

## CLEOPATRA.

My fillet, Charmian, now, and now that ring  
That Antony gave me yesternight to sing  
The Bacchic chorus,—child, the serpent one  
With crystal gem that dazzles like a sun.

And now my zone; the black and gold will do,  
How soft my hair to-day is, glossy too.  
A thought too pale, methinks, this cheek now shows  
To match my eye, that still as darkly glows

As yesternight. O Charmian, such a night!  
In the clear shine the columns stood out white;  
In moonlit silence all the city lay;  
We left the garden only when the day

With gold and crimson fir'd the Eastern height,  
As pausing at an altar ere his flight  
Into the zenith. (Yes a thought too pale:  
When Antony comes their colour will not fail.)

I like this Antony. Dost not love his voice  
Full-toned; so musical and clear, with choice  
Of stern or tender? and his laugh so free,  
So mirthful, banishes solemnity.

He hath love-lore too, Charmian; listen, sweet,  
Last night in the garden, lying at my feet—  
Be not so poutish, Charmian—list, I say!  
Come nearer, child, nor move so far away.

That's my own sweetening: lying at my feet,  
As Cæsar used, and as was very meet,  
When, jesting, I essayed his faith to prove,  
He swore high Rome he'd barter for my love;

The stars from Heaven he'd snatch to light my brow;  
The glimmering night's rich veil should deck me now,  
Did I but wish it; that by day the sun  
Should draw my chariot; and, his hot race run,

The pallid moon her pearly car should place  
At my disposal, while through azure space,  
With Antony I sail'd o'er slumb'ring towns,  
O'er sleeping seas and zephyr-haunted downs:

My beauty's sight would rouse the love-Queen's ire;  
Wells were my eyes of ever-living fire;  
Like night my hair in the bright day did show;  
The ruddy dawn burned in my cheek's pure glow.

Pure nonsense, Charmian; yet so lightly sped,  
With laughing grace, half truth, half fancy-fed:  
The best part truth, since, were but his the power,  
Eternal bliss, make sure, were in my dower.

(Would he might stay: my passion for him grows;  
Forever stay: each friend so quickly goes;  
E'en Cæsar went, forgetting all our joy;  
And Anton's love cold Time may soon destroy.)

And now, what next? ah yes, yon purple flower.  
My pretty Charmian, art too in Love's power?  
But hark,—what noise without among the men?  
What Antony! hast come so soon again!

J. H. BROWN.

## MANNERS.

IN presuming to write on a subject one has first to consider whether or not it is of any special importance. With regard to the question at present under consideration there is, perhaps, some little diversity of opinion. There are a certain few who contend that manner is a mere outward glaze—a veneer which may or may not cover a sound foundation. This contention is no doubt frequently true of etiquette which in reality bears no relation to good manners, in fact is entirely opposite in principle, the essence of good manners being consideration for others with an absence of consideration for self, while etiquette is merely a code of laws to be observed mechanically, not necessarily involving consideration or principle of any description. The highly gilded youth, well versed in all the intricacies of etiquette, may still be profoundly ignorant of the first principles of good manners; courtesy being commonly his least distinguishing characteristic, if his neighbour's foot obstructs him he will stamp on it because he knows that in self-defence he is bound to take it away.

On the other hand equally wise people take the opposite view. Emerson says, "A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form," a statement many people will heartily endorse from their own experience of "beautiful forms" that have been entirely marred by unloveliness of behaviour. Everyone is not born in the position of a gentleman, but it is possible for all to attain the principles and manners of one; the King of England cannot be more and it would, perhaps, not be difficult to mention a few monarchs of that and other realms who have been considerably less. Sydney Smith believes "manners are the shadows of virtues," which brings us back to the starting point: if they are not the "shadows of virtues" they are worth nothing at all, and must be regarded as a species of mental "Will o' the Wisp," entirely fictitious and misleading.

Whatever may be the opinion respecting the reality of old time manners, it will hardly be denied that those of the present—these late evening hours of the nineteenth century—are in strong contrast to them. Far be it from us to say that we can sympathize with the sailor who, on being asked to write an account of the manners and customs of a certain savage race, recorded his disapproval of their style of conducting life in the immortal words: "manners, none! customs, nasty!" yet one may perhaps be forgiven for thinking at times that the so-called manners of the day are most appropriately represented by "X," the unknown quantity.

