

THE CHIEF OF THE OTTAWA.

(AIR: "BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.")

I.

The Chief of the Ottawa stood on the height,
As the red sun of autumn was low,
'Twas the spot where he met his dread foe in the fight,
Where the waves of the Ottawa flow,
And the lance of his eye, as he gazed on the sky,
Was as dark as the cloud in the West,
For he stood by the wave that does silently lave
The spot where his forefathers rest!

II.

He gazed for a time on the home of his youth,
On the scene of his long-vanished joy—
But he wept not a tear, for the "stole of truth"
Could not stoop to the grief of a boy.
But his heart did not swell as his longing eyes dwell
Where his camp fire was burning before,
And he thought of his home, where he freely did roam
Long the rocks of the Ottawa shore.

III.

The camp-fire is dead on the side of the hill,
The wigwam no longer is seen,
Yet the Chief of the Ottawa's lingering still,
Round the spot where his wigwam has been.
He tells all his woes to the God of his foes,
He turns from the scene of his pride:
One last loving look at his homestead he took,
His home by the Ottawa tