholy look within the smile that I have never forgotten, now came forward and, taking Julie's hand in hers, bade her have courage, even while assuring her in a low voice that no one ever refused to comply with the wishes of the lady who had first spoken.

“Make no change whatever in the dress,” said the rose-colored lady, playfully shaking a little gold-headed whip she carried in her hand; then turning towards me she added, “This is a fine lad, too; he must be a soldier, and then you two shall marry each other.” She spoke rapidly, laughing lightly as she said the words, gave Julie a gentle tap upon the cheek, and left us overcome with amazement and admiration.

We looked each other in the face without being able to articulate a syllable, and then as by a simple impulse, turned towards the cure's house, where

we soon arrived, still holding each other by the hand, still very silent, though inwardly delighted with our adventure.

The good curé saw that something unusual had happened, for Julie was alternately red and pale, while I hung my head as if I had been guilty of a fault and was ashamed to meet his eye.

"What is it, Maurice?" he said. "What is the matter, my child?"

"Monsieur le Curé," I answered very gravely, "I must be a soldier."

"A soldier!" he repeated, and I thought he would have fallen to the ground. "Do you wish to leave us—to leave me? What is it, Julie? What has happened to him that he wishes to become a soldier? Do you no longer love me, Maurice? Have you no affection for Julie? What have we done to forfeit your regard? Do you no longer value the education I am giving you? Speak! Speak! ungrateful boy!" and he shook me by the shoulder.

I hung my head still lower. I could see nothing but my wooden shoes. Still I managed to answer in a tolerably firm voice, "I must be a soldier."

The curé was pale to the lips, and his hand trembled. The old housekeeper brought him a glass of wine, and began to cry. Julie, too, was crying, but she was not displeased at my desire to be a soldier. She comprehended that it was because I wished one day to marry her, as the lady in the park had said.

Just at that moment, in the midst of all our disorder, there appeared two tall, powdered lackeys, and a waiting-maid dressed like a grand lady, who inquired whether Julie had her dress made ready for the Queen and the Princess de Lamballe. The poor curé was struck quite dumb, while the housekeeper was so frightened that she could not find courage enough to open the casket which the maid presented to her, saying that she had brought it in exchange for Julie's clothes. Soon, however, Julie and her

mother, accompanied by the waiting-maid, went up stairs to her dressing-room, but wearing all the while an air of apprehension as of one who goes to meet a serious misfortune.

When we were left alone, the curé questioned me as to the meaning of it all, and I told him, as well and as briefly as I could, the whole story.

"And it is for this you propose to go away from us all?" said he. "Can you not see that the greatest lady in France spoke to a peasant lad like you only on the impulse of the moment, and has already forgotten all about you and your affairs? She would think your head light with folly should any one tell her you proposed to act seriously upon her unconsidered words. Besides, you would gain nothing while losing much. You can earn six times as much money by gardening and teaching music as you can get by enlisting as a soldier. You will lose all that I have striven to teach you. I do not mean, alone, that which you have learned from books; but, taken from the innocent life you have hitherto known, and thrust among the coarse surroundings and coarser manners of the camp, you will no longer be gentle, modest and well-behaved, but will become rude, insolent, and it may be even vicious. Julie will not wish to marry a man like that, a rough, perhaps dissipated, soldier; and even should she desire it strongly, her mother could never permit it."

Again my head was bent. Lower it went, and lower, as the curé was speaking. My eyes were glued to the toes of my wooden shoes; I pouted; I scratched my head but yet contrived to mutter, "I care not for it all, Monsieur le Curé; I still must be a soldier."

My dear, old curé could say no more. He opened the door with a look of sorrow and despair, pointed towards Versailles, and left me without another word.

I accepted the gesture and marched out. I thought then he was very hard

with me, but now I understand him better. I pulled up the collar of my blue frock, set my cap jauntily on the side of my head, took my stick in my hand and started for Versailles without bidding adieu to any one.

At a little inn on the roadside I came upon three showy, noisy fellows. They wore cocked hats edged with gold, white uniforms with rose-colored facings, powdered hair and mustaches made stiff with pomatum. They were recruiting for the Royal Regiment of Auvergne. They politely invited me to sit at table with them—a table spread with roasted chicken, potted hare and partridge, of all which they made me eat, assuring me that it was no better than the daily fare of the soldiers of that regiment, that their drink was claret and champagne from one year's end to another, and that by joining them I should learn how true were their statements. I assure you that I did.

They swore, also, for they were by no means sparing of oaths, that in this regiment the life was one of liberty; that here the soldiers of the ranks were better treated than the officers of any other corps, enjoying constantly the society of good fellows and pretty women; that the music was the best in the army; and that a man who could play the piano was granted any favor. This last touch decided me. I enlisted. I had the honor of belonging to the Royal Regiment of Auvergne.

Without doubt it was a fine regiment; but I longed for a sight of Julie and the cure. I expected roasted chicken for my dinner, and I got a sort of ragout, made of bread, tough mutton and potatoes, known to all the world by the name of *ratatouille*. They taught me to hold myself and my head erect; to perform the manual exercise with great precision; to march in ordinary, quick, and double quick time; they made me wear a long, thick, heavy queue, that dangled half way down my back; and they

complimented me by promising that if in time I pleased them, and all went well, I should be admitted into the first company of grenadiers. But, on the other hand I could not see my dear cure, or Julie; and I had no moment for music. And this was not the worst. There came punishments for trifling offences.

One day, when I had been so unfortunate as to commit some slight error at drill, they made me kneel upon the stone pavement, motionless, with my face turned towards a burning July sun, upon which I was forced to gaze, and hold my musket at my shoulder, in the attitude of firing. I was farther honored by the devotion of a certain corporal, who, placing himself near me, encouraged me to maintain my position by rapping me over the knuckles with his cane whenever he detected the lowering by an inch of the muzzle of my gun. It was a new invention in the line of punishments, and the colonel had a caprice to try it upon me that day.

After I had been playing the part of a petrified man to the best of my ability for some thirty minutes, my corporal, wearied of his task, retired to refresh himself with a measure of wine, and directly after, I saw advancing towards the end of my gun the slender, graceful figure of our good friend, Michael, the stone-cutter.

"Ah!" I breathed softly, "you are come at a lucky moment. Oblige me, I pray you, by placing your cane for an instant under the bayonet of my gun, if you can manage it without being seen. It will not harm the cane, while my arms will be filled with gratitude."

"Maurice, my old friend Maurice, is it possible that this is you?" he exclaimed, "and this is your reward for leaving Montreuil? or rather part of your reward, for you must be in a fair way to lose, also, all the music you used to love so much. Do you think that which you hear at parade worth the change? It is a pity, Maurice, a

pity. Do you not now repent the choice you made that summer day, if you have not done so before this? Perhaps you may have lost something else, something worth more than even the music; am I right, my friend?"

His words roused my pride. "It is all right," I replied, lifting my musket off his cane. "It is all right, every one has his own conviction; let each act as he thinks best."

"Have you forgotten the luscious peaches which you used to raise, with Julie for your assistant, in the cure's garden? And they were neither so rosy, nor so fresh as her lips."

"That is right—it is all right," I repeated stolidly. "Let every one have his choice."

"It will take a long time of this kneeling upon the hard stones, aiming your gun at the sun, before you will become a corporal."

"That, too, is all right," I answered again, my courage once more returning to me. "All things come to those who can wait patiently, ever doing their best; and by-and-by I will be not a corporal only, but a sergeant, and then I will marry Julie."

Michael sighed. "Ah, Maurice, my poor boy, you are too proud and ambitious; your courage is admirable, but you are not wise. Suppose some one would buy a substitute for you, would you not be glad to come home and marry Julie at once?"

There was a meaning in his tone that set me thinking. "Michael," I answered, "How is it you are no longer wearing a mason's dress? You now have a velvet doublet in place of your old jacket and apron, and your character is as much changed as your clothes. Once you would not have talked to me in the way you are doing now. I remember you used to say, 'Every one must fulfil his destiny'—that is precisely what I am doing now. No. I should feel like a pauper; I could not marry on another person's money, not even though it should be my old friend

Michael who had it in his power to offer it to me. Besides, I am following the Queen's command, and that cannot be so far wrong. It was she who told me to become a soldier and I should marry Julie."

"Tell me, Maurice, if the Queen would release you, and give you the money, would you then marry Julie?"

"No, I could not take a charity like that, even from the beautiful Queen."

"But suppose Julie should gain a dowry herself?"

"Ah, Michael, that would be a very different matter—we would then marry, as the Queen said."

"I will tell this to her Majesty," said Michael, beginning to move away.

"Stop, Michael, are you mad, or is it possible that you have become one of the servants in the palace?"

"Neither the one nor the other, although I do not any longer work at cutting stone."

"What do you work at then?"

"Oh, I use pen, ink and paper."

"For what purpose?"

"I write trifles, not always bad—as you shall see; some day I will show you one,"

"I am glad to hear it"—I began to reply, when up came my corporal and hit Michael's stick a blow that sent it flying a dozen yards in the air; and at the same time ordered the sentinel to the guard house for allowing a citizen to enter the parade ground.

Michael calmly picked up his stick and moved away, saying as he went, "I promise you, Maurice, I will relate all this to the Queen."

Little Julie was a good girl, but her character was firm and decided. She made both her mother and the cure understand that she would never marry any one but Maurice, and that she expected to become his wife.

While I was absent, turned out of the house for years, if not forever, she worked as quietly at making her clothing and household linen, in preparation for this event, as if I had been still her

every-day companion and the time for our marriage fixed with the approval of every one.

One day she was sitting in the door of the dear old house, working and singing as sweetly and as merrily at her work as if nothing had ever happened to distress her, when she saw a magnificent carriage with six horses, turn into the avenue and come rapidly towards the house. It was driven by postillions in rose-colored livery and powdered hair, so small at a distance that their great jack-boots showed almost larger than they. The carriage stopped at the cure's door, and a brace of footmen jumping down threw open its door, disclosing a gorgeous but empty interior: there was no one within. Turning with uncovered heads to Julie, they begged of her, with deepest bows, to have the goodness to enter and take her place upon the seat.

Now, although, no doubt, Julie was dazzled, she had too much good sense to be upset and lose her head. She offered no objections and consulted no one. She rose and made her simple preparations, by taking off her wooden shoes and putting on others of fine leather with large silver buckles, which she wore on holidays; folded her work neatly; laid it aside; and walked to the carriage, which she entered, supporting herself upon the arm of the footman as if she had been in the habit of doing it every day of her life. Since her exchange of dresses with the queen nothing seemed to have the power to surprise her.

The carriage was driven to Trianon; and upon its arrival Julie was conducted by tall footmen, with great ceremony and many bows, through suites of rooms, all dazzling with gilding and mirrors, until they reached the door of an apartment, through which came the sound of a merry, musical laugh that the girl thought she had heard before. Her heart was beating loudly through excitement and a little fright, as the door was thrown open, but her courage returned,

for within was her friend the Queen and the Princess de Lamballe.

"Ah, here she is at last!" cried the Queen, and ran towards her, smiling gaily, and took both her hands. "Isn't she fresh, and blooming, and altogether charming? Just the thing for our little plot; and she has talent, too. Oh, we shall surely succeed. Listen, my child: there are two gentlemen coming here soon. If you have ever seen either of them before, do not act as if you had done so. Do exactly what they tell you and nothing more. I know that you can sing, and they will wish to hear you. They may ask you to speak, to sit, to stand, to move away, to approach; and you must then seat yourself, rise, go, come, as they direct. If their decision be favorable we, Madame de Lamballe and I, shall have something to teach you. I assure you it is all to be for your good, and you will not find it difficult to do thus much to please us, will you, my good girl,—my pretty girl?"

Julie answered only by a deep blush and a modest smile, but she felt that she could have knelt and kissed the feet of the beautiful Queen, who was so kind, and perhaps her face spoke for her better than her tongue could have done.

The Queen had hardly finished speaking when two men came in. One was tall, thin and stately; the other short and stout. When Julie, looking up, saw the tall one, she in her astonishment exclaimed, though softly, "Ah Ciel! it is—," then, recollecting her instructions, became silent and still.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Queen, "what do you think of her? Will her appearance answer our purpose?"

"Is she not Rose herself?" exclaimed Michael Sedaine.

"Let me hear but a single note," said the short man, "and I can tell whether she will prove the Rose for Monsigny, as well as for Sedaine. Now, my child, let me hear you sound the gamut—Ut, re, mi, fa, sol—"

Julie sang it after him.

"It is enough, I am satisfied. Her voice is superb," said Gretry.

The Queen clapped her hands and laughed with pleasure, exclaiming, "She will succeed and earn her marriage dowry."

Some little time after my interview with Michael, my regiment had been ordered to Orleans. I suffered cruelly from home-sickness, and finally became really ill. I was thin, pale, and almost too weak to perform the duties. Many of my comrades laughed at and played tricks upon me, some because they really thought I was ailing, others because they believed that I only feigned.

I had heard nothing from Michael, Julie or the cure', and was nearly at the end of my hope, and my endurance was fast going with it, when one day an officer of my company approached me and said, "Maurice, you can read: come and look at this placard"; and he led the way to a wall upon which was posted a play bill that read as follows:

"By the Royal Command,

"On Monday, the 27th inst., there will be performed the new Tragedy of Irene, by M. de Voltaire, and the Operetta of Rose and Colas—the words by M. de Sedaine, and the music by M. Monsigny—for the benefit of Mlle. Colombe, who will take the part of Rose in the Operetta.

"The Queen has graciously signified her intention of honoring the theatre by her presence on this occasion."

I looked at the captain, wondering why he had shown me the placard, and unable to understand what it had to do with me. He replied to my questioning look, saying, with a smile, "Come, you are a good fellow, and a good-looking fellow too, and you love music; besides you once did me a service, which I have not forgotten. You shall have your hair curled and powdered, and I will place you on guard at the door of the Queen's box on the night of the play."

It was done as he had said. On the

Monday evening I was standing in full uniform upon a purple carpet, at the door of the royal box, surrounded on all sides by garlands, festoons and sheafs of flowers.

The manager was hustling here and there, too full of a certain happy, nervous excitement to remain more than a moment in the same place. Just opposite the spot where I was standing he ran upon Gretry, whom he was apparently seeking.

"Ah, Gretry, my dear friend Gretry," he said, "may I not have just one little word with this famous singer, whom you have brought me? I am far from presuming to doubt her powers, but—you understand—there has been no rehearsal—the Queen—you know how important it is—how anxious I am."

"Calm yourself," answered Gretry coolly, "you will be satisfied when you hear her upon the stage. Sedaine and I have heard her; that should be enough for you. But tell me, you have not forgotten to double your prices, I hope."

"Oh, more than that, I have raised them to a louis-d'or. Less than that would have shown a want of respect for the Queen."

At this moment a great shouting outside announced the arrival of the royal carriages; and the Queen entered so quickly that I had hardly time to present arms before she passed into the box. She was followed by a number of ladies and gentlemen, and among them I recognized the beautiful but sad face of the lady who had accompanied the Queen in the wood at Montreuil.

The performance began directly, but the Queen paid little attention to the play, chatting and laughing all the while the tragedy was going on; and the people, taking their rôle from her majesty, also refused to listen. But no sooner did the opera commence than she was all attention, and the audience, too, became silent and listened eagerly,

Suddenly I heard a voice of richest melody that went straight to my heart. It moved me so that I trembled from head to foot and was obliged to lean upon my gun for support. I had thought there was only one voice like that in the world; was it possible there could be another?

I listened with all my ears. I raised myself upon my toes and tried to peer above the heads that hid the stage from my view. At last I succeeded—I beheld the singer. It was a little peasant, and I marvelled greatly. She was as like my Julie in person as in voice, and in dress as in person. There was the same height; the same shape; the very clothes; the red frock—the white apron—the blue and red striped stockings—the shoes with their silver buckles, upon the same dear little feet.

“Oh!” I breathed to myself, “what wonderfully clever people these great actresses must be. Now here is this Mlle. Colombe. She has a fine house in Paris and lives like a duchess, with dozens of servants to wait upon her, and she looks exactly like my Julie; yet, she cannot be my Julie, for my poor little love could not sing like that, though her voice is every bit as fine. To-morrow she will be exactly like some one else, I suppose; very likely some grand stately personage who would not in the least remind me of Julie.”

I was still looking when the door of the box was thrown open, nearly hitting me in the face. The Queen had desired it to be opened, as she found the heat too great. I heard her speaking rapidly and laughing with much enjoyment.

“Excellent, excellent! Ah, nothing could be better! The King will be so amused when I tell him the story. Mlle. Colombe will not regret permitting me to take advantage of her reputation and name; and she will lose no credit, either. Ah, my dear Princess,” turning to Madame de Lamballe, “we are the truest of benefactors; we are

making these people do good without knowing it. They are enraptured with the great singer, and only await our signal to overwhelm her with thunders of applause.”

She tapped her fan lightly upon the front of her box, and in an instant the house rang with “Brava! Brava!” and the clapping of the hands of the great audience. Rose could not open her lips without calling forth a storm of applause, and the beautiful Queen was apparently the most delighted person in the audience.

When the opera was over, wreaths and bouquets thrown from all parts of the house fell in showers at the feet of Rose. Her triumph was complete.

“And now where is the real lover? Bring him. We must have him also,” said the Queen to the Duc de Lauzan.

He at once left the box and made a signal to my captain, who was marching up and down the corridor. He bowed profoundly to the Duc, and said a few words in a low tone, while both glanced at me.

The Queen also turned her eyes in my direction. But at that moment I saw coming up the stairs Michael Sedaine; following him was the manager and M. Gretry, and—could it be—Julie—the real Julie—my own, own Julie—my love—my bride? Yes, yes—I could no longer doubt.

I heard, as in a dream, the manager murmuring—“A fine house! A noble benefit! Eighteen hundred francs at the very least!”

The Queen rose from her seat, and, leaving the box, took Julie by the hand, saying with a bright smile and a look of great benevolence, “There my girl, this is the only way in which you could have earned your marriage dowry in an hour, without disgrace or wrong.” Then turning to me she added, “I hope M. Maurice will not now object to receive a fortune with the hand of Julie, as she has gained it by her own talent and honest exertions.”

THE DEVIL'S HALF-ACRE.

BY FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

FAR away in the heart of the forest to the north-east of the square-mile granted to Chief Brant for services rendered the English in time of war, and then called "Wellington Square," there nestled in the centre of a clearing a small, rough log cabin inhabited by two persons—a white man, and his companion of the gentler sex. The pair were both young, fine-looking, and well educated,—quite unsuited to the style of life they had adopted; but this gave rise to no remark or speculation, for there was no one to criticise their motives or enquire into their relationship; complete isolation seemed to be their choice and portion.

Nearly four-score years have passed away since the square half-acre on which the primitive dwelling stood was cleared and planted with a few apple-trees and tea plants by these lonely settlers, whose place of abode was known only to the friendly Indians who made the forest their hunting ground, or to the trappers who occasionally passed that way along the trail that led to the carrying-place at the head of Lake Ontario—where trading was brisk and skins plenty, and where fish and game abounded; hence Chief Brant's selection of the beautiful spot when given his choice of the location of his well-earned grant. Well the wily redskin knew the rare advantages of his acquisition. All around the lonely clearing in the forests the grand old timber kings stood, casting long shadows, at the bidding of the golden sun, on the young trees—so different to themselves—that the white strangers had planted; they guarded the clearing from the fury of the storm; they sheltered it from the fierce rays of mid-summer sun and the bitter cutting of winter's blast. Green and

fertile, the square of virgin soil lay at the feet of the forest kings, responding to the culturing hand of man, as a maiden to a lover's kiss, basking in their shadows, refreshed by their moisture,—a green oasis in a giant world of green.

At the close of one June day the female occupant of the lonely cabin was seated in the doorway busily stitching some rough work, ever and anon pausing to listen for a footstep in the forest that she knew well would soon be heard crashing through the dry branches on the homeward way. She was dark, slender and fair to look upon—this forest dweller,—the style of woman a man loves, oftentimes too well for his own peace of mind. Large, dark eyes framed in an oval face, finely chiselled features and sloe-black wavy hair, spoke of French descent; her claim by features to French parentage being accentuated by a certain quick, nervous manner, and more than one unconscious gesture peculiar to her countrywomen. As she sat there in the shadows of the tall trees, she seemed a most incongruous feature in the lonely scene,—an alien figure in a foreign landscape.

Far away in the woods, now nearer, now more distant again, came the sound of shooting, the sharp ping of shot: the Indians were abroad shooting game; it was no unusual sound at this hour.

The silent stitcher pursued her work undisturbed; then all at once she began to sing—such a bright, gay little French chanson, it fairly made the echoes ring. Her voice was strong and sympathetic. As she sang, she dropped her book, and crossing her hands over her knees,

gave herself up to the enjoyment of the bright refrain. Her white teeth showed as she smiled over the gay words; her pretty head kept time to the air.

Ping! ping! It was close at hand; the song ceased suddenly, there was a pitiful gasp, a moan, and the singer fell all in a heap beside the rough step on which she had been sitting. A dread silence fell on the clearing; only the plaintive note of a bird broke the stillness. A tiny red stream crept its ominous way beside the form of the silenced singer. The twilight deepened.

"Lois! my Lois!" A deep musical voice broke the silence at last; a bounding step came crashing through the under-brush. "Lois, where art thou? Lois." No answering voice greeted the call. Never before had she failed to reply gladly to him. "Lois!"—there was astonishment and chagrin in the voice this time. "Lois! where is my cherie, my fadette?"

A moment later he bounded into the clearing, stopping short with an exclamation of horror. "Mon Dieu! what is this?"

On his knees beside the prostrate form of her whom he had called Lois, Paul Daudet realized that a terrible calamity had befallen the companion of his loneliness. He raised her in his arms, kissing her passionately the while. "Open thine eyes Lois, my Lois," he cried. "Speak to me, my cherie!" By terms of endearment, by passionate caresses, he endeavored to bring her back to consciousness. He carried her into the cabin, and laying her tenderly on the rough bed, knelt beside her, watching her eagerly. Would those dark lashes never lift again, those lips never smile, never speak his name? "It is the punishment," he cried, his eyes raised to Heaven. "The punishment come at last. Oh! Lois my darling, we were too happy; the great God has found us out at last." At the early dawn, just when night drawing her mantle about her withdraws, when

myriads of birds waking, softly welcome the break of day, and when it is said that the angel of Death, loves best to claim his own, Lois opened her eyes, and looked up into her companion's face, the love-light in her eyes defying the shadows of death that even the watcher in spite of his despairing hope could not fail to see.

"Paul!" said a weak voice (could it be the same that sang so blithely but a few hours ago!) "Paul, the punishment has come." The listener groaned. "You, Paul, sinned against the Church—against God. I sinned against my husband—I was all to blame; may the good God forgive me."

"My cherie! My darling! I cannot live without thee. Can He be so cruel? Surely He is merciful."

"Yes — but — not — to — such — as — we."

Lois' voice was getting weaker and weaker, "the prayers, Paul — the Church — is — there — no absolution for — me?"

Then and there, Paul Daudet, renegade priest, sinner against God and man, said the prayers for the dying, the solemn absolution over the dying woman, his Lois, his passionately loved companion, who had left her husband, home, honor, and country for his sake, as he had deserted Church and friends for hers.

The sun rose, casting glints of light across the cabin floor. Paul Daudet sat like a statue beside his beloved dead, unmindful of the time—lost in retrospection. He saw Lois as she was so long ago, a loved and honored, but unloving wife. He heard again her innocent child confessions that he, as her clerical confessor, was privileged to hear. He saw her striving to obey duty, and stamp passion under her feet; alas! with bad success. He saw her fall into temptation and leave all for him, but ah! how she loved him—how he loved her. It had been a forest Eden, this blessed spot, where they had gone to hide together from the wrath of Church and individual. But

not from God! No, He had found them out.

The hours passed that turned Paul Daudet into what he ever after was, a bitter, silent, heart-broken misanthrope, in whom no one could have recognized the clever churchmen and brilliant preacher, who once disappeared with the pretty child-wife of his best patron.

The hours passed, yes, and the months and the years. Lonely and embittered Daudet lived. So gruff and rude was his manner that the little clearing in the forest earned through him a forbidding name. The Indians avoided it—they said an

evil spirit roamed there—so in time the few settlers near named it "The Devil's Half-acre," and to this day the name clings to it. Yet, once it was a forest Eden. Alas, for the lasting happiness of man! Soon even its name will be a thing of the past. The axeman has already laid its south-east forest guardians low. Soon their grand old companions will share their fate; and the plough following in due course of events, the spot where Paul Daudet and pretty Lois lived and loved, will be scarce a memory; the green oasis with its log cabin a thing of the far off past; the moral it preached a forgotten warning.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

(ASTRONOMICAL.)

In the report for 1892 issued by The Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto there appeared, as the frontispiece, a drawing by one of the members, representing an observation of Jupiter made by him on the 20th of September, 1891. The object of the drawing was to show the uncommon apparition of a double shadow following Satellite I in transit across the planet's disc. The member asked Dr. Barnard, the discoverer of Jupiter's fifth moon, and Mr. W. F. Denning, F.R.A.S., of Bristol, England, a careful observer of Jupiter, to suggest a theory that would account for the apparition, which had several peculiar features connected with it. These gentlemen, not having seen the phenomenon, declined to commit themselves to a definite statement. The subject has, however, been recently revived in *L'Astronomie*, a monthly publication, edited by the celebrated Camille Flammarion, in which the drawing is copied. After setting out the facts, the article proceeds thus:—"L'explication la plus simple de ces phénomènes paraissait être celle qui en été donnée par M. Flammarion: l'atmosphère de Jupiter aurait une très grande profondeur, et ses nuages seraient étages à de grandes distances. L'ombre d'un satellite tomberait tantôt sur des nuages supérieurs et tantôt sur les couches inférieures ou sur le disque lui-même. Mais dans l'observation actuelle la distance est bien grande entre les deux ombres." This view is not, however, universally accepted,—a fact brought out in a recent discussion upon the article in a French magazine, which arose in the Royal Astronomical Society, and was led by Mr. Edwin Holmes, F.R.A.S., the discoverer of the Holmes' Comet, which occasioned some popular excitement in November of last year. There is considerable diversity of opinion on the matter.

Miss C. W. Bruce, of New York, by a princely gift of \$50,000, has rendered a great service to astronomical science. With this money, the Clarks have been able to construct for the Harvard College Observatory a photographic telescope carrying an object glass two feet in diameter. This instrument will be able to photograph in five minutes faint stars requiring twenty minutes exposure in older telescopes, and at the same time will cover five times as much sky. The spectra of faint stars can also be photographed better than before. The telescope will first be mounted at Cambridge, Mass., and then at Arequipa, Peru, so that the entire heavens may be photographed by it. Well, done, Miss Bruce. Would there were more like you!

During the first part of September, Mercury will be a morning star; but will rise so short a time before the sun, that he will not be readily visible. Towards the end of October, he will again be an evening star, and will be visible in the twilight, just after sunset. Venus is an evening star, but will not be well placed for observation until the latter part of October. October 12th, at 9.40 p. m., Venus and the bright star Delta Scorpii will be so close together that they will appear in the same field of the telescope. Mars, Saturn, and Uranus are practically invisible. Jupiter is the most lustrous object in the midnight sky. His place is in Taurus, between the Pleiades and the Hyades. No amateur astronomer should lose the opportunity afforded this year of studying Jupiter and his system, [as his position is very high in the heavens, and he may, therefore, be seen to uncommon advantage. Neptune is also in Taurus, about 14° east of Jupiter and near Iota Tauri.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Manual of Punctuation.—By JAMES P. TAYLOR. Demy, 16mo, 83 pp. Toronto, Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

This neat little work is admirably arranged and excellently adapted to serve the uses of any one desirous to learn how to prepare copy for the printer, or to punctuate proofs—a large class, it need scarcely be said. With each of the many rules given for punctuation are many examples, covering almost every conceivable form of expression. There are also furnished lists of abbreviations, and common foreign phrases used by English writers, and very copious instructions as to the preparation of “copy” and the various steps taken by the printer and proof-reader before the copy appears in print. With all the rules of the abundant punctuation favored by the author there will not be universal agreement. But the rules about which differences of opinion might exist are few. Not many writers can read this work without finding it suggestive and enlightening.

In Dreamland and other Poems.—By THOMAS O'HAGAN. 16mo. Royal, 84 pp. Toronto, The Williamson Book Co., Ltd.

This little volume is a welcome addition to the library of Canadian poetry. Beautifully printed on the best of paper, and tastefully arranged, its appearance is quite as prepossessing as that of any work issued from the Canadian press. The contents do not disappoint the reader. Mr. O'Hagan's poetry is full of tender, delicate feeling, and though the metre is sometimes imperfect, and the diction not always as lucid and finished as it might easily be, there are many lines of exquisite music, and not a few ideas of great poetic power and beauty. Amongst the gems in this volume are “November,” where the aspect of the season blends with corresponding emotions of the soul in short quatrains of singular beauty; a “Christmas Chant” rich in powerful metaphor and in melody; “Memor et Fidelis” rich in humor and kindness; “Ripened Fruit,” and “The Song my Mother Sings”—the last a poem of rare beauty, deserving to rank amongst the choicest poetical pro-

ductions of Canada. Of Mr. O'Hagan's capabilities in the way of delicate choice of sound to harmonize with sentiment, we have evidence in “The Funeral Knell,” and in “A Song of Canadian Rivers.” The latter, if set to music by a capable composer, would be one of the most popular of Canadian songs; in fact it is doubtful, if either in French or English, it has amongst Canadian poems its superior in natural melody. Throughout, Mr. O'Hagan's verses, while frequently touched with sadness, are not at all pessimistic: they are full of faith and hope.

Ontario's Parliament Buildings; or, a Century of Legislation.—By FRANK YEIGH. Illustrated. Demy octavo, 172 pp. Toronto, The Williamson Book Co. (Ltd.)

This volume is not only well written and full of interest, but is valuable to the historian, and an absolute necessity to the intelligent journalist or Ontarion politician. Beginning with the first parliament of Upper Canada, held at Newark in 1792, it touches graphically the chief scenes enacted in all the parliament buildings up to the present one, and even in connection with the new building the opening ceremonies, as befitting an historical event, are detailed for the benefit of the future historian. The interest attaching to the various buildings used for provincial legislation—the very sites of some of these buildings unknown to present occupants of the sites—have a charm, which none would imagine possible until perusal of this interesting volume. The value of Mr. Yeigh's work, however, does not end with mere interest; it shows throughout careful research, and an appreciation of the importance, to many, of the less interesting contents. For instance, there has been preserved—it might otherwise have been lost—a list of members of the Provincial Legislatures and the old ante-Confederation Parliaments of Canada, from 1792 to 1892. The volume, which is well illustrated, is very creditable to the author, and should be in the hands of every student of Ontarion or Canadian politics.





Photo by D.J.H.

ON ROUGE RIVER, NEAR TORONTO.

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AN OLD PROVINCIAL STATUTE BOOK.

BY PROFESSOR B. RUSSELL, M.A., Q.C., OF DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, HALIFAX, N. S.

AMONG the books bequeathed by the late Sir William Young to the library of Dalhousie College, Halifax, although there are many more rare and valuable, there is none that is of such real and vital interest to the historian as that which contains the acts of the first five General Assemblies of the province. An old yellow folio volume, suggesting the general flavor of mild decay—though neither dog-eared nor worm-eaten, as volumes of its age are apt to be—it presents evidence, both in printing and binding, of the pains taken by the publisher to make it the best that the art of the printer and binder could in those early days produce. The title page informs us that it was printed and sold at Halifax, Nova Scotia, by Robert Fletcher, in 1767; but a certain degree of mystery attaches to this announcement, as the volume contains, under a continuous paging, acts of the Legislature down to 1776. This would seem to indicate that the book was published in instalments, the achievement outrunning the original design as indicated by the title page and preface, a theory which is rendered more than probable by the fact that the table of titles of the perpetual acts included in the volume, extends only to the sixth year of the reign of George III., which corres-

ponds exactly with the announcement of the title page and proves that the inclusion of the subsequent acts was an afterthought. A certificate from Richard Bulkeley, Secretary of the province, dated the 13th day of May, 1767, informs us that this edition of the laws of the province, as prepared and collated with the records, by John Duport, Esq., with the revisal and marginal references to acts of parliament and authorities in the law, by Mr. Chief Justice Belcher, was begun by order of the General Assembly on the special recommendation of the Hon. Lieutenant-Governor Francklin, and continued and perfected with the approbation and by order of His Excellency the Governor, the Right Honorable Lord William Campbell. The dedication on the opposite page to His Excellency, the Right Honorable Lord William Campbell, Captain General and Governor-in-chief in and over His Majesty's province of Nova Scotia and the territories thereon depending, is "humbly inscribed," after the manner of the times in which it was done, by the aforesaid Jonathan Belcher, "with all due respect, by His Lordship's most devoted and most obedient servant." This Jonathan Belcher, first Chief Justice of the province, and a member of His

Majesty's council, is a personage of too great importance to require any introduction. The John Duport, Esq., who appears to have performed the more humble, but perhaps not less laborious, task of preparing the laws for publication and collating them with the original records, is a person of less note, whose name has been to a great extent forgotten. We find him, however, forging his way through the pages of Murdoch's second volume; beginning as a justice of the peace appointed in 1749 at an assembly of the Governor and council on board the *Beaufort*, on the 18th of July, O. S., the councillors attending it being Mascarene, Green, Salisbury, Davidson, and Steele. From this comparatively humble beginning, perhaps not so humble as the title would in these days import, we find him cultivating the art which a witty American has termed the art of ultimate arrival, otherwise known as the art of "getting there," with such a degree of success that a few years later—in 1752—he is appointed a judge of the Superior Court of Common Pleas for the county of Halifax. In 1758 he signs himself Secretary of the Council, and in 1766 we find a note in Murdoch of the order for the publication of the volume in hand:—

"On considering the want of a sufficient number of copies of the laws of the province and the great necessity of a correct and complete edition, ordered that Mr. John Duport do prepare such edition, which shall be printed in folio by Mr. Robert Fletcher, he furnishing 200 copies, for which he shall be paid £180."

Of the execution of the work it would be difficult to speak too highly. With no disposition at all, to unduly venerate "things ancient," it must be confessed that, except for the fact that the indices and tables do not cover the full extent of the work, for the reason already referred to, this first publication of the laws of the province is, in all the essentials of a complete and scholarly presentation of the statute law of the country, as far

ahead of the last, as the mechanical art of the present century is in advance of that of the days in which the first publication was put forth. \ Anyone who will take the trouble to examine any important statute in the volume, will be surprised to find, not only a series of side notes comparing favorably in accuracy and point with the obscure and often misleading side notes of our modern statutes, but he will find marginal references to corresponding English statutes, and learned foot notes, referring to such works as Hawkins' "Pleas of the Crown," Coke's "Institutes," Hale's "History of the Pleas of the Crown," Judge Foster's "Discourses," and all the leading authorities then recognized as the master-lights of the profession. A table of such English and British acts as have been enacted in Nova Scotia; a further table of such of the Nova Scotia acts of Assembly as have been enacted from English and British statutes; a table of the respective titles of the perpetual acts, alphabetically arranged; and a table of the principal matters contained in the perpetual acts—which is really a comprehensive index to so much of the volume as it covers—must have rendered the work a most valuable and convenient book of reference for those who had occasion to use it. The very titles of the subjects dealt with are fruitful in suggestion, and must arrest the attention of anyone who is gifted, in the slightest degree, with a historical imagination. Bakers, Biscuits to be Sold by Weight, Boufires, Bread, Carmen, Carriages, Churchwardens, Clippings, Cullers of Fish, Dissenters, Divine Service, Distilling Houses, Dykes, False Tokens, Fore-stallers, French Inhabitants, Gaming, Indians, Papists, Pass to leave the Province, Quakers, Schools and Schoolmasters, Reqrators, Slop Cloathing, Soldiers, Squibs—concluding with Work-House, and Worship, Divine,—how do these titles call up to one's imagination the nascent com-

munity of those early times ; its quaint manners and curious laws ; its thoroughly English blending of religion and thrift, remarked by all observers from Emerson down to Max O'Rell ; its established church ; its tolerance, nevertheless, of Calvinists, Lutherans, and Quakers ; its abhorrence of popery ; its modest, but hearty provision for the education of the community ; its seemingly meddling, but well-meant, and perhaps necessary and beneficial, interference with the laws of demand and supply ; its artificial, but, in the main, equitable, adjustments of the relations of capital and labor ; its old-fashioned indentures and apprenticeships ; its assize of bread ; its minute regulations of the width of carriage-wheels ; its incursions of thriftless sailors and marines, bearing up for the nearest grog-shop to trade off their "slop-cloaths" for rum ; its foes without and fears within from Indians and French, and later on from traitors and rebels ; and, throughout it all, its bravery, sobriety, justice, loyalty and progress ! It was the world in miniature of a hundred years ago ; and it requires an effort of the imagination to call up the positive and negative qualities and characteristics that made it what it was. As Froude, in one of his most eloquent and poetic passages, has said of mediæval England : "And now it is all gone—like 'an unsubstantial pageant faded'—and between us and those old days and times 'there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them.'" Only from these old volumes, in which they left the most enduring memorials of their manner of life and way of thinking, can we in fancy reconstruct, in some degree, the social and political fabric that has passed forever from our view.

The volume before us covers the period from 1758 to 1776. Beginning with the days of Louisbourg and Ticonderoga—when New Englanders

and Nova Scotians fought side by side on land and sea for the perpetuation of English rule, and builded better than they knew by establishing in this western world the ascendancy of the Teutonic race—it ends with what the preambles of the various acts refer to sometimes as "a most daring and unnatural rebellion," and sometimes as "a most unnatural and dangerous rebellion against the laws of Great Britain and His Majesty's government in his colonies in America." The stirring events of the period that intervened must needs have left their trace upon the statute book ; and in the elaborate preambles, in which it was then the custom to state at length and in detail the reasons for the various enactments, we have not only a glimpse, but often a flood of light, thrown upon the history of the period through which we pass. Previous to the convening of the first General Assembly of the province, the legislative authority was vested in the Sovereign and council, and many of the earlier statutes of the first Assembly were passed either to confirm or to vary the resolutions or acts of the Governor and council. Such is the first act in the volume, which recites that "it has been thought necessary by His Majesty's governors and council of this province, before the calling of a General Assembly, to lay a duty of three pence a gallon on all rum and other distilled spirituous liquors imported into this province, excepting the product and manufacture of Great Britain or of His Majesty's West India plantations, imported directly from thence," which import duty enabled them to grant bounties and premiums from time to time "for clearing and fencing lands, catching and curing codfish, and other necessary encouragements to labor and industry." It is needless to point out that in this enactment we have a glimpse of the old colonial system, an actual case of the preferential trade within the empire which is the creed of a small, but active, body

of political thinkers at the present day, and a striking illustration of that universal reliance on *rum* as a source of revenue, which has been an article of faith with all Finance Ministers ever since the institution of budgets, and which may perhaps continue, except in occasional "moments of weakness," to be the faith of Finance Ministers down to the end of time.

The second chapter deals with a resolution of the Governor and Council for the confirming and quieting of possessions. It was followed in the succeeding year by an act for the quieting of possessions to the Protestant grantees of the lands formerly occupied by the French inhabitants, and for preventing vexatious actions relating to the same. Both acts illustrate a point which must be dealt with later on at greater length, and need not at present detain us.

The fifth chapter deals with the matter of the deepest interest of any referred to in the volume, and illustrates, better than any other, the strides, that in the intervening period, have been made in the progress of human knowledge and the enlargement of human freedom. It shows to us, as no other chapter does, the degree to which the thoughts of men are "widened with the process of the suns." It is suggestively entitled "an act for the establishment of religious public worship in this province, and for the suppressing of popery." The tacit assumption of this title might seem to be that the establishment of religious worship necessarily involved the suppression of Popery, and if that is really the principle that underlies the act, it is made more obvious and more obviously offensive in the detailed provisions which follow. It recites that, "forasmuch as His Majesty, upon the settlement of the province, was pleased, in his pious concern for the advancement of God's glory and the more decent celebration of the divine ordinances amongst us, to erect a church for religious worship

according to the usage of the church of England, in humble imitation of his royal example, and for the more effective attainment of His Majesty's pious intentions that we might, in the exercise of religious duties; be seeking for the divine favor and protection; Be it therefore enacted by the Governor, Council and Assembly, that the sacred rites and ceremonies of divine worship, according to the liturgy of the church established by the laws of England, shall be deemed the fixed form of worship amongst us, and the place where such liturgy shall be used shall be respected and known by the name of the Church of England, as by law established."

After thus setting up the Church of England, in due form, as the established church of the province, the statute proceeds to provide, nevertheless, "and it is the true intent and meaning of this act that Protestants dissenting from the Church of England, whether they be Calvinists, Lutherans, Quakers, or under what denomination soever, shall have free liberty of conscience, and may erect and build meeting houses for public worship, and may choose and elect ministers for the carrying on of divine service and administration of the sacraments according to their several opinions; and all contracts made between their ministers and congregations for the support of the ministry are hereby declared valid, and shall have their full force and effect, according to the tenor and conditions thereof; and all such dissenters shall be excused from any rates and taxes to be made and levied for the support of the established Church of England." It would seem from this, that a very considerable degree of liberality and religious toleration had been attained by our forefathers in 1758. Any brand of dissent from Calvinism to Quakerism can be tolerated "of what denomination soever," but, while according this wide degree of latitude and toleration to Protestant dissenters, at the religion

of the Roman Catholic they most positively and absolutely drew the line. The English statutes of William III. and Elizabeth were reproduced in all their hideous deformity. It was enacted that :

“Every Popish person exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and every Popish priest or person exercising the function of a Popish priest, shall depart out of this province on or before the twenty-fifth day of March, 1759. And if any such person, or persons, shall be found in this province after the said day he or they shall, upon conviction, be adjudged to suffer perpetual imprisonment. And if any person or persons so imprisoned shall escape out of prison, he or they shall be deemed and adjudged to be guilty of felony, without benefit of clergy.

“And be it further enacted that any person who shall knowingly harbor, relieve, conceal or entertain any such clergyman of the Popish religion, or Popish priest or person exercising the function of a Popish priest, shall forfeit fifty pounds . . . and shall be also adjudged to be set in the pillory, and to find sureties for his good behaviour, at the discretion of the court.”

The Assembly that passed these severe enactments, will need, at the bar of history, all the advantage that can be gained from the more merciful proviso with which the statute concludes, to the effect that :

“The act shall not extend to any such Romish ecclesiastical persons who shall be sent into the province as prisoners of war, or who shall by shipwreck or other distress or necessity be driven into the province, so as that such prisoners of war do not escape before they can be sent out of the province, or that such persons arriving through necessity as aforesaid, depart out of the province as soon as there may be opportunity.” They must also—that is the latter class—attend the Governor immediately and represent the necessity of their arrival, and obey any directions he may give as to

their departure, and neither class must exercise any ecclesiastical functions in the meantime, or otherwise they shall be liable to the penalties of the act.

Perhaps we need not humiliate ourselves too profoundly in view of this legislation, barbarous and oppressive as it appears to us in the light of this better and happier day. The plant of religious liberty is one of slow and painful growth. We are now a hundred years and more from the time when this legislation was placed on the statute book of the province. Look back another hundred years and you will find that even in Maryland (which enjoys the lasting honor of being one of the only two of the early colonies of England that were professedly founded on the principle of religious freedom), in spite of a decree framed by its General Assembly in 1649, that “no person whatsoever in this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall from henceforth be in any way troubled or molested for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof, or any way compelled to the belief or exercise of any other religion against his or her consent,” it was, nevertheless, enacted that if any person should deny the Holy Trinity, he should be first bored through the tongue, and fined and imprisoned; that for the second offence he should be branded as a blasphemer, the letter B being stamped on his forehead; and that for the third offence he should die. While this extremely limited toleration existed in Maryland, under which such men as Channing and Freeman Clarke would have been bored through the tongue, branded on the forehead and finally put to death as blasphemers—not even such a narrow and limited toleration as this existed in any other of those early colonies, outside of Rhode Island. In all the other New England colonies persecution was practised on principle, and as a matter of religious duty. Roger Williams was banished from Massachusetts by the very men who

had exiled themselves from England to secure a larger degree of freedom than they could practise in their own country. Quakers also were banished from Massachusetts, and because they would not stay banished, were, many of them, put to death. Moreover these persecutions were distinctly persecutions for opinion's sake. While we condemn the legislation of our own Assembly as wholly without justification, we are not bound to say that it was wholly without excuse. The six esquires and thirteen gentlemen that assembled at the court house in Halifax in October, 1758, had as honest and genuine a fear of the Pope as old Cotton Mather had of the Devil, when he sat at the bedside of Margaret Rule and "distinctly smelled the sulphur." It was not in cruelty or wantonness that Puritan magistrates ordered the witches to be burned, nor was it from bigotry or religious intolerance that our Provincial Assembly enacted these odious proscriptions. Both measures were resorted to from a mistaken view of what was required for the safety of the commonwealth. We can, at least, claim for our statute, as Colonel Higginson does for that of Massachusetts, that it omits the refinement of cruelty which had become familiar in Europe, of forbidding the unhappy objects of displeasure to leave the realm, and then tormenting them if they stayed. By this statute, bad as it is, a day was set within which it was possible for the subject of the persecution to depart out of the province. The imprisonment that the law prescribed could be avoided by exile, and punishment as a felon only followed on escape from prison. Let us not, however, seek to minimise the enormity of the injustice, or deem such legislation other than a blot upon the statute book of the province. Let us rather rejoice to know that we learned the lesson, not of religious "toleration," but of religious freedom, before it was learned in England, and that when we did awake to the odiousness and injus-

tice of such proscriptions, we based our reform not on any delicate compromises, but on the broadest and fairest and most philosophical principles of civil and religious liberty.

In 1783 an act was passed removing the disabilities imposed by the statute of 1758, but subject to the condition of an oath being taken which no self-respecting citizen could be expected to subscribe without a sense of personal degradation. It would be absurd to suppose that these oaths were prescribed with the desire to give offence to those who were called upon to take them, or that they were devised with any other design than that of safeguarding a concession as to which, even yet, the majority of the representatives were not without misgivings. At length in 1826 we have the bold and luminous declaration, which seems to us now to be one of the common-places of political philosophy, but which, considering the times in which it was penned, and the long history of proscription and persecution that it terminates, deserves to rank along with the *nullus liber homo* of *Magna Charta* and the "all men are created equal" of the Declaration of Independence.

"Whereas, liberty of conscience in all matters of religious belief and freedom in regard to all religious rites and ordinances, are the undoubted right and privilege of His Majesty's subjects in this province; (And whereas by sections 5 and 6 of the act repealing certain disabilities of Roman Catholics certain conditions were specified); Be it therefore enacted that the 5th and 6th sections of the said act . . . are hereby altogether repealed, and His Majesty's said subjects in this province, professing the Roman Catholic religion, shall henceforth be entirely free and exempt from all the penalties and disabilities aforesaid."

Having provided for the revenue of the province, quieted the titles to land, established the national church, tolerated the Calvinists and Quakers, and guarded against the apprehended

encroachments of the Pope, and having done these several things, doubtless in the order of their estimated importance, the Legislature next turned its attention to the defence of the province from invasion, and passed an act for establishing and regulating a militia.

“Whereas by His Majesty’s Royal instructions to His Excellency, the Governor of this province, he is directed to cause a Militia to be established as soon as possible; and whereas the security and preservation of this province greatly depends upon the Militia being put into Methods, and under such rules, as may make the same most useful for the support and defence thereof; and that the inhabitants should be well armed and trained up in the art military, as well for the Honor and Service of His Most Sacred Majesty, and the security of this his province against any violence or invasion whatsoever, as for the preservation of their own lives and fortunes; and that every person may know his duty herein and be obliged to perform the same; Be it enacted by the Governor, Council and Assembly as follows:”—

Then follows the enacting clause, providing that every male person between the ages of sixteen and sixty, residing in the province, shall bear arms and duly attend all musters and military exercises of the company into which he is enrolled. It would seem that, even in those days, there were some persons who did not appreciate the advantage of being “put into Methods” and trained up in “the Art Military,” and it is more than probable that service in the militia in those days was not quite so pleasant a pastime as it is for the most part now. The trainings were doubtless more exacting than now, and the chances for active service were out of all comparison with those of the present day. However this may be, the statute quaintly enacts that “if any person liable to be enlisted as aforesaid, do

exempt himself by shifting from house to house, or place to place, to avoid being so enlisted, he shall pay a fine for every such offence, to the use of the company to which he properly belongs.” Three months were given to every son after coming to sixteen years, and to every servant, so long after his time was out, “to provide themselves with arms and ammunition.” The arms and ammunition are to consist of “a musket, gun or fusil, not less than three feet long in the barrel, two spare flints, and twelve charges of powder and ball suitable to their respective fire arms, and to the satisfaction of the commissioned officers of the company, on penalty of forty shillings for want of such arms as is hereby required, and two shillings for each other defective appurtenant.” Regimental musters, training days and military watches, are all carefully provided for. A view of arms is to take place twice every year, and, finally, detailed provisions are made for an alarm in case of sudden invasion; which it is impossible to read without realizing that the Assembly was not providing for any mere holiday manoeuvre, but that there was an enemy in flesh and blood whose ships might be seen in the offing, or whose forces might be landed on our shores, at any hour of the day or night. It is enacted that “an alarm at the citadel in the town of Halifax being made upon such causes as are agreeable to instructions to be given by the Governor, or Commander-in-Chief for the time being, to the officer commanding the said citadel, shall be by firing a beacon at the summit of the citadel hill, or such other place as the Governor, or Commander-in-Chief for the time being, shall hereafter appoint, and by firing four guns, at the parade in the town of Halifax, or at such other place as the Governor or Commander-in-Chief for the time being shall appoint, distinctly one after the other; and also by firing four guns at George’s Island distinctly one after the other, and at

the distance of five minutes after the firing of the four first mentioned guns at the parade or such other place as aforesaid, all persons being called up to arms, upon which all the trained officers, soldiers and others capable to bear arms, that are then resident in the said town, suburbs or peninsula of Halifax, in case the alarm should be made, shall forthwith appear complete with their arms and ammunition according to law at such place or places of rendezvous as may from time to time be appointed by the Governor or Commander-in-Chief for the time being, there to attend such commands as shall be given for His Majesty's service, and that on the penalty of five pounds or three months' imprisonment; the members of His Majesty's Council, Justices and Provost Marshal, to attend upon His Excellency the Governor, if at Halifax, and in other places to appear and advise with the chief military officers of the place when such alarm shall be made, and to be assisting in His Majesty's service according to their Quality. And if any person shall wilfully make any false alarm he shall be fined to His Majesty fifty pounds for support of the Government or suffer twelve months' imprisonment. And all alarms in other parts of the province to be according to instructions given by the Governor or Commander-in-Chief for the time being, to the officers commanding there."

No dry statement of facts could present so good an idea of these early times as this graphic and picturesque enactment of the Assembly, with its elaborate preamble, its call to arms, its quaint suggestion of the skulkers shifting from house to house and from place to place to avoid the enlistment, the musket or fusil not less than three feet long, the two spare flints, the regimental muster, the training day, the view of arms, the firing of the beacon on the summit of the citadel hill, the four guns from the parade "distinctly one after another," the

answering gun from George's Island at the distance of five minutes from the first, the rendezvous at the place appointed by the Governor or Commander-in-Chief, the members of His Majesty's Council, Justices and Provost Marshal attending upon His Excellency and assisting in His Majesty's service, "all according to their Quality." No alarm so sudden, no danger so imminent or serious, no panic so terrible, that the respective quality of the several branches of the services or officers surrounding His Excellency could be for a single moment forgotten or laid aside. Only one stroke was necessary to complete the picture. For the better preventing of false alarms it was further enacted that "no captain, master or commander of any ship or vessel riding at anchor, or being within the Harbor of Chebucto, or any other person or persons whatsoever, either afloat or on shore, within the town, suburbs or peninsula of Halifax, the town or suburbs of Dartmouth, or places adjacent, shall presume to fire any guns or small arms or beat any drum after sunset, unless on some lawful occasion," under a penalty of forty shillings. This of course was not to apply to any captain or other officer of His Majesty's ships of war, for their firing at setting the watch, nor to any of His Majesty's troops on shore or on board in the execution of their duty. "All fines are to be for the use of the regiment or company respectively wherein the same doth arise, (*that is to say*) for the procuring and repairing drums, colours, banners, halberts, pay of drummers or other charge of the said company, and the overplus (if any be) to be laid out in arms and ammunition for a Town Stock." Finally, "it is hereby humbly requested of His Excellency the Captain General, by the Assembly, *and be it enacted* that whilst there is a sufficient number of regular troops within the Town of Halifax for its defence, the militia of the town shall be spared

from watching and warding without the picketed lines of the town."

The time would fail us to speak of a number of interesting and curious statutes that illustrate the social condition and industrial organization of the community. There were statutes regulating the weight of bread, which was to be carefully graduated according to the market price of the standard quality of flour, providing, for instance, that when the price of fine wheaten flour was at or under twelve shillings the 112 lbs. *avoirdupois*, the sixpenny loaf of the same shall weigh four pounds; when from twelve to fourteen shillings inclusive, three pounds eight ounces; from fourteen to sixteen shillings inclusive, three pounds; from sixteen to eighteen shillings inclusive, two pounds twelve ounces; and above eighteen shillings, two pounds eight ounces. There were acts for the prevention of frauds by butchers and fishmongers, providing that no butcher or other person shall sell or expose to sale any cattle killed, but what shall be killed and dressed in "the most plain manner," and that the clerks of market "shall and are hereby empowered *ex officio* to seize and take all such flesh, blown or fraudulently set off, or fish tainted, or unfit for sale, and to proceed against and commit such offenders in manner aforesaid." There were acts to prevent the unnecessary firing of guns and other firearms in the town and suburbs of Halifax, directed against the firing of any gun, fusil, musket, pistol or other firearm, and to prevent the firing of squibs, rockets, serpents and other fireworks. There were acts for the granting to His Majesty of a duty on wheel carriages within the peninsula of Halifax, to which we might humbly invite the attention of the provincial government and the city council, levying a duty of ten shillings a pair on wheels; "provided, that whereas divers wheel carriages now used for heavy burdens are very hurtful to the public highways, and occasion a con-

stant annual expense for filling up the ruts made thereby, occasioned by narrow wheels, and whereas it has been found by experience that carriages with broad fellies do little or no damage to the roads, and are easier in rough grounds than narrow wheels: Be it enacted that the owner of every waggon, wain, cart, truck or other carriage for heavy burthens having the fellies of the wheels thereof of the breadth or gauge of not less than eight inches at the bottom shall be totally exempted from paying the duties hereby imposed." There are acts in respect to a public market, reciting, among other things, that "whereas disputes and controversies do often arise in public markets which end in quarrels and frays, for preventing whereof as much as possible" various powers are given to the keeper of the market house and various authorities vested in the sessions of the peace, and providing, among other things, that, while the stalls are to be paid for, live poultry, fruits, greens and other vegetables shall be exposed to sale on the benches under the piazza, rent free. There were acts for regulating service, reciting that "great damage and inconvenience have arisen and daily do arise by apprentices and bound and hired servants deserting and leaving their service without a legal discharge," and making minute provisions for certificates of discharge, establishing penalties for employing a servant who has not been duly discharged by his former employer, and remedies for the improper refusal to give a discharge and certificate of service, with a provision that any servant who shall be convicted of counterfeiting or producing a counterfeited certificate under the hand of any master or mistress or Justice of the Peace, by one or more witnesses, or by such servant's own confession, before two of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, shall be publicly whipped at the direction of such Justices.

Two statutes, that must be referred

to at slightly greater length, illustrate the old fashioned ideas of political economy which were current the world over in those early times. There is this much to be said for our fathers, that their legislation, much as it is opposed to the best considered doctrines of modern political economy, may have been justified in some degree by the exceptional circumstances in which they found themselves—circumstances which may have prevented the unchecked operation of the laws of demand and supply from working out the greatest good of the greatest number. I refer to an act for prohibiting the exportation of raw hides, sheep or calf skins out of the province, excepting to Great Britain (for which I do not know that the apology I have referred to can be offered), and the act against forestallers and regrators, to which the observation does apply. It provides that:—

“From and after the publication hereof, whatsoever person or persons shall buy, or cause to be bought, any victuals of any kind whatsoever, coming by land or water towards any market or fair already established, or that may hereafter be established, in this province, to be sold in the same (except at the distance of ten miles at least from the place where such market or fair is to be held or kept), or shall make any bargain, contract or promise, for the having or buying the same, or any part thereof, or shall make any motion by word, letter, message or otherwise, to any person or persons, for the enhancing the price or dearer selling of any kind of victuals or provisions for the use of man, coming by land or water towards any market or fair as aforesaid, shall be deemed and adjudged a forestaller.

“And be it further enacted that whatsoever person or persons shall by any means regrate, obtain, or get into his or their hands or possession, in any fair or market, any corn, hay, fish, sheep, lambs, calves, beef, swine, pigs, geese, capons, hens, chickens, pigeons,

hares, or other dead victuals whatsoever, that shall be brought to any fair or market whatsoever, within this province, to be sold, and do sell the same again in any fair or market, holden or kept in the same place, within one month after purchasing or selling the same, shall be accepted, reported and taken for a regrator or regrators.”

To make the picture complete, we must import a shadow or two from an earlier statute on the same subject, which recites that:—

“Whereas, large quantities of live stock, fresh provisions and other articles, are imported into this province for sale from the neighboring colonies, and divers persons make a practice of engrossing the same immediately upon the arrival thereof, to the great prejudice of the inhabitants:— Be it enacted, etc.; That all kinds of live stock (oxen and sheep excepted), all dead provisions, grain, hay, roots or garden stuff, which shall be imported for sale into any port of this province after publication hereof, shall by the importers thereof be brought to some public wharf and there openly exposed for sale for forty-eight hours, and public notice shall be given thereof through the town or place where the same shall be so imported, by the common cryer; and no such live stock or dead provisions whatsoever, grain, hay, roots or garden stuff, shall, during the said forty-eight hours, be sold or contracted for in gross, to or with any person or persons whatsoever, on penalty of the forfeiture of the article or articles so sold or bought.” This enactment was restricted so as not to apply to flour, bread, or biscuit, or fish.

It certainly requires an effort of the imagination to place ourselves in the position of the community in which a law like this was not only tolerated, but was probably of absolute necessity to prevent the greatest hardships from being suffered by the great bulk of the inhabitants. But if this statute

strikes us as old-fashioned, what will we have to think of the one that comes shortly after it? Our legislature has within the past twelve-months been wrestling with the conflicting sentiments of those on the one side who are shocked at the thought of a poor debtor being confined in jail for the sake of a paltry amount of money that he is unable or unwilling to pay, and of the creditors, on the other side, who entertain a somewhat pardonable notion that those who have received value at their hands should be required to render a *quid pro quo*. The Assembly of 1758 not only protected the rights of the creditor who had obtained a judgment against his debtor, but for fear that he might leave the province before a judgment could be obtained, they passed a law of *ne exeat regno* of so sweeping and comprehensive a character that I think most of those who now read it will be surprised to learn that there ever could have been such an enactment on the statute book. After reciting the possibility that "injustice may be done to creditors by persons in their debt privately leaving the province, and great inconveniences have likewise arisen from seamen in the royal navy and soldiers being secretly conveyed away," the statute proceeds to enact that all and every person or persons intending to leave the province, shall post their names publicly at the Secretary's office for the space of seven days. If during that interval nobody objects to their going away they can, on payment of a shilling, receive a pass (or, as the statute phrases it, in case they "should not, within the seven days, be underwrote in manner as has been usual, they may receive a pass"). In case any person should see fit to underwrite the intending traveller, he must produce an affidavit at the Secretary's office, setting forth the cause in writing, and in such case the person proposing to leave the province must put up a bond with sureties in the form pro-

vided by the statute conditioned "to pay such amount as shall be found to be due to the claimant after tryall."

I have said that the volume brings us down to the stirring days of the American revolution; and perhaps I cannot better close this very imperfect review of the legislation of the period than by referring to two acts of the Assembly occasioned by this momentous event. The one recites that there "is a most daring and unnatural rebellion subsisting in the neighboring provinces against His Sacred Majesty and His government," and proceeds to extend asylum to those of His Majesty's subjects who may be induced to take refuge in this province from the "anarchy and confusion" there. The other recites that "a most unnatural and dangerous rebellion against the laws of Great Britain and His Majesty's government in his colonies of America now subsists, to the great distress of all His Majesty's liege subjects in America;" that "the violence of such rebellion has not only extended to the neighborhood of this province, but actual invasion and depredations have been made upon the same;" and that "more distresses are to be apprehended from the wicked and traitorous pursuits of His Majesty's rebellious subjects, against his province of Canada; that the representatives of the people of this province have in legislature, in the most solemn manner, acknowledged the supremacy of the laws of Great Britain made in parliament by the King, Lords and Commons, to bind this province in all cases whatsoever; And that His Majesty's liege subjects of this province, in testimony of their acknowledgment of such supremacy, and from their zeal and affection to His Majesty's benign government established in this province, have in the most public manner signed an association to evince to their sovereign and his representative in this colony their readiness at all times when danger or necessity may require, not only to hazard their

property, but cheerfully to expose their lives for the defence of this His Majesty's province."

We cannot doubt the sincerity or the depth of the feelings that inspired this loyal and patriotic declaration. Opinions may well differ as to the character of the men whom these resolutions denounce as conspirators and traitors, and as to the import and bearing of the momentous enterprise in which they were engaged. Even in the larger and wiser light of impartial history, it is open to us to think, with Seelye, that their undertaking was a tremendous calamity for themselves and the civilized world, or, on the other hand, with Professor Fiske we may be inclined to think that the men of Lexington were in the true line of succession to the Barons at Runnimead and the men of Marston Moor. To the prophetic vision of the United Empire Loyalist, the destinies of the great republic may seem to draw it hopelessly and forever apart, in sympathies, interests and aspirations, from the parent country and its

vast dependencies in every quarter of the world; while to the kindling eye of many a true lover of his race and nation, it may seem within the bounds of reasonable hope that the triumph of federalism which has been witnessed in the experiment of the forty-four sovereign commonwealths, may yet be extended to embrace in a world-wide federation of sovereign powers all the great branches of the English-speaking people of the globe. Such a conception is no more apparently hopeless to-day than the conception of a federal republic was "in the times that tried men's souls" a hundred years ago. But whatever views we may have as to the events of those stirring and pregnant years, whatever political destiny the future may have in store for our country, it will be a day of evil omen for us if ever the time shall come when we can read without the deepest and truest emotions the loyal and patriotic declaration of our fathers in the Assembly of 1775.

OH, ERIE CAN FLOW TO ONTARIO.

Oh, yellow the water and gray the sky;
And none but the gulls that are circling by
Can hear me, who hear their own plaintive cry.

And shallow they call thee, O! Erie lake,
But deep enough, thou, for the storm to shake,
And shallow my heart, but it, too, can break.

And whither go ye when the storm-winds blow,
White gulls, that are fluttering to and fro?
And whither, my soul, can it flee in its woe?

And what do ye then, little waves that heave,
When shore after shore ye are forced to leave?
And unto what more have I now to cleave?

Oh, Erie can flow to Ontario,
And I to my love can as surely go,
Yet, both of us mourn, for we both do know

We cannot remain, but must haste on still,
With surges that sigh, and with eyes that fill,
Pursuing the channel of God's own will.

—EVELYN DURAND.

FRUIT-GROWING IN ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL, NOVA SCOTIA.

IN the western part of Nova Scotia is a valley of uncommon beauty and fertility. It is formed by two mountain ranges, one called the North Mountain and the other the South. It begins at Hantsport on the east, and extends to Bear River on the west. The North Mountain begins at the celebrated promontory of Blomidon, which is the easternmost point, and

its easternmost point the valley is several miles in width, but towards the west it grows continually narrower.

This valley is drained by the Annapolis River, which begins about mid-way and runs westwardly, developing gradually from a mere rivulet into a large, navigable river, which flows into the Annapolis basin, a fine



IN THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

runs to Victoria Beach, where it is terminated with equal abruptness by Digby Gut, an outlet of the Annapolis River and basin into the Bay of Fundy. The South Mountain is first seen at Horton, and it extends to Bear River, where for the most part it is either lost or merged in a chain of hills which extend throughout Digby county. At

sheet of water which empties through the narrow Digby Gut into the Bay of Fundy. At a point in Aylesford where this Annapolis River begins and flows westwardly, the Cornwallis River takes its rise and flows eastwardly, emptying into the Basin of Minas. Both of these rivers are under the influence of the Bay of Fundy tides, and are con-

sequently tidal rivers, each flow bringing enormous deposits of alluvial mud which has created the soil and given it superior fertility.

This valley, so-called, is the fruit-growing belt of Nova Scotia. In almost every other county in Nova Scotia fruit can be grown and is grown. Especially is this the case in Lunenburg, Yarmouth, Inverness and Cape Breton, and in consequence of the fine qualities of fruit which are grown in other parts of the province, the impression has been formed that these other parts could compete successfully with the Annapolis Valley in fruit culture. But the history of the fruit-growing of the world indicates that

as strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants and cranberries, the capacity for production is practically unlimited.

A few years ago the fruit industry was scarcely appreciated in the Annapolis Valley. Its qualities as a fruit-raising country were comprehended by the French in their early settlements. Annapolis Town, old "Port Royal," one of the oldest and most interesting historical points in North America, is in the very centre of the fruit garden, and in this settlement, during its occupancy by the French, as well as in other sections of the valley, including Grand Pré, apple trees had been planted by them, and many of these

trees are still living, though considerably more than one hundred years old. The land being fertile, all sorts of agriculture can be profitably carried on, and during the period of Reciprocity potatoes sold at high prices, very often as much as one dollar per bushel being obtained.

Potatoes can be produced with very great ease in the Valley, and were for a time a source of large profit, many farmers growing wealthy from their production and export. The splendid marshes along the banks of the rivers make it also a cattle-raising country, and excellent specimens of fat beef have for years been sent out of the valley for market. It was not until the year 1863 that any genuine interest was taken in fruit-growing. Most of the farmers had some apple trees on their farms, which supplied their own wants and afforded the means of supplying the Halifax and St. John markets. In 1863 the Fruit-Growers Association was formed, with Mr. R. G. Haliburton, a son of Judge



ORCHARD IN BLOSSOM.

FROM THE WINDSOR AND

ANAPOLIS RAILWAY.

while fruit can be grown in many places there are certain special belts where fruit can be grown prolifically and at large permanent profits. The state of Michigan is a fruit-growing state, but the fruit belt there in which fruit is grown permanently with large profit, occupies but a comparatively small portion of the area of the state. The same statement is true of Ontario and the state of New York, and other fruit-growing sections. The Annapolis Valley seems to be the natural home of all kinds of fruit. The great staple fruit grown now for export is the apple, but pears, plums, cherries, and even grapes, are grown luxuriantly, and in the domain of small fruit, such

Haliburton—"Sam Slick,"—as President, and Mr. D. H. Starr, as Secretary. This society had a very small beginning, but its avowed aim was to stir up the farming population to a sense of the importance of the fruit industry, and to show that it could be carried on to a much greater degree. That Association has continued ever since, and during the whole period of its history there has been a steady and marked increase in the production of fruit in the valley, as a few statistics which I shall give amply demonstrate. It must be understood that in most cases the figures that are given are only approximate, but they may be relied upon as being very nearly accurate, and have been verified by the highest

to increase after the formation of the Fruit-Growers' Association, the necessity for a market, permanent and unlimited in its scope, was felt. In 1871 the first effort was made to place Nova Scotia apples in the English market. Of course many difficulties had to be overcome. Nova Scotia apples were unknown, and the English people could not discriminate between them and Canadian or even American apples. The farmers were not accustomed to packing them in a form that entirely suited the English market. All these things had to be met, and have been met and to a very great extent overcome, until now there is a large and increasing export. To show the development of this English trade,



BLOMIDON
AND MINAS BASIN, FROM WOLFFVILLE.

fruit authorities in the Province. The probable acreage in fruit culture in the whole valley in 1860 was about 2,500 acres. Most of these orchards, however, were old and not properly cared for, and were producing in a very limited way and only a few varieties and an inferior quality of fruit. The total acreage at present is estimated at 12,800 acres, with at least 8,000 acres covered with young trees which have not yet begun to bear. The product in barrels in 1860, as nearly as can be estimated, would not exceed 30,000. The product for the year 1893 will be at least 300,000 barrels, and is necessarily increasing at a rapid rate each year. As the product began

I may state that the estimated export to Great Britain in 1873 was less than 10,000 barrels; the export last year was over 130,000 barrels. It is estimated that the total export to Great Britain from 1871 to the present year would not be less than 1,400,000 barrels. Formerly the export to the United States was very large. Latterly, however, the competition of American fruit was so keen in the United States that the Nova Scotia producers had scarcely a fair chance, except in certain special lines. Besides, under the McKinley Bill, a heavy duty on apples was imposed, which still further interfered with the trade. For the past twenty years, however, it is

likely that the total export to the United States has not been less than 400,000 barrels, an average of 20,000 barrels a year. The product during the past twenty years has not been less than two and one-half million barrels—which indicates a considerable local market.

The variety of apples produced in the valley is simply unlimited. An exhibition under the auspices of the Fruit-Growers' Association, reveals so many varieties that a person gets bewildered in attempting to follow them. In reference to the staple varieties of fruit, however, the quality is in some instances higher, and in some cases inferior, to that of competing fruit belts in other parts of North

sibility have they ever been able to reach the peculiar niceties of flavor and juiciness which mark the Nova Scotia product, and, as a consequence, the Nova Scotia Gravenstein apples are still exported to the United States and sold at a very high price. Although not a late apple, it is still suitable for export to England.

The other variety, called the "Nonpareil," is a Russet, famous for its keeping qualities. There are but few varieties of apples grown in any country which will stand the keeping test beyond March. The Nova Scotia Nonpareil is at its prime in the months of May and June, when no other apple can possibly be obtained, and for that reason it has special value. It is not

a very palatable apple, but it commands a higher price probably than any other apple produced in the valley.

It has been already stated that there are about 12,800 acres now bearing apples, with 8,000 more planted with young trees. But this is only the beginning. There are at least 250,000



AN APPLE ORCHARD, ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

America. There are two varieties of apples, however, to which special reference may be made, because in the product of these the Annapolis Valley must be regarded as unrivalled. The first is an early apple, becoming better known each year, called the Gravenstein; it is a most beautiful apple, large in size, of a charming pink color, and the wood developing early, and the product being most prolific. The Gravenstein becomes fit for market about the middle of September, and retains its flavor until December. It is the most splendid variety of apple yet produced. It is grown in New York and other fruit-growing portions of the United States, but by no pos-

acres in this valley capable of producing fruit, and sooner or later the whole valley will be covered with apple trees or other varieties of fruit, including the small fruits. Only a few farmers have ventured upon an extensive planting. It is usual for the farmers to have from one to five acres covered with trees. Scarcely any of the established orchards cover more than ten or twelve acres, whereas it is maintained by those qualified to form an opinion, that splendid profits would be obtained by covering hundreds of acres with trees. Judge Weatherbe, who has bought a fruit farm in the valley, has covered 50 acres with young trees, which are now five or six

years old, and will presently be bearing. It is contended, and not without reason, that if there are large profits in one acre of fruit there will be proportionally larger profits from 100 acres. The reason that more men of speculative temperament do not engage in fruit-growing in the valley, as an investment, is to be found in the absence of the gambling element. Ten years at least must elapse before the trees begin to bear, and at least twenty years must pass before they are in full bearing. Most men who are seeking wealth prefer some enterprise in which, coupled with greater risks,

The scenery in the valley is extremely beautiful. Numerous roads extend over the mountains, both north and south, and from the top of the mountain the view is simply magnificent. Long ranges of farm houses can be seen, with villages here and there dotting the valley. Farming in the Annapolis Valley is far less toilsome than in other parts of the Province, or, indeed, in most parts of the Dominion, and, as a consequence, there is much comfort and considerable style in the methods of living among the people. Young men drive fast horses in handsome carriages, and in most of



AN ORCHARD IN BLOOM.

there are chances of more immediate profits. Fifteen or twenty years seems a long time to wait for large returns from even small investments. Nevertheless, fruit companies have already been incorporated in the valley, the object of which is to purchase large tracts of land and cover them with fruit, and by cultivating plums and other varieties which bear earlier, it is hoped to pay dividends in two or three years after the formation of the company, though not relying upon larger dividends until the apple trees get in full bearing.

B

the houses throughout this valley a piano or organ can be found, and in many of the farm houses the methods of living from day to day are what would be called more than comfortable.

In addition to the Fruit-Growers' Association, there has been a separate organization formed, entitled the Annapolis Valley Small Fruit Association, which is devoting itself to the growth of strawberries, cranberries, gooseberries, currants, grapes, etc., and very satisfactory progress is being made in this direction, the only difficulty, in reality, being in connection with the



APPLE BLOSSOMS.

market. If the United States market were open to the small fruits of the valley, there is no doubt that the industry would develop enormous proportions.

Mr. R. G. Haliburton has been mentioned as the first president of the Fruit-Growers' Association. The next year, Dr. C. C. Hamilton, of Canard, was elected, and he held the position without interruption until 1880, when he died. He was most enthusiastic and indefatigable in the work of the Association. Among his coadjutors in this work may be mentioned the names of Mr. Richard Starr and Mr. R. W. Starr. In 1880, Avar Longley, M. P., filled the office of president. The other presidents of the Association since then have been Rev. J. R. Hart, of Bridgetown; Henry Chipman, M. D., of Grand Pré, and the present incumbent, Mr. J. W. Bigelow, of Wolfville. Mr. C. R. H. Starr was secretary for many years, and, indeed, until last year, when Mr. S. C. Parker, of Berwick, an enthusiastic fruit-grower, was appointed to that office.

The Annapolis Valley has other resources besides that of agriculture. Splendid deposits of iron have been discovered in two or three places, and one of the veins at Torbrook, Annapolis County, is being extensively worked by Mr. R. G. Leckie, and is supplying ore for the Londonderry Iron and Steel Works. It is quite possible that in the event of Reciprocity a considerable export of iron ore may be had to the United States.

The Dominion Government has established an experimental farm at Nappan in Cumberland County, and the Provincial Government has established an agricultural school and model farm at Truro. Both of these, more or less, deal with the growth and care of fruit, but neither of these institutions seems to be entirely satisfactory to the fruit-growers, who are anxious to have a special school of their own in the vicinity of Wolfville, where special attention can be given to the development of fruit culture, the care of trees, the destruction of caterpillars and other insects, the best

method of securing rapid growth of wood, and the proper methods and times for grafting. The Provincial Legislature voted a subsidy towards the establishment of such a school at its last session, and it is understood that the Fruit-Growers' Association are making special efforts to create such a school.

Reference has been made to the fact that old Port Royal, now called Annapolis, is situated in this valley. It must not be overlooked that Grand

tages, there has been in reality a decrease in the population of the valley. It is situated so near to the United States, and the means of access are so numerous, that there is an overwhelming tendency, on the part of the young people, to go to Boston and vicinity rather than to remain and take care of the farms. The result is a scarcity of farm labor, and a development less pronounced than could be desired. It is undoubtedly one of the sections of the Dominion that would



APPLE PICKING, ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

Pré, the place made famous by the expulsion of the Acadians, is also situated in the heart of the valley. These points of historical interest, with the beauty and fertility of this part of the country, combine to make the Annapolis Valley in summer a favorite resort for visitors, and many thousands pass to and fro on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, which intersects the valley from beginning to end.

The last census indicates that, notwithstanding all these natural advan-

profit enormously by free trade relations with the United States, and with its great resources—natural beauties, and numerous advantages as a place of residence, and with a soil and climate so favored by nature—there can scarcely be a doubt that in the course of time—with proper energy and enterprise on the part of its people—it will be the happy home of very many thousands of prosperous and progressive people.

CONSUMPTION—A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK.

BY JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., PH.D.

CONSUMPTION is the great plague of to day. In Great Britain some seventy thousand die annually from this disease, in Canada probably not less than ten thousand, and in the United States about one hundred thousand. In some countries in Europe the death rate is as high as four, five and even eight per thousand living. In Britain, Canada and the United States about ten per cent. of the total death rate is due to consumption; in some instances, as in Maine, it has reached fourteen. Between the ages of 15 and 45 years, about one-third of those who die perish of this disease: while, from the age of 15 to 35, nearly one half of all deaths is due to it. It will be seen that in the productive years of the race, this exceeds every other disease in fatality. When it is further borne in mind that the average period of illness, according to several of the greatest authorities, is some three years, the vast importance of this disease becomes at once apparent. The question is raised, can anything be done to lessen this dreadful scourge, and prolong life in its most useful period? This question I shall endeavor to answer in the affirmative.

First, then, take the influence of heredity. Few things die harder than a common belief in any view of an important question. If there be any notion more firmly believed in than another it is that consumption is hereditary. This belief, to a great extent, is beginning to give way, or to undergo very marked modifications, however, in the minds of some of the ablest observers. If one holds in view the fact that fifty per cent. of the deaths that occur between the ages of 15 and 35 is due to consumption, it must be admitted that heredity is likely to be

found in about one-half of all the cases. If uncles, aunts and grandparents are dragged into the investigation, the net is likely to break and at once holds no solid conclusion.

Dr. Walshe obtained from his very extensive hospital experience that 26 per cent. of consumptives came of father or mother or both parents who had been similarly diseased. He contends that "this ratio is no higher than the consumptive portion of the population generally." He concludes that it does not prove heredity. Many families in perfect health, leaving the country and afterwards residing in crowded quarters of the large cities, lose members of the family from this disease. He is strongly of opinion that heredity has much less to do with consumption than is commonly supposed.

The researches of Drs. Quain, Pollock, Williams, Lugol, Lebert, Galton and many others, fix the heredity influence at about 25 or 30 per cent. Few physicians who have been long in practice doubt the existence, to some extent, of a family predisposition to the disease. One half of all the deaths from 15 to 35, or one-third from 15 to 45, is caused by consumption. Now, if these deaths, say from 15 to 35, happened in one-half of the families in a given district or country, it would go a long way to disprove any hereditary tendency. This, however, is not quite the case. According to my own statistics bearing upon this point, the deaths from consumption that take place between the ages 15 to 35 are not distributed over fifty per cent. of the families; but limited to, at the most, twenty-five or thirty per cent. of the families in a given area. Thus, in one district which I have studied, the population

was 25,000. There were 5,283 families, and 63 deaths from consumption, during the year, between the ages of 15 and 35. But these 63 deaths had occurred in twenty-nine per cent. of the families in which deaths had occurred, leaving seventy-one per cent. that had not suffered from this disease. This would very clearly go to establish that the ravages of the disease are limited to a considerable extent to certain families. The above shows that fifty per cent. of the death rate from 15 to 35, which the 63 amounted to, was confined to twenty-nine per cent. of the families. But right here we are met with the difficulty, how many of these cases, in the same families, were due to infection? This question I shall endeavor to answer.

Many of the very ablest hospital physicians now contend that consumption can be communicated from the sick to the well. In 1865, Villemin of Paris announced his great discovery that tuberculosis could be communicated by the use of the matter coughed up from the lungs. Many confirmed these observations, among them being Sir Andrew Clark, Ransome and Drysdale. Such distinguished authorities as Osler, Bristowe, Bang, Sanderson, Koch, and many others have stated in the most positive terms that the disease must be regarded as a contagious one. Bristowe recently remarked at a meeting of a learned society that the germ of consumption was as surely the cause of consumption as the seed was the cause of the crop of corn. It was only a question of suitable soil. Dr. Bollinger within a very recent date has shown that a certain dosage of the germs has also something to do with the occurrence of infection. When, in 1881, Koch gave to the world his great discovery that consumption was a germ disease, then it became clear to the minds of most medical scientists that it would prove to be contagious. The problem that has been engaging attention since, is the method of the infection.

The important facts that I have just stated, that one-half the number of the deaths between 15 and 35 are due to tuberculosis, and that this half is confined to not more than one-third of the families, would go to prove contagion, as well as heredity. We are here on the borders of a problem of vast inductions. The question of heredity, that of contagion from a sick person, and that of direct infection by dust or food containing the germ, must all be weighed. For example, a young man develops the disease; his father died of it a short time before. Now, did heredity play any part in this case? Or, did the son contract the disease from the father? Or, did the son acquire the disease by inhaling tubercular dust at his work or by drinking tubercular milk or eating tubercular meat? It is easy to see that in the case just supposed, one, two or all three conditions might have been at work. The son may have inherited a suitable soil for the germ, and in addition may have taken into his system some of the germs from his father, and still further may have been employed in an unhealthy work shop, dusty and badly ventilated.

The late Hilton Fagge held that it was impossible to draw a line between inheritance and infection. It is probable that the children of a consumptive parent would be more liable to accidental contamination than those whose family record was clear. In crowded children's homes and unhealthy work-houses, there have been at times endemic attacks of the disease, as many as eighty per cent. suffering from it.

My own studies on this subject would go to confirm those of Dr. G. A. Heron, of London, that, in the past, heredity has been over-rated as a factor in the production of the disease, while contagion has been under-rated. To illustrate what I mean:—several members of a family, who live at home, contract the disease, one after

another, and die; but the other members of the family, who left home early in life, and have lived under more favorable conditions, escape. The heredity was the same. The environments differed. The dust in the house contained dried and pulverized sputum, and so spread the disease. In proof of this, I need only mention the researches of Dr. Nuttall of Johns Hopkins, who showed that the number of bacilli thrown off from the lungs of an ordinary case daily amounted to from one and a half to four and a third millions. Dr. Bollinger has shown that he could produce rapid consumption in guinea pigs by injecting 800 bacilli. A feature of the life history of these bacilli is their vitality. Desiccation, putrefaction, freezing and thawing of the substance containing them do not destroy their infective power.

Occupation is another matter of prime importance in a discussion of consumption. Those occupations are specially bad where the workmen are forced to inhale a dusty atmosphere, to work in a stooping posture, are exposed to frequent changes of temperature, and where the ventilation is bad. These conditions develop disease and irritation in the lungs that afford a good soil for the germ to grow in. The investigations of Dr. Hirt show that out of every hundred sick in the following occupations the result would stand thus with regard to consumption: Flint-workers, 80 per cent.; needle polishers, 68; file cutters, 62; lithographers, 50; brushmakers, 49; grindstone makers and grinders, 40; stone cutters, 36. This is a frightful increase over the death rate from consumption in the general community. Apart from all other conditions, the fatality from this disease increases with the crowding together of people. Any occupation, where too many persons are crowded together; where ventilation is bad; where the men have to work in a stooping position, which interferes with respiration;

and where there is much dust, especially of a hard, angular character, will yield a high death-rate from consumption. In Great Britain, during the past thirty years, the deaths from this cause alone have fallen over thirty per cent. This is due almost entirely to an improved condition in workhouses, the army, and other places where people are grouped together. The evil effects of bad drainage and ventilation are well seen by a study of the British army. At one time the death-rate was about 25 per 1,000 from consumption alone. After the proper drainage and ventilation of the barracks, the death-rate fell as low as 6 per 1,000 from the same disease. To Dr. MacCormac, of Belfast, the armies of the world owe an immense debt of gratitude. He repeated incessantly the statement that, wherever there was overcrowding and impure air, there would be an excessive death-rate from scrofula and consumption.

What has just been said with regard to the workhouse, the barrack and the prison, is equally true of the private dwelling. Breathing over and over again the same air in a bad room is responsible for many a case of chronic lung trouble. Many a time I have known a husband, wife and child to sleep in one bed, and close by, in another bed two or three other children. The room, not more than ten or twelve feet square, had no open window or ventilator whatever. The only opening in the room was the door, and, as there was no counter opening, the air in the room became, towards morning, frightfully vitiated. Under these circumstances, the parents tried to restore their energies for another day's work, and the children made the attempt to grow. It is from such children that the great majority come who die of phthisis between the ages of 15 and 35.

Race is an important factor in the causation of consumption. The disease is very severe in its ravages on the Negro. This may be largely due to

social habits and insanitary conditions. The Indian is now becoming a prey to the same disease. Want of proper food, especially meat, is largely responsible for this. The evil effects of insufficient nutrition are shown by the observations of Marc d'Espine, who has pointed out that, among the poor of Geneva, as many as 233 in every 1,000 deaths were due to consumption, whereas, in the well-to-do, there were only 68 in every 1,000 from this disease.

Thus it is that insanitary surroundings, unhealthful occupations, insufficient nutrition in quantity, quality and variety, prepare the soil for the tubercular germ. This germ is one of the most ubiquitous known. It is found almost everywhere; and, if a person does not live properly, the chances of the germs making an inroad upon the system are enormously increased. On the other hand, as d'Espine has shown, good food, good homes and regular habits reduce the rate, in every 1,000 deaths, from 233 to 68.

Intemperance is one of the great causes of consumption. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Whatever views people may entertain on the vexed question of temperance, there can be no two opinions upon that of intemperance being a vice and a disease-producing habit. Many a strong young man I have seen go into decline almost entirely due to his irregular life and excessive drinking. On the other hand I have seen many a healthy young woman break down and die of the same disease, because her husband drank, and she was badly provided with the comforts of life, the canker worm of sorrow gnawing at her heart and debilitating her tissues.

The influence of diet in preventing the disease has just been alluded to. It now remains to see what certain articles of diet may do in the way of causing the disease. Experience has shown that the flesh and milk of tuberculous cows may contain the germs

of the disease. The germs have been found in the milk; and animals fed with such milk have become diseased. Further, the injection of such milk into the bodies of animals has been followed by tuberculosis. In the flesh of animals ill with consumption the bacilli have been found, and animals treated with the juice of such meat, in the same manner as with the milk, suffered from tuberculosis. This is positive proof. The absence of sufficient food is one of the causes of the disease on one hand, while the use of infected food is also a cause on the other. In the case of the adult, so eminent an authority as Burdon Sanderson doubts whether the disease often arises through the digestive canal by means of the food taken. But, while this is the case, he frankly admits that he thinks children are often infected in this way by the milk supply. With this view nearly all good authority agrees. A few years ago, there was an outbreak of consumption in a foundling home in Denmark. The mortality was very high. It was found by Dr. Marten, who was in charge, that the milk supply was bad. When this was detected and put right, the outbreak ceased. If such evidence does not convince, nothing will.

Is the disease itself ever directly transmitted from the parent to the offspring? I answer this in the affirmative. Sanderson, Osler, Froebeli, Ransome, Arloing, Dreschfeld and many others contend strongly that this is a correct view. But the number thus infected, compared with the number dying, is not great. Some children also become diseased by inhaling the germ into the lungs. The number infected in this way appears to be very limited. Among young children, therefore, the great source of infection remains to be the digestive canal, by the agency of meat and milk, mainly the latter. This explains why so many children suffer from tubercular trouble in the bones and joints, and other organs

than the lungs. It also explains why the adult generally becomes diseased in the respiratory channels, because, in his case, in the great majority of instances, he contracts the trouble by inhaling the germs.

Climate and locality have much to do, both in the direction of causation and prevention. The researches of Buchanan in Britain and Bowditch in America, abundantly prove that damp, ill-drained districts yield a high mortality from tubercular troubles. This may be accounted for in different ways. The bacilli may be more abundant under these conditions, or it may be that in such localities there exists a greater number of cases of pulmonary diseases from wet and cold. On this condition of lung irritation the consumption germ becomes implanted. Some localities, that formerly were much afflicted by the disease, have now changed, and the death-rate from this cause has fallen more than 50 per cent. In other localities that were at one time considered exempt from it, the disease is now prevalent. This is due to altered social life, the crowding together in city life, and the existence of unhealthy work-rooms for the laboring classes. In the highlands of Scotland, at one time there was hardly any consumption, but with the introduction of better houses for the people, and public schools, the disease became much more frequent. When the people lived in poor houses, with a large open fire-place, there was, at all events, ventilation. When the houses became better constructed, it also became possible to shut them up more closely, and to do with less fuel. This, of course, caused the atmosphere in the dwellings to become impure. Emil Müller has shown that high altitude, in itself, does not prevent the disease. The population in high altitudes, however, is usually sparse and the air free from organic matter. When these conditions are altered, so as to herd the population together, the disease often becomes prevalent. Arctic and

sub-arctic regions are usually very much exempt from the trouble; and, yet, the natives may so live as often to become victims to it. Thus, again, it is seen that much depends upon the people, as well as upon the climate and locality.

In the study of consumption, the important fact must not be lost sight of that after epidemics of measles, whooping cough, influenza, and after such conditions as are accompanied by a weakness and irritation of the breathing organs, there is a marked increase in the number of cases of the disease. While tubercular disease is entirely distinct from any of the above diseases, still they stand related in a causal aspect to it. This comes about in two ways:—first, by giving rise to chronic inflammation and congestion of the organs of respiration thus favoring the entrance of the tubercular germ; and, secondly, by exciting into an active form those cases of consumption that had really begun, but had not become pronounced,—“this is often only the blazing of a smouldering fire.”

A question of much interest is that of marriage. In families, where a number of deaths have occurred from consumption, the greatest care should be exercised. In the case of a young man, with limited means, it will be readily seen that marriage means a heavy drain upon his resources and strength. He must earn more money, and this means extra work and fewer holidays. In the case of a young woman, the cares of a home and children frequently induce the disease. In all cases of a doubtful nature, it would be well to remain single, or to postpone the date of marriage until the contracting parties are at least forty years of age. By this means the consumptive age to some extent has been outlived, and there will be some private means accumulated that would render the married life easier, and less burdened with anxieties. Until the true bearing of heredity in the disease is worked out, I do not think it would be wise

for the state to go further than prohibit marriages where the disease is actually known to exist.

The disease is not always fatal. There is abundance of evidence to show that a considerable percentage of those who have been tuberculized have recovered. Still the mortality is so fearful that every effort at prevention should be encouraged. The great means of treating the disease must ever be the means that prevent it. When we remember that improvement in sanitary conditions has reduced the death rate in many places, and in some armies, from 60 per 1,000 to 6, there is surely good ground for hope in this direction. The death-rate in Britain is at present, from this one disease, 70,000 yearly; but, at the same ratio per 1,000 as existed thirty years ago, it would be over 100,000. Here, then, is a saving of some 30,000 a year.

Where the consumptive should live must, to a great extent, be decided according to his means. The advice of his physician should be sought. In general terms, however, he should select a thinly peopled locality where there are ample opportunities for outdoor exercise. The air should be cool and dry. There should be a maximum of sunlight, combined with an elevation of five or six thousand feet. Having selected his home, he should take the greatest possible amount of the best quality of nourishment. This will maintain the resisting powers of the system against the inroads of the disease. A liberal supply of meat, milk, eggs, and other nitrogenous diets does much good.

But of far more importance than selecting a locality, after you have the disease, is that of making a selection before you have contracted it. In all cases, where the family record is broken by cases of consumption, I would strongly urge that the person make a good selection, both of place and oc-

cupation, prior to any manifestations of disease. What enormous numbers such a selection would save from an untimely grave!

To sum up, then, I would state:—

1. In cases of heredity, marriage should be avoided, or postponed till after 40, in most cases.

2. A person with a consumptive family history should seek a non-consumptive climate and occupation before he is affected.

3. All expectoration from patients should be destroyed by disinfection or burning.

4. Those affected should sleep alone and in their own rooms.

5. None of the towels, utensils clothing, etc. used by the sick should be used by others until thoroughly disinfected.

6. The meat and milk supplies should be carefully watched to see that they do not come from tuberculous animals.

7. Those known to have the disease should be prevented marrying.

8. Children known to have the disease should be excluded from schools of every kind.

9. Everyone having the disease should be instructed by authority to live in a certain way and to follow certain rules, in order to lessen the danger of infecting others.

10. For the pauper consumptives there should be some national hospitals, alike for treatment and isolation.

11. As the result of the most careful research, it appears that heredity plays a less important part in the causation of the disease than was formerly thought to be the case; and appreciation of the importance of direct infection from another case, or through food and drink, is gaining ground every year.

12. That when there is one death from consumption in a family, there is grave risk that in a period varying from one to three years there will be another case.

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN.

BY HELEN CAMERON PARKER.

THE deafening clamour for higher education for women, which for years has been heard above all other noises, is subsiding. Higher education is now an assured fact and every profession is now open to the woman who desires and has sufficient courage and strength to enter.

But our system of education for woman is not yet perfect. Two momentous facts obtrude themselves upon every thoughtful observer. First—while the intellectual standing of women in America is as high as in any other part of the world, her physical force is lower. While America produces more literary, business and professional women than any other country, she furnishes fewer "good" mothers.

Second—while for every profession which she *may* choose to enter, woman is afforded means of attaining the highest training; for the one profession which she *does* choose, no means of training is provided. For every woman who enters a profession, one hundred women enter homes, or, to put it in another way, for every woman who enters the profession of medicine or law, one hundred enter the profession of home-maker.

These two facts are so important and react so upon each other, that they demand the attention of all intelligent thinkers.

Proud as we are of our educational system, we cannot close our eyes to the truth that it is for our girls, at a certain period in their life, a most unwise one. During her earlier years, our girl is a little animal, different in kind slightly from her rollicking brother; but, as she enters her teens, a new period is reached—the first great change occurs, and of the girl is

evolved slowly the woman. A birth, as full of importance and significance as the birth of an infant, takes place, requiring equal discretion, quiet and care. But see the inconsistency. When the baby girl arrives, she is cared for assiduously; her clothing, her diet, the amount of exercise, the bathing and fresh air, are regulated with great nicety, and, under the care of wise parents, all undue excitement and noise is shut out, all forcing of the dormant faculties is avoided. But when the baby-woman begins to assert her life by excessive nervousness, irritability, inactivity, and sluggishness in the erst-while active, well-poised, sweet-tempered girl, not one of the iron bands with which she is bound is relaxed. Her stand in class, her graduation is at stake; what boots it then that her pulse throbs and her nerves tingle—the prescribed work must be done. When the poor baby-woman moans in the utter agony of helplessness, she is all unheeded. When she grows up, puny and ill-fitted for her duties as wife and mother—a nervous wreck—the cause is sought for in every direction but the right one.

Not until the great physiological truth is fully apprehended, that at this period in a girl's life, mental over-work means physical wreck,—not until the fact that our present system of cram and over-work is responsible for the decline in physical force among our women, is fully realized by those at the head of our educational affairs, can we hope for a change. At present, the high pressure really begins at the age when the pressure should be lessened. For the growth of the infant-woman is required mental rest and physical exercise, and she gets mental

crain and physical torpidity, and with but one result—physical declension.

For this disastrous state of affairs we would find redress. We would have a system in which, from the ages of twelve to fifteen, or later, as individual cases vary, the mental work should be less,—the physical more. After a year or two of comparative brain-rest, we could then be assured that the young woman was at an age to benefit, physically and mentally, from further study, should she desire to proceed with it. If she does not care to go further, she has secured what she requires—knowledge and skill in household affairs. The theory is easily stated: the practical application is more difficult; but we believe that in remedying the second defect, we will redress this wrong, this great wrong, which is being wrought upon our people.

The second truth now claims our attention. Society has awakened slowly to the fact that intellectual training is not the monopoly of the men. Society has seen and said—“The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, and it is, therefore, a moral necessity that woman should receive the best intellectual training which the State can give;” and the doors of our schools and colleges have swung wide to receive her. “Not every woman marries; every woman need not marry; therefore, woman must have, with her brother, equal chances to live an independent life,” it has been said; and the professions have bowed to her, and smiled upon her, and offered her the right hand as a fellow-worker.

A third truth, equally important, is now being dimly seen and whispered:—“Many women marry—the greater number of women marry; therefore, every woman shall be trained in all that pertains to wifedom and motherhood.” What, but this, does the cry for schools of cookery, dress-making, etc., mean?

The fact is obtruding itself forcibly

that the solution of not a few of the vexed questions of domestic, aye, and political, economy lies in the wisest education for women *by the State*. Is it a small matter to the nation that each day scores of women become wives without one idea of the true duties of a wife, of the awful responsibility of a mother, or of the practical work of a home? Would such ignorance be tolerated in any other profession? Is it of no vital importance to the nation that this unfitness of women for their great profession produces hovels instead of homes, and that each of these hovels is a breeding place for disease and crime?

Among the many reasons advanced by workers among the poor and wretched for the poverty and wretchedness so rife, is often repeated, “the thriftlessness of women.” How can it be otherwise? The well-worn adage, “a wife can throw out of the window more than her husband can bring in at the door,” is a positive fact.

While Government does much to neutralize the evil effect of poor homes, it has still much to do. The system of compulsory education has wrested from homes of ignorance and vice many a child, and set him on the high places. Why not provide, and compel, education for home-makers, that out of the hovels may be drawn girls who will transform the hovels into homes? If it be compulsory for woman to be able to read and write, should it not also be compulsory for her to know how to cook a meal, and to make and keep a home?

Infanticide is punishable by law, yet how many mothers, true and noble in heart, feel that they are guilty of the death, or the living death, of their children, through ignorance of the relation of a mother to her child, and of the first laws of child life? Yet the State heeds not!

We are met with the argument, “Mothers can best teach their daughters housework.” An extract from an article in the *Century*, by Washington

Gladden, answers this in part. What training in thrift do the children in the homes she speaks of receive from their mothers?

Especially would a little practical training in domestic economy be useful to the girls of this class. Most of them are destined to be wives and mothers, and the question whether the household shall live in pinching want or in comparative comfort often depends on the skill and thrift of the wife and mother. Here, for example, is a table with minute accounts of the expenditure for five weeks of thirty families in London; and the exhibit is a forcible illustration of the lack of thrift which accompanies poverty. One family with an income of about five dollars a week, made seventy-two different purchases of tea during the five weeks. Inasmuch as this family never took more than two meals a day at home, it is evident that they never bought more than a single drawing of tea at a time; seventy-two purchases of tea in thirty-five days is two purchases a day (Sundays included), and two extra. Of these thirty families, it is evident that quite a number went to the grocery every day of their lives—not a few of them several times a day. This hand to mouth existence is at enmity with thrift; it is scarcely possible that any family should escape from poverty until it learns wiser methods of expenditure. That many of these helpless people are pitifully ignorant of the alphabet of domestic economy is plain enough; is it not possible to give the girls in industrial schools, some practical instruction in this most important art?

She pleads for the poor. But the rich need also a pleader. In how few of our wealthy homes is the mother capable, if able, to instruct her daughter? From homes, wealthy and poor alike, go out each day into new homes girls without one truly wise idea of the work or government of a home, to say nothing of the duties of a mother.

Now that we have faced the two startling defects in our system, we come to the question of remedial measures. In the remedy of the second defect lies the remedy of the first, and the solution of the great domestic problem, the servant girl question. To remedy the first defect, we demand, for certain years in the life of our girl, less brain work—more physical work. To remedy the second, less brain work—more physical—is demanded, and it, therefore, seems the natural remedy for the first.

The missing link is between public

school and high school. In every town we would establish a training school for young women, in which all the practical duties of housework should be taught professionally and done practically. This school might become partly self-supporting, if necessary, by work done for others than the pupils. We would have the course two years, with examinations, sessional and terminal, and a final test examination which should determine the diploma granted. To this school should be admitted all desirous of entering the high school further on, and those who desired to take only the practical course. We would have it a Government school, just as the public and high schools are, under Government control. We would have attendance compulsory in the same sense as that in which our present school system is compulsory.

Many objections may be raised, but they all may be answered.

Some of the advantages of these technical schools for women, other than those already pointed out, we mention. To many homes would hope and joy be born when from this school would come to the side of the toil-worn mother, a daughter intelligently enthusiastic over housework, and full of the new and best methods of work, new recipes, and new labor-saving devices. Her home would be her sphere of labor, and contentedly would she stand in her place as daughter. From homes of misery and filth would be drafted relays of girls who, under the guidance of their teachers, would become true home-makers, skilled in laundry-work, baking, cooking, housework in general, sewing and mending, and forever after benefited by the systematic training received. From these schools would go out women well fitted to rule a home, and women well fitted to serve. Instead of ignorant, thoughtless, inconsiderate mistresses, we would have an army of well-trained wives and mothers, and, side by side with them, an army of

girls to whom "service" had become a science, and house work a profession.

But we cannot hope for Government to take hold of this matter quickly: that is not its way. In the meantime, let some of our philanthropic leaders, aided by our philanthropic givers, open such a school in some centre and demonstrate to the public that a school for home-makers is needed.

The men have their engineering schools, their schools of practical science, their agricultural college, and are soon to have a school for miners. Let us, as women, arise and assert our rights. We have a profession as grand and as important as any: we need training for it—and we will have it.

KINGSTON.

A GREAT MAN'S DEATH.

When falls on cedar'd Lebanon
 Some giant, many-centuried chief,
 The forest, vocal in its grief,
 Makes long-reverberating moan ;

From cliff to cliff the echoes fly,
 Each vale prolongs the notes of woe :
 Wind-wafted, on and on they go
 Till in the infinite they die !

When sinks some isle that wont to be,
 Though smooth the waves above it roll,
 The news is borne from pole to pole
 And round the circle of the sea ;

When dies some star that gemmed the night,
 To us, whose little earth-ball turns
 About another sun, still burns
 A thousand years its vanished light.

So, some are born of Adam's sons,
 Whose loss involves the land in tears,
 Whose passing echoes through the years,
 Whose thought through sequent cycles runs.

Nor is that course impulsive staid
 Till all the world has felt the pain,
 Till all the world absorbs the gain,
 Till all the round of man be made.

—A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL UPON REGENT ART.

BY W. A. SHERWOOD, A.R.C.A.

THE student in the Art Palace of the Columbia Exhibition must have been struck by the constant presence in the art of every nation of the influence of the French school. In the United States collection, of 1154 oil paintings, there are scarcely more than one hundred pictures that might not, upon the gold-framed canvas, have borne the inscription of some French master.

So far as an individual characteristic is concerned, it has not been sought for—in fact it seems as though it were a quality rather to be deprecated than desired.

Previous to the exhibition of 1876 at Philadelphia, the German and English art held a certain control, modified by local conditions, over the American painter, but which they seem to have lost in less than two decades.

At the Centennial Exhibition, France undoubtedly held an important place in the art department, but not such as would warrant even the most credulous in anticipating for her anything more than perhaps a liberal patronage on this side of the Atlantic.

The French Art of 1876 had nothing in common with the French Art, of 1893. The loan collection in the United States galleries affords an opportunity of comparing the art of the two periods. Corot, Daubigny, Millet, Rosseau and Troyon painted with a spiritual humility even in their most common-place subject. The touch of the painter of that date reflected the downfall of the imperial throne, and the humiliation suffered by the conquests of the German army. The French painter of 1893 has put aside the urn, with its sacrificial ashes; has folded the mourning clothes and laid them away. Only seventeen years

have passed, and conscious of his republican freedom, he dares every phase of subject and succeeds in all. Strength, dash, materialism, modernism—these are the ascendant elements of to-day's French art.

I can easily understand why the French art of to-day appeals to the American citizen. The spirit of republicanism is alike the world over. The artist's love of freedom—freedom from the exacting considerations of court etiquette—his love of nature, unfeigned and simple, declare themselves upon canvas. A bond of union from purely political considerations might even have tended to unite the artistic spirit of France to the genius of America. But it is not the art of 93 that has captured the artistic fort of America, it was that of '76—the very antithesis of the modern dashing school.

The art of a nation should reflect the genius of the race—in short, it should be a mirror in which is reflected the varying phases of domestic and national life. If it be that, feeble though the reflection may be, it will awake a sympathy, arouse an interest, or, more, command the unqualified admiration of all. And more, it matters not whether it be the product of another race and nation; so long as it reflects our condition, it will at least for the time, appeal to our inmost feelings. To this I trace the cause of the French art influence of 1876.

In the United States the dew was still fresh upon the widow weeds of many a heart-broken mother, and from the door of many a lonely cottage on the banks of the Potomac, a sweet pale face, as was her custom for many years, looked out at sunset through

chilling tears, seeking a face that would return to her no more. Yes, the civil war had prepared the American people to receive, with a spirit of affection, the mournful masterpieces of the French painters.

The excellence of the German, the English, and the Italian art in the Centennial Exhibition was fully appreciated. The technique in each case was artistically correct. The Italian gallery with its score of Madonnas painted by the old masters and loaned by great personages, was judiciously and critically compared with the Vandykes, the Reynolds and Gainsboroughs, of England; while the Rembrandts of Holland were not forgotten in that critically artistic review. The art of these nations left an impression upon the painters at that time, an impression that is even seen in their paintings of to-day. But the artists of America were up in years; what they came to see was not the subject but the method of manipulation. In the French gallery they delayed too long, however, to learn nothing more than the technique. The face, young and beautiful, of some dying soldier by Detaille recalled sad memories. In silence they turned to the lonely landscapes of Corot, where, with many a distant village steeple melting in the evening light, the last rays of the sinking sun seemed—in nature's own painting in our every day life—like a solace for discords of the day or unexpected sorrows. The impressions made by Corot's paintings were of such a character.

And this is sentiment! Sentiment—is it incompatible with the true end and aim of art? I venture to say this, that the influence of a poetic picture upon the artist's mind, all things being equal, is infinitely greater than the most masterly production of an un-sentimental subject.

The impression made by the French painters of that date was simply marvellous. Many flocked from the schools of art in the New England cities, from

the Academy of Design in New York and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, to the great *atelier* of arts, and soon the French capital became the nursery of the "New Idea" in art. The American capitalist purchased largely from the French salons.

With the increase of patronage, the character of the art changed. The vivacious nature of the Celt found new fields for tilling, new phases of life, and entered into the work with a vim that returned him a thousand-fold for his toil. The seventeen years of French art has been marked by a gradual development to a state of triumphant realism. Mark how the American painters have followed step by step their French masters, till we see from the young men who since 1876 have gone to Paris, work in every respect equal to the best canvasses of the French painters.

Nor is this French influence felt alone in the school of American artists. The Russian is as strongly imbued with the spirit of French realism as is his American brother of the brush. And, but for the subject alone, the pictures of Moscow and St. Petersburg might as well have been painted by an American or Parisian painter.

Even in colossal subjects, permeated with a certain regal grandeur, when the imperious nature of the Russian is unveiled, there still is seen evidence of the French influence. In minor subjects, at least in the method of execution, in tone and atmospheric effects, like the American painter, the Muscovite has deemed the French system the all in all. In sentiment, the Russian is true to his native instincts. The clink of the steel-girt scabbard sounds everywhere, and, though disguised, you may trace the avenging fire of the nihilist. Yet all this seems as though it found expression in French.

The subtle savagery of the passionate Spaniard finds expression in the French methods. The light tints in-pasted upon absorbing canvas—he

revels in the very medium, and is ecstatic over the results. Retaining still his individuality, he boasts his power of painting like the masters of the modern school.

Even in Conservative England there are men who pride themselves in the fact that their art was studied in some famous Parisian *atelier*, and they openly affect to despise or ignore everything that is British, or that savors of the English school.

This turn of the Britisher, it seems to me, lies well within the limits of affectation, for in portraiture, in poetic and classical subjects, wherein the delineation of the figure is of first importance, the English school yields the palm to none. In landscape it is easy to understand the desire on the part of the young Englishman to seek the studio of the Parisian painter. In England, Turner has no successor, and the artistic trickery of professors of English landscape painting to-day is assuredly a poor substitute for the works of that immortal painter. Despite the fact that Constable was an Englishman by birth, and painted in England, he has more disciples in France than in his native land. Constable has often been referred to as the founder of the modern school of French landscape painters. They saw wherein the Englishman was right, and were not slow to follow him. Nay more, they carried his principles to the utmost verge; and have reaped a rich harvest from the seeds which he has sown. This state of excellence has given to the French landscape painter a pre-eminence over his English rivals, and necessarily brought from the London schools many students to Paris. And as to their faithful efforts, you have but to look upon their glorious attainments in the Art palace of the Columbian Exhibition.

What of the future? Will the schools of Paris still continue to prepare the palette for the artist of the Western continent and his brother of the Eastern as well? For a time at

least, the condition of art will remain most emphatically French; yet there will assuredly be a change. The American painter has gained from France all he could desire. If he continue as he is doing, his work will stand upon a par with the foremost professors of the French schools. Led by the restless spirit peculiarly American, he will turn his easel to the demands of the ruling power.

Will any of the galleries of the present exhibition afford an opportunity for an adventurous spirit? In all galleries there are master-pieces sufficiently impressive to at least awaken an interest. The brilliant sunlight and atmospheric clearness of the Norwegian painter will not soon be forgotten. The work of Van Beers in the Belgian collection will excite at least a momentary interest. The Belgian art, it seems to me, is not in sympathy with the nineteenth century movement—it is too minute in detail, and wanting in breadth. From whatever school the new leader may come, he must at least possess a power greater than his colleagues, to be the principal professor in a new school of National painters. In every nation's collection there are magnificent paintings, the result of the laborious years of successful genius. Yet by few of all do we seem to be moved by that magnetic influence which holds us and claims from us the tribute that is due to undoubted originality and worth.

Three months have passed since I visited Chicago, and there is but one picture that has made a lasting impression upon my mind. In it, the painter seems to have sounded the clear, pure note in the anthem of art. It is a picture wherein the dignity—the nobility—of labor is exalted above all the triumphs attained by the scholarly masters in the realms of mythological or classical art. This picture is in the English gallery, numbered 170, and entitled "Forging the Anchor," by Stanhope Forbes. It is to me the most sacred picture upon

which I have ever looked! A brief description may present to those who have not seen it, at least a faint idea of the work; the following note made at the time, will suffice:—"Upon the centre and to the left of the canvas stand a group of workmen, close to the furnaces in a large smelting shop—the upraised sinewy arm of the honest smithy guiding the molten metal from the fiery furnace—the anxious faces of the helpmates crowding about, and waiting as it were with breathless anxiety, the triumphs of the many days of preparation. It is masterly!" In the painter of that picture I see the future leader of the school of latter day art. But whatever change art may take in its course of national growth, whatever developments it may undergo, one thing is certain,—that future art must be true to the highest ideals of honest worth, of simple nature, and untainted beauty, if it is to receive the guerdon of a more than evanescent success.

A TEMPORARY MATTER.

Good-bye,—the word shall be, since you have spoken;
 Nor will I crown your verdict with a sigh,
 Nor ask for a reprieve; but, for a token,
 I'll take this last good-bye.

I'll take and treasure it, when it is given,
 The truest thing that ever you and I
 Exchanged or gave. Not all the vows 'neath Heaven
 Shall match this last good-bye.

Your kiss, your clasp, your vows, the hours that fleetly
 Fled by, shall be forgot—are now; but I
 Must have this little word. You shall not cheat me
 Out of this last good-bye.

Come, come—this last good-bye, since you did cry it!
 The stars lean half-impatient from the sky;
 And breathless all the air has grown, and quiet,
 To hear this last good-bye!

Tears? And a little hand stretched to detain me?
 Hold up your head and let me kiss your eyes;
 And set a seal upon your lips, not vainly
 Annulling such good-byes.

—CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

DOWN THE YUKON AND UP THE MAGKENZIE.

3200 Miles by Foot and Paddle.

BY WILLIAM OGILVIE, D.L.S., F.R.G.S.

II.

A DETAILED account of our travels, extending over nearly two years and covering a distance outside of civilization of over three thousand miles, is impossible within the limits of the present article, and a connected narrative has therefore not been attempted.

The ordinary vicissitudes, adventures and hardships incident to travel in an unknown country were encountered, and are here and there briefly chronicled; but many incidents which relieved the daily round of life on the river have been crowded aside, and necessarily exist only as memories which are exclusively the traveller's own.

I am conscious that the endeavor to condense a journey of this kind within reasonable compass must result in the loss of interest which a disconnected style of narrative unavoidably entails, and yet I hope that the more ex-

tended view thus rendered possible, and the more comprehensive idea given of this great country as a whole, will be found to be more than compensating advantages.

Our daily method of work on the river was about as follows:

The captain was an early riser naturally, and now, being anxious to get on

down the river, he developed an abnormal propensity in this direction. About three o'clock in the morning he would begin to turn over and grunt something about getting up. After a few of these turnings and gruntings, he would ask what time it was. A sleepy admonition from the tired bone and muscle of the expedition to "keep quiet" was all the answer he



WILLIAM OGILVIE, THE EXPLORER.

would get. After awhile he would sit up boldly and "put the previous question," and when this became monotonous, he would, gathering fresh courage with every passing minute, endeavor to rouse the cook by shouting; but, as

this particular cook was no exception to the ordinary run of cooks, rousing him was no easy task. However, the captain persevered, and finally about five o'clock, with a sleepy yawn, the cook would turn out, and the business of the day would begin.

By six, or half-past six, breakfast would be over, and I would be on the river with Morrison and the two basemen continuing the survey from the point where we had left it the previous evening, leaving the crew of the "*Hoodalinka*" to break camp and help the cook with the dishes.

The time when the boat passed us, generally about ten or eleven o'clock, was carefully noted, along with the distance traversed, and it was then an easy matter for Gladman to estimate the respective rates of travel of the canoes and the boat, so that when a distance down stream had been traversed which was likely to be reached by the survey, a convenient spot would be chosen and the camp pitched.

Along in the evening, when it was beginning to get too dark to work, on turning round some bend in the river, the camp-fire would be seen brightly shining ahead, and I need hardly add that supper was generally a hearty meal.

After supper there were notes to write out, observations to reduce, the work of the day to be plotted, and the work of the next day to be planned, so that I considered myself fortunate when eleven o'clock found me seeking "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and I sank into unconsciousness, from which even the captain's eternal "Vell, boys, vat time is it?" had no power to rouse me.

In this way, day after day, we continued to descend the river.

For some distance below the "White Horse" Rapids, the current is swift and the river wide, with many gravel bars. The reach between these rapids and Lake Labarge, a distance of twenty-seven and a half miles, is all smooth water with a strong current.

About midway in this stretch, the Tahk-heena River joins the Lewes. This river is apparently about half the size of the latter, and its waters are muddy, indicating its passage through a clayey district. I obtained some indefinite information about this river from an Indian whom I met just below its mouth, but I could not readily make him understand me, and his replies were a compound of Chinook, Tagish and signs, and therefore largely unintelligible. From what I could understand with any certainty, the river was easy to descend, there being no bad rapids, and it came out of a lake much larger than any I had yet passed.

Here I may remark that I have invariably found it difficult to get reliable or definite information from Indians. The reasons for this are many. They all expect to make something out of a white man, and consequently are very chary about doing or saying anything unless they think they will be well rewarded for it. They are naturally, too, very suspicious of strangers, and it takes some time and some knowledge of the language to overcome this suspicion and gain their confidence. If you begin at once to ask questions about their country, without previously having them thoroughly understand that you have no unfriendly motive in doing so, they become alarmed, and, although you may not meet with a positive refusal to answer questions, you make very little progress in getting desired information. On the other hand, I have met cases where, either through fear or hope of reward, they were only too anxious to impart all they knew or had heard, and even more if they thought it would please their hearer. I need hardly say that such information is often not at all in accordance with the facts.

Lake Labarge was reached on the evening of the 26th July, and our camp pitched on its southern shore. The lake is thirty-one miles in length,

broad at both ends and narrow in the middle, lying north and south, like a long and slender foot-print made by some gigantic Titan in long-bygone days.

As the prevailing wind blows almost constantly down the lake, the miners complain much of detention from the roughness of the water, and for the three days I was on the lake, I certainly cannot complain of any lack of attention from blustering Australis.

it is well out in the lake; the nearest point of it to the western shore is upwards of half a mile distant, and the extreme width of the lake here, as determined from triangulation, is not more than five miles, which includes the depth of the deepest bays on the western side. It is therefore difficult to understand that he did not see it as an island. The upper half of this island is gravelly, and does not rise very high above the lake; the lower end is



THE GREAT CANON ON THE YUKON.

The survey was carried along the western shore, which is irregular in many places, being indented by large, shallow bays, especially at the upper and lower ends.

Just above where the lake narrows in the middle, there is a large island, which is shown on Schwatka's map as a peninsula, and called by him Rich-tofen Rocks. How he came to think it a peninsula I cannot understand, as

rocky and high, the rock of a bright red color and probably granite.

At the lower end of the lake there is a deep, wide valley extending northwards, which has evidently at one time been the outlet of the lake. In this the mixed timber, poplar and spruce, is of a size which betokens a fair soil: the herbage, too, is more than usually rich for this region. This valley, which Dr. Dawson has named

"Ogilvie Valley," is extensive, and, if ever required as an aid to the sustenance of our people, will figure largely in the district's agricultural assets.

We left this, the last lake of the great chain, behind us on Saturday,

with interest not unmixed with apprehension. After friendly relations had been established, I endeavoured to get some information from them. One of these Indians could speak a little Chinook and I was fortunate enough



LOOKING UP THE RAPIDS BELOW THE CANON.

the 30th of July, and proceeded with a moderate current of about four miles an hour. The river just here is crooked and runs past high, steep banks surmounted by scrub pine and stunted poplar which shut in the narrow valley. There are, however, many flats of moderate extent, along the river and at its confluence with other streams, where the soil is fair.

The Tes-lin-too, the El Dorado of Captain Moore, was reached on Monday, the 1st of August. In response to the Captain's stentorian challenge, "Hello-o-o dere! any miners dere?" a couple of families of Indians who hunt in the vicinity appeared upon the bank and regarded our approach

to have two men with me who understood his jargon perfectly. He told me, greatly to the Captain's chagrin, that the miners had all moved further down the river some time ago, to Cassiar Bar and other places. He also told me, with an appearance of truth and frankness, that they had seen nothing whatever of a war-party of Aiyaua Indians from Stewart River. I succeeded also in obtaining some information with regard to the river itself. The river, he said, was easy to ascend, and presented the same appearance eight days' journey up as at the mouth; then a lake was reached, which took one day to cross; the river was then followed again for half a day

to another lake which took two days to traverse. Into this lake emptied a stream which they used as a highway to the coast, passing by way of the Taku River. He said it took four days, when they had loads to carry, from the head of canoe navigation on the Tes-lin-too to salt water on the Taku Inlet; but when they came light they took less than two days.

It may be well to point out, in view of explorations at present going on, that the route to the sea here referred to cannot, in any sense, be considered as unexplored. Teslin Lake has been known to the miners for many years.

About sixteen years ago a miner named Monroe prospected up the Taku, and learned from the Indians something of a large lake not far from that river. He crossed over and found it and then recrossed to the sea. Mr. T. Boswell, with his brother and another miner, spent most of the summer of 1887 on the Tes-lin-too River and Teslin Lake, and from their account and Monroe's, together with the information which I obtained from the Indians met at the mouth of the river, a pretty clear general idea of the region has been arrived at. An instrumental survey is, however, still a desideratum.

Combining all accounts, it is certain that this branch is the longer and more important of the two, and that it offers easy and uninterrupted navigation for more than double the distance which the Lewes does.

The water of the Tes-lin-too is of a dark brown color, similar in appearance to the Ottawa River water, and a little turbid. Notwithstanding the difference of volume of discharge, the Tes-lin-too changes completely the character of the river below the junction, and a person coming up stream would, at the forks, unhesitatingly pronounce the Tes-lin-too to be the main stream. The water of the Lewes is blue in color and comparatively clear.

About eighteen miles below the Tes-

lin-too I saw the first place that had been worked for gold. A hut had been erected and there were indications that a party had wintered here. Between it and Big Salmon River six other locations were met with. One of them, Cassiar Bar, had been worked in the previous season by a party of four who took out six thousand dollars in thirty days. They were still working there when I passed on the 3rd of August, but stated that all they could get this season was about ten dollars a day, and that it was now about worked out.

At the time of my visit they were trying the bank, but found the ground frozen at a depth of about three feet, though there was no timber or moss on it. They had recourse to fire to thaw out the ground, but found this slow work.

Two of the party subsequently went down to Forty Mile River, where I met one of them. He was a Swede, and had been gold-mining for upwards of twenty-five years in California and British Columbia. He gave me his opinion of the district in these words, "I never saw a country where there was so much gold and so evenly distributed; no place is very rich, but no place is very poor, and every man can make a 'grub stake'" (that is enough to feed and clothe him for a year).

The whole length of the Tes-lin-too yields fine gold at the rate of from eight to ten dollars a day; but, as the heart's desire of the miners is coarse gold, they do not remain long in a country in which the fine gold only is found—generally no longer than is necessary to make a "grub-stake,"—unless the gold is in unusually large quantities.

Between the Tes-lin-too and the Big Salmon (D'Abbadie of Schwatka) is thirty-three and a half miles, in which the Lewes preserves a generally uniform width and current.

The waters of the Big Salmon are sluggish and shallow. The valley, as seen from the mouth, is wide, and

gives one the impression of being occupied by a much more important stream. Looking up it, in the distance could be seen many high peaks covered with snow, and, as this was in the beginning of August, it is likely they are always so covered—which would make their probable altitude above the river, five thousand feet or more.

Two days' run, or about thirty-six miles, the river constantly winding round low, sandy points, and dotted with small, well-timbered islands, brought us to the Little Salmon (Daly of Schwatka), a small and unimportant stream entering from the east. The water is clear, but of a brownish hue. The valley bears to the north-east, and six or seven miles up it some high cliffs of red rock, apparently granite, can be seen.

five hundred feet. It is of a light grey color, but what the character of the rock is I could not determine, as I saw it only from the river, which is about a quarter of a mile distant.

We passed the mouth of the Nordenskiöld on the 9th of August. The river here makes a loop of eight miles round a hill on the east bank, named by Schwatka Tantalus Butte. The distance across from point to point is only half a mile.

Early the next day we heard the booming of the Rink Rapids in the distance, and it was not long before they were in sight. These rapids are known to miners as Five Finger rapids, from the fact that five large, bold masses of rock stand in mid-channel. This obstruction backs up the water so as to raise it about a foot, causing a



THE EAGLE'S NEST.

One of the most remarkable objects along the river, located just below the Little Salmon, is a huge hemisphere of rock, called the "Eagle's Nest," rising abruptly from a gravel slope on the east bank, to a height of about

swell below for a few yards. The islands are composed of conglomerate rock, similar to the cliffs on each side of the river, from which one would infer that there has been a fall here in past ages. For about two miles below

the rapid there is a swift current; not swift enough, however, to prevent the ascent of a steamboat of moderate power; and the rapids themselves I do not think would present any serious obstacle to the ascent of a good boat. In very high water warping might be required.

Nothing whatever was seen here of the "hundreds of gulls," which have their breeding grounds on these rocky points, noticed by Schwatka. These, as well as the "dense swarms of the omnipresent mosquito," were conspicuous by their absence.

With regard to the mosquitoes on the Yukon, Lieut. Schwatka has expressed his mind freely. He says:—

"The mosquitoes were now (5th July) thick beyond anything I have ever seen. As we crossed boggy places, or the marshy rims of the numerous inland lakes, they rose in dense swarms. Hunting, the only object one could have in inland excursions, became impossible on account of these insects; their stings could not be endured, and in looking through such swarms, it was not possible to take sure sight at the game.

* * * I believe this part of the Yukon country (foot of the Canon) to be scarcely habitable in the summer, on account of these pests, and think their numbers sufficient reason for the complete absence of game during that part of the year. On the lower river, beyond Fort Yukon, their numbers appreciably decrease.

* * * It is not until the first severe frost comes—about the first of September—that this annoyance is abated completely."

I passed the Cañon less than three weeks later in July than Lieut. Schwatka, but saw very few mosquitoes there; and even as far as the boundary, though a few were seen here and there, we certainly suffered no inconvenience whatever from them.

I believe the exact reverse of what is stated above with reference to the decrease of mosquitoes below Fort Yukon, to be the case. Below Fort Yukon the country along the river becomes flat, and great areas of tundra, or frozen morass, occur. These tundra becoming soaked with summer rains, which can only penetrate to a depth of a few inches, become regular swamps, the natural breeding-grounds for all kinds of insect life; so that if mosquitoes abound on any part of the

river, it would be natural to suppose that it would be in the vicinity of the tundra lands. As I did not go below the boundary, however, I can only speak with certainty of the upper part of the river. Practically speaking, there were, when I passed, no mosquitoes there. There is an operation, known in French cookery as *farcining*, commonly practised by small school-boys upon credulous companions, and capable of furnishing much mild amusement when indulged in to a limited extent. I have found the miners of the Yukon to be particularly fond of this amusement; and this may account for the highly colored stories of Esquimo dogs, and even of bears, having been killed by mosquitoes, which were gravely related to the gallant lieutenant by these accomplished *farcieurs*.

After getting a couple of snap-shots at the rapids, we ran through and camped for dinner on a little shelving point on the east bank.

About a mile and a half below our camping-place, a small, dark-colored stream, the Tatshun, enters the river from the east. To this spot I directed the basemen, after dinner, to proceed. As they neared the point, I took up my station at the telescope, and was idly watching them, when a sight met my view that sent the blood in an instant tingling through my veins with excitement. The canoe was within a few yards of the shore, when suddenly, as if by magic, the bank above became literally alive with Indians. Shouting, gesticulating wildly, and flourishing their arms about, they came charging furiously down the sloping side of the river.

Now we had not seen an Indian for three hundred miles, and, indeed, with the exception of a solitary one near the mouth of the Tahk-heena, and the few miserable Tagish encountered at the Teslin-too, we had seen none since we entered the country. Our apprehensions of trouble had gradually subsided the farther we advanced; but

now our worst fears about the Indians told of in the miner's story at Chilkoot Inlet received ample confirmation from these unmistakably hostile demonstrations. The suddenness, also, with which they had burst upon our view, made them an alarming spectacle. "There they are at last," was the thought that passed quickly from lip to lip.

In a moment our little camp was astrir. To seize my Bullard, leap into the canoe with Morrison, and call to

her bodily. The "*Hoodalinka's*" slashing sweeps, beating the water to a foam, could be heard in the rear. It was a race for life!

It is said there is but one step, and that a short one, from tragedy to comedy; but Momus never dropped the awful mask of Mars more quickly than he did on this occasion. By the time we were fairly into the race, there seemed to be a lull in the hostile demonstrations—some devilish ruse, no doubt. As we hurried on with re-



THE RINK RAPIDS. THE "*HOODALINKA*" TAKING THE DIP.

the others to follow to the rescue, were the acts of a few seconds. The crew of the "*Hoodalinka*" had two rifles—a Winchester and a Martini-Henri; besides these, every man had a Colt's revolver, and we determined to make as good a fight as possible under the circumstances.

But one idea filled our minds—to get there in time to prevent the massacre of our companions; and, bending every energy to the task, the little "*Yukon*" shot through the water, impelled by strokes that almost lifted

newed energy, Gladman quietly picked up the field glass to reconnoitre the enemy.

"It's all right," he shouted from the boat, in the coolest possible tone; "they're shaking hands all around." This was true enough; the warlike scene had shifted with the suddenness of a panoramic view. The poor savages were huddled together on the beach, extending the most friendly and cordial welcome to Parker and Sparks, who were standing unhurt in their midst. Moreover, we now noticed

what, in our excitement, we had omitted to observe—that not one of the savages was armed.

The relief from the tension of mind experienced by men nerved for a desperate encounter, who suddenly find that the enemy has vanished into smoke, can be better imagined than described. The ludicrousness of the situation struck us so forcibly that we gave way to prolonged peals of the heartiest laughter that have ever rung on the quiet bosom of the great Yukon.

It has been my lot to meet many Indians roaming the vast tracts from British Columbia to Labrador; but, of all the miserable creatures I ever saw, these were, without exception, the worst, the poorest, and the most unintelligent. It is needless to say that none of our party understood anything they said, as they could not speak a word of any language but their own. As an instance of their stupidity, I may mention that, wanting to buy some tea and other provisions from me, they tendered in payment the tin stamps that are put by some manufacturers on plugs of tobacco. These they signified to me had been given to them by the coast Indians in exchange for furs. It is possible they had taken them off the tobacco brought to them by these Indians, and were trying to swindle me, but I am inclined to think not.

They were engaged in salmon fishing at the mouth of the Tatshun, and I tried by signs to get some information from them about the stream they were fishing in, but I failed. I tried, in the same way, to learn if there were any more Indians in the vicinity, but again I utterly failed. I then tried by signs to find out how many days it took to go down to Pelly River, but, although I have never known these signs to fail in eliciting information in any other part of the territory, they did not understand.

One thing, however, they did comprehend. Thinking that my men

would relish some fresh fish, and knowing that these Indians are expert fishers, I took some silver from my pocket and, holding it in my hand, went through a little pantomime performance. The Indians gravely watched me pointing to their nets and to the river, and making the motion of giving the coins. Two of them understood what was wanted, and catching up their nets, sprang down the bank with great alacrity. They were gone about ten minutes, returning with three fine salmon.

As their mode of catching salmon is identical with that mysterious process witnessed by Schwatka further down the river, and which appears to have puzzled him greatly, I may describe it briefly.

The fish, in their long journey up from the sea—nearly two thousand miles—naturally follow the slack current in the shallow water near the shore, and they swim generally about two feet below the surface. One can easily trace their passage through the water by the slight ripple which they make on the surface, and, as they cannot see in the muddy water, they may, with care, be taken by gently placing a scoop-net in their way and lifting them out when they enter it. *Voilà tout le mystère?* The Indian judges the depth by the size and character of the advancing ripple, and simply moves his net to and fro, keeping it always directly in front of the unsuspecting fish. The salmon are passing constantly, thousands every day, so that an Indian youth has plenty of practice and soon becomes expert in this peculiar mode of fishing. No picturesque watcher on the bank was seen, nor was any extraordinary power of vision necessary, the ripple being plainly visible to every one. On the way down the Lewes, the first of these "salmon ripples" noticed by us was about twenty-five miles above Five Finger Rapids. I have frequently seen them on the Thompson and Fraser rivers and

in other parts of British Columbia, but there, as the streams are for the most part clear and the surface broken by eddies, a different method of taking the fish has to be adopted.

The Indian, knowing the habits of the fish, chooses some jutting point round which the river takes a sudden bend. The slack water is, of course, inshore, and though he cannot see the fish, on account of the roughness of the water, the fisher knows that hundreds of salmon are passing this point every hour. He gently drops his scoop-net into the water up stream, sweeps down with the current through three quarters of the circumference of the circle, lifts the net, completes the circle, quietly replaces the net and repeats the operation over and over again.

In these sweeps the greatest care is necessary, as the fish are exceedingly alert and the least inadvertence will send the whole line off into deep water. The Indian's judgment and skill here come into constant play and also finds ample exercise in the selection of suitable fishing grounds.

Six miles below Rink Rapids are what are known as "Little Rapids." This is simply a barrier of rocks which extends from the westerly side of the river about half way across. Over this barrier there is a ripple which would offer no great obstacle to the descent in a good canoe. On the easterly side there is no ripple—the current is smooth and the water apparently deep. I tried to sound it with a six foot paddle, but could not reach the bottom.

About a mile below Little Rapids the river spreads out into a lake-like expanse, with many islands; this continues for about three miles when it contracts to something like the usual width; but bars and small islands are numerous all the way to Pelly River. About five miles above Pelly River there is another lake-like expanse filled with islands. The river here is nearly a mile wide, and so numerous and close are the islands that it is im-

possible to tell, when floating among them, where the shores of the river are. The current, too, is swift, leading one to suppose the water shallow; but I think that even here a channel deep enough for such boats as will navigate this part of the river, could easily be found. Schwatka named this group "Ingersoll Islands."

On the 11th of August, near Hooche-koo Bluff, I met a party of miners coming out who had passed Stewart River a few days before. They had seen no sign of Doctor Dawson there. This was agreeable news to me, as I expected that on account of the many delays I had met with on the coast range, he would have reached that point long before I arrived.

These miners also gave me the welcome news that the story told at the coast about the fight with the Indians at Stewart River was a pure fabrication. The individual who spread the rumor was a lawless character who had attempted to take the life of another miner—for which offence he was ordered to leave the district in mid-winter, an order which the miners consider equivalent to a sentence of death. Strange to say, however, he succeeded in reaching the coast, having made a distance of over five hundred miles, of the most difficult and dangerous travelling, between the months of February and May; and there, partly from malice and partly to account plausibly for his inopportune appearance, he concocted the diabolical story which I had heard.

The method of administering justice among the miners is simple and expeditious. They have their own code of laws, based on a pretty clear application of the principle of right and wrong in dealing with each other, and any one who should attempt, by means of technicalities or "sharp practice," to make wrong appear right, would, I fancy, be judged more guilty than the culprit himself. Any one who has been wronged, or thinks he has, calls a meeting of the camp, which at once

resolves itself into a board of trial to hear and dispose of the case. In all such trials, a man's known character for truthful and honorable dealing, or the reverse, is an important factor.

he had been so confidently building all the way down the river, now tumbled about his ears in a sad heap of ruins. One of his boys had evidently had enough of the country, and



CONFLUENCE OF THE PELLY AND YUKON.*

The miners, although they may not, perhaps, understand all the fine shades of difference between *meum* and *tuum* distinguished by a Supreme Court lawyer, are keen judges of fair play, and it is hardly necessary to add that their decisions, from which there is no appeal, are generally regarded as satisfactory by all interested in the case. This is certainly more than can be said of the decisions of many of the so-called "Courts of Justice" of more favored countries.

The same evening I met nine miners on their way out, and the next day I met three boats, each containing four men. In the crew of one of them was a son of Captain Moore, from whom the Captain obtained such information as induced him to turn back and accompany them out. I was sorry for the old man: the air-castles, which

was glad to get out of it, even with empty pockets; the other, after various fruitless efforts to make a "grub stake," had given it up, and was sawing wood for the more prosperous miners at \$15 a month.

Next day, the 13th, I reached the mouth of the Pelly, and found that Dr. Dawson had arrived there on the 11th. The Doctor had also met with many delays, and, though nearly a month behind the time arranged for our meeting when I parted from him in May, we arrived here within two days of each other. He had also heard the story of the Indian uprising in the interior, and had, on account of it, been kept in a state of anxious watchfulness for the greater part of the summer. I was pleased to find that he

*The high cliff to the left is common to both rivers. The pine at the bottom of the cliff is probably 70 feet high.



RUINS OF FORT SELKIRK ON THE YUKON.

was in no immediate want of provisions, the fear of which had caused me a great deal of uneasiness on the way down the river, as it had been arranged between us in Victoria that I was to take with me provisions for his party to do them until their return to the coast. The Doctor was so much behind the time arranged to meet me, and so anxious to avoid delay at the upper lakes, which freeze over early in the autumn, that he determined to start for the coast at once. I therefore set about making a short report and plan of my survey to this point; and, as I was not likely to get another opportunity of writing at such length for a year, I applied myself to a correspondence designed to satisfy my friends and acquaintances for the ensuing twelve months. This necessitated three days' hard work.

On the morning of the 17th, the Doctor departed for the outside world, leaving me with a feeling of loneliness

which can only be realized by those who have experienced it.

I remained at the mouth of the Pelly during the next day, taking magnetic and astronomical observations, and making some measurements of the river.

About a mile below the junction with the Lewes, and on the south side, stands all that remains of the only permanent trading post ever built by white men in the district. This post was established by Robert Campbell, for the Hudson's Bay Company, in the summer of 1848. It was first built upon the point of land between the two rivers, but this location proving untenable, on account of flooding by ice jams in the spring, it was, in the season of 1852, moved across the river to where the ruins now stand. It appears that the houses composing the post were not finished when the Indians from the coast on Chilkat and Chilkoot Inlets, came down the

river to put a stop to the competitive trade which Mr. Campbell had inaugurated, and which they found to seriously interfere with their profits. Their method of trade appears to have been then pretty much as it is now—very one-sided. What they found convenient to take by force, they took; and what they found convenient to pay for, they paid for—at their own price.

Rumors had reached the post that the coast Indians contemplated a raid, and, in consequence, the friendly Indians in the vicinity remained about nearly all summer. Unfortunately, however, they went away for a short time, and, during their absence, the coast Indians arrived and pillaged the place, and set fire to it, leaving nothing but the remains of two chimneys, which are still standing. This raid and capture took place on Sunday, the 1st of August, 1852. Mr. Campbell was ordered to leave the country within twenty-four hours, and accordingly he dropped down the river. On his way he met some of the local Indians, and returned with them, but the robbers had made their escape. I have heard that the local Indians wished to pursue and overtake them, but to this Mr. Campbell would not consent. Had they done so, it is probable that not many of the raiders would have escaped, as the superior local knowledge of the natives would have given them an advantage difficult to estimate, and the confidence and spirit derived from the aid and presence of a white man would have been worth much in such a conflict.

Mr. Campbell went on down the river until he met the outfit for his post on its way up from Fort Yukon. He turned it back. He then ascended the Pelly, crossed to the Liard, and reached Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie, late in October.

Nothing more was ever done in the vicinity of Fort Selkirk by the Hudson's Bay Company after these events, and in 1869 the company was ordered

by Captain Charles W. Raymond, who represented the United States Government, to evacuate the post at Fort Yukon, which he had ascertained to be west of the 141st meridian. The post was occupied by the company, however, for some time after the receipt of the order, until Rampart House, which was intended to be on British territory, and to take the trade previously done at Fort Yukon, was built. Under present conditions the company cannot very well compete with the Alaska Fur Company, whose agents do the only trade in the district, and they appear to have abandoned—for the present at least—all attempts to do any trade nearer to it than Rampart House, to which point, notwithstanding the distance and difficulties in the way, many of the Indians on the Pelly-Yukon make a trip every two or three years to procure goods in exchange for their furs.

The ruins of Fort Selkirk stand on a flat of considerable extent, which is covered with a small growth of willow, poplar, and a few spruce. The soil is a gravelly loam, covering a sub-soil of gravel, evidently detritus. This flat extends up the river for several miles, but is all covered thickly with timber, except a small piece around the site of the fort.

On the north side of the river there is also a large plateau, bounded by a perpendicular basalt cliff, two or three hundred feet high, on which the soil appears to be poor, judging from the thinness and smallness of the trees. This plateau seems to extend up the Pelly for some distance, and down the Yukon some ten or twelve miles. As seen from the river, it reminds one of the slopes and hills around Kamloops in British Columbia.

On the 19th I resumed my journey northward. Opposite Fort Selkirk, the Pelly-Yukon river is about one-third of a mile broad; and it maintains this width down to White River, a distance of ninety-six miles. Islands are numerous, so much so that there

are few parts of the river where one or more are not in sight; many of them are of considerable size, and nearly all are well timbered.—Bars are also numerous, but nearly all are composed of gravel, so that navigators will not have to complain of shifting sand-bars. The current, as a general thing, is not so rapid as in the upper part of the river, and the depth in the main channel was always found to exceed six feet.

25th. The water of this river is a chalky white color, and so muddy that it is impossible to see through one-eighth of an inch of it. The current is very strong, probably eight miles or more per hour. I spent most of the day trying to ascend the river, but found it impracticable; after trying for several hours, the basemen succeeded in doing about half a mile only, and I came to the conclusion that it was useless to try to get up this stream to



INDIAN GRAVE NEAR RUINS OF FORT SELKIRK.

On the evening of the 22nd, on coming ashore to pitch our camp for the night, I was fortunate enough to get a shot at a "wood cariboo," which came down to the river-side to drink, a few hundred yards from the spot where we had landed. This was the only "wood cariboo" seen on the river. It is a much larger and more beautiful animal than the ordinary cariboo which roams in vast herds over these northern hills, and resembles the elk or wapiti, except that the antlers are smaller.

White River was reached on the

boundary with canoes. Had it proved feasible, I had intended making a survey of this stream to the boundary, to discover more especially the facilities it offered for the transport of supplies in the event of a survey of the international boundary being undertaken.

The water from this river, though probably not one-fourth of the volume of the Pelly-Yukon, discolors the water of the latter completely, and about two miles below the junction the Pelly-Yukon appears almost as dirty as the White River.

Between White and Stewart Rivers the river spreads out to a mile and upwards in width, and is a maze of islands and bars.

Stewart River, which was reached on the following day, enters from the east in the middle of a wide valley, with low hills on both sides, rising on the north side in clearly marked steps or terraces to distant hills of considerable height. The river, a short distance up, is two hundred yards in width, the current slack, and the water shallow and clear, but dark-colored. While at the mouth, I was fortunate enough to meet a miner, named McDonald, who had spent the whole of the summer of 1887 on the river and its branches, prospecting and exploring. He gave me a good deal of information, which I have incorporated in my map of the district. This man had ascended two of the main branches of the river. At the head of one of them he found a large lake, which he named Mayhew Lake; on the other branch he found falls, which he estimated to be from one to two hundred feet in height. I met several parties afterwards who had seen these falls, and they corroborated this estimate of their height. McDonald went on past the falls to the head of this branch, and found terraced gravel hills to the west and north; he crossed them to the north and found a river flowing northward. On this he embarked on a raft, and floated down it for a day or two, thinking it would turn to the west and join the Stewart, but finding it still continuing north, and acquiring too much volume to be any of the branches he had seen while passing up the Stewart, he returned to his point of departure, and after prospecting among the hills around the head of the river he started westward, crossing a high range of mountains composed principally of shales with many thin seams of what is called quartz, ranging from one to six inches in thickness. On the west side of this range he found the head waters of Beaver

River, which he descended on a raft, taking five days to do so.

It is probable the river flowing northward, on which he made a journey and returned, is a branch of Peel River. The timber on the gravel terraces of the water-shed, he described as small and open. He was alone in this unknown wilderness all summer, not seeing even any of the natives. There are few men, I think, so constituted as to be capable of isolating themselves in such a manner.

On the 1st of September, we passed the site of the temporary trading post shown on the maps as Fort Reliance. A few miles above this point the Tondac River of the Indians (Deer River of Schwatka) enters from the east. It is a small river about forty yards wide at the mouth, and shallow; the water is clear and transparent and of a beautiful blue color. The Indians catch great numbers of salmon here. They had been fishing shortly before my arrival, and the river for some distance up was full of salmon traps.

Several days of continuous heavy rain now interrupted our work, so that Forty Mile River (Cone Hill River of Schwatka) was not reached till the 7th of September.

The current in Forty Mile River is generally strong, and there are numerous rapids, one, in particular, not far from the mouth, in which several miners have been drowned. The river is not wide, and one would think an ordinary swimmer would have no difficulty in reaching land; but the coldness of the water soon benumbs a man completely and renders him powerless. In the early part of the summer an Indian, from Tanana, with his family, was coming down to trade at the post at the mouth of Forty Mile River; his canoe upset in these rapids and he was thrown clear of it, but the woman and children clung to it. In the rough water he lost sight of them and concluding that they were lost, it is said he deliberately drew his knife and cut his throat, thus perishing, while his family were

hauled ashore by some miners. The chief of the band to which this Indian belonged came to the post and demanded pay for his loss, which he contended was occasioned by the traders having moved from Belle Isle to Forty Mile, thus causing his men to descend this dangerous rapid; and there is little doubt that had there not been so many white men in the vicinity he would have tried to enforce his demand.

Fifteen miles below Forty Mile River a large mass of rock stands on the east bank. This was named by Schwatka "Roquette Rock," but it is known to traders as "Old Woman Rock;" a similar mass on the west side of the river being known as "Old Man Rock." The origin of these names is an Indian legend, of which the following is the version given to me by the traders:—

In remote ages there lived in this locality a powerful Tshaumen. There also lived in the neighborhood of this powerful being a poor man who had the great misfortune to have an inveterate scold for a wife. He bore the infliction for a long time without murmuring, in the hope that Xantippe would relent; but time only seemed to increase the virulence of her tongue and temper. At length, growing weary of the unceasing torment, he complained to the Tshaumen, who holds a position and exercises an influence among the people he lives with something akin to that of the wise men or magi of olden times in the east. The Tshaumen comforted him and sent him home with the assurance that all would soon be well.

Shortly after this the poor man went out to hunt and remained away many days endeavoring to replenish the domestic larder, but without avail; he returned weary and hungry, only to be met by his wife with a more than usually violent outburst of scolding. This so provoked him that he gathered all his strength and energy for one grand effort, and gave her a kick that sent her clear across the river. On

landing, she was converted into the mass of rock which remains to this day a memorial of her viciousness and a warning to all future scolds. The metamorphosis was effected by the Tshaumen, but how the necessary force was acquired to send her across the river, here half a mile wide, or whether the kick was administered by the Tshaumen or the husband, my narrator could not say. He was also altogether at a loss to account for the conversion of the husband into the mass of rock on the west side of the river; nor can I offer any theory, unless it be that he was *petrified* by astonishment at the result.

Such legends as this would be of interest to ethnologists if they could be procured directly from the Indians; but repeated by men who have little or no knowledge of the utility of legendary lore, and less sympathy with it, they lose much of their value.

On the 14th of September, I finished my survey to the boundary. In the afternoon, while waiting for a sight, an incident occurred which relieved the tedium and furnished amusement for many days.

Parker and Sparks had gone ahead down the river to set up the base. Instead of doing so, however, they appeared to be beating about the bush in a most unaccountable manner. I was becoming impatient at the delay, and watching through the glass, when I saw them make a swift rush from the wooded bank to the canoe, grasp the paddles and ply them with desperate energy. My first thought was that they had been attacked by a bear, but Morrison, who was watching their movements closely, said:

"Is there not something in the river ahead of them?"

"Yes, by George! they are after a moose," I cried, turning the glass in the direction indicated. A magnificent buck moose had taken the water some fifty yards ahead of them. Now a man with a canoe can easily overtake a moose swimming, and the con-

sequence was, that before they had reached the middle of the river, they were right on top of the animal. So close in fact were they, that they could have jumped upon its back if they had so wished.

Now was the time for the *coup-de-grace*, and, when I saw Parker hastily drop the paddle, and nervously fumble about for his rifle, I knew the curtain was up for a highly entertaining performance. A puff of smoke went up, and—bang! went the Winchester, announcing that the battle had begun. Without waiting to see the effect of Parker's shot, Sparks excitedly whipped out his revolver and began a regular fusilade at short range. The fun was now fast and furious. Bang! went the Winchester—Pop! Pop! went the pistol shots—and on serenely swam the moose, making straight for a bar in the river.

"By George! Charlie, they are going to lose him," I said, laughing till the tears ran down my face. "Here is our winter camp, and lots of fresh

meat right at the door; you had better go down and try a shot."

In the meantime the young Nimrods had emptied both rifle and revolver to no effect; the moose had gained the bar and was flying across it at railway speed. Gladman, whom nothing ever unduly excited, set off leisurely. Arrived at the point where the moose had taken the water, he proceeded methodically to set up and adjust the base. By this time the moose had gained the bank and was lost to view, still pursued by Parker and Sparks, who, having no more ammunition, were yelping like a couple of dogs.

While taking the angles I was startled to see the moose suddenly break covert from the bluff right above Gladman's head and come tearing down the bank towards him. The moment was an exciting one. Startled as I was to see the animal reappear in this way, I was thunder-struck to see that Gladman was entirely unconscious of danger, and thinking, no doubt, that the moose had made good



THE EXPEDITION ON THE YUKON.

his escape, and that it would be useless to follow him, was standing with his back to the bluff busied about some little matters of the camp.

I pride myself on being able to *shout* when the occasion demands it, and now, making a trumpet of my hands, in my excitement I fairly roared, "Moose, Charlie! Moose!! M-oo-s-e!!!"

Gladman heard and understood, though the distance must have been a good mile and a half.

Picking up his rifle, he ran up and down the beach looking in all directions. He could see no trace of the animal, while from my point of view, with the glass, I could plainly see him, with nose outstretched and antlers laid back, crashing down the bank not twenty yards from him.

The mystery was cleared up by Gladman walking quietly down the shore, round a bend or bay in the river, to a point about half a mile below the camp, from which the faint yelping of "the dogs" proceeded. This point was directly in the line of sight of the telescope, and it was here, instead of at the camp, that I had seen the moose rushing down the bank. When this simple explanation dawned upon me, it is needless to say that I felt mortified at my stupidity. My vexation vanished, however, when a few minutes later I heard two shots in quick succession from Gladman's rifle, which I knew meant that we should have moose steak for supper.

We had now reached our winter camp, and the next few days were busily spent in preparing our winter quarters, and in building a magnetic observatory and a transit house. As I had been led to expect extremely low temperature during the winter, I adopted precautionary measures, in order to be as comfortable during our stay there as circumstances would permit.

A few remarks descriptive of our residence may not be uninteresting.

After clearing away the top soil and excavating some distance into the side of the hill for a foundation, the bottom round of the house was laid and embedded in the place so cleared. The next round of logs was then put up and fitted in place; it was then rolled off, and on top of the first round was laid a thick layer of moss. The second round of logs was then put back in its place on top of the moss, which was so thick that the second round did not lie on the saddles at the corners, but rode on the moss. This was done with each succeeding round until the requisite height was reached, when the ordinary kind of shanty roof, consisting of poles, was put on. On these was laid a layer of moss about one foot thick, and on this about one foot of clay. In the roof were two ventilators, which could be closed altogether if necessary. The faithful "*Hoodalinka*" was taken to pieces, as we had no further use for her, to supply boards for flooring and a door.

To heat the building, a large stone furnace was built, in size three feet by eight; the front end of this was fashioned into a fireplace with an oven on top for cooking; the other end was formed into a chimney. The structure was a large mass of stone, bound together by a tough white clay which we found in the vicinity, and which baked hard and white, and did not crack with the heat. When this mass was once heated, which it took two days to do, it retained the heat for a long time.

With the weight of the roof and walls, the moss between the logs was so pressed, that it filled every crevice, and made almost a solid wall. During the winter the ventilators were kept open all the time; yet the lowest temperature observed in the house during our stay was 48° Fahrenheit; the average in the morning, before the fire was lighted, was about 60° Fahrenheit.

ORIGIN OF THE SOCIAL CRISIS IN THE UNITED STATES.

(A Monarchist's View.)

BY VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC.

WHEN to an organism or to a mechanism anything happens to disturb the plan of its motion, before the reason why the disturbance has happened may be known, the laws that govern must be understood. That great complex organism, the state, whose unit in some epochs is the family, in others is the individual, and in some times and places is both, is no exception to the rule. It is an error of judgment to suppose that any law has exceptions—exceptions belong to different categories.

The United States was founded on two different systems of social polity. The Southern colonies reckoned family as the political unit, and early had hereditary estates engrafted into their system. In Virginia and the Carolinas entailed estates were permitted by law. This law fostered the growth of the family, and favored agriculture necessarily. Consequent on this, city influence in Southern affairs was small, and Southern cities could not compare, even with cities of the same size in the North, in wealth, culture, and enterprise. The South had few manufactures. The glory and valor of the section was with the country families, and with them none in the North could compare in fame and continuity of excellence. The sum total of wealth in the South was not so great as that in the North; but, individually, the people were more comfortable, for in the North there early began that instability of institutions resulting in the increase of wealth among the few, and extreme poverty and industrial servitude among the many.

The Northern colonists came to the

New World to found a government without a king, and a church without a bishop. As aristocracy is an adjunct of monarchy, and aristocracy relies on the strength and permanence of the family, the Puritans of the New England colonies made laws inhibiting the entailment of estates. Agriculture is the necessary pursuit of those who have great estates. Since, in New England, the individual instead of the family was made the political unit, and the laws were so framed as to discourage great landed holdings, the enterprise of the section went to the building of towns and cities. What farms there were, were poor and small, and the farming class were stingy and dwarfed in sentiment. The best blood was in the cities, of which Boston was chief. The chief pursuit was commerce on the seas, and the merchant class of the higher order were cultivated and liberal by intercourse with foreign nations, and their children received the benefit of their parents' experience, education and wealth. The commercial cities of New England also received, among foreign settlers of a mean description who acted as servants and laborers, others of a higher degree, until gradually the old Puritan stiffness and bigotry wore away, and the family as a unit, if not actually in use, began to have a theoretical value.

But with the formation and growth of cities and towns in the interior of the New England and Middle States, a new element began to exercise an influence over the laws already in existence. These new cities of the interior—away from the sea—were not based on commerce, but owed their

importance to manufacture of an increasing variety of objects of utility and ornamentation.

At first, the trade of these manufacturing centres was mainly with the South, but the commercial enterprise of the coast cities, speedily bearing in ships the commodities of foreign manufacture cheaper in price and more artistic and durable, caused the representatives in the national legislature to be divided into two classes—(1) those who wished to allow foreign goods a free market, for the benefit of the buyer and sea-merchant; and (2) those who desired to put a heavy tariff on foreign goods, to exclude them, for the benefit of the home manufacturer.

This was the first menace of imposing the Northern system on the South. Such a system, bred in manufacturing cities, meant the impoverishment of the agricultural South, the decline of the great sea-merchant class, and the substitution of the individual unit in the place of the family in every part of the States. The attempt to impose these tariff laws met with opposition in the South and in the coast cities. The opposition in the South took the form of declaring that the rights of the States were invaded by the general government, since the Constitution by which the States agreed to be ruled gave the general government the privilege of assessing taxes for revenue only, and in this instance it was endeavoring to lay the South under tribute to the manufacturing North. South Carolina declared that she would not permit a tariff to be levied in her ports. This was the celebrated nullification act, promoted by John C. Calhoun, of that state.

In the coast cities of the North, the opposition took another course. The cry there was; "Free trade and sailors' rights!" (meaning the rights of commerce).

Now, there was in the South at this time a system of negro slavery

which the foes of the South, in the general government, seized on as a plea to alienate the political friendship between the South and the coast cities of the North—a friendship based on free trade, and, in addition, on the Southern side, on State sovereignty. By maintaining this sovereignty, the South hoped to maintain her family unit system, agricultural stability and general prosperity—a prosperity that was greater with even the humblest individuals in the South than with people of the same class in the North. The poor whites of the South were never hungry; they never rioted from bad treatment, nor "struck" for higher pay, as their fellows of the North.

The policy was eminently successful. The question of slavery became involved in the quarrel, and the South was isolated.

It is folly to suppose that compact, agreement or promise will stand before self-interest or expediency, unless upheld by force. The South, in 1861, in contending with the Northern democracy determined to call on this force, and assembled her armies to repel the armies which had been prepared and assembled to invade her territories and overthrow her institutions. The Northern democracy, led by patriotic furor and the arguments of the anti-slavery people, were blind to the fact that behind this was the plan of the manufacturers of the interior cities to form—after the South had been crushed—a monopoly, and finally an oligarchy, to rule the country.

It was during the civil war which followed that the clothing mills, the iron foundries, manufactories of all kinds, began to feel the benefit of a partial monopoly. When the war was finished, slavery was gone; the family unit system of the South was broken. What then remained? The scheme of a tariff for the benefit of the maker of goods, and a transfer of a further burden of taxation on the agricultural districts of the country.

Foreign commerce, also, being under restrictions so great as to amount to prohibition, the sea-merchant class expired, or retired to other lands.

From this time the manufacturing element and their friends the railroad magnates enjoyed the monopoly of the market and the carrying trade. That class, as the financial records of the country show, was the only class that increased in wealth. All others lost in proportion. The ship-yards were empty. The proceeds of the great importing houses grew smaller. Sea-captains transferred their services to foreign flags. The farmer, unable to secure enough from the sale of his produce to supply his farm with the necessary appliances and material for raising good crops, mortgaged his little holding and sent his sons to the neighboring city, to be the "slaves" of some milling company. Three-fourths of New England farms were thus mortgaged. The influence of this monopoly extended to the half-opened West, and in those States adjoining both banks of the Mississippi, the average was two-thirds of the farms under mortgage.

In the meantime the cities grew, and the country districts became abandoned about them. The South, that, immediately after the war, had advanced a trifle from the desolating influence of invasion, sank back again in despair.

But in order to keep control of the market, the manufacturing monopolies whose scheme had triumphed with the government, by the imposition of a tariff of enormous degree,—under the excuse of raising a revenue to pay the principal and interest of the war debt,—determined to combine. For this purpose nearly every manufacturing industry of a kind went into a "trust," or "combine," to make it impossible for any firm to sell goods for less than the dictated figure. The market being closed, the supply of money necessarily was limited,—more so than it would have been with an

open market. The vast capitals of the trusts rapidly ate the principal and interest of individual buyers—of the great body of the people,—through the greater expense of living that advanced prices entailed. Many laborers left off working, in despair, and joined the multitude of "tramps" that filled every district of the land. People in New York city lived, in the poorer quarters, more closely packed and meaner than in the most of the overcrowded cities of Europe.

The party for free trade was not dead. It became an article of "political faith" in the platform of the "Democratic party." Several times, an election of a presidential candidate and a majority of honest representatives in Congress would have insured its success. But it was not until the election of Cleveland the second time that the calamity of free trade threatened the trusts and combines.

Every four years since the establishment of the American democracy, have the communities of which it is composed been threatened by more or less danger to their commercial and financial arrangements.

When Cleveland was elected in 1892, the manufacturing establishments and all the "trusts and combines," believing that their power was shaken, began to do less work and withhold the capital they were about to invest. But, along with this, as they, through their influence over the government, had closed the market, and as they had manufactured so many goods that the supply was increasing over the demand, the surplus could not be carried into other markets, because their own market price was equal to the price of foreign goods, plus the tariff. The tariff, in some cases, was 100 per cent. Then, again, as they had been steadily drawing the principal of the people's property to themselves by these means, it had previously become a necessity to raise the coinage of silver to an equality of gold, in order,

by giving a false basis to the financial scheme, to prolong the period of their operations. As the spider plays with the fly, as the cat allows the partial escape of the mouse, only to pounce on it the more greedily, so they, by issuing silver on a gold basis, gave the people a fictitious prosperity.

It has been said that the money-power which these combines represent, angry that the people should have escaped them by the adoption of free trade principles, determined to stop the mills, withhold payment from the banks, and discharge employes from railways and factories. Their alleged purpose in so doing was to bring the people, by the power of distress, to acknowledge their masters, and to believe that popular prosperity depends on subserviency to the plans of the moneyed classes.

It must be understood that for long years there has been such a community of interest between members of Congress and the manufacturing trusts and railway combines, as to lead the careful observer to conclude that Congress is the stock exchange, and Congressmen are the salaried attorneys or clerks of the same.

But it has been so expensive for these monopolies to run the government, costing every presidential election the output of \$20,000,000, that possibly the easier plan of coercing the people might prove less expensive in the end.

Years ago, the astute Gladstone, in conversation with an American banker in regard to the extreme wealth in the hands of a few, when compared with the sum-total of all wealth in America, showed that it were possible for a union of such wealthy men to control affairs, by bringing calamity on the market through the withdrawal of their capital and the stopping of the multitudinous industries which they directed.

But, while this might be possible to those who have the means, yet in the continuance of affairs on the lines

drawn out in this article it is the effect of laws operating in the body politic, which even the money power could not affect. It is all very well for the man being borne along on the current to seem to direct it. How much he directs it may be shown when he attempts to move in the opposite direction.

If all the great corporations and monopolies and millionaires should distribute their wealth to the American people, while the laws on which the movements of the American social system are made remain unaltered, the same catastrophe would occur again later on.

The effect of these laws was foreseen from the very beginning by a few representatives of the American colonies in the constitutional convention of 1787, but their protests were unheeded, because no one believed in them but the silent, unrepresented minority of wise and cultured men, who of right are the natural rulers, but in democracies never have a right.

The deplorable condition of things in the United States has been brought about by avarice and selfish partisanship. Avarice has erected these barriers against free trade which have put chains on the sea-merchant, the sailor and the farmer. Selfish partisanship of politicians has effected an abolition of the family as a unit, in order to admit the servile horde of foreigners to an equal, individual, share in the government, well knowing that the gain of their votes is always to the demagogue, never to the cultivated class whose ancestral or family history, if recognized, would make them chief.

However much the mind of the American seeks to avoid the truth, it must come finally—even if too late to be of any practical value,—that “democracies are the aspects of a people’s government in a state of decay.”

It has been so throughout the world’s history. Democracy was the government of Greece when that nation fell

into servitude. It was the government of Rome, when citizenship was made universal and barbarism disgraced the prerogatives of Cæsar. France, also, now so corrupt in private life as well as in public, can boast of nothing worthy the happier epochs of the empire and the monarchy. Yet neither Rome nor France have had a government so democratic as has the United States. In Rome, the emperor, though sometimes elected, was supposed to rule for life, and had the choice of a successor approved by the Senate. Rome also had a nobility, founded on that sort of merit that prosperity recognizes, even if honor does not. And France has a Legion of Honor, falsely so named under the corrupt republic, and her Senate has life members, while the nobility are neither excluded from citizenship nor denied their titles. Yet in America none of these things exist, or are allowed to exist. Every foreigner of rank is obliged to disavow his family dignities before he can become a citizen. Every prop that personal ethics seeks is taken away, and the flat equality renders government into the hands of the worthless and ignoble. It is they who have made these laws and restrictions, from fear of the better classes. It is they who have sold the heritage of colonial excellence, that did not belong to them, to avarice, and now they shall reap their reward.

Already the cry of the hungry is heard in the streets. The torch of the incendiary is being dipped in petroleum. The knife of the assassin is being sharpened in secret. Poverty, gaunt and pitiless, is marshalling his legions, who are as gaunt and pitiless as himself. Cruelty, that has oppressed them at the command of the monopolist and money-sharper and politician, now, by reflex, gives life to their bodies. Revenge guides it to a purpose. That purpose—who can withstand! Is it that the pampered and unprincipled, who have no centre of action but in isolated self-interest, are about to be broken by insurrection? Is it the restoration of the ancient aristocracy of the South, that this same pampered and unprincipled class plotted to ruin in the days that are gone? May not the Southern section of States, with what memories yet remain with them, unite among themselves to rekindle the beacon of their hope; to form anew the model of their confederacy that was broken at Gettysburg; to restore the sceptre to the family, and rulership to its more enduring principle? No one can foresee!

The remedies that Congress provides will be insufficient to patch up a system radically wrong. They can only postpone the breaking away of the flood through all that confines.

TO WILLIAM WATSON.

Too arid of those earthly crumbs of praise,
 He strove with youth's wild will to make the gods
 Fling down from their repast the food he prays
 And clutches for between the Muse's nods.

They gave the gift divine, and yielded him
 The god's Tarpeian madness, pitying
 Yet heartless, damned with godlike blessing grim:
 What would we not to gods a ransom fling?

—ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

O'HAGAN'S POEMS: A STUDY.*

BY EMILY McMANUS.

It was Fletcher who said long ago, "Let me make the songs of a people, and you shall make its laws." The truth under this aphorism is as potent to-day as it was then; yet how few recognize it. Nay, do people not act

the poet is but a dreamer or a visionary, a being of little moment in this busy, practical world. Yet in reality it is the poet who makes firm the foundations of a nation; who shows it a true ideal toward which to strive;



THOMAS O'HAGAN.

as if they believed the very reverse to be true? "Let us make the laws," they seem to say, "and we care not who makes the songs." To the many

who gives heart and hope to the toilers, and points the heights to which their unborn sons will climb. Not all imaginative is the picture the poet draws who tells us:—

* "In Dreamland, and other Poems," by Thomas O'Hagan. The Williamson Book Co., Ltd.

"In the dim, waste lands of the Orient stands
 The wreck of a race so old and vast,
 That the greyest legend cannot lay hands
 On a single fact of its tongueless past;
 Not even the red gold crown of a king,
 Nor a warrior's shield, nor aught beside,
 Can history out of the ruins wring—
They had no poet, and so they died."

History, at least, has proved to us that a country which has no inspiration for a poet, which cares so much for the material side of life that the spiritual side is not allowed to develop, will never become a great, a wise, or a happy nation; and this Emerson felt when, in his magnificent diatribes against the materialistic tendency of his country, he electrified his prosperous compatriots into questioning if, after all, the dollar were almighty. And yet, was the warning heeded? Of that fine literary band which grew up about Emerson,—Longfellow, Bryant, Poe, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes,—all born within a decade or two of each other,—only Holmes remains, and who are there to take their places? Strange, is it not? There is no poet in all the Great Republic worthy to take rank with these. Surely the cry is, "Ichabod! Ichabod! Thy glory is departed."

But we have wandered far a-field, to where the shadows lie; let us come back to the promise of our own dawn; for, truly, in several of our younger poets—Lampman, Roberts, Campbell, Scott—there is a vigor and a glow which bespeak a glorious morning. We can only hope that no wave of unspiritualism will ever rise high enough in Canada to prevent that morning from merging into a perfect day.

At present one gratifying fact in Canada is the literary activity which, in spite of a widespread indifference and lack of the ordinary stimulus (we refer to the absence of a home market for literary wares), shows no sign of abatement. One of the surest proofs of this is the number of books of poetry yearly issued from the Canadian press. Quite recently, Mr. J. H.

Brown, of Ottawa, gave to the public a volume of poems of excellent material and fine literary finish, which certainly deserves a more cordial recognition than has yet been accorded it; and later still, Mr. Wetherall, of Strathroy, has issued a collection which should be in the hands of every Canadian, containing, as it does, many of the finest poems in our literature.

The latest volume of Canadian verse, "In Dreamland, and Other Poems," by Thomas O'Hagan, is a beautifully bound and finely printed book, containing poems of patriotism, of faith, and of affection.

"The world is too much with us: late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!"

So Wordsworth mourned in the beginning of this century, beating, not all in vain, against the apathy of his age; and so Mr. O'Hagan very appropriately introduces us to his charming volume of poems, each one a tacit protest against worldliness. In particular, "A Christmas Chant" shows the strong, keen joy there is in unselfish fellowship:

"Ring in the memories of olden days,
 And the joys of bright Christmastide,
 A wreath of song for the hearts that live,
 A prayer for the souls who died.
 Ring in the love of a mother's heart,
 The faith of a father's tear—
 These bind the links of sweet Christmastide,
 A golden chain for the year,
 O hearts that love,
 Ye feel the cheer;
 The wreath of song
 But hides a tear.

"Around the hearth we miss each friend,
 Around our joys fond memories blend;
 The broken strings—ah, who will place?
 Life's tuneful lyre recalls each face:
 The old—the young—the loved ones dear—
 Bloom in our heart through memory's tear.

"Ring in the starry songs of heaven,
 The flame-lit hours of happy home;
 Across the sky in distant dreamland,
 Sweet voices fill the starry dome.
 The heart of June is filled with throbbings,
 Hark to the laughter of sweet May!
 Around the fire bright months of roses
 Clasp hands and welcome Christmas day.
 O hearts that sing
 And know not sorrow,

Ye dream of hopes
That light to-morrow.

"Come, let us welcome at the door
The friends our hearts have known of yore;
Give to our boards good Christmas cheer,
And crown with flowers the closing year;
Sing 'round the merry, merry song,
The wine of life—in deeds prolong."

There is a simplicity and an earnestness here which gives this poem a charm often lacking in more ambitious efforts. Indeed, the chief merit of all Mr. O'Hagan's poems consists in a directness of thought and purity of diction, joined with an un-failing melodiousness. His poems appeal to the heart rather than to the mind, and thus have within themselves that quality which in all ages has taken deepest hold of the people. This peculiar charm we find strongest in "The Song My Mother Sings," which has a fine lyric flow, and ease of movement:

"O sweet unto my heart is the song my mother
sings

As eventide is brooding on its dark and noise-
less wings;

Every note is charged with memory—every
memory bright with rays

Of the golden hours of promise in the lap of
childhood's days;

The orchard blooms anew and each blossom
scents the way,

And I feel again the breath of eve among the
new-mown hay;

While through the halls of memory in happy
notes there rings

All the life-joy of the past in the song my
mother sings.