The cause of this is not so very far to seek. It is to be feared that the spirit of independence—the prevailing spirit of the times—has much to answer for, as at its door may also be laid the lack of reverence for anything in heaven or earth which is, unhappily, too often the characteristic of the rising generation. You are entirely independent, you "owe no man anything," not even love to the brethren—you rely wholly upon yourself, are more than the equal of every living creature of your acquaintance, consequently it is not necessary for you to respect yourself in respecting others. To go a step further, it may not be out of order to enquire, though at the risk of popular disapproval, even amid howls from the "third sex," whether the attempted destruction of all barriers by the fanatic upholders of supposed "Woman's Rights" (falsely so-called) may not be the cause of much that is unlovely and unloveable in the manners and customs of to-day?

K. I. N.

Toronto, January 16, 1891.

## OWEN SOUND: AS IT WAS AND IS.

AMONG the many delightful summer resorts for which Ontario is famous there is perhaps not one in all its wide extent which surpasses in beauty or interest the town of Owen Sound, with its charming bay, bold rocky cliffs, and the romantic scenery of its environs. Huge walls of paleozoic rock tower over the town on its eastern and western sides, the beautiful bay from which it takes its name stretches away to the north till lost in the Georgian Bay. Its shores are indented with little nooks and harbours, most inviting for picnic or camping parties.

Here in early days was the paradise of pleasure seekers. Dense forests covered the whole peninsula from Owen Sound on the south to Cabot's Head on the north, a distance of sixty or seventy miles. Bears, deer, and game of all kinds were abundant, and splendid shooting could be had unhampered by game laws from one end of the peninsula to the other, while he who was piscatorially inclined could find amusement and profit in the brooks, rivers and bays. The wild pigeons were here in such vast numbers during the summer months, that it is no figure of speech to say that in their flights they darkened the air. Will not some learned ornithologist tell us what has become of them? or are they, like all other undomesticated animals, succumbing to the inevitable law of extinction before the march of civilization?

Following the western shore of the bay for twelve or fifteen miles and then turning south, one enters Colpoys Bay, another magnificent sheet of water, its entrance guarded by three lovely islands. The scenery here is wild and romantic in the extreme. The western shore, bold and rocky, rises abruptly from the waters edge, and is still covered by the primeval forest without so much as a fisherman's cabin from Cape Crocker to within a mile or two of Wiarton. The eastern shore, dotted with snug farms, slopes gradually down from the table-land above. The deep blue water and the scenery of Colpoys Bay remind one very much of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec, and if occasionally there was an immense church or nunnery, surrounded by a cluster of small white houses with steep rust-coloured roofs, the similarity would be complete. A splendid yacht racing association could be formed on the bays, taking in the towns of Collingwood, Meaford, Owen Sound and Wiarton, and strange it is that these towns, possessing numbers of fast sailing craft, have not formed one ere this.

Returning to Owen Sound, at the head of the bay in a pleasant little valley, through which the Potomatomie and Sydenham Rivers flow, lies the town busy with trade and commerce, having a splendid system of waterworks and pure water. Its sewage system is defective; having sufficient fall, the sewage should have been carried north to the bay and thus prevented the pollution of the river and harbour. Going south from the town, a drive of a few miles along a winding road, through woods and hills, brings the tourist to one of the most beautiful waterfalls in picturesque Canada. Here the Sydenham River, flowing over a smooth table rock, leaps sixty feet into the gorge below.

From the old mill on the top of the rock, the view stretches away over the town in the blue hazy distance, till one can almost see the lighthouse on Griffiths Island. Following another road from the mill round the bend, in a northerly direction, till, suddenly emerging from the wood flanking the eastern cliff, a magnificent scene bursts upon the view. Far beneath lie the town and valley, the bay and the site of the old Ojibway village of Newash; perpendicular walls of rock stand frowning at each other, high over the tops of the trees in the valley as if mother earth, after one of her molten convulsions in the pre-Adamite ages, when our ancestors were "Protoplasmal primordial, atomic globules," had cracked her shrinking sides in the process of cooling. Nothing could exceed the

beauty of this scene on a bright morning last August when the writer re-visited Owen Sound after an absence of twenty-seven years. Memories of boyhood's happy days, old associations and scenes of long ago may have intensified the feeling of rapture when viewing this glorious landscape.

