



Life, Literature and Education.



Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, famous as the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was born at Litchfield, Conn., on June 14th, 1811, the sixth child of Dr. Lyman Beecher, a prominent preacher of New England. The seventh child of the family was the celebrated Henry Ward Beecher.

Although Mrs. Stowe did not meet with celebrity until she was forty years of age, she showed some trace of literary ability even in childhood, and it is told that at twelve she essayed so ambitious a task as the writing of an essay on immortality.

In 1836 she married Calvin E. Stowe, a teacher in a school which her father had instituted, but for many years afterwards her life was one of poverty, ill-health, and the drudgery that comes in attending, unassisted, to a numerous family of children. In the midst of all this, nevertheless, and probably with the idea of adding to the resources of the family, she found time to write, and in 1843 a volume of her stories, which, however, did not meet with much success, was published.

In 1850 her husband was appointed to a professorship in Bowdoin College, Maine, and in 1851-52, after the birth of her seventh child, and when pressed on every hand by household cares, she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Prior to the writing of this book, it appears, strangely enough, Mrs. Stowe was not much interested in the question of slavery, had even professed dislike of the abolitionists. Then, one day she received a letter from her brother Edward's wife, beseeching her to write something that would "make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is." Immediately the resolution came to her, and she set to work, writing, often, "in the small hours of the night, after the tiring, mending,

child-nursing, house-painting, and other drudgery, of the day." As she wrote her sympathy grew; she was carried away with her subject, and from an anti-abolitionist became a leader of abolitionists. She seems to have carried out the task in a most desultory way, without plan either for plot or character. The death of Uncle Tom was, in fact, the first part written, and upon this the rest of the story was hinged and arranged.

When the MS. was finished, the first right of publishing it was sold to the *National Era*, an abolitionist journal, for \$300; and while running in the paper as a serial it attracted little attention. Afterwards a Boston publisher consented to publish the story in book form, and a new era had dawned for Mrs. Stowe. Like "The Jungle," of our own day, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had appeared at the right moment.

Faulty though it was in the matter of literary excellence, in style, in plot, in delineation of the Southern character, of which Mrs. Stowe knew next to nothing, it contained the chord that appealed to human sympathy, and the country was ready for the chord. Inside of six months Mrs. Stowe's share of the proceeds, at a royalty of ten per cent., amounted to \$20,000.

Later, being freed from the stress of poverty, and with more time to write, she wrote "Dred," "The Minister's Wooing," "Old Town Folks," "Agnes of Sorrento," and "The Pearl of Orr's Island," the first three of much higher standard, from a critical standpoint, than "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Nevertheless, it is as the author of the latter that she is and will be known.

There has been much discussion about this book. Many have held it to be one of the most powerful influences in inciting the great Civil War, and it is recorded that Lincoln, on meeting the author, when hostilities were at their fiercest, said to her, "Are you the little woman who has made this great war?" Others have held that the war was bound to come, anyway, and that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was only an expression of a great throbbing feeling that was already sweeping, as an irresistible undercurrent, that must one day break forth through the country.

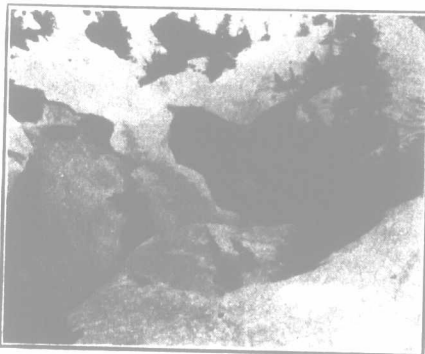
If Mrs. Stowe was really a means of stirring up the Civil War, a terrible responsibility surely was hers—a war in which over 360,000 lives were lost, and which ran the public debt of the United States up to \$2,808,549,437, which retarded the progress of the United States for over half a century, and yet which won out for a noble principle. There are those to-day who say that it was all a mistake, that the race problem, in consequence of that very freedom which was so dearly bought, is becoming a serious one to the United States, and that the end is not yet. Yet, upon one thing, every British subject, at least, is assured, that the principle for which Wilberforce contended and the Northern States shed their blood, is a just and right one. The terrible calamity of the Civil War is to be deplored, but Mrs. Stowe's book has offered no ideal but the highest.

A River Through a Mountain.

By Aubrey Fullerton.

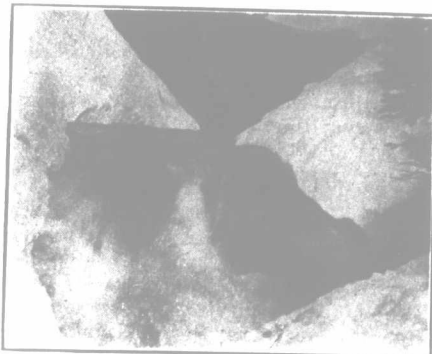
Famous as have been for many years the varied attractions of the Canadian Rockies, with their wonders of scenery, and wilderness life, and natural resources, a new attraction has now been added to the list, and one that quite remarkably illustrates Nature's genius. One of the most recent discoveries among the mountains is a mammoth cave that runs through the base of one of the peaks for a distance of more than a mile. The cave appears to be, in its way, as remarkable a formation as the famous Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

The site that Nature chose for this



Main entrance to cave.

unique tunnelling is on the west slope of the Selkirks, in British Columbia, and the particular peak is known as Cougar Mountain, only a few miles from the tracks of the great transcontinental railway. But how Nature dug out this tunnel is the wonderful feature about it. It was cut by water, long ages ago, and an underground stream still rushes through its winding passages, and empties into a creek beyond the mountain. The raging torrents that



Where the stream empties by the cave.

have been powerful enough to hew out such waterways as these are fed by the Rocky Mountain glaciers, and in certain seasons their volume is tremendous. Nothing less than gigantic force could have carved immense caverns and chambers out of solid rock.

An exploring party made a careful examination of these strange passages last year, and found that they could be reached through a number of different entrances. The original discoverer, Chas. Deutschman, had, some time before, accidentally come upon one of these entrances, which appeared to be no more than a hole in the side of the mountain, but which, on investigation, proved to

extend an unknown distance into the very heart of the mountain. The exploring party set out to examine thoroughly into the character and extent of the mysterious caverns, and one of the explorers thus wrote of their first experiences:

"By crawling through a very narrow passage on hands and knees, and then descending a steep, narrow water groove for about fifty feet, the brink of a very large cavern was reached, that was estimated to be 256 feet deep, but its length and breadth were, owing to their great extent, and to the insufficiency of lights at hand, inestimable. It was observable, however, that several openings led off from this great cavern. The plunge and roar of a great waterfall, somewhere down in the depths of this cavern, reverberated in every inch of space, and produced in the listener sensations so weird that all were startled."

Following on from the main entrance, some 330 feet from the surface, a square chamber, fifty feet wide by sixty feet long, comes into view, and as it is the explorer's privilege, always, to name places and things, this unique chamber has been styled the "Auditorium." From it, again, two branch passages lead off, the larger of which is from ten to thirty feet high. The walls of these passages are light-colored rock, curving gracefully, and in fantastic shapes.

Exploring in unknown regions like these has fascinations, since one is face to face with the secrets of nature. A river flowing through the base of a great mountain seems very different from an ordinary river, and yet it has to be navigated much the same as a river out in the open. The party built a raft and crossed the stream at one point, and at another they made a temporary crossing by raising a dam.

In and out among the windings of these underground passages, around sharp corners, and down steep declines, the walls and roofs bore marks of a strange and a very bold artist's hand. The hard limestone of which the mountain is formed has been hewn and carved into a thousand forms, and in places the walls are covered with a beautiful, lace-like drapery of carbonate of lime. On a smaller scale, the inside of Cougar Mountain seems to reproduce the peaks and passes of the Rockies themselves, and the limestone draperies take the place of the coverings of eternal snow outside.

On the east side of the cave are five waterfalls, which contribute largely to the volume of water flowing into the cavern. The largest of these is Douglas Falls, a very pretty waterfall which pours a glacier-fed torrent down the creek, and empties it out of sight within the mountain. All the streams thereabout are glacier and snow water, and the strange work they have been able to accomplish is due not only to their own volume and force, but also to the peculiar character and lay of the country around Cougar Mountain. Away back in some prehistoric time, this water probably first found its way through a fissure in one of the limestone rocks of the mountain; it