"I have listened to the dreamy notes of Chopin
and of Liszt,

As they dripp'd and droop'd about my heart
and filled my eyes with mist;

I have wept strong tears of pathos 'neath the
spell of Verdi's power,

As I heard the tenor voice of grief from out the
donjon tower;

And Gounod's oratorios are full of notes sub-
lime,

That stir the heart with rapture thro' the
sacred pulse of time;

But all the music of the past, and the wealth
that memory brings,

Seem as nothing when I listen to the song my
mother sings.

"It's a song of love and triumph, it's a song of
toil and care,

It is filled with chords of pathos, and it's set in
notes of prayer;

It is filled with dreams and visions of the
days that are to be,

And is strong in faith's devotion as the heart-
beat of the sea;

It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices
from above,

And is starr'd with ripest blessing thro' a
mother's sacred love;

O sweet and strong and tender are the mem-
ories that it brings,

As I list in joy and rapture to the song my
mother sings."

Many other poems in the volume show this same strong affection for the days of childhood and the ideals of the past. The titular poem in particular dwells on this:

"I dreamt a dream of the old, old days,

When life was sweet and strong,
When the breath of morn swept thro' the groves

Like the notes of a joyous song;
And I knelt beside my mother's knee,

And lisped in faith her prayer,
When the lilacs bloomed and the roses bled,

Too full of the morning air."

So, too, "A Gate of Flowers," "Rev-
erie," and "Two Roses" deal with that

happy period of life before care has
claimed her subject. Yet charming

as are these poems through their sym-
pathetic cadences and natural long-

ings, we feel that in "Ripened Fruit"
the author has struck a truer because

a deeper and more vibrant chord.
Change is the law of our being; what

then avails regret for the past? Hap-
pier are those who are allowed to

pluck the "Ripened Fruit."

"I know not what my heart hath lost;

I cannot strike the chords of old;

The breath that charmed my morning life
Hath chilled each leaf within the wold.

The swallows twitter in the sky,
But bare the nest beneath the eaves;

The fledglings of my care are gone
And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet I know my life hath strength,
And firmer hope and sweeter prayer,

For leaves that murmur on the ground
Have now for me a double care.

I see in them the hope of spring,
That erst did plan the autumn day;

I see in them each gift of man
Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

Not all is lost—the fruit remains
That ripened through the summer's ray;

The nurslings of the nest are gone,
Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

The glory of the summer sky
May change to tints of autumn hue;

But faith that sheds its amber light
Will lend our heaven a tender blue.

O altar of eternal youth!

O faith that beckons from afar!

Give to our lives a blossomed fruit—
Give to our morns an evening star !”

In his songs of Canada Mr. O'Hagan shows a true poetic fire and earnestness. In particular, "My Native Land" has a fine patriotic ring and should be set to music. Here is one stanza :

“My native land, how dear to me
The sunshine of your glory !
How dear to me your deeds of fame,
Embalm'd in verse and story !
From east to west, from north to south,
In accents pure and tender,
Let's sing in lays of joyous praise
Your happy homes of splendor,
Dear native land !”

Other poems of this class are "Our Own Dear Land," "An Ode to the New Year," "A Song of Canadian Rivers," and "The Maple and Shamrock." Everywhere Mr. O'Hagan shows his love for Canada, and his faith in her future. No chilling pessimism mars his verse, no mistrust darkens it,—

“While with a faith and purpose true
We'll guard your future glory,
Our own dear land !”

In his songs of Ireland, Mr. O'Hagan is equally felicitous. "A Dream of Erin" is sweet and plaintive,—but only a dream. "A Message to Erin" is a song of love and hope, typical of Erin's children the world over. But by far the best of his Irish poems is "Erin Machree."

“'Tis strange that, tho' cradled 'neath maple
and pine,
My soul should thirst strong for thy patriot
wine;
In childhood I dreamt of thy ivy-crown'd
tower,
And in fancy I've strayed by the streamlet and
bower—
And I've wandered afar from the place of my
birth
To the land of my fathers—the fairest on
earth—
And with heartfelt devotion I've wished thee
as free
As the home of my birthplace, dear Erin
Machree !”

This is a poem in every way worthy of the high praise bestowed by the Dublin press on Mr. O'Hagan's earlier volume, "A Gate of Flowers," published in 1887. Without doubt the

wealth of sentiment and patriotic fervor went far in attracting not only Irish regard but French as well, for we find "A Gate of Flowers" translated into French, and published in Paris, an attention not often paid to Canadian poems.

But, considering the ardent glow of his patriotic poems, and the proverbial tendency of his race towards the softer passions, there is a remarkable dearth in Mr. O'Hagan's poems of anything at all approaching love. "To Laura," a short poem of two stanzas—not particularly remarkable for fire—is the only indication of such we find. It looks very much as if our poet, in this particular, has proved false to all the well established traditions of his race and brotherhood. We question if ever poet before so completely ignored that 'diviner breath of being.'

Poems written for special occasions, "Profecturi Salutamus," "Memor et Fidelis," "Moore Centenary Ode," etc., and poems "In Memoriam" make up the remainder of the volume. Of these latter, the best is one in memory of the author's father, showing strongly Faith as an abiding principle of life. Other poems show this principle of Faith even more fully, and perhaps we cannot do better in closing this sketch of a volume, pure, simple, and melodious in every line, than to quote the author's closing poem showing his rule of life :—

“MY IDOL.

Hearts oft bow before strange idols,
Strength of power and breath of fame,
And, forgetful of life's morning,
Dream of noontide's gilded name;
But the idol that I cherish
Knows no glory e'en in part—
'Tis the simple faith of childhood
Long grown strong within my heart.

In the darkest hour of trial,
When each star has veiled its face,
Turn I fondly to my idol
Full of heavenly light and grace ;—
Then my step grows firm and steady
Down the mystic path of night,
For the simple faith of childhood
Guides me, leads me ever right.”

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

MOVING HOUSE.

BY BERNARD MCEVOY.

PEOPLE choose, as a rule, smooth things to say to their friends, and the voice of perfect candour is rare. Candour does not seem to consort with perfect friendliness. When a man says, narrating a conversation, "I told him exactly what I thought of him," we know instinctively that what he said was the reverse of complimentary. It is a sad thing that so few of us can bear the truth to be told us about ourselves, and it is one of the perils of the opulent and powerful that they never hear it—or hardly ever. This concealing of the truth extends to the possessions of our friends as well as to themselves. Thus, if a man live in a small house, the adjectives employed by his acquaintances are, "snug" and "compact." When they get out into the street after calling upon him and his wife, they say: "What a fearful crummy hole—hardly room enough to swing a cat round." The man and his wife, however, only hear the first verdict, and they are comforted and strengthened in their determination not to remove to another dwelling at present. There are inconveniences, but a house that can awaken such commendations cannot be so very bad. Another caller congratulates the mistress of the tiny home that she escapes the responsibilities and work attendant upon a larger domicile. It is probable that a married couple would never move house if they listened only to the advice of their friends. It is certain that they never would if they took the advice of their landlord. It is a poor place indeed that a landlord or an auctioneer cannot find a complimentary epithet for.

Another difficulty in the way of moving house is the habit that some people have of taking root in a place.

They stretch out fine filaments of soul into every room and corner. They grow to their surroundings. Events happen, and the house becomes redolent of associations and memories. That is a poor life that does not warm and enliven its brick and wood tenement. It is not only the sunshine of this year that comes in at the windows, but that of years gone by. When the snow comes, the imagination shapes it into the ghosts of winters past. And what shall be said of the ties that connect us with stores, with tradesmen, with bells sounding in the early morning, with the letter-carrier who brings our letters, with the daily walk of the children to school? All these things are against listening to the voice that says we shall have to move.

Of course, the great difficulty is getting a place to move to. A great many causes of insanity are mentioned in the statistics of lunatic asylums, but as house-hunting is not one of them, any reasonable man must doubt those records. Lightheartedly a man may begin to seek for a house, but as he pursues the quest his heart sinks within him like lead. He begins it furtively and casually by looking at the advertisements as he comes home in the street-car. But as he gradually yields to the fascination, these become his only reading. He mentions a few of them at the evening meal, and they begin to form the constant topic of after-dinner conversation. Both the good man and his wife discover that deep buried in their hearts is that love of change which in the savage state of humanity leads to nomadic habits. Hitherto it has been repressed by circumstances, or by the antagonistic influence of

other forces. Moreover, the advertisements afford starting points for imaginative excursions into the future. If there are any young people, imagination runs riot, and talk goes at a fast and furious rate. The younger people are, the more faith they have that change of location means betterment. After a few evenings of the seductive literature of house advertising, the household goes to bed thoroughly demoralized. The older heads keep their equilibrium, but the youngsters simply give the rein to fancy and are talking into the small hours about what they will do in the new house. From this time on, a series of phantasmagoria passes before the mental eyes of the hapless family. Now it is one street, and now another. A house looms up in all its magnificence of accommodation, only to be effaced by one possessing greater advantages. The probability is that after a week or two of this kind of dissipation the head of the household puts his foot down with determination, and savagely calls a halt. Men in these circumstances have been known to determine to go in future about the operation of house-hunting with secrecy, and to say nothing about it to anybody. They will determine to let the thing drift, and go on with their business. If the right kind of chance comes, they will seize it, but they are not going to repeat the operation of going over unsuitable houses indefinitely. This determination is usually taken after a considerable experience of the futility of this sort of thing. Again, a man is apt to look at the potentialities of a house with different eyes from those of his wife. He looks at a house and is charmed with it. For the moment it appears to be all that is delightful, and he almost agrees to rent it on the spot. But when he takes the partner of his joys and sorrows to see it, the glamour seems to fade. Under her pertinent and searching questions, the luckless man feels that he really

knows nothing about a house at all, and wonders that ever he could have thought the one specially under consideration a possibility. There is perhaps nothing that gives a man such a wholesome distrust of his own powers as an experience or two of this sort.

But when the necessity for moving is real, it becomes assertive. In a week or two the tabooed subject is revived, and the fire of conversation upon it blazes again with vigour. It is common at such times for the head of the household to begin to talk of it in a judicial and exhaustive way. He gets a piece of paper and a pencil, and endeavors to arrive at some definite limits within which the earthquake now recognized to be inevitable is to take place. There is great virtue in a piece of paper and a pencil. Sometimes his wife gets these articles too, and it is observable that she often arrives by their means at totally different conclusions. The debate now thickens, and with warm-tempered people there are sometimes tiffs of temper that are quite serious. It looks as though the attempt to change the domicile would overturn the household in a calamitous crash. It is with a sick heart that a man realizes this, and determines at last that "something must be done." Happy is he who in this state of things can rely upon his fortunate star. In nine cases out of ten the man chooses a house as he chooses a wife—with a desperate dash. He screws his courage to the sticking point and does it, thereafter feeling at first as if he had murdered somebody, but ultimately experiencing a delicious peace. What is done can't be undone. He has agreed to take a house, and the advertisements have lost their power over him. He will be drawn this way and that by contending forces no longer. A sense of certainty comes into his tone. The thing is done, and he answers all objections by a simple assertion of this important fact.

By degrees the futility of objection under these circumstances filters through the household. As for the pater-familias, he rejoices for a day or two in absolute freedom from anything to do, either with the house he is leaving or the house he is going to. The absolute and realest of all delights for a man is, of course, to have no house at all, to be detached and free, to put on his hat and to feel that it covers all his belongings. This is why a man really feels so jolly after being burnt thoroughly out. A fire that destroys everything, and leaves the man disentangled from all the coils and accumulations that have gradually wound themselves around him, is a blessing about which there is very little disguise. Under usual circumstances we are, as Shakespeare says, "limed souls struggling to be free,"—held and bound, not only by conventions, but by properties, many of them the most tawdry of stage properties, yet which we cherish as though they were of our heart's blood. Now, we should have a chance if five or six times in our lives we were, as it may be said, born again—sent out into life with the minimum of clothes and other cumberings, and delivered from all the concatenations of our familiar surroundings. This really, it may be supposed, is what happens to us at death. Is it possible that by successive departures from the scene of our existence we may gradually attain something like perfection?

Our friend, however, is soon recalled from his freedom of spirit. He learns that freedom of spirit and carpets cannot exist together. We do not live as in Japan, where people are too wise to indulge in either furniture or carpets. On the other hand, furniture is a principal article of our creed, and it is only poverty that preserves people from making their houses into mere exhibitions of chairs, tables and bric-a-brac.

It will often be found that houses are dominated by some important

article of furniture. In the old times in England cottagers thought themselves tolerably well off if they could start married life with a "grandfather's" clock, a bed, two chairs, and a warming pan. But everybody could not get a warming pan as well as a clock, and of the articles of luxury the clock came first. Many a day of a housewife's hard work has been soothed and alleviated by a rub at the polished panels of the tall clock case. All title to respectability was not gone so long as this important piece of furniture was retained. It was an assurance of thrift; a guarantee of character; the occasion, doubtless, of much simple pride. These old clocks are to be "picked up" now sometimes at the stores of second-hand dealers in country towns, and if the story of them could be told, it would be affecting indeed. In these days we do not have many grandfather's clocks, but in most houses there is to be found some piece of furniture which, as it were, gives the pitch of the household chorus. Laugh not at the grand piano, the drawing-room suite, or the marble and ormolu clock, however much they may be out of harmony with their surroundings. By such anchors a good many folk are kept from drifting out into seas of carelessness and ruin. They are things to be fought for and lived up to. And even where the latter does not seem possible, they have a good effect on people. We may feel our pieties irksome sometimes, but let us at least recognize the tendency of human nature to make itself lares and penates, and to surround ordinary pieces of furniture with a reverential regard that does much to keep the world together as a compact sphere.

Besides this master note of the household gamut, there is generally a considerable amount of miscellaneousness. There are very few houses that are furnished on principle, because, whatever people may say, the carrying out of principles of decoration and

furnishing costs a good deal of money. Most of us have to put up with what we can catch, and it is only the select few who can preserve the unities, and have rooms in which there is no jarring note. When Oscar Wilde and William Morris and Walter Crane tell us so charmingly how to furnish our houses, it is not lack of appreciation that prevents us from following their precepts. We admire their æsthetic teaching, but to carry it out takes a long purse. We therefore can only obey their edicts in imagination. Our castles in the air are all beautifully appointed, and if these apostles of culture could only see them, they would find them quite satisfactory. But the houses we really live in are the accretions of time and chance, where our taste, which is of course correct and enlightened, has been overruled by inevitable necessities. The advent of a baby means the going up in smoke of a plan we had for remodelling the dining-room, and a long sickness makes a religious resolve to dispense with some of our pictures in favor of better ones become like the baseless fabric of a vision. Removing to a new house, however, usually gives the opportunity of a little blossoming out of what is in a man.

Of the supreme moment when the wagons actually come, and the household stuff is piled on the boulevard, it is only possible to speak with bated

breath. A man feels at such times like a restless and disembodied spirit wandering about in Hades. He is out of the old house and he has not yet attained the new, but meanwhile he has all the anxieties of possession. The trouble of his wife is perhaps greater. She distributes her solicitude over the whole distance between the house she is leaving and the one she is going to, and may be compared to a hen in the presence of danger, whose brood will persist in diverging to all points of the compass at once. He who should endeavor to characterize the procession of a migrating family in such circumstances would find a difficulty in the selection of exact similes. It partakes of the nature of a funeral, of the march of campaigners, of a triumphal pageant. Conquering and to conquer, these brave spirits are going forward with zeal and valour. Triumphant they are, for when once their household goods are all on wheels much has been overcome. But the pace of the cavalcade is funereal, and the event marks the demise and quiet burying of much that in its life was pleasant, and that in its death is regretted. As our friends toss for the first night on their sleepless pillows in their unaccustomed rooms, their thoughts frequently revert to the old house, now silent and deserted, in the windows of which appears the legend, "This house to be let."



IN THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

WITH A FISHING TUG ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY HENRY J. WOODSIDE.

WHILE Superior is much larger than any of its great sister lakes, and is in every way better adapted for the propagation and preservation of fish life, the gross product of its fisheries is less than any one of them. This is, however, largely due to the fact that they are as yet in their infancy, comparatively speaking. Lake Superior fish cannot be excelled for flavor, but there is not the profit of a large local sale for them fresh from the water; packed in ice, they have to be shipped long distances by steamer and railway car, and have to compete with other fish caught nearer the same markets. Yet, owing to their superior quality, they command a ready sale wherever marketed.

Every variety of fish found in the lower lakes may be found in Lake Superior: sucker, herring, whitefish, siskawitz, salmon trout, speckled trout and sturgeon, are the principal varieties caught. The first named fish is rejected, as unfit for the market.

The fishing interests of the north shore are largely in the hands of one company—the Port Arthur Fish Company—which owns and uses in the work five tugs and thirty-five sailboats, and employs about one hundred and thirty-five fishermen between Port Arthur and Rosspoint, one hundred and twenty-five miles eastward. The catch from this system of fishing stations is gathered by tugs daily, and is brought to Port Arthur, whence it is taken by the propeller *Dixon* twice a week to

Duluth to be shipped to St. Paul and cities farther south.

Mr. Brimson, manager of the company, assured me that it is a nice trip; and having provided plenty of large dry plates, and a little kodak for snap shooting, I embarked on the *Kakabeka*, the flagship of the fleet—a tug of one hundred and thirty-five tons burthen and with a speed of ten miles per hour. I could not have made a better selection, for, in addition to the fact that she is a good, staunch craft, her commander, Captain Beebe, formerly of Bay City, Michigan, has the A. B. C. of fishing at his finger ends.

The *Kakabeka* carries a crew of seven men—the captain, the steersman, two engineers, the cook, and two fish-packers. Her lower deck was mostly covered by the bulk of fourteen cars for shipping the fish. Each car is mounted on iron axles and accommodates eight hundred pounds of fish interlaid with layers of crushed ice. The cars



DINNER IS NOW READY IN THE DINING CAR.

are made on the refrigerator principle, and preserve their contents perfectly. In the bow of the boat is the cooking galley, which answers the purpose of a dining-room, where the crew

sit around a small square table and are served from the stove, a few feet away. Underneath this is the fore-castle where the men sleep. The centre of the boat is occupied by the boiler and engine, and in the stern is a little cabin where a dozen people can sit. On the upper deck is the wheelhouse, the captain's room, and a long life boat.

Thunder Bay, Black Bay, and Nepigon Bay, running far into the north shore, are the principal scenes of the fisherman's work, though Thunder Bay of late years has been largely avoided by fishermen, as the Dominion Government prohibits the use of pound nets within its waters. The *Kakabeka* steamed straight across Thunder Bay and past Thunder Cape, and, stopping at the once famous mine, Silver Islet—now a summering place for the people of Port Arthur—steered on down

she entered Burnt Harbor on Edward's Island. Here the first lot of fish were taken on. The harbor is named from the fact that the tug *Three Friends*



FISHERMEN'S TENT.

was burnt here last spring while lying in the beautiful cove. A small wharf on piles, a pile driver on a flat scow, a couple of fishing boats, and a sort of dingy or flat-bottomed punt, constituted the harbor furniture. On the shore a tent was pitched, almost hidden in a thicket of bushes, where raspberries, elderberries and red currants strove for recognition among the green leaves of the birch and sumach. An examination of the tent and its kitchen, the latter made out of a fish car placed on its end, showed that it was not the fishermen's receiving day, and, unlike Aunt Dinah, they did not seem to have even a "clarin' up day." In



LOADING AT BURNT HARBOR.

the shore, dodging among the islands so thickly scattered through this part of the lake, until the mouth of Black Bay was reached. Having crossed over,

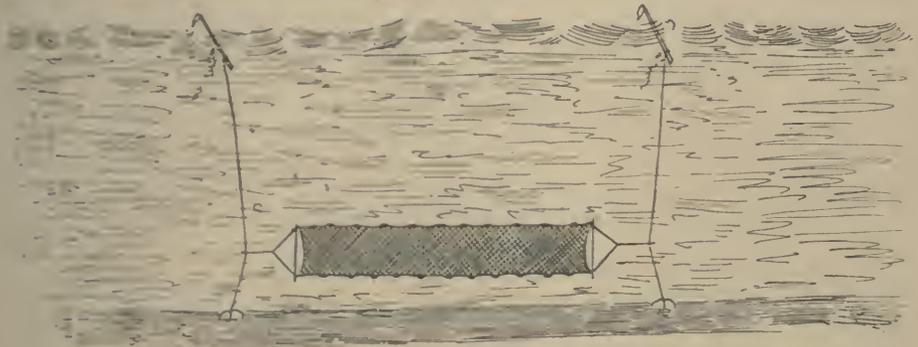
the far end of the tent lay a pile of blankets. Near the open end a broad box, littered with cans and plates, showed the remains of sundry fish skeletons and

fragments of standard eatables. In the kitchen was hung a smoked ham, and in the shelves were crowded groceries and cooking utensils;—most of the latter, however, graced the ground in front of the camp, in company with old shoes, tin cans and tools.

In the far end of the cove, twenty rods away, a hundred gulls wheeled around in the air or quarrelled for the possession of a rock, all the time complaining of the presence of the tug which had disturbed them at their meal of fish offal. These cute birds are tireless on the wing, and come in great numbers to be at the raising of the nets, when the small fish and suckers thrown away become their portion. Stooping to the water in its lazy flight, the gull will seize a fish apparently too large for its throat, lifting it by the head in the upward flight, the fish curving downward like a long proboscis. A movement or two of the bill and throat and the fish has disap-

in the green water. Then more dodging among islands followed, and just as the shadows of evening were falling on a long, bright, summer day, Nepigon straits were crossed, and a short time after that the tug was lying in Squaw Bay, on the lake side of the big island, St. Ignace, that shelters Nepigon Bay and the mouth of the famous trout river itself. Here five of the pound nets were to be lifted by the light of the moon, then showing half of her circle in the south. Three fishermen and a dory had been picked up on the way down for this purpose, and their work was cut out for them.

It may be well here to describe what gill and pound nets are. The gill net is a simple affair compared to the pound net. Fishermen were prohibited from using the pound net in Lake Superior until of late years, owing to its great effectiveness in catching fish. The gill net will be understood after an examination of the following cut.



A GILL NET.

peared, while the gull, with an innocent look in his eyes, is meeting the angry exclamations of a dozen friends who have hurried up to help him at the feast. The offal at the cleaning docks is also their portion, and they soon become on very familiar terms with their human friends.

Leaving Silvoy's, the *Kakabeka* passed through a long narrow channel, dropping a couple of cedar buoys on the ends of rocky reefs, whose surface could be seen seven or eight feet down

It is first a strong twine net, well tanned before being used, to prevent its rotting in the water. The meshes are from four and a quarter to five inches long when two of the corners are drawn apart to their fullest extent. There are two nets to the box, the web alone being very light until the leads are attached to the side which is to go deepest down, and the floats to the upper side. There are two leads to the rod, and the two nets will be about ninety leads, or forty-five rods in

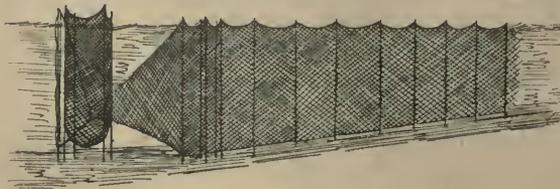
length. As much as five hundred pounds of fish have been caught with the two nets of a box, but that is exceptional, and, as the fish move in shoals, twenty-five pounds is oftener the catch. In the spring the nets are placed close to the shore, but as the season advances, and the water becomes warmed up, they are moved out into deeper water, until, in July and August, they are in forty or fifty fathoms of water. Salmon trout retire to seventy or one hundred fathoms deep during that season.



LIFTING THE POUND NET.

For pound net fishing, the fisherman begins to get out the piles in April. These vary in length from forty to seventy-six feet. The latter are for sixty feet of water, as twelve feet of their length is driven into the sand, and four feet more project up out of the water. When the ice is away, the piles are driven in a suitable place. This occupies about three weeks' time, gill net fishing going on in the meantime. Then, about the first of June, everything is ready for the pound net to be hung in its place. It is well tarred to withstand the rotting effect

loosened and one side of the net is lowered until the boat is floated inside the pound itself. Then three men seize the net at its side, and by passing it gradually under the boat, which moves over toward the opposite side, raising the bag in the process, the fish are gradually cornered in the far side, where they splash and dart around in the steadily shallowing net, until they are at the gunwale of the boat. Then the central man picks up a short-handled, circular, shallow dipnet, like a frying pan, and begins to ladle the fish into the boat. The operation of raising consumes about three quarters of an hour. The



A POUND NET.



PLAN OF POUND NET.

of the water. Three men can hang a pound net in fifteen hours. The diagrams here given will make the plan of these nets tolerably plain.

The hole in the end of the tunnel is

suckers and small fish are thrown out into the water to recover, or to become the prey of the gulls. When the fish are all dipped out, the net is allowed to sink, the boat is floated out of the

enclosure, and the lashings are tightened up to their proper condition.

The fishermen fish steadily until the first of November. About that time the spawning season begins; with trout it lasts ten days; with white fish fifteen days. The Dominion Government has made a close season during November, and, it is said, contemplates extending the time to six weeks; but fishermen claim that this will be three times too long. On the American side of Lake Superior there is no close season, and so the Canadian fisherman is at a great disadvantage, because spawning time is the best period of the year for his trade, as the fish come in on the reefs and shallows to spawn.

Only about five per cent. of the spawn deposited by the fish in the lake comes to maturity. It has numerous enemies. Enormous sturgeons and the ubiquitous sucker devour great quantities of it, the former following by instinct the females into the shallows to spawn. The eggs lie during part of the months of November and April,

and during the whole of the months of December, January, February and March. It will thus be seen that the chances are against any large propor-

tion of them ever hatching out. Female whitefish will turn and devour their own spawn.

In the dim light of the moon, on Squaw Bay, the tug was headed, by direction of one of the fishermen, toward the quarter near where the first net lay. For half an hour she crept around the shore like a mouse in a pincushion. "Rocks!" said the captain, "they stand up around here like that"—bringing his fingers and thumb up in a cluster to indicate numerous points sticking up from the bottom—"and this boat is not furnished with runners like some boats that we hear of." By-and-by everything seemed to be satisfactory, for the chief fisherman and his two assistants vanished from the deck, and a moment after the dory shot out from the tug's side and disappeared in the darkness.

After half an hour of waiting and watching, a prodigious flapping broke out of the gloom like the startled rise of a flock of ducks from calm water. The fish were being cornered and in



THE "KAKABEKA."

their desperation were churning the water into foam, in vain effort to escape. After another half hour's waiting, the boat came out of the shadow,

and, drawing alongside the tug, the man with the shovel net began to pile whitefish, trout, and suckers on the slippery deck, until the dark wood was obscured by a silvery sheen that glistened in the light of two oil lamps. After being unloaded, the dory passed out of sight again on its way to another net.

Then the work of the packers began. Their weapon was a small, keen butcher's knife each, and they worked on the end of a flour barrel, topped by a square cover with a hole in the centre. The fish were picked up one by one and placed on this improvised table; two swift prying cuts removed the gills; one opened the body; a couple more cleaned the blood and entrails out, and along with the gills, they were scraped into the barrel through the hole in the centre of the cover. The disembowelled fish was then thrown into the fish box, and, when nearly full, the whole was then weighed and emptied into one of the ice-sprinkled fish cars. In fish-cleaning, as in all other occupations, there is a spirit of rivalry and emulation. An ordinary packer will clean from eight to ten in a minute. Hall, a negro on Cockburn Island, Lake Huron, is said to hold the belt with a record of fourteen per minute; a Frenchman coming second, with a record of thirteen cleaned and the gills out of the fourteenth, in a minute.

"No, we don't care for suckers," said the boy packer, contemptuously, as he picked up one of the offenders, and dropping it out of his hand, met it with the toe of his boot in a violent kick that sent it spinning past the ear of the man ladling out the fish from the dory. "We throw out about a ton of them from the net," remarked the man whose head escaped the slimy missile.

"The fishermen were in the habit of throwing sturgeon back into the lake as being valueless, when I came here," said Captain Beebe, "but I soon found a market for them, as I

had handled them on Lake Huron." Now the sturgeon is considered as valuable for export purposes as the other fish caught on the north shore. The average weight of those caught is from twenty-five to thirty pounds, but some are taken that weigh over eighty pounds. When ready for packing, with tail, head and fins cut off, and white bellies opened, their appearance is unpleasantly suggestive of very pallid dressed hogs, minus the head and legs. In life, the sturgeon's rounded shovel-like nose, with four tring-like feelers, indicates his habit of rooting in the mud for food; and his hideous, round, sucker mouth shows that he is not a fighter, but trusts to his thick skin armor for defence. Altogether the sturgeon of to-day is about as degenerate a descendant of the *Mishe Nahma*, with which *Hiawatha* battled, as can well be imagined. He sports no brilliant war-paint; he shows no fight when captured; and his little, piggish, lack-lustre eyes convey the impression that his time is chiefly occupied in keeping his capacious stomach filled.

The pickerel is as rapacious, cruel and unscrupulous a fish as swims in the lake, but his flesh commands a ready sale in the eastern markets.

After watching the process of cleaning the fish for some time, I retired to the cabin and laid down, soon gliding into a deep slumber, from which I was awakened once by an animated discussion between the two engineers, just changing watch, as to who should "clean them flues."

A story is told of a well-known character on the north shore, who was employed to pilot a steamer through Black Bay, the eastern shore of which is filled with bad reefs. Standing by the wheelman, giving orders with great dignity, he was asked by the captain of the boat if there were many rocks about there. "Lots of 'em," said the pilot. Just then the steamer ran, with a terrible bump, ten feet up on a sloping reef. Turning to the captain and

without changing his tone, he added,—"that's one of them, captain!"

I slept for a couple of hours, when, without warning, the little vessel, then running about three miles an hour, stopped with a bang, and after giving a couple of violent lurches, slid back off the rounded surface of a rock three feet under water. As my mind grasped the situation, my first thought was,—“that's one of them.” No damage was sustained by the tug, and after listening awhile to the clatter in the water, a hundred yards

light grows in the east;—the thick outer curtains of the night are being drawn aside by invisible hands. As the light increases, objects near at hand assume strange shapes, the silent forest shows a spectral outline, and a thick white mist hangs over the lake. The light grows; a strange melancholy broods over nature, as if she waited the coming of some dread visitor; the fleecy mist-patches tremble in the valleys; the misty pall on the lake sways uneasily. The wonder is growing; a faint color comes in the east, which is



STURGEON AND WHITE FISH.

away, where a pound net was being lifted, I lay down again and only wakened as the dim morning light showed the lofty shores of Nepigon Straits drifting by on either side, as the *Kakabeka* steamed up to the fishing station at its narrowest part.

In the Lake Superior country, in summer time, the daylight fades through a twilight reflected from the brilliant western heavens, where the sun has gone down in a glory of crimson and gold, and protracted far into the night, until it is sometimes nearly ten o'clock before the lamp of day may be said to have flickered out its last ray in the gathering gloom. Between three and four o'clock in the morning, a grey

soon woven with the rays of the coming sun; the master weaver is now plying his shuttle, with the most beautiful of colors working the sky in harmony with the rising fire, hung like a flaming banner above the dark battlements of earth. At last a great ray of gold comes over the tree-tops and quivers on the motionless foliage and swaying mist banks; then, with a burst of light and glad-

ness, the sun-god rises majestically from his eastern flame-birth and swings over the earth, dyeing forest and flood, mountain and valley, with a light so vivid and warm that the mist patches quickly dissolve from the lowlands, the cloud rolls away from the bosom of the lake, and all nature awakes to the warmth of another day. It is only in northern latitudes that the full beauty of a sunrise can be seen and appreciated, for the night-lamps of the sky are blotted out long before the time appointed for them in more southern climes.

The fishing station is twenty miles from the mouth of the river. Three men and three dilapidated dogs, wear-

ied with much fighting, greeted us at the little pier. In a small shed upon it stood a couple of fish cars containing the catch for the past day. In a country seamed, as the north shore is, with numberless trout streams, whose brilliant-hued inhabitants seek the lake at intervals, it would be surmised that some of them are caught in the nets with the baser throng: Some noble trout are thus caught, but as the law requires that they shall be returned to the water, no record of their number is obtainable. I once helped, before the law came into force, to weigh a dozen speckled trout caught

be made, instead of dodging through shallow channels. A couple of hours later the vessel lay in a pleasant little bay, where three hardy Finns had bivouacked, for no camp was to be seen. Their fishing outfit was placed near the little pier, and the ice supply was covered with heaps of moss. They seem to have slept under the half-deck of their fish-boat and cooked their meals at the fire that smoked against the rocky, moss-covered bank, which at this point ran up almost sheer a couple of hundred feet. After taking in their store of fish the boat proceeded on to Burnt Harbor. Shortly after



AT A FISHING STATION.

by fishermen in a certain bay west of Port Arthur. They weighed, each, from two and a-half to four pounds in their clean weight.

Starting from Nepigon Straits at 6 a.m., the tug was soon afterward rolling heavily on the long swells of Lake Superior, and the "Paps" or twin mountains of Black Bay came in view again. The *Kakabeka* has a sharp bow, and has a habit of dropping it suddenly after a wave has passed from under it, so suddenly that the wheelman averred that it left the heavy cars in the air sometimes. Because of the rough water, a long detour had to

our arrival there the fishermen returned with a good catch and proceeded to clean them for immediate shipment.

In the afternoon the *Kakabeka* came to a pound net that was to be lifted by the the three fishermen who had come down with the tug. I accompanied them to see the operation performed. Seated on the extreme bow of the dory, that tossed like a cork in the rough water, I essayed two snap shots at the exciting scene when the fish were being cornered and ladled into the craft, but they were not marked successes.

After that work was over, the tug

was run into Pete Trombley's harbor, but neither Pete nor any of his fish were there, and with emphasized regret the captain brought the *Kakabeka* back from the pier and started for Port Arthur.