The town has many handsome private residences and some fine public buildings, notably St. George's Church, a beautiful structure of grey stone, gothic architecture, and a fit symbol of the faith it teaches, which will last forever. The present revered rector, who has recently completed the forty-first year of his incumbency, is an energetic promoter of every work conducive to the welfare of the town. Surely this is a record of which any clergyman might be proud. The Town Hall stands on the old market place where Captain Breeze, a retired officer of Her Majesty's army, opened the first school in 1848, and trained his little battalion *vi et armis*, as some of the old boys no doubt still remember.

In the summer of 1850 the quiet village was thrown into a state of intense excitement by the arrival in the bay of the gun-boat *Mohawk*, with the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, and his brother, Col. Grey. A meeting of the citizens was immediately called to devise ways and means for entertaining the distinguished visitors. Mr. Richard Carney having the best log house in the village, they were accordingly invited there. The committee was anxious to show the visitors as much of the country as was accessible. For this purpose two of the three horses possessed in the village were brushed up, or rather down, their tails banded and their harness gaily ornamented with miniature flags and ribbands. A light waggon was run down to the river and washed, Mr. Kilbourne, father of the present esteemed barrister, acting as charioteer, mounted the box, and with the trifling exception of being "knocked out" two or three times by the stumps on Poulette Street, all passed off merrily. Next day being Sunday, the vice-regal party attended divine service at St. George's Church in the morning and in the afternoon at the little church in the Indian village across the bay.

A trip from Toronto to Owen Sound was as seriously thought of then as one to Liverpool is now, and occupied the greater part of a week, the route being by Holland Landing to Penetanguishene. Here the weary traveller embarked on the steamer *Gore*, commanded by the redoubtable Captain Peck, who landed the pilgrims on Boyd's wharf, from whence they were taken up the river in large flat-bottomed boats called batteaux. The sailing vessels belonging to the port at that time were the old schooners *Sydenham*, *Fanny*, and *Eliza White*, the latter a swift vessel commanded by Captain Wm. Miller. A little schooner, the *Saucy Jack*, built here by George Brown, late in the autumn of 1851, went down in Lake Huron one stormy night with her owner Macdonald, a handsome young Scotchman, and all her crew. The body of Macdonald was, strangely, found. In the following spring a man walking along the shore between Saugeen and Kincardine saw a hand protruding from a hillock of ice, as if mutely appealing to be released from its icy prison. The body proved to be Macdonald's, his watch showing the time of night the ill-starred vessel went down.

As far back as '49 or '50, Owen Sound had a weekly newspaper, the *Comet*, which, like some of its heavenly archetypes, had a nebulous existence and a habit of becoming invisible for weeks and months at a time. This was followed by the *Times* and long and fierce were the wars waged between these rival luminaries. Editorial thunderbolts were hurled at each other which would have done credit to Geo. D. Prentice or Parson Brownlow. As an instance: "A writer on the editorial staff of the *Comet*, somewhat conspicuous by a crocodilian countenance, was about taking his departure for some part of the country where there was a railway. The *Times* would advise our illustrious contemporary to keep off the track lest the engine driver should mistake his mouth for a railway depot."

Up to the time of '49 the people of Owen Sound took sick and died without the help of a physician, but that year one of death's greatest antagonists, Dr. Henry Manley, appeared upon the stage. Like the elder Mr. Weller, he was a man of wrath, whose vigorous use of language more copious than classical and not usually found in Sunday school books, fairly appalled the peaceful villagers. A mighty hunter was this renowned Galen, and early and late, over hills and through forests could be heard the merry sound of horn and hounds, engaged in vigorous chase. He had a contract with the Government to attend a tribe of Indians over the bay professionally, but, when his services were needed, before his arrival at poor Lo's wigwam, the sick Indian either promptly died of fright or made his escape to the woods. He was, however, a right good fellow, and long may it be ere his memory fades away.

The Indians of Newash, with their Semitic names, for example, Tebah-quin, Wahbahtick, Medwayosh, Coutyosh and Kick-adoose, have long since followed the setting sun and gone west, or north-west. Their ancient village with its fields of wild strawberries, once such a pleasant resort, has also departed. Its pretty Indian name is changed to Brooke. Unsightly mud roads disfigure its grassy slopes, and all that is now left of the old village is the quaint little church standing, like the last of the Mohicans, solitary and forsaken on the hill. Born orators were those Six Nation Indians, men who could speak fluently upon any subject affecting themselves or their