

A DYING POET.

Back o'er the wastes of life, on years that perished,
As without root,
Flowers that had faded, fed with tears and cherished,
And gorgeous blooms that hid no bud, or flourished,
To hide a bitter fruit.

Jays that were joyless, visions that in dreaming
Were passing fair,
As courtly pageant, and with stately seeming,
That came, that fled, their phantom glories gleaming
Through cloud upon the air—

On these, and such as these, with eyes that dying
Held subtler light,
He looked, and knew his breath had spent with sigh-
ing,
Had breathed with words whereunto none replying
Were found—and now, the night!

Himself prepared the sacrifice—unhooded
The voice within,
His strength had spurred the imploring soil, nor
weeded,
The deadly herbs thereof, but wrought and seeded
With fulfurness and sin.

Scorn, love, alas! pleasure, the scheme of glory
Conceived, undone,
As wave on wave, as hand upraised and gory,
Sweet, beckoned, as though each would show its story
Bright—signaled in the sun.

Beset with storm, 'gainst clouds of darkness striving,
But o'er the grave
Bright, brighter than of old, thrice blessed in giving
All to mankind, light rose unto the living—
Light from the life he gave—

Swift words of fire no tyrant hand may scatter,
O! No sons make dim
While man shall teach, while children's lips shall
utter,
Or slave creep forth beneath the stars to matter
The consecrated hymn.

C. LEVINGHOPE.

LOUISE MICHEL AT HOME.

France has been frightened out of her seven senses lately by the Anarchists, who are really no more than our old friends the Nihilists under another name. They put in a first appearance at Monceau-les-Mines, and, after blowing up a church and nearly blowing up a *café*, they have acquired *droit de cité* in revolutionary Europe. They have an ingenious theory, which has simplicity for its chief recommendation—to clear everything off the face of the earth. This time not only are laws and learning, arts and commerce, to die, but with them, unfortunately, even that old nobility that an earlier dreamer suffered to survive the wreck. The Anarchists expressly invite their adherents to put the torch to everything that contains a record of property, and especially to the lawyers' offices and to the book of the great debt. Most people thought it a bad joke, until the bomb went off in the *café* at Lyons, and nearly blew the place to pieces, and killed a man. With that bomb the Anarchists drew their first blood; it was their baptism of dynamite; they are now regularly installed among the political scares of the time. Their chief leader in Paris is a woman, Louise Michel. She appears at meetings dressed in black from head to foot, and delivers long monotonous tirades against property and the *bourgeoisie*, which are terribly effective just because of their monotony. She has no logic to speak of; she is as incapable of a definition as Isaiah; her voice is low and sweet; her manner is the manner of a Sister of Mercy, while the matter is that of one of the thirstiest bloodhounds of the Convention. She sings, siren-wise, a soft revolutionary song of hate and pillage and massacre. Half the time she seems to be performing to herself; her eyes are half closed; she is *en tête-à-tête* with her *démon*. Other orators make the mistake of being a great deal too wide awake; they are precise and declamatory and statistical about the wickedness of capital. This woman is simply mystical; and the difference between them is that they can hardly get a hearing without her aid.

Her history is simple: she has been slightly mad about the Revolution with a big R all her life. She is now quite middle-aged. This is a matter of inference, inasmuch as she was old enough to have plotted the murder of Napoleon III., in imitation of Charlotte Corday. She only did not murder him because the war came to remove him quite as effectually in another way. She thought of murdering Mr. Thiers, but was dissuaded by a friend. She only will not murder Mr. Gambetta because it is of no use. There is no vapouring in all this; she would do it, beyond a doubt. She was a schoolmistress at one time, but she taught the little boys and girls a catechism of her own, until they shocked the good priests by their awful questions and answers, and Louise had to go. The Commune, of course, claimed her as its own, and she saw it all—fighting, nursing the sick, starving, trying to get killed. She missed that, but she got transported. She was sent to New Caledonia, and nearly perished on the voyage through walking the deck in cold weather in bare feet, to protest against the brutality of an order depriving another convict of her shoes. There has never been any whisper against her good name but one, when a wicked slanderer dared to say that she had been seen listening devoutly to the church service; but she explained herself at once to the satisfaction of every candid mind. When she came back from the penal convent under the amnesty, all revolutionary Paris flocked to meet her, with Rochefort at its head. There was a banquet ready, but she could not stay; she hurried off in a cab to see the old mother she had left behind in France. That mother has been the bane of Louise Michel's public life, and perhaps for that reason the salvation of the other. She is old and bed-ridden, and she

does not care about the Revolution a fig; she thinks it is some peculiar kind of madness possessing Louise, and that she must get well of it if people would only leave her alone. The anxiety of looking after the mother and of looking after the big R at the same time has made Louise Michel what she is.

