

serve to illustrate the variety of scenery contained in a small section of the mountain district. Leaving Donald, on its eastern instead of its northern extremity, the road lies parallel to the Columbia River, between the Rocky and Selkirk ranges, passing first through a dense growth of young pines, unscathed in 1887 by fire, growing as close together as a field of wheat, and presenting a perpetual vista of grey stems. Here the stumps in the trail were the very worst that could be seen or imagined, yet I invariably cantered over it with a blind confidence in Peggy's sure-footedness, which was never misplaced. A mile and a half of scrambling and shuffling, which was not the poetry of motion, brought me to the foot of a hill, where the true forest primeval began. An ideal woodland road rewarded my perseverance, free from all obstructions—dark, cool on the hottest days and silent as the grave; no sound perceptible but the footfall of the pony; no sight but of rugged trees, whose roots are hidden amid low bushes of variegated foliage. It is a locality very suggestive of bears, as berries abounded in it. I knew that two were often seen in the neighbourhood, one of these being subsequently shot half a mile from the road, and I was warned further of all kinds of wild animals. Truth, however, compels me to confess that never in the course of my numerous expeditions did I come across anything more formidable than a squirrel or a grouse. The track led for a mile over many ravines; finally quitting the forest it skirted the face of a hill, high above the Columbia and the railway, a sea of green rolling down from the edge of the road to the iron line, which follows the course of the river eastwards. Two fine mountains of the Rocky Range guard the outlet of the valley towards which my face was turned, while on the opposite side of the Columbia the Selkirks fade gradually away to a pale blue distant line, marking its course southeast to the Columbia Lakes, in which it takes its rise. This trail is more varied in character than the other. Being little used since the construction of the C.P.R., it has been neglected and is full of such natural evils as huge fallen trees, which must be jumped. A stream, too, has in one place usurped it for upwards of a quarter of a mile, necessitating splashing, wading along its bed, varied with leaping from one bank to the other, as the nature of the ground suggests. There are also two diversions of some length along the track, which has also monopolized the trail in some localities near the river bank, where there was not room for both.

#### "IN THE NEWSPAPERS."

What opinions we do sometimes get from the newspapers! Those who devour journalism wholesale obtain a perfect travesty of information upon one topic from various statements, truthful and incorrect, touching thereupon. There is many a newspaper reader who, if asked to tell what he knew of, for instance, Amélie Rives-Chanler, would reply with this recital:—I first heard of the lady in September of '87, when a short story of her's, "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth," appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Considerable talk was made of its merits, and shortly after it was published by the Harpers, with two other stories by the same author, in book-form. In January of the year following a novel, entitled "Virginia of Virginia," came out in *Harper's Monthly*. The newspapers began to speak more freely of "the new genius," but it was not until April of 1888, when her first novel, "The Quick or the Dead," was published in Lippincott's, that marked attention was paid her in the press. At that time, however, a perfect storm of criticism appeared. The book was called nasty, wishy-washy, spoony and dreadful, if I remember aright. *Puck* said it was written with a low-necked pen. "It is refreshing," said one; "A trifle salacious, but shows great promise of future things," wrote another. Then, in the "Literary Notes" of a patent inside, which issued, probably, several hundred thousand copies, the item was printed: "It is currently rumoured that Harpers have offered \$10,000 to Amélie Rives for a novel to contain fifty thousand words." Then

parodies on several of the lady's works appeared. "Be Quick and be Dead," by Ophelia Hives, was a tale which came out within, I think, two weeks after the April Lippincott's was for sale. It was about the same length as the Southern writer's book, and its style of juggling with the Queen's English was meant as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the diction in "The Quick or the Dead." There was at least one other parody in book-form. But it was in the newspapers that many rich sketches on the lines of the above appeared. One worthy of special mention was "The Dead Will, or the Quick Mr. Meeson, a composite novel; after too much of H. Rider Haggard and Amélie Rives." And the many-sided stories that were told about "the fair Amélie!" One, for a time, might look in vain for a column of literary notes which did not contain some such items as these: "Her stories are written from personal experience. She wanders about her Virginia homestead singing and romping with her hound, who is, by-the-by, the prototype of Hearne in 'A Brother to Dragons.'" "Miss Amélie Rives comes of a fine old French family, which settled in Virginia nearly a century since. She is *petite*, with blonde hair." "Miss Rives has, as yet, written little that will be read a decade hence. She is described as a magnificent specimen of womanhood, with raven-black hair and eyes." "Amélie Rives thinks nothing of dashing off a rondeau or triolet before breakfast. She is now re-touching some of her early verse, and it is said that a volume of quaint poetry is to be published soon, whose title-page will be graced with her name." "Her poesy palls upon the ear; is evidently laboured; in some verses we read between the lines 'This is my busy day.'" "Amélie Rives' verse comes from the heart of the singer, and goes to the heart of the hearer." After these had become threadbare, some enterprising pencil-pusher gave to the world another batch, rehashed from imagination and a newspaper interview: "It has been stated that Amélie Rives indulges in the wood-nymph pranks which she attributes to her heroines. This is not the case; the studies are from life, it is true, but they are those of a young girl friend, who resides near the author's home." "It is now whispered that Papa Rives is coming across the deep blue seas, from his summer sojourns, to put a stop to the hysterical nonsense his daughter is rushing through the press." "Miss Amélie Rives has a Spanish pony named Bonibel. She has worked his name into 'Virginia of Virginia,' and also, in the qualified form of 'Belibone,' into 'The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth.'" "This eccentric genius is being pushed too fast; her work would show a pronounced improvement did she but take a fair time to do it in." The "funny columns" contained nauseating gibes, which, were this a biographical sketch, would be eliminated. As, however, it is merely an exposition of information on one topic, gained by perusing the daily and weekly prints, they may be allowed. "The Quick or the Dead?" may not be choice or classical, but its author A. Rives there, *tout le même*." "Graceful Amélie should be transported to the Riviera." "The Quick or the Defunct" is a valuable book to keep by one in the house, for if there is no sulphur at hand, for purposes of fumigation, it will be found to be a serviceable substitute." Such squibs as these made facetious departments a source of horror for a time.