As a result of the trip, six cars were filled with cleaned fish, which, with two hundred pounds more in another car, made a total of two and a-half tons collected, a smaller aggregate than usual.

The fishermen receive from thirty to thirty-five dollars per month wages, or, if paid by the weight, two and a half to three cents per pound for the fish, which, after passing through several hands and incurring heavy freight charges, are retailed at from eight to ten cents per pound in the cities where they are marketed. The fishermen are principally French. They are a hardy, jolly, generous people, with splendid constitutions and able to make light of the hardships of their occupation. They are usually away from their families all the summer months, and they rough it at the various fishing stations where a log shanty or a tent is their shelter.

There is not much money in the business, but occasionally one of the craft strikes it rich, like the man at Killarney, on Lake Huron, who recently caught 17,000 pounds of fish in four lifts, which netted him over \$800, and who was hardly persuaded from going

on an extensive holiday trip to celebrate his good luck.

It is claimed by intelligent fishermen that if the government would abolish the close season altogether, and establish a fish hatchery on Lake Superior, there would be no fear of a decrease in the number of fish in the lake. On Lake Huron the American Government has several hatcheries, notably at Detroit, Alpena, and Potoski, where millions of small fry are dumped into the lake every year. During the spawning season a commissioner accompanies a fishing crew and secures from the catch the number wanted of females that are ready to spawn. These are immediately stripped into three quart dishes filled with water, and the milt of the males is then stripped on to the spawn, whose eggs when stirred for a few minutes all become detached, an indication that they will hatch. The eggs are then covered with ice-water and taken to the hatcheries, where they are kept until they develop into tiny fish. A female whitefish yields about twenty-five thousand, and a trout about twenty thousand eggs. These hatch in less than five months and attain the size of about a two pound fish in three years. With artificial methods, eighty-five per cent. of the eggs mature, but in the lake only five per cent. of the spawn becomes fish.



PORT ARTHUR.

A CANADIAN GHOST STORY.

BY REV. HERBERT H. GOWE.

I.

A GHOST story in a new country! Not a very likely thing, and, certainly, when I went to Canada from England for a few weeks' pursuit of health, ghost stories were about the last things I expected to hear.

Yet there was no mistaking the seriousness with which the Dean asked me, "Would you like to hear a ghost story, of which this is the very scene?"

I had been staying for a few days at the city of K—, in one of the snowiest parts of the country, and was so charmed by the winter beauties of the place, I expressed myself quite enthusiastically on the subject to the Bishop, to whom I had been introduced on the Sunday morning.

"Take him out, Mr. Dean," he replied, "to see some country work, and if you can manage to pitch him into a snow-drift, perhaps he will change his mind."

So it was settled that I should accompany Mr. Arthur every afternoon on his weekly journey to Mooseland, a small settlement nine or ten miles from the city.

It was a glorious drive. I had by this time got quite to revel in the delight of a long sleigh-ride. The tinkling of the bells seemed to me the pleasantest sound in Canada, and I had often gone on the river, where the ice was some three feet in thickness, jumped upon the first sleigh that I spied, and gone on for several miles until I saw a suitable vehicle in which to make the return journey. At night it was especially enchanting. The air was intensely clear, the sky spangled with innumerable stars—at least twice as many as I had ever seen in Eng-

land—the vast sheet of ice shimmered with faint light, and the dark woods crowning the hills a quarter of a mile away on either side, gave a weirdness to the scenery which quite prepared my imagination for the howling rush of a pack of wolves. Moreover, there was the thought of the vanished races of this old, new land. In those woods I could feel

"My footsteps press, where centuries ago,
The red men fought and conquer'd, lost and won!
Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's snow,
Have found the eternal hunting grounds, and run
The fiery gauntlet of their active days,
Until few are left to tell the mournful tale."

But I am wandering from the Sunday drive on which my tale opens.

Owing to the late period of the winter—it was now March—the pleasures of sleigh-driving were getting rather uncertain. In some places the road was through pools of water, which reached almost to the floor of the "pung," as our peculiar species of sleigh was termed. Then we would traverse for a time a road of soft, yielding snow, in which the poor horse would sink at every step up to his knees. This was, of course, slow work, and the unevenness of the road produced plenty of bumping, or as it is here called technically, "*Thank'ee mums.*"

But as we got further from the town, the road became harder and smoother, and for a mile at a time we were able to dash along like the wind. Here the snow, in the snowy winter referred to, was many feet in depth, considerably over the tops of the fences, and it was curious to see the tops only of the low fir trees projecting from the snow. Woe betide the

unlucky traveller who went one foot out of the beaten track. He would soon find himself in a perilous fix. To enable travellers to keep the road, small fir-trees are stuck in the snow along either side. This had been done since the first fall of the winter's snow, and so each layer had been firmly trodden down, and a beaten track made, itself of a considerable depth. At one point we were enabled to see the depth of the snow at a settlement where the folks had been digging up the meat put there at the beginning of the winter. The pit which formed this natural refrigerator was fully nine feet in depth.

In other parts there was less snow, and the dark forests on either side, of spruce, pine and fir, rising out of a carpet of the purest white, were very impressive in the solitude. The settlements themselves seemed indeed but very small slices cut out of the primeval wood. There were settlements of all degrees of cultivation. Here a mere log-house, surrounded by a few blackened stumps, which a year ago were flourishing giants of the forest; here a frame house, with outhouses and barns, where more than one generous harvest had been stored; here a prosperous farm, where the very stones and stumps had been removed, and the land broken up by the plough.

But these signs of civilization only made the virgin forest more awe-inspiring and gloomy; and it was at one point where the gloom was especially deep that the Dean almost involuntarily drew rein, and addressed to me the question I have written above:

"Would you like to hear a ghost story, of which this is the very scene?"

He did not speak lightly, as I had so often heard ghost tales spoken of, and his eyes had a strange light in them, which made me feel the slightest possible hair-stirring pass over me for a moment.

I said I should like to hear it very much; but, to my surprise, he said no

more on the subject, and went back to the company of his own thoughts.

We got to Mooseland soon after this, had our service, which was as bright and hearty as Canadian country services generally are, and then started out on the homeward journey. We had been talking of various matters suggested by the service, till we arrived again at the dark pass of timber, when my companion suddenly stopped, seemed to hesitate for a moment or two, and then plunged into the following recital:

"You know," he said, "that since the making of this road, I have, as a rule, taken the journey to Mooseland every Sunday afternoon, and I have had, in the time, some strange experiences.

"One Sunday the wind blew away my buffalo robe, and I had to wade breast high through the snow to get at it, while the horse continued his way along the road, and I had the very narrowest squeak of being left to perish in the snow. Another time I found the forest burning on each side of the road, and I had to urge the horse frantically through the fiery avenue, emerging half-dead with suffocation on the other side. But these are ordinary Canadian experiences, and what I am now going to tell you is a little out of the ordinary.

"One Sunday afternoon, just over a year ago, I was driving along as usual, thinking of my sermon, when I was suddenly startled by seeing the figure of a man on the edge of the wood, some distance in advance. It would have been strange enough to see a man here at all, but this man—! How shall I describe him? In fact, I can't describe *him*, as I never saw his face. He was standing with his back half-turned towards me, and I noticed especially, though he seemed erect and young, he was dressed in a style which has certainly gone out of fashion for a generation or more. However, I said to myself, 'Some wayfarer about to ask for a lift to the next settlement!' and say-

ing this, I slackened speed to give the stranger a chance of jumping into the sleigh. To my astonishment he took no notice of this whatever, but still keeping his face turned from me, slowly crossed the snow-road and disappeared into the forest on the other side. At the time I never thought what an impossible feat this was, but after service I felt a curious half fear as I approached the place. Nothing further, however, happened, nor all through the summer, but some months ago, soon after the first deep fall of snow, at the same place, in exactly the same position, and in the same odd dress, I saw the man again. This time I called out as I approached him, but he was as one that heard not; only again slowly crossing my path, he disappeared in the same mysterious fashion. My curiosity this time got the better of my fears, and I got out of the sleigh, to discover—not altogether to my surprise—that there was not the slightest trace of a footprint in the snow, which lay around as smooth as a sheet and perfectly undisturbed. As far as I dared, I examined the woods on either side, but there was no sign of the presence of any human creature. I called out till the echoes made me afraid, and then I went back to the sleigh, feeling that I must have been dozing on my journey, or that my mind was giving way to the strain of my work. For this reason, chiefly, I repressed a natural temptation to mention the apparition in the settlement, though perhaps there might have been some one to have thrown some light on the matter.

“That the appearance was not a creation of my own brain, however, I soon had substantial proof. About a month later, I had a young man named Peter Glynn with me in the “*pung*,” and, as he was driving, I resigned myself to my usual meditations, and (I am afraid) soon fell fast asleep. From this I was awakened by the sudden pulling up of the sleigh. I heard a sharp cry of amazement from my companion, and awoke to hear:—

“‘Who’s that old chap ahead? He looks as if he had been buried and come out of his grave.’

“I said nothing, but followed with my eyes—now wide awake—the same dumb show I had seen on the two previous occasions. When the apparition had finally disappeared, I said aloud:

“‘Now we *must* look into this. This is getting serious.’

“Glynn looked at me, as if not quite sure of my meaning, but we both got down. He took one side, and I the other, and, as long as we dared to stay—for it wanted not more than half an hour to service time—we made as thorough a search as it is possible for mortals to make in the realm of the apparently supernatural. Suffice it to say, that no footprint rewarded our exploration, no voice answered our shouts, and the wood seemed as though man had never broken its complete solitude. So we went on our way, and that is the last time the uncanny thing has crossed my path; but though there seemed no disposition on the part of the ghost to speak to me, or to hear anything from me, I live in a weekly fear that all is not yet seen or heard, and that I may find myself some time or other in the midst of a strange and ugly story. Perhaps I ought to have followed my impulse, and made known the story in Moose-land, but the folks there were nearly all new settlers, and could hardly know anything of the traditions of the place.”

That is the story, just as I was told it; and the narrative occupied the rest of the home journey. We reached home just after dark, and I confess I felt relieved that the darkness did not come on till we were well out of the wood.

II.

As I thought of the story afterwards, it seemed rather a meaningless one, after all; or at least it required another revelation to explain its mean-

ing, and the few to whom I told the story smiled at it, and said that, even if they were accustomed to put faith in ghost stories, they would expect the ghost to behave in a rational manner (at least, rational for a ghost), tell its story, wring its hands, or display, in grim pantomime, the method by which its ghosthood was attained.

To all this, I had no answer to make, but I felt that a sequel was not impossible, and that some time or other I should hear that which would put a new light on the story.

In this hope I have not been disappointed. I am not a good correspondent, and so did not keep up the communication I ought to have had with my friends in Canada, but every now and then I did have a letter from the Dean, and one day I found a more than usually bulky one, with the Canadian postmark, and almost before I opened it, I had the apprehension that it related to the forest ghost.

It is this letter which enables me to give the following addition to the story, an addition sufficient to show that there probably was, after all, a reason for the strange way in which the restless spirit haunted the scene of his untimely death. A few things are still problematical to me,—especially have I always been puzzled to imagine why the ghost appeared three times to Mr. Arthur. Perhaps, had he spoken of what he had seen in Mooseland, there was an old woman among his hearers who would have found her rest a little sooner.

After I left K—, the ghost was seen once more, or rather twice, although of this there is no very direct evidence.

The first of these occasions was as follows: It was summer time, and the woods were full of flowers and fast-ripening berries, tempting the children on their way to and from school to wander from the main roads and make more lengthy paths than actual necessity demanded.

Thus, when a child named Alice

Graham was one day three hours late home from school, there was little doubt where she had been. But she brought no flowers or fruit—only a pale, ashy face, which frightened those who saw it, and puzzled them, too, till, after a long silence, succeeded by a passionate flow of tears, they got from her that she had seen the figure of a man first of all crossing the road, and then moving among the trees, silent, yet restless. She had lost herself, and went to ask him the way home, but what she saw struck her dumb with fright, though she could not tell what she saw, and, after a time of blankness, she had run all the way home by mere animal instinct, without knowing or thinking of the road.

People laughed at her, comforted her, pitied, questioned her, not without tremor themselves, in spite of their skepticism, but the only further grain of information they extracted was that the figure looked hither and thither, and seemed like one waiting very wearily.

“Ay, God in heaven, maybe *he's* waiting, too!” said old Janet, from the corner of the log-house.

The little knot of neighbors turned and looked at her, for her words seemed the fruit of a sudden awakening, and when they looked, they *saw* an awakening in her face, too.

Poor old Janet had had a strange history,—a fruitful theme to the gossips, though few knew very much about her. A poor, lone, silent old woman, so dull and stupid that half the neighbors set her down as bereft of her senses, and generally called her, “Puir Janet”—a woman now past the threescore and ten years of the Psalmist, and with all human beauty dead, yet she made the remark, “Maybe *he's* waiting, too,” in such a tone that a whole life's history seemed to be stirring the soil of its grave, and her face betokened a sudden interest, such as had only been betrayed years and years ago. A strange old

woman she was, indeed, who would sit in her corner day after day without stirring, or speaking, or doing anything, if only to make the hours fly faster. Consequently, this sudden resurrection from her habitual death in life startled those who now heard her exclaim, "Maybe *he's* waiting, too!" But she soon relapsed, or seemed to relapse, into her usual apathy, and the light faded from her face, as a brilliant sunset fades into the night gloom. Alice, too, was soon her former self again, though very quiet, and the neighbors went their various ways, to recount, with such additions as gossips love, their afternoon's experience.

Old Janet had no relative in the settlement,—or anywhere else, so far as it was possible to learn,—but she had lived there from the time that the first clearing had been made, and was far and away the oldest inhabitant. For many years she had supported herself in various ways, and, when age and increasing infirmities made this no longer possible, she had been taken in by a hospitable farmer, Tom Graham, who had too tender a heart to see the old woman die of want—helpless burden as she had become.

But she was not to be a burden much longer. That night there was an unaccustomed stir in the farmhouse. Alice was in bed, and the other inmates had been fulfilling their duties in various parts of the house, when, all else done, the help, Betty McKay, went to assist old Janet to her bed.

But when she peered into her corner, expecting the usual business of rousing the old woman to a state of consciousness, she was more than surprised to see that the place was empty.

All over the house went Betty in search, getting more and more amazed as she went, and at last, as she sank down on a chair, breathless with the zeal of her pursuit, genuinely alarmed. Calling her mistress, she took up the search again, and the two had a fur-

ther hunt over the house, as resultless as the former; and it was soon clear that if Jane was to be found at all, it was certainly not within the house.

There was nothing to be done but to set to work outside, where the summer evening was now drawing to its close. It was as lovely as an evening outside Paradise could be, and the fading sunlight cast the long shadows of the trees across the clearing and made the distant mountains look like the bounds of fairy-land. No one could be surprised at a human being longing to be outside on such a night, only Janet had not been outside at all latterly, and her feeble feet could hardly carry her far. But there was no sign of her in the clearing, and the little search party, now swollen to five, wandered for some time on the outskirts, and questioned many a farmer returning from his work, before they got the smallest clue to the fugitive.

It was old Josh Dawson who had seen her, quite deep in the wood. She had 'skeered' him, he said, and to see an old dame making her way along the wagon road as though she had the strength of forty years back, made him clean forget to stop, or even to speak to her.

"The old critter," he said, "seemed more like a lassie hurrying to meet her sweetheart, than anything else I could think on." And though they abused him roundly for his stupidity in letting her pass, he consented to join them and point out the place where he had seen her last.

It was the place, as the reader may guess, where Alice Graham had seen the ghost. Guided by some subtle instinct unexplainable by any hypothesis of chance, she had come to the very place, where, among the tall trees, the weary spirit had watched and waited so long.

They could not see her at first, especially as in the forest it was getting dark, but presently the wind fluttered the loose end of a black shawl on the ground, and when they hurried up, they

saw old Janet stretched along prone on the earth. The flowers of the forest seemed to have reached over her their blossoms, and twined them about her hair like a bridal wreath. And she looked like a bride, a bride *not without a bridegroom*, for, lo!—the sight froze the blood of the spectators with horror—a mouldered skeleton was crushed together in her arms, and her bloodless lips were pressed to the eyeholes of a naked skull. But *she* had not thought the sight gruesome. Death had made her young again, and though there were some who said she had been frightened to death by her discovery, and by the apparition which Alice had seen that afternoon, those who saw her face as it looked when they emerged once more into the clearing and it caught the very last beam of the dying sunlight, knew that the last moments of her life had been the happiest too, and that a bliss too strong for the poor old heart to bear had broken the last fetter and borne away her spirit.

III.

What did it all mean? The gossips were busy for many a day, but the truth was, to a large extent, only a matter of surmise.

So much, however, was raked up amongst the old inhabitants of the settlement, and, separated from an abundant fringe of self-contradictory fable, may be set down as follows:

Fifty years ago Janet had been young and beautiful, and had had the tribute of admiration from many a love-lorn young farmer. Two had laid especial siege to her heart, and of the two she had no hesitation whatever in choosing one,—Will Stevens by name. The other took his rejection very unamiably, and it was no secret that he bitterly hated his more successful rival.

But, one day, both disappeared. Some whispered that there had been foul play, others said they had gone off to England, and a man answering to the description of Dick Watson—the rejected one of the twain—was said to have died in an English workhouse. But Janet would never believe that Will had deserted her. She vowed never to marry, declaring she would wait for Will, as she was sure Will would wait for her. So the years flew on and stole away her youth and beauty.

But, if all this be true, Janet's faith was justified, and the two lovers had been nearer to one another than the surviving one supposed. Who will say that the dead have no tender memories for this earth of ours?

Foully done to death, as the fractured skull proved, Will Stevens had not passed into the land of oblivion, where plighted troth is washed away in Lethe, and human love is dead for evermore, but his constant wraith guarded his forest grave till *she* should come who had been the music of his life.

Her delay had been long, but we doubt not that in the land beyond the grave, where all love which is eternal has fuller fruition and reward than we can know below, the freed spirits met and recognized each the other's faith. Janet's prayer was granted, too, that she might meet Will once more on earth, and so—there in the forest glade where they had first known the springtime of love, the ghost and the woman met, and the ghost kissed the weary lips and the cheeks pale with weeping, and left them—dead.

* * * * *

Two days later Mr. Arthur buried the woman and the skeleton in one grave, at the very spot where they had been found together.

SUNDAY ON MOUNT ROYAL.

Joy is upon this wooded hill to-day,
That through the drowsy week was sunk in rest
And quiet ; now, by some mysterious sway,
The trees are all in festal raiment drest,
Chanting devout in proper ranks a lay
Of most excelling praise ; Oh, voiceless priest !
Bid me, an alien, to this sacrifice,
That in the bliss of these pure pieties
I may, one hour, believe the joy of Paradise.

Oh, priest-like influence in earth or air,
Moving with censer's breath the woods among,
Stay—let the veiled earth at will be fair,
And let the babbling waters chant their song
In lawless jollity, bold, *debonair*,
Whose gleesome tones to no control belong.
How shall in endless note that anthem roll,
And all things beauteous bow in gracious thrall,
And man be yet forgot, who fairer is than all !

Commingleing rays, whose seven-fold unity
Decks the dear world in rare and glorious hue,
Blending serene the soft delights that be
On vivid sward or yon benignant blue—
Shade in the vales your rich variety,
And dull the summer's flaming retinue,
So it may be that when the dalliance sweet
Of flower and sunbeam Him no longer greet
He will remember me, low kneeling at his feet.

Or, if not silent, blissful powers, beyond
All former numbers, lift a strain on high
Whose pleading, if compassion yet be found
For mortal woe, will draw it from the sky ;
He is our Maker, and that sacred bond
Time hath not sundered, nor can He deny
Its right ; tell Him in grief our years are sped—
Will He show fruitless wonders to the dead ?
His are we, and His will be still when time has fled.

O ! little birds, that trust in Him always,
And flowers so fine arrayed that never spin,
To your exceeding bliss of holy day
Our best and wisest do not enter in :
O ! birds and buds, our birthright stolen away,
Have ye, and well ye glad yourselves therein,
Short-sighted ones, and happy in a morn
Which dies, even as your incense sweet. upborne
To empty air, in which eternal whispers mourn.

EMERSON'S CHOICE OF REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

BY JEAN MCILWRAITH.

AN epigrammatic style is dangerous both to writer and reader, inclining the one to sacrifice sense to sound, and the other, to accept without question statements which are but partially true. Take "Representative Men" for example. The terse buoyancy of the style is apt to carry away the hero-worshipper, but the calmer mind will pause to criticise Emerson's selection of men to illustrate his different classes.

Whether it be in the ordinary acceptation of the term, Philosopher, by which we generally mean a searcher after wisdom, or, in Emerson's own conception—"one who defines"—no more fitting representative man could be found than the one here chosen. Plato is not only the founder of the first great school of Philosophy in ancient times; all modern idealists own him as their father. From the little we can learn of his life, he was indeed a diligent searcher after truth, studying with Socrates, and also with the greatest minds of other lands. His education did not cease with his maturity, but was continued up to old age and death. Emerson says, that "Philosophy is the account which the human mind gives to itself of the constitution of the world," and, impossible as it may be ever to arrive at absolute truth on this, or any subject, the account which the mind of Plato has given to itself of this enigma is of such transcendent merit that in all the generations since his time it has not been surpassed. He combined the analytic and synthetic modes of research, drawing practical conclusions from his most abstract conceptions. To him poet, septic, mystic, man of the world, and writer go for inspiration, but pre-eminently he is the Philosopher.

A mystic is one who endeavors "to grasp the divine essence or the ultimate reality of things, and to enjoy the blessedness of actual communion with the highest." This, Swedenborg certainly tried to do, and professed to have succeeded in doing, but he attempted still more. Was he not too scientific to be a typical mystic? There, as elsewhere, Emerson makes the term suit the man, instead of choosing a man to show forth the usually accepted definition of the term. He allows his mystic a much wider range than we can imagine permissible to the Hindu devotee, with head sunk on breast, absorbed in introspection. Swedenborg was surely too active, too robust, both in mind and body, fitly to represent that school of dreamers. He had a good deal of the reformer's energy and dogmatism, in spite of those trances which his fine constitution enabled him to endure. Narrow as Swedenborg's theology appears in some aspects, it is yet too broad, too positive and practical for that of the orthodox mystic, and not sufficiently lofty. He keeps his feet firmly on the ground, and is by no means carried off into the clouds.

Mysticism does not tend to benefit any but the individual—is not progressive. The Mystic's highest hope is a speedy absorption into the Deity. Swedenborgianism, on the other hand, decidedly makes war upon materialism, and tries to do away with accepted dogmas by the infusion of others, which in their turn become equally mechanical.

Swedenborg may be called a Spiritualist, or a Pantheist, for his visions are such as are common to the former class, and his ideas of the divine meaning throughout nature savor of the

latter. Thomas à Kempis is more of the Mystic, pure and simple, and had Emerson gone to Germany, he would there have had an embarrassment of riches from which to have chosen a more suitable representative than Swedenborg.

Montaigne can hardly be taken as a good specimen of the Sceptic, in the generally accepted definition of the term. He was not a restless discontented soul striving ever for the removal of his doubts, and upborne by the hope of some day accomplishing that end. In his *Essays* he writes quite contentedly, seems to think he has arrived at a philosophic way of looking at things, and is therefore happier than those who constantly worry over the solution of insolubilities. He even appears to be a good Roman Catholic, though not so devout as to allow his intellect to be enslaved. Whatever of Scepticism we find in Montaigne is due to the influence of the Greek writers, whom he admires and copies, and is of an entirely different kind from the modern variety. It consists in a sort of cheerful pessimism, a common sense, and breadth of view which prevent a man from expecting too much of life, or from aspiring to know too much.

Kant says that "Scepticism is not a permanent resting-place for human reason," but Emerson thinks that it is. He describes the Sceptic as an ideal critic, sitting aloft to weigh men and things impartially, but having no special interest therein. He considers him the happy medium between the dogmatist and the materialist, but is he not rather the unhappy medium between Christian and Agnostic.

Emerson has a high ideal of the Sceptic, and he idealizes Montaigne when he makes him its representative.

His apology for so doing seems hardly sufficient. He had pleasant youthful associations with the works of the great Frenchman, and he justly admires him for his honesty. But Montaigne could not have been so frank had he been deeply impressed with

the paramount importance of any of the subjects he discusses. He is but a superficial philosopher after all, a thorough man of the world, one who by education, reading, travel, has gained a happy knack of seeing more than one side of a question. He is a humorist, too, without the bitterness necessary for a satirist. Being more in love with himself than with anyone else, he can treat the non-ego with impartiality, and, cheerfully resigned to things as they are, he is more Agnostic than Sceptic. His motto is, "Ignorance is bliss, because it is impossible to be wise."

When we think of Hume, and the long line of modern sceptics that have followed him, and consider that scepticism is the prevailing spirit of the nineteenth century, we wonder that Emerson should have gone back to the sixteenth century for his representative man. The reason probably lies in the idea which Emerson had of a sceptic, similar to that held by the old Greeks. With that conception, he could hardly have found a more modern instance than Montaigne.

Shakespeare, the poet: Here we can heartily endorse Emerson's selection of a man. Whether we take Shakespeare's own passage,—

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," etc.,

for our standard, or Emerson's, "This power of expression, or of transferring the inmost truth of things into music and verse," he fulfils the demand. He does it in a sense in which no other writer of ancient or modern times has accomplished the same.

Napoleon, however, strikes one as being very far from what we mean when we speak of "a man of the world." That expression conjures up visions of Chesterfield, or Machiavel, quite the reverse of the conquering Frenchman, who, in the first place, was not a gentleman, either by heredity or environment. He was not of high birth, nor was his education in the military groove calculated to give

him that ease in all society, which is a necessary qualification for the man of the world. He was a perfect boor in his manners, and nowhere have we a more graphic picture of the littleness of this great man than in Tolstoi's "War and Peace." Not many of our heroes could stand this *valet de chambre* inspection, but the man of the world, if he does not rise to the heights of a great soul, should be noted for consistency, toleration, and balance of character,—none of which are conspicuous in Napoleon's repertoire of virtues. He was distinctly a specialist,—a man of one idea, and that idea, according to Emerson, was success, or power. Here we must take exception to our author's conception of a man of the world. He describes him as a realist, a man to whom success is a god; who despises shame, and includes religion and morality among them,—a kind of an Oliver Cromwell without the conscience. This appears too high and too narrow,—not broad enough for a man of the world. Napoleon, though he conquered all the nations of Europe, and, in that sense, is worthy of the author's title, maintained the same attitude throughout, and therefore got but one view—the conquerer's view—of them all. As Socrates says of a young man, he was not improved by travel, because he carried himself with him.

The other title which Emerson gives Napoleon seems more appropriate—"the incarnate democrat"—for he exhibited the best as well as the worst features of democracy, including its culminating point—tyranny. A man of the people he certainly was, but not a man of the world.

We need not go beyond the limits of the present work to find men more suitable than Napoleon to represent this class. We have Montaigne for a specimen of the sixteenth, and Goethe, of the nineteenth century man of the world. The essays of the former exhibit a literary polish which must be

the outcome of the man himself. He had travelled with his eyes open; was accustomed to courts, but at home everywhere; not over-burdened with heart; possessed by a due sense of *les convenances*, but not enslaved by them. Goethe, too, is a cosmopolitan type, a product of the civilization of to-day, possessing all that Napoleon lacked in manners, moderation and *savoir faire* to make him the ideal man of the world.

In writing these essays, Emerson chose minds with whom his own had much in common, and representative men they undoubtedly are, though not always of the class in which Emerson places them. At the end of his list, he has probably been undecided how to label Goethe, the latest in date. Having already filled up the Philosopher, Mystic, Sceptic, Poet, and Man of the World pigeon-holes, into any one of which he might have squeezed this versatile German, he must create an opening to suit the man, and therefore dubs him "The Writer," a very non-committal term this, which may mean any scribbler for the newspapers; but Emerson bulges it out to suit the man for whom he was in need of a title. He is a reporter, not of the commonplaces of every day, but of the affairs of the universe; an interested and critical spectator, more than an actor; a scholar and poet, representing the spirit of the age. In this conception of the Writer, Goethe illustrates the theme better than perhaps any other modern, but Emerson speaks more fitly when he calls him the "type of culture."

With all its faults, the epigrammatic style of Emerson arrests the attention and stimulates the faculties as more exact writing never could. His original manner of treating these great men introduces them in a new light, and they gain greatly in human interest viewed through the spectacles of the New England seer.

AN OLD FLAME.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

WHEN Harry Proteus' wife went down into the country with little Ethel and the baby, for the purpose of recruiting her fagged energies, and putting fresher roses into the cheeks of little Ethel—there was nothing the matter with the boy's health, bless him!—Harry was left in a peculiar position. He found his occupation gone—that is, the occupation of his leisure hours and evenings. The piano seemed to cast reproachful glances at his unskilled hands, as if mourning the absence of the touch of Mrs. P's white fingers. The ivories appeared to have become imbued with the nature of the ebonies, for the whole key board, to Proteus' eyes, seemed to have gone into black. There was no jolly Ethel to romp with; and no baby—the baby had got past its howling period—to demonstrate to an indulgent parent a growing intelligence, the like of which was not recorded in the annals of infantile phenomena. Altogether, there was an utter air of loneliness about the house which the complete bachelor freedom he now enjoyed, coupled with the aroma of unlimited cigars, could not dissipate.

At odd periods of his domestic life, after a tiff, or when something had gone wrong, or when his wife had been irritable, Proteus had sighed momentarily for his lost bachelor life; and had wondered what it would be like to taste the old freedom once more. Now that he practically had it, he felt out of his element. He was not addicted to any of the vices, except smoking, which in men of this kind should be regarded as a virtue, and encouraged accordingly. He had fallen into that common error made by young married men, a disinclination for the athletics of his earlier days;

and as for reading, one cannot be content, unless he is a grub, to devote himself to books in the hot weather. A little desultory turning over of the pages of something light is as much as the average man cares for. What was he, then, to do?

When a man unexpectedly meets an old flame, whom he has not seen for years, a host of memories will crowd upon him; and these are fashioned according to the circumstances under which the flame was kindled, kept alive and died—if it did die. When our friend, Harry, met Mrs. Macintyre, the Bella Eversly of former days, he experienced a sensation which was a blend of pleasure, bitterness and wonder. He had loved her five years before; but something had come between, and inside of a year he had recovered—and married. Thinking of his wife, and his tenderness for her, he asked himself, as he looked at his former sweetheart, if anything of the old weakness lingered in him? Bella did not seem very much changed; certainly not at all for the worse. A little stouter, perhaps, but the symmetry of her graceful figure had not suffered, and the damask of her cheek had been tempered favorably by time. Was the old love quite dead, after all? Or was it growing to life again, just because the springlike influences of opportunity smiled?

Opportunity to renew old tendernesses, spite of marital oaths and devotion, presented itself in its most alluring and practical form. Mrs. Proteus was one hundred miles away, which was as effective as a thousand. The vast majority of the gossips of Proteus' own set were at the seaside or in the country—it is the same thing—where its members were concocting

fresh scandals for the dull autumn days when they should be at home. And Mrs. Macintyre was alone; that is, her husband was elsewhere—on business.

"Come and see me at my hotel, Harry," said Mrs. Macintyre.

An invitation of this kind would have been regarded by those very suspicious people who are eager to make the worst out of what is sometimes best, as the determined foundation of a course of unqualified flirtation. The elasticity of the meaning of this word flirtation in the minds of very ingenious people is too well known to need comment. However, with Mrs. Macintyre and Proteus there was no thought of wrong. Possibly old chords had been touched, and found, strangely enough, tuned and ready to play the old airs. Bella had still a soft spot for Harry, which association might render dangerously susceptible. But at best—or worst—she only looked forward with a sense of very intense pleasure, yet platonic enough, to a talk over old times and the events of years, with Harry. Why should she, she said to herself, deny herself this simple crumb of comfort? But when we scrawl the initials of our innamorata, there is a great temptation to go on and write the whole name, just to see how it will look.

As to Proteus, he did not care to analyse *his* feelings in the matter. He endeavored to persuade himself that Providence or Fate—he preferred to imagine it was the former—had opportunely placed this lost love of his in his way for the purpose of keeping his affections *oiled*, as it were, till Carry came home. His pulses tingled, nevertheless, as he made his toilet. It flashed across his mind that Mrs. P. would not smile if she could at that moment guess the nature of his engagement for the evening.

"You look as fresh as ever, Bella," he said, as he drew his chair out on the upper verandah of the hotel, where Bella was sitting.

"Thank you, Harry. And you—I cannot say as much. You look, what shall I say, worn? No; tired, perhaps."

"I fancied I seemed revived as I glanced in the glass half an hour ago, and thought of seeing *you*."

"O Harry! Harry! *Glanced* in the glass! And back to the old compliments, eh?"

"Is it old? I was not aware that I had ever paid you that one before, because I did not remember ever having had an equivalent occasion to. There, *that* is not a compliment."

"Yes and no. And so you are married now. And so am I. How odd it seems, doesn't it? Or perhaps it does not to you. But after all you and I went through, Harry! We went to school together, too, didn't we?"

"Yes; and I cut your name and my own on the old beech by the river behind the school-house."

"And I have the knife yet," sighed Mrs. Macintyre. "You gave it to me, you remember; or perhaps you don't. And I gave you a copper. You have saved it, I suppose. You were always so saving, Harry."

"They are there yet," murmured Harry sentimentally, and looking retrospective.

"What, the river and school-house?"

"No; the names. I was out there the other day to—to look at them."

Mrs. Macintyre laughed, then sighed; and both became silent.