A visit to her is instructive, as showing how some revolutionists live. They do not all fare sumptuously on the wages of agitation. Louise Michel is herself the great sublime of misery and squalor which she draws with such terrible effect at public meetings. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the gloom and discomfort of her rooms on the Boulevard Ornano. To begin with, the Boulevard Ornano is quite out of the world, and this lodging is almost quite out of the Boulevard Ornano, for it is situated near the extreme end. It is on the fourth floor; it is reached by a dirty staircase, through an antechamber of dirt, and it is dirty throughout. There is but one white thing in the place—a head of Charlotte Corlay—and that is only because the plaster is new. The books on the trestled table look as if they had been tumbled out there for sale in a job-lot; it is the scholar's carelessness doubled with the unthrift of poverty. Louise Michel is voluntarily poor; she gives away every penny not required for her immediate needs, and she saves as little as she can, from the secret conviction that taking individual wage in any fashion is a sort of crime. Some time ago she announced that she would sell interviews with herself for ten francs an hour, the proceeds to go to some "brethren" who were in durance for trying to blow society into the air. A reporter of the *Figaro* called upon her, had two hours' talk by the clock, and gravely handed her twenty francs. Nothing seems in its place amid that dreadful litter of old papers, old dresses, dog-eared volumes, pamphlets, and pads of butter. The heroine—when it is not go-to-meeting time—is dreadfully unkempt. It is all very well for Mr. Gambetta to deny that there is a social question; but there must be one, if any considerable number of persons live like that, either through their own fault or through ill-luck. Every unlovely association, one would think, must form itself freely in that dismal home. Yet, amidst it all, Louise sits, with the calm of her perfect absorption in proletarian work. She seems simply unaware of it; she must have a shelter, and this place has a roof. At any hour of the day or night, apparently, she is ready to talk about the cause, and outside of that she sees simply nothing in Nature—it is a clear possession of the mind.

But there is one other clean object in the apartment beside the medallion of Charlotte Corday, the aged mother carefully tucked up in white sheets in the small bedroom. Her form of *dementia*, like the daughter's, is the Revolution, but hers is a *dementia* of horror; she hates the very name of the thing. She does not understand it one bit as a matter of definition; but as a matter of fact she knows that it tends to rob a poor old woman of many little comforts she would otherwise enjoy. If Louise would only settle down and keep school again! As it is, with these wild people from all parts of the world ringing at the bell, there is never a moment's peace. One day Louise starts for Belgium; on two or three nights a week, when in Paris, she is on oratorical duty in some obscure little hall in the Faubourg St. Antoine, from which, for all the mother knows, she may never come back alive. She is certainly going to London, and now a new terror is added to the poor old creature's life by a rumour that her daughter will soon sail for America to preach the Revolution there. So, as the easiest way out of her embarrassments, she systematically insults every one who comes to the house by hinting that he is either a speculating Barnum trying to "run" her Louise as a curiosity, or a police spy.

This peculiar form of viewiness on the part of the estimable old person tends to make the task of the courteous visitor difficult when he calls on Louise. On entering the hall, finding himself confronted by the prophetess herself, who has opened the door, he naturally enters into some explanation of the object of his intrusion; but he will be rather disconcerted to find himself cut short in the middle of it by a querulous voice from the inner room, "Qu'est-ce que c'est, Louise!" "Un monsieur," is the answer from this model daughter, who shows an affectionate sweetness in dealing with the touchy old invalid. Our courteous visitor will next, perhaps, proceed to state that he would be glad of some enlightenment as to Anarchist principles, and Louise, ever ready to talk on that theme at half a second's notice, will motion him to a chair, and begin. But she will not have gone far in her exposition before the querulous voice from the next room will again interrupt, "I don't want you to go to America. Who is that man who wants to take you away?" "Be quiet, mother," cries the poor prophetess, making a desperate attempt to resume the thread of her discourse. This is followed by a kind of suppressed moan of resignation from the next room, and Louise, who knows how to seize her opportunity, at once goes into the points of the Anarchist creed, or negation of a creed. "We want to do away with all Government, because we find that Government is a corrupting influence. Our own people could not resist temptation if they were up there. We must have anarchy before we can have order and peace." "But, madame, what would you put in place of it? Any arrangement that followed would simply be government under another name," Louise. "Yes; but government without the gendarme—a spontaneous association of people who are free to withdraw the