"Herod and Mariamne" came next from Miss Rives' pen, and did not create a great stir, although Edgar Fawcett said: "I find it a tragedy of uneven but often astonishing vigour. . . . It exhibits more of fecund promise than sterling accomplishment"; and although, too, the cry of plagiarism was raised against it. The critics again said that the young authoress was being too hastily goaded on, and assured publishers that her work would be of a higher calibre if there was less of it. "The Witness of the Sun" followed in January last, appearing in the same pages as the previous works. Although widely heralded, it was hardly heard of a month after publication.

January and September seem to be Miss Rives' months for fiction publication in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Her poems first see the light in leading magazines. "Oh, Children's Eyes, Unchildlike," appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for May, with an

error in the last line. In the editor's sheet of extracts sent out by that magazine, in the periodical itself and copied far and wide in nearly all exchanges, the line was printed:

"Of such the kingdom, not of heaven, but hell."

The word "is" preceding "but" would have added to the sense and perfected the metre.

Several of Miss Rives' sonnets are remarkably pretty, and two of them were given a place in "American Sonnets," a book lately published in London. One says Miss Rives' books are *risqué*, another says they are stupid, but anon the following item catches the eye: "H. M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Monthly*, is reported to have said recently, 'Mrs. Chanler, or "that girl Amélie Rives," as you choose to call her, is the most wonderful literary genius of this century.'" There was also something in the papers about her marriage to Mr. Chanler, but the story was not very highly coloured by the literary gossips.

These vague ideas which I have of the authoress are purloined from what *on dit* in the newspapers: She has black hair, red hair, golden hair, but of whatever colour, the commentators agree that it is always there in profusion and is brushed carelessly back with a sweep of the hand. She is short and stout; she is of average height and possesses medium plumpness; she is tall and slim. She is pretty and she is plain. Her works are very, very good, very, very commonplace, and very, very poor.

Here your newspaper reader would pause and add: "This is what the newspapers have told me of Amélie Rives."

The public press is a revolving panorama, showing diverse phases of many things, but never have the gossips more to say than of the things least important. Truly the newspaper is a great educator, but the old motto, nevertheless, holds good to-day: "Don't believe all you read in the papers." There are few things more paradoxical than public gossip.

Montreal.

HUGH COCHRANE.

#### THE 74th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

Fought 25th July, 1814.

Upon this hill where now we gently tread,  
Mid graves and stones—memorials of the dead,  
Where greenest turf and sweetest flowerets smile,  
And whispering leaves to sacred thoughts beguile—  
Where gathering free, with none to break our peace,  
From meaner thoughts we claim a short surcease.  
We pause, and list to awful memories far  
When from this height boomed forth the roar of war.  
Soft contrast this to that fierce day and night,  
When surge of battle hither rolled in might;  
When shot and shell ploughed all the trampled ground,  
And wounded, dead, and dying dropped around.  
Pharsalia, not upon *thy* dreadful plain  
Lay in more frequent heaps the gory slain!  
But, O proud contrast! there Ambition fought,  
And personal ends the conquering Caesar sought;  
But here, 'twas Patriotism fired the fight,  
And Drummond struck to save our dearest right.—  
Drummond, whose name still lives in proud Quebec,  
Shall saved Niagara's foot be on thy neck?  
Can Lundy's Lane untrue to Drummond live,  
Or grudge thy memory all she had to give?—  
Thy right, O Canada, thy Drummond sought,  
And from high justice all his valour caught.  
He traversed not another's right To Be,  
But sternly guarded thy sweet liberty.  
What asks the patriot more? He knows but this—  
His country and her welfare very his.  
Her honour his, her greatness all his care;  
Quick to defend, her woes his willing share;  
Her name his pride, her future but his own;  
Each word and deed, seed for her harvest sown.  
What asks the patriot more? For her to live,  
Or gladly for her life his own to give.  
Such were thy sons, O Canada, that fought for thee,  
Sprung from the boundless West, or utmost sea.  
Such are thy sons to-day—the same their sires—  
Or French or British quick with loyal fires.  
Here on this holy hill their bodies lie  
As thick as stars that stud the winter sky.  
Here on this hill baptized indeed with fire,  
As from an altar may their flames aspire.  
O Canada! Thou of the seven-fold bond;  
Let evermore such sons in thee be found;  
Let evermore thy sons thy guardians be,  
High-souled and pure, CONTENT IF THOU BE FREE.

21st July, 1889.

S.A.C.