"Would you like to go out and see them?" said Harry suddenly.

"Yes, I should. I don't know that there is very much in looking at a few blurred marks on an old tree, but I should love to have a peep at the old place."

"I meant the old place, not the letters," said Harry, somewhat irascibly.

"Well, there! don't be angry. Can't I banter with *you*? Did your wife object to your coming to see me?"

"She's out of town," answered

Harry grimly. "So I couldn't tell her, you know."

"I see," said Bella quietly. "So I have you all to myself, as I did in the old times."

Proteus looked keenly at her, but Mrs. Macintyre evidently did not intend to convey any equivocal meaning.

"How on earth did you happen on the old place, Bella?" he asked presently. "It was buried forever with you, I thought."

"Not quite that, Harry. But I can tell my troubles to you, can't I?"

"I thought you had done with them," said Harry, a little cynically.

"Are you—with yours?"

"That is another matter. I suppose we all have a touch of tribulation now and then." He felt ashamed of the words a moment later, for he felt like Peter when he denied Christ.

Mrs. Macintyre laid her hand upon the balustrade, and resting her white chin upon her fingers, gazed down into the street.

"Marriage with me has been a dismal mistake, Harry," she said wearily. "But it was my own fault. When I lost you—"

"You put it the wrong way," said Harry.

"Well, which was it? What does it matter—now? It is the same thing—in the end. You found time to forget, and marry a good little woman; for I know she is good, though she never liked me. And I found time to remember, and to marry—a brute?"

"Not quite so bad as that, surely, Bella!"

"O yes; and worse. If it were not so, he might be here now, or I might be—let me see—at Monte Carlo, we will say. That is the way the fashionable novels put it. However, I say that he is in Europe or New York, on business, you understand. He got tired of me at the end of a year. A year goes very fast when you have lots of money. But he had always

had lots of money, and I hadn't. So it went more quickly for me. But that was what I had wanted—money—and I found the price I had paid. He was honest enough to say the year had been infernally slow for him. It wasn't exactly honesty; it was bluntness. He proposed a separation, and I was glad of it."

"And how did you happen to come here?" said Harry. He felt he must say something. The record of Bella's troubles touched him as if it had no parallel in domestic history.

"The fancy for old scenes and faces," answered Mrs. Macintyre dreamily. "Do you know how many people yearn to see the old home or the old place where they were loved and where they spent the best hours of their lives? They are in the millions, these exiles! You go away, and see in a few years, even less than that, how you will ache to get back."

"I'm afraid not, Bella," said Proteus, laughing. "I have every desire to go away, I can assure you, but I should have none to come back. I am no Roman in that respect."

"That is no compliment to me, Harry."

"I did not suppose that you were anything more than a transient visitor, or that you had any angelic idea of making a heaven out of the dullest place in Christendom. Besides, we only pay compliments to people we care nothing about. We make them the targets of our milk and water wit."

"You have grown quite pessimistic, Harry. You were not so once upon a time."

"I do not see what pessimism has to do with a man's having come to see the truth of certain things; or his disgust at a town and corporation, to say nothing of a government, that treat him more shabbily than Athens treated Alcibiades. Unless it be that your so-called pessimist is your really true optimist, as Edgar Saltus says; and I think he is more than half right. But how long are you going to stay, Bella?"

"I only intended staying a day or two. I am on my way to the St. Lawrence."

"Nonsense!" rejoined Harry. "You can see nothing in a day or two. Ah, but then you said you only *intended!*"

"I expected you would think differently, from what you have just said about the town."

"I don't let my personal feelings bias my opinions. Besides, you are not in the position of a stranger, who has only eyes for the tallest buildings and the handsome women and the best houses, and ears for the latter's cost and the latest scandal. You have old scenes to revisit. You said as much yourself just now."

"True, O king!" responded Mrs. Macintyre gaily. "You are right. How long should I stay, Harry?" Mrs. Macintyre was getting a little sentimental, I am afraid.

"It will be a dangerous thing to leave that question to me, Bella. We won't talk about it now. To begin with, the place is about as dull—it's normal condition—as Margate in winter, if I remember Thackeray correctly. But it is pretty outside."

"Very well, Harry. And you will come and take lunch with me to-morrow, will you? That is, if it will not interfere with your business. And then we can have a nice long afternoon. See how fine the sky is and full of promise!"

"Business is nothing but a name just now; and it should be forgotten if it were otherwise," said Proteus, as he rose to say good-night. "I shall be delighted, and shall lie abed till noon to dream of it."

This was very well for a beginning. To Bella, the events of the days that followed were like a succession of delightful dreams. As for Proteus, he lived in an atmosphere of delightful dreams, too; but it occurred to him frequently that this thing could not last. He even played this second part so merrily, that he wrote his wife, telling her not to hurry home if the country

air was doing her good; and when he had posted the letter he wondered if the country air *was* really doing her good.

These drives, however, down dusky lanes on still evenings, with the stars, or perhaps the moon for an audience—and sometimes even *she* grew shy—were dangerous. One night Harry had asked Bella to kiss him. This is a different thing from asking a woman to let you kiss her. His arm—it would have been a customary action five years before—had slipped round her waist; and the horse, a well-trained animal with a wonderful instinct, had slipped into a walk. Bella hesitated, thinking, perhaps, of his wife. But she loved him, and one woman is liable to forget the rights of another when the same man is the object of their affections, and when the *man* will not remember. So the kiss was given.

Proteus went home deliriously happy. Fresh lips are wonderful stirrers of the pulse; but when they are lips you kissed once upon a time, and when the kiss is accompanied by a look from a pair of eyes that smiled indulgently on all you did or said, then there is a deeper charm and sweetness.

Proteus went to bed, but he could not sleep. Neither a rosy mouth, nor the memory of it, is a good narcotic. The moral side of the thing would present itself with disagreeable force and persistency. It always does—in the dark. He was a man who said his prayers every night, partly because the youthful habit had clung to him, and partly because he felt timid about breaking off from it. It was the same prayer, perhaps, with very few grown-up alterations, that he had been saying ever since he learned the art of repetition,—“God bless So-and-So,” omitted from time to time, as God saw fit to bless So-and-so, or his relations, according to the idea that death is a blessing. But this night Proteus did not kneel down. He was not, in the strict sense of the word, a hypocrite;

he could not, at least, dissemble himself against himself.

He got up, lit the gas, and sat on the edge of the bed, regarding his reflection in the mirror with a gravity and touch of irritation that was comical.

"What is the use of a man praying for the welfare of his soul, when he knows in that soul he is playing a double part, and will play it again to-morrow?" he muttered aloud. "But after all, there has been no great wrong done. I have kissed her, and told her I love her as much as ever; which is not true, perhaps. Bella is a weak woman, and I suppose I should be stronger. No, I don't suppose Carrie would like it. And Carrie mustn't know. Bella loves me—that is where the trouble lies. And yet why should I put the blame on Bella? I am a miserable coward; that is the plain truth of it. Why can't I make up my mind *now* to write Carrie, asking her to come home, telling her I am lonely? It would be an honorable lie, at any rate, out of dishonor. After all, I can't love Carrie as much as I thought I did. And yet, if death were to come in at that door now, and say: I must take one; which shall it be? I would say—Bella. Do I really love Bella still? Or is it only because the thing is new, and has a flavor of wrong in it, and because it is sweet? Heaven knows it is sweet! And yet the thought of Bella's going away makes me feel wretched. At all events, I can pray for Carrie and Ethel, and the boy, thank God; and feel myself the miserable weak fool that I am!"

Matters unfortunately *progressed*, as Harry cynically termed it to himself. People, it is scarcely worth mentioning, had long since remarked the affair. Some scowled, and, doubtless, Mrs. Bargo, or one of her confreres, would have written Mrs. Proteus an anonymous letter, because you can say so much more untruth in an anonymous letter than you can over your

own signature, but that, as I have said, the gossips were out of the town for the main part; and those who were not did not know Mrs. P.'s address, which in this instance was to be regretted. Not, a few—of the men—said what a lucky dog Proteus was; but they never would have believed it!

The affair had become one of daily inseparableness now. One evening during the oft-repeated drive, the talk turned on that inevitable climax, Bella's going away. It would have been more proper to have said Mrs. Proteus' coming home. Old topics, interrupted by the hand of circumstance, had been resumed. The ashes of the old love had been stirred up quite vigorously, and the bright coals discovered there had served to kindle a fire that was not to be easily quenched.

Only the day before he had received a letter from his wife, imploring him to come down and dissipate their loneliness, and as Ethel was not well; and in reply he had written some excuse. Something had to be done, he had said to himself fiercely, fighting down the better impulse that struggled weakly within him.

"She writes that she will be back shortly," he said, presently. He threw his cigar away as he spoke, glanced at his companion, and then looked dreamily out at the harvest landscape.

"Yes," said Bella, faintly.

"The train will not go east for two hours," continued Proteus, in meditative voice, still looking away at the darkening woods and the ruddy sky beyond. "We would be in New York or wherever we liked to-morrow. Bella, will you go?"

"Harry —"

"Will you go, Bella? Look up, darling! You do love me, I know. There—kiss me, and say you will! Bella, it was all a mistake between us before—the last five years of our life have been a mistake. But now I shall have you, and we shall have each other forever!"

Then Proteus whipped the horse up. His brain seemed on fire, his nerves taut. They talked with avidity on indifferent subjects, relapsing into spaces of silence that seemed interminable to either. When they reached Bella's hotel, Harry sent the horse to the stable, lit a cigar, and walked briskly towards his house. He felt the need of stretching his limbs.

When he reached his gate, he found a boy in a faded blue uniform sitting on the verandah steps, fast asleep.

He woke the lad up. He was from the telegraph office, the boy said, and he had been waiting a long time for Mr. Proteus.

"Why didn't you stick the message in the door?" said Proteus, as he unfastened the latter, and lit the gas in the hall.

The message was paid for, the boy said, but he wanted Mr. Proteus to sign for it. "They was very particular at the office," he said, confidentially, "about signing." Proteus signed, and the boy still lingered. So Proteus, being in a high good humor, gave the boy a coin, and the coin and the boy quickly disappeared.

Proteus opened the yellow paper, mildly wondering what it could be about. It was from his wife, and ran:

"Expect us to-night. You might have come. Ethel not well."

Proteus crumpled the paper slowly in his hand, and stared at the pattern of the wall-paper, with his lids half-closed. Then he turned into the silent drawing-room, drew the curtains apart, and stared out into the street through the half-open slats of the blinds.

Confusion! His plans spoiled, and by that little minx! But soft! not spoiled. The east-bound train would leave an hour before his wife's train came in, and he and Bella would be fifty miles away by that time.

He smoothed out the message with a half-triumphant, half-pitying expression, and read it again, very slowly, dwelling on each word. He found himself suddenly trying to picture

Carrie arriving at the depot, and her surprise at not finding him there; and her still further bewilderment at reaching the house and discovering it in darkness, and no Harry. For the servants were taking their much-needed vacation also. And then later —

It was not a pleasant thing to picture. Proteus started, and confronted a rather pale face in the hall mirror, the reflection of his own, distorted by a very ghastly smile. He grew fascinated with this not flattering likeness, and fell into a sort of reverie.

He returned to consciousness by hearing some one at the door. It was the telegraph boy.

"Another message?" demanded Harry.

"No, sir, but I thought you might have an answer," said the boy, yawning.

"Have you been waiting outside all this time?" said Proteus, aghast.

The boy nodded. "It ain't very long," he said, with a comforting smile. "Only three minutes."

Proteus shook himself together. He felt confused, and not altogether master of his brain.

"No, there is no answer," he said, slowly. "Stay," he added. "Would you take a letter for me to the Allan House, at once, if I gave you a quarter? Well, sit down there and wait."

"What shall I say to her?" he said to himself, as he paused before his secretary, biting a pen-handle.

"Ah, I will send her the telegram, with a line, and she will understand. It is for the best."

"Take this to the Allan House," he said, handing the envelope to the boy. "It is for Mrs. Macintyre. See that she gets it *yourself*, at once. Oh, here's your quarter. And look here! Send a cab to me here right away, and tell the driver to hurry!"

The boy disappeared, and Proteus hurriedly gathered his top coat and umbrella together. A flourish of wheels on the pavement up to his gate told him his cab had arrived.

"Look here," he said to the cabby, as he turned out the gas and locked his hall door, "that local train from the west gets in about eleven, doesn't it, and a train leaves here in about a quarter of an hour, that meets it somewhere?"

The cabby assented. "All right," said Proteus, plunging into the cab. "Drive me to the station, quick!"

As the cabman mounted to his seat, a boy came down the street, whistling, and stopped at Proteus' gate. Harry stuck his head out of the cab, and asked what was the matter.

"Here I am," cried Proteus. "Drive on!" he called out, as he took the envelope from the boy; and away the cab flew.

He thrust the missive into his side pocket hurriedly, thinking, if he thought at all, that it was an epistle on some matter of business of the day's transaction. He did not want to think at all. He had one desire; to get on that train, feel the train in motion, and then know that he was safe.

It was a long drive to the depot, although the horse worked hard.

Harry smoked viciously, and shouted to the cabman, and did a hundred things to forget what he was doing. He arrived at his train not a moment too soon, and got on board, after hurriedly paying the cabby double fare, and dropping his umbrella twice, as the cars moved out.

He sat down viciously, and almost breathless, and stared out of the window. Sorry?—well, he did not like to think about it. He might be a fool, perhaps. He amused himself watch-

ing the streets and buildings he knew as they filed by. The train was running slowly, and presently a large stone building came in view, brilliantly lighted. It was Bella's hotel. He gazed grimly up at the rows of bright windows, recognizing Bella's; and he pictured to himself the hurried packing of trunks and valise. And at the thought his heart sank again, and he wondered why he had not waited for the train to New York. Then, as he had thought of Carrie, he thought of Bella, waiting, waiting for Harry—in vain.

The hotel was gone, and Proteus sighed, and stretched his legs upon the seat opposite, plunging his hands deep into his coat pockets. His fingers came in contact with the letter he had forgotten, and he drew the envelope out half-curiously, and opened it. The letter had been rapidly scrawled, and some of the words were blurred, as if the writer had been crying.

"Dear Harry"—said the letter—"do not think of our going to night! Oh, I have thought of it all, and cried since you kissed me, and I will not let you do this wrong. We must be brave, Harry. and you must think of Carrie, and little Ethel and the boy. It has been all my fault, I know; but I love you, Harry! You must not think I do not. But I know you will be the old brave Harry, and help me to forget and be true to ourselves, even if we have forgotten. I cannot write any more, but good-night and God bless you, Harry!"

BELLA.

"God bless you, Bella!"



GABLE ENDS.

THE ONTARIO LAW SCHOOL.

The Law School of the Province has resumed its work with some changes both in the curriculum and in the staff of lecturers. Lectures to students at law, in some form or other, have been in vogue for very many years. In the earlier period of legal education in the Province, the students were required to "keep term," a relic of an old English custom, and lectures during that time—which was while the full courts were sitting for term business at Osgoode Hall—were delivered by eminent members of the Bar in a comparatively small room in the east wing of the building. This was a laudable undertaking, as far as it went, but the general advance of education, collegiate and otherwise, made changes imperatively necessary. Conservative, as lawyers proverbially are, any conservatism that had its seat at the Hall quickly responded to the progressive spirit of the times and the professional needs of the country. The teaching faculty was in due time organized on a broader and more liberal basis. Greater inducements were held out to experienced and able men to take part in the work of instruction. The curriculum was revised, the standard of examinations raised, and richer prizes for proficiency in the educational course were held out to diligent and deserving students. The habitat of the student was also completely transformed. The old lecture room in the east wing was discarded, and a large, handsome and well-equipped annex erected for the exclusive use of the school in its modernized form and with its modernized methods of instruction. In a word, the whole system of legal education was reformed and immensely improved, so much so that a law student of twenty years ago would now scarcely recognize the accessories and interior economy of his professional *alma mater*.

For these great and beneficial changes in legal education, a real debt of gratitude is due the Law Society. The results, as a whole, have been of incalculable advan-

tage to the student and to the profession at large. A well-educated Bar is a national boon. If, by reason of the higher tests of ability and learning now exacted, the avenues to professional preferment have been made more difficult, the goal, when reached, is proportionately more honourable. A call to the Bar is a greater reward of merit than it ever was before. The legal grist, if less in quantity, is infinitely better in quality. This, it is admitted, has been very largely, if not mainly, due to the Law School, the efficiency and good influence of which have come to be universally recognized. Under the altered conditions of its advanced and practical curriculum, it is fully equal, if not superior, to any institution of the kind on the continent.

The School was established on its present basis in 1889. It is conducted under the immediate supervision of the Legal Education Committee of the Law Society, subject to the control of the Benchers. Mr. Charles Moss, Q.C., the chairman of the committee, and Mr. B. B. Osler, Q.C., have been particularly active in promoting the interests of the institution, and they have had the energetic co-operation of other members of the Bench. Attendance at the School is made compulsory. The course is three years, and the term of instruction seven months in each year.

The course of study is a very thorough one. It embraces every branch of jurisprudence, not excepting private international law and cognate subjects, such as Canadian constitutional history and law. The holding of weekly moot courts, for the forensic argument of legal questions, is one of the features of the lecture room. The examinations, which are strict and searching, are being gradually brought within the immediate control of the school staff. For some years past there have been two intermediate examinations in addition to those for solicitor and for call to the Bar. The "intermediates," it is understood, will be abolished next May, and other examinations substituted that

will be more in harmony with the objects of the curriculum; these will not interfere with, but, rather be in aid of the examinations for solicitor and for admission to the Bar, which will be retained.

The School is in charge of a most capable staff. The present lecturers are Messrs. W. A. Reeve, Q.C.; E. D. Armour, Q.C.; A. H. Marsh, Q.C.; J. King, Q.C.; and Mr. McGregor Young. Mr. Reeve has been at the head of the School since its organization. He gives his whole time and energies to the work of teaching and management, and has proved an able and painstaking Principal. Two of his colleagues, Messrs. Armour and Marsh, have been connected with the School for some years past; they are prominent members of the Bar, whose special qualifications for their duties are universally admitted. Mr. King, who was appointed to the staff in June last, and whose abilities and experience are widely known, is a decided acquisition to the School. Mr. Young, who was also appointed in June, is a member of the Bar, whose acknowledged fitness for this position will be sensibly felt in the work of instruction. The principalship is a permanent appointment: the other four lectureships are tenable for three years, and the incumbents are eligible for reappointment by the Benchers in convocation. There are also three examiners who are elected triennially by the Bench, and who are not eligible for re-election. The present examiners are Messrs. A. C. Galt, W. D. Gwynne, J. H. Moss, and M. H. Ludwig. Heretofore the lecturers have had no voice in the examinations, but, under a recent rule, this policy has been altered, and hereafter the students will be subject to examination in the subject-matter of the lectures, as well as in the prescribed text-books. This change has been well ordered and cannot fail to be productive of good results. The former practice of excluding the teachers from any share in the examinations, was, to say the least, anomalous, if not unprecedented, in an institution of this character.

Some advisable changes have also been made in the text-books of the curriculum. Dr. Maclaren's work on "Bills and Notes" has been substituted for Chalmers' handbook on the same subject. Mr. Marsh's "History of the Court of Chancery" has been added to the first year course, and Mr.

W. H. P. Clement's "Law of the Canadian Constitution" to the third year course. These are proper recognitions, for a worthy purpose, of native Canadian literature. To all who are interested in this institution and the splendid preparatory training which it affords for the practice of a useful and honorable profession, it is satisfactory to know that it has entered upon another year of its work under such favorable conditions.—HISTORICUS.

THE WISDOM OF NATURE.

I.

A Voice went crying through the Night:
 "Lift up thy head, O Man, and see,
 While grope thy fellows toward the light,
 The quiet stars above them be.
 Blind brawlers, for some petty mastery,
 Your battle-smoke shall never dim their shining,
 Their knowledge is too high for your
 divining."

II.

Dark mountains, dipping to the great
 Grey wilderness that meets the dawn,
 What beacon on your brows elate
 Blazed for a moment, and is gone?
 What whisper of a God perchance hath
 drawn
 The clustering clouds to hearken and to
 see,
 And hold communion with Eternity?

III.

When shall the Sea the secret yield,
 Of Him who spake to it of old,
 And Being's Cause, yet unrevealed,
 To that First Silence did unfold?
 The inarticulate deep shall ever hold
 And shall repeat the secret o'er and o'er
 In mystic murmurs, brooding evermore.

IV.

On Life's hard highway, oft bespread
 With dust of care and mire of pain,
 By weary bending of the head
 To pluck slight wisdom we are fain.
 But our dull scroll shall clear revision
 gain,
 When we come home to Nature, and her
 peace,
 Where all the tempest of the soul shall
 cease.

—HENRY MARMADUKE RUSSELL.

CHARLOTTE.

Have ye h'ard av Charlotte Brady,
Limpin' wid a crutch
That houlds up th' foineest lady
Nature's lovely touch
Iver trimmed wid tityvation,
Rarely seen in all creation ?

Charlotte's only twinty-one ;
Frish an' young she looks ;
S'arch th' poets boy the ton,
Or th' story-books,
An' her loikes ye'll *never* see ;
Hidden she wis born t' be.

If th' wurld could watch wid me,
Hivens ! what a stare
Would be gapin' longingly
At th' casement there !
Laughter, sadness, blank surprize,
Would be shown in its oyes.

In a crumblin' tinnymint
Charlotte sthands shuprame,
Brutes, wid brutish sintymint,
She has l'arnt t' tame.
Rogues that scoff th' leggyshlatur,
Cringe before th' pritty cratur.

Timmy Mann, th' Pugilist—
Champion hivey-weight ;
Paddy Gann, th' Socialist,
Thraitor t' th' sthate,
In her crutch a sciptre see,
Niver swung boy royalty.

Whin th' house is fast ashlope.
Charlotte prays t' Mary ;
Stshop yer heart an' take a pape—
Swear ye see a fairy,
Bindin' over bades untowld,
As a moiser hugs his gowld.

" Mary, Mary, howly Mother,
Listen to me prayer ;
Hard it is bad dades t' smother
Under Hiven's glare ;
Kape th' avil thoughts away—
Shure, they're roisin' as Oi pray ! "

Charlotte as she limps t' bid,
Charlotte when she wakes,
Often wid a shlopey lid,
Charlotte's fancy takes
Such a long, trimindous floit,
That it flits from human soight.

Chase it wid a tillyscope
P'inted t' th' skoies ;
Pierce th' place whir airthly Hope
Brought an' dazmlin' loies ;
Watch that gorgiss sproit alone,
That is sated near th' throne.

Did ye iver in yer loife
See a crown loike that ?
Kin ye think av jewels roife
Blazin' in a hat ?
P'arly buds wid gowlden stim
Blossom on *that* diadim !

* * * * *

Charlotte as she limps through loife,
Prayin' all th' way—
Charlotte picks th' jewels roife
Out av fancy's thray :
Buds av parl wid golden stim
Sews she on her diadim.

—MICHAEL CAR.

QUEEN ISABELLA.

Queen Isabella ! Full four hundred years,
With all their toil and tears,
All their d'bris of human hopes and fears,
Of schemes and strivings and achievements
vast,
Lieheaped and piled above thy buried past ;
Yet doth thy glory last !
And sound again, with more than clang
of spears,
In a world's listening ears !

For what are broken thrones
And mouldering turret-stones
And old escutcheons of proud dynasties ?
What are their triumphs high,
Flaunted against the sky,
To show the fringe of gold or broidered
frieze ?

The braveries that adorn
Mantle or robe outworn—
What are they but the gleam of dead men's
bones ?
And what are these !

What are these specks that shone,
Full-orbed and splendid, dazzling as the
sun,
Upblown to greatness, broken by the blast,
And into fragments cast ?
The things that could be shaken—these
are they—

The treasures and the honors of a day,
The glories that grew dim and turned to
clay,
The dust of empires in our faces blown—
Huge, huge the pile hath grown !

But thou, fair Queen—thy holy zeal for
truth

Keeps an unfading youth :

Thou hadst the vision clear, the enlighten-
ed eyes

That could discern true greatness. High
emprise,

And deeds of greatness evermore must
seem

To craven souls, a dream ;

But Faith that hath looked up and seen
the stars

Clear shining, tho' the clouds be cold and
grey,

Thro' seas of danger, and thro' hindering
bars

Can find its way !

Thou hadst a fearless strength that could
defy

All dread of loss or failure, purpose nigh,
Unswerving trust and loyal constancy !

Thou hadst a courage, born of noble thought,
Which to thy woman's heart a true love
taught

For all brave deeds by brave men bravely
wrought !

Thou hadst the beauty of self-sacrifice,
More lustrous than thy jewels, and a prize
Of richer, holier worth ; and thou had'st
power—

The Queen's, the woman's dower ;

And thou didst use it wisely, and thy name
Is spoken with Columbus, and thy claim
Is one with his to an immortal fame !

So, to you twain the wealth of every clime
Shall come in tribute—homage of all time,
The prize of labor and the laurel crown ;
Of Learning's fair renown !

The measures of the science-marshalled
spheres,

Pride of Invention and Discovery,
The prophecies and visions of the Seers,
Bright hints of things to be !

The spoils of all the lands and all the seas,
The drift and flottage of the centuries !

—MARY BARRY SMITH.

ST. JOHN, N.B.



SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

For the amateur astronomer in this country the publication of a magazine especially adapted to his needs is an event of some importance. The first number of *Popular Astronomy*, the magazine referred to, has reached us. It is edited by Professor W. W. Payne and Mr. C. R. Willard, the former being the well-known director of Goicseell Observatory, Northfield, Minnesota, and contains matter which must prove helpful to most, and interesting to all amateurs. The staff of contributors is a brilliant one. Prof. Winslow Upton writes upon "Constellation Study;" Prof. Jas. E. Keeler upon "The Spectroscope and some of its Applications;" Prof. Elger and others upon "The Moon;" Prof. S. W. Burnham upon "Double Star Astronomy;" Mr. J. A. Brashear upon "Making Telescopes, and the Care of Them;" Mr. W. F. Denning, F.R.A.S., upon "Shooting Stars and How to Observe Them, and What They Teach Us;" Prof. E. E. Barnard (the discoverer of Jupiter's fifth satellite) upon "Celestial Photography;" and Dr. Lewis Swift upon "Comet Seeking and Nebulae;" while many others have promised to write upon other branches of Astronomy. In fact, the whole scheme of the editors seems to be excellent, and, no doubt, as time passes the magazine will be enlarged to provide for new wants. For the amateur who has a telescope there is a special department, viz., "The Face of the Sky," which includes a description of the star sphere (with star charts) for the month of publication; planet notes, planet tables, names of variable stars, the configurations of Jupiter's satellites, phases and aspects of the moon, occultations of stars visible at Washington, comet notes, etc., etc. The front-piece of the September number consists of two views of the moon reduced from photographs, and is, no doubt, an earnest of

the excellence in illustration that will be aimed at. The magazine is a monthly publication of 48 pages; price \$2.50 per annum.

The constellations which make the winter skies glorious are gradually taking up, at convenient hours, the positions in which they are best observed. In the north there are Cassiopea, Andromeda, with the great nebula, and Perseus, with the wonderful variable star Algol, while overhead, in the course of the night, there now pass Aquilla, Cygnus, Pegasus, Aries, Taurus, with the Pleiades and Hyades, the beautiful red star Aldebaran, and Jupiter himself, in all his beauty, Orion, with the nebula, the Greater Dog with Sirius, and the Lesser Dog with Procyon. Mercury will be an evening star toward the end of October, and should be looked for immediately after sunset. Venus, the very bright star seen in the west after sunset, will, late in October, begin to rise into better position for observation. Mars and Saturn are not visible, being on the other side of the sun, passing, therefore, overhead in the daylight. Jupiter is the most brilliant object in the night skies, and may readily be picked up owing to his position a little to the east of, and below, the Pleiades. This planet should be carefully studied this autumn because he passes so nearly overhead that he can be seen to much better advantage than usual. Almost any telescope will show his moons and indications of his belts. In a good telescope, Jupiter, with his moon and belt systems, is an object of surpassing interest, the motion of the planet, as he swiftly rotates on his axis, and of his moons, as they rapidly revolve around him, passing first between us and the planet's wide disc, and then behind him, being easily perceptible.

G. E. L.

BOOK NOTICES.

Journal and Proceedings of the Hamilton Association for the Session of 1892-93. No. IX.—Demy Octavo, 173 pp.

This well edited volume is an evidence of the intellectual life and activity existing in the Hamilton Association, a society which may well challenge comparison in utility and achievements with the learned societies of almost any city on this continent. The papers in this number of the journal are, without exception, able and interesting, and they cover subjects in Geology, Botany, Entomology, Biology, Philosophy, and Literature. Some of the papers bring to light new and interesting information in regard to the flora and geology of Southern Ontario. Similar societies to the Hamilton one, and similar

journals, if established in all our cities, would do very much for the development of Canada in literature and science.

Tib. By George Douglas. Crown octavo, 320 pp. Toronto: The Rose Publishing Co.

"Tib" has all the charm of an idyl. It is redolent of the clover field and the gentle rain. It opens quaintly and strikingly, and pursues its way in the quiet fashion of the curious rural life of the hamlet around which its scenes are laid, unfolding in its course most natural and charming portrayals of people and their surroundings, and of the joys and sorrows and pathos and half tragedies that enter into the lives of the inhabitants of the smallest village. Some of the character-sketching is exquisitely well done.

Perhaps, as Mr. Gladstone appears to think, the schoolmaster is a much worse man than the author supposed him to be, but "Tib" is a new and beautiful and noble addition to the striking characters that live and move in the fiction of our century. It is difficult to convey a true idea of the peculiar flavor of this story. It may not be altogether satisfactory to those who love the sensational novel but will appeal strongly to those who appreciate Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

A Merchant Prince: Life of the Hon. Senator John Macdonald. By REV. HUGH JOHNSON, D.D. Crown 8mo., 321 pp. Cloth. Toronto: William Briggs.

To become a millionaire through the ordinary ways of commerce, is not very difficult to any man of fair talent, courage, common sense, and perseverance, provided he is determined, above all things, to win wealth, and has the requisite amount of selfishness and carefully exercised unscrupulousness. But to make a million, and to make it in a way that is strictly and scrupulously honest, not merely in the conventional sense that obtains in society, but in the deeper sense approved by a sensitive and enlightened conscience, requires great ability. It is, therefore, with pleasure that the public will receive the biography just issued by the publishing house of William Briggs, of the late Senator Macdonald—a man whose conscientious public career and benevolence were not less well known in Canada than the remarkable success achieved by him in business. The volume is well printed and beautifully bound. The author has had abundant opportunity, from personal acquaintance and otherwise, of forming an accurate opinion of the life of the subject of his memoir. He has used his material well, and presented in a concise yet comprehensive way very much of interest in regard to the personal characteristics, the home and public life, and the business principles and methods which contributed to the remarkable success in the commercial world of the late Mr. Macdonald. The volume will be read with interest and profit by thousands.

The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell.—By LEW WALLACE. Crown 8mo., 1080 pp., 2 vols., cloth. Toronto: William Briggs, publisher; Williamson & Co.

A story of absorbing interest and great power, and fully illustrative of General Wallace's genius in description and in treatment of historical developments, the "Prince of India" is likely to attain a popularity scarcely second to that attained by "Ben Hur." The story at once captures the reader's attention, and holds it to the very end. The leading character of the tale, "The Prince of India," is drawn vividly, and forms a new type of the Wandering Jew, quite as likely to capture the imagination of the world as the best of the presentations of that

character that have hitherto been given. A strange combination of deceit, pride, ambition and power the old man is after his thirteen transformations from extreme old age back to young manhood,—his fourteen hundred years of accumulating knowledge and disappointments. With equal success the author has portrayed the daring, dashing and faithful Emir Mirza, the chivalrous Sultan Mahommed, the lovely and high-souled Princess Irené. In fact, in portraiture of most of the characters of the story, whether by set description or incidental unfolding of the characters through the incidents of the tale, the author has shown a master hand. And around the characters life moves with a pleasing and constant variety. There are plots within plots, not at all confusing, and besides their bearing on the final catastrophe, and their value in reflecting many of the conditions of the age, very interesting in themselves. Graphic in the highest measure are many of the scenes depicted. The pilgrimage to Mecca, the wild final rush over the desert sands to within sight of the city, the fanatic devotion of the pilgrims around the black Kaaba, the weird vigils of the priestly multitude under the torchlight on the heights of Blacherne, the gathering storm on the Bosphorus, driving the boats before it to shelter behind the White Castle, the gloom of the Imperial Cistern, the brightness and joy of the fête at the country palace of the Princess Irené, the preaching of a new-old evangel in St. Sophia, the midnight interviews of Mahommed and the star-reading Prince of India regarding the fate of Constantinople's doom, the graded investment of the city, the opening fire of the great terror-inspiring guns of the Turks, the awful struggle in front of the gate St. Romain, and the scenes in St. Sophia and the streets when the Turks finally conquered—are all brilliant pieces of description. The accuracy of General Wallace in his reproductions of the life, architecture, and general conditions of the times of which he writes is well known, and makes some of his stories not only interesting, but valuable, and worthy a permanent place in the library. Whether his comparatively happy disposition of the Princess Irené, after the fall of the city, is a justifiable departure from the actual facts of the case, or his glorifying picture of the conquering Sultan is a warrantable license for a novelist, may well be questioned; nevertheless the value of the story, in at least stimulating a love of history, and helping the reader to an appreciation of the destructive influence of the fanaticism of the clerical factions of the Eastern Empire, can scarcely be denied. Altogether, the "Prince of India" offers room for congratulating the author on adding to his laurels, and the public on having another rich treat in the way of fiction to enjoy.