moment it suits them—a family tie." "Yet there is as much government in families as anywhere else," Louise. "Only a government of love." (Voice from the next room: "Mind what you are talking about. How do you know who he is?") "Tais-toi donc, mère. I am only repeating what I have said a dozen times over at the meetings." (Another moan of resignation from the lusty invalid, and silence for a space.) "We want to try honesty and self-denial in public affairs; everything else has been tried except that—ambition, glory, eloquence; you must admit that they have had a fair chance; and what have they made of human life? How do the poor live! It breaks my heart." (Voice from the next room, "I want to look at him. I am sure he is a spy.") At this juncture, perhaps, the courteous visitor, relying on his courtesy as the snake-charmer relies on his spell, will advance to the doorway between the two chambers, and address the recumbent figure in words intended to be words of conciliation. "Let me assure you, madame, that I am neither an American speculator trying to tempt your daughter with a starring engagement nor a policeman in plain clothes. I am simply one who has always admired her transparent sincerity, and who has long wished to have an opportunity of hearing from her own lips a fuller exposition—" (The voice: "Get out!")

A STRANGE PLAYER.

When the Paris cabmen are not insolent they are too amiable. This is quite as dangerous for the travellers, and sometimes also for the drivers themselves.

A lady relates her adventure thus: "I had stayed at a friend's house till two o'clock in the morning, and I was leaving, after losing at cards almost all the money I had with me. The host accompanied me to the door of the house, called a cabman, and told me at the moment when I was getting in the vehicle: 'Ah! while I think of it, we ruined you to-night: I hope you have not been so unlucky at cards as not to have enough to pay for your fare.' 'Reassure yourself I said laughingly, 'I always keep, at least, the price of the cab-fare.' Then I gave my address to the cabman, and we started. When we arrived in the middle of the Champ de Mars the cab stopped, and the driver came down from his box. I thought that some accident had happened to the horse; but what was my surprise when the door of the hackney was opened, and the cabman appeared, holding in his hand one of the carriage lanterns, and saying to me with the utmost politeness: 'Madame, I have heard by chance that you had played at cards. I am passionately fond of play, and I have always cards with me; here they are. In saying this he drew a pack of cards from his pocket, got into the carriage, set opposite to me, and said to me 'A little bezique? Whose deal shall it be?' He offered me the cards for me to take one. I was so surprised that I did not know what to say; I asked myself if that man was not mad, or drunk? 'You have lost all you had,' he said, 'I shall not ask you to play heavy stakes; let us play for the fare at 1,200 of bezique.' What was I to do, in the Champ de Mars at 2-30 in the morning! There was no policeman that I could call to help; the easiest thing was to accept the game. Besides, I was so struck by this ludicrous adventure that I laughed heartily. I won the fare: the coachman then said 'All right, I'll drive you for nothing.' He sat on his box, and we set out, while I was bursting with laughter. When we arrived, I wanted to pay the fare, as I had no idea of having played seriously with my cabman. He refused to receive anything, however, saying I owed him nothing, for he had lost the game. I left off laughing then, and told him seriously that if he would not take my money I should throw it into his cab. Then the man began to abuse me, saying he was as good as I any day; that I had won, and I offended him by wishing to pay him."

HEARTH AND HOME.

It is one of the most promising traits of human nature that heroic unselfishness always enkindles the enthusiasm of mankind.

OLD age is the night of life, as night is the old age of the day. Still night is full of magnificence, and for many it is more brilliant than the day.

No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself thus.

THE things which constitute the true charm of a home cannot be bought or secured by the labour of hirelings. It is only the mistress of the house, the wife and mother, through her love and union of interest with her husband and children, who, guided by her affection, will labour to bring that charm about her household which springs from systematic labour, scrupulous neatness and economy, a finely-appointed table, with food daintily prepared and served with exquisite taste.

THE more deep and thorough our knowledge on any subject, the more humble is our estimate of that knowledge. We then see heights to which we have not attained and depths that we have not fathomed. Compared with these, our actual knowledge seems small and shallow. But, when we merely skim the surface of a subject, we have no such measure to gauge ourselves by,

and our small attainments loom up to our view in most exaggerated dimensions.

FILIAL LOVE.—There is not on earth a more lovely sight than the unwearied care and attention of children to their parents. Where filial love is found in the heart we will answer for all the other virtues. No young man or woman will ever turn out basely, we sincerely believe, who has parents respected and beloved. A child affectionate and dutiful will never bring the gray hairs of his parents to the grave. It is seldom the case that a dutiful son is found in the ranks of vice, among the wretched and degraded. Filial love will keep men from sin and crime. There never will come a time, while their parents live, when their children will not be under obligations to them. The older they grow, the more need will there be for assiduous care and attention to their wants. The venerable brow and frosty hair speak loudly to the love and compassion of the child. If sickness and infirmity make them at times fretful, the younger folk should bear with them patiently, not forgetting that time ere long may bring them to need the same care and attention. Filial love will never go unrewarded.

THE KEKIP-SESOATORS OR ANCIENT SACRIFICIAL STONE OF N. W. T., CANADA.

BY JEAN L'HEUREUX, M. A.

Ethnological studies, tradition, language and architectural remains furnish data by which to trace the migration of ancient peoples. It is now an established fact admitted by most eminent Ethnologists of America that the Hue hus Tlapalan or the primitive habitation of the ancient Toltecs was situated in the far West and that the whole of the Nahua tribes were one of the primitive race that once peopled the Northwest at a remote period.

It is not improbable that the Nahua of old while few in number, arrived at our North western coast, where they found a home until they became a tribe of considerable proportion. Thousands of their newly explored tumuli in Oregon and British Columbia speak more of a permanent sojourn than of a migratory residence. Crossing the watershed between the sources of the Columbia and Missouri rivers, a large portion of the tribe probably found its way to the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, where under the name of mound-building people they laid the foundation of a wide-spread empire. The remainder of the Nahua instead of crossing the mountain, migrated southward into Utah, establishing a civilization, the remains of which are seen all over the San Juan valley in the cliff-dwellers which abound in that region.

An ancient site of the western branch of the mound-builders appears to have been the headwaters of Missouri river, whence they spread themselves north as far as the South Saskatchewan and its tributaries, establishing numerous colonies all along the eastern base of the mountains and away south to the headwaters of Rio Grande, by the south pass of the Rockies.

The scattered remains of the mound-builders' works in the North-West Territory are connected by a similar chain of works at James River in Northern Dacotah, with the great artery of the Missouri mounds, and show more of a migratory movement than of a fixed residence.

The most important of those ancient relics of the past are principally found in the Alberta district close to the international boundaries amongst which the more northern works are the defence works of Blackfoot Crossing, the ruins at the Canantzi village, the Omecina pictured rocks, the graded mound of the Third Napa on Bow River, the Tumuli of Red-deer River, the walled city of the dead in the inland Lake of Big Sandy Hill on the south Saskatchewan, and the Sesoators or sacrificial stones of the country to describe one of which is the object of the present paper.

The recorded traditions of the ancient civilized nations of the Pacific States, corroborated to some extent the tradition of the Indian tribes of the North West. The Kamuco, of the Quiché mourn over a portion of their people whom they left in Northern Tulan. The Papol-Vuh speaking of the cultus of the morning star amongst the ancient Toltecs or Nahua, states that they were drawing blood from their own bodies and offering it to their stone god Tohil, whose worship they first received when inhabiting the North. The Napa's tradition says that "In the third sun (Naxose) of the age of the earth, in the day of the Bull of the hill, the third Napa of the Chokitapia, or the plain people, when returning from the great river of the south, caused to be erected in the sacred land of the Napas (Alberta district) upon certain high hills of the country, seven sesoators or sacrificial stones, for religious services among his people."

The religious idea in man whether observed in the darkest heathenism or partially enlightened civilization, has always associated a place of worship with conditions of elevation and separateness. These high places of worship of the Napa's tradition were the ever open sanctuaries of a migratory people at whose shrines the worshipper was himself first victim and sacrifice in the rites and point to the belief of an early age, not entirely forgotten by the remnant of the race whose remains of ancient works seem to sustain the claim of our Indian traditional lore.

A constant tradition of the Chokitapia or Blackfoot Indians, a powerful tribe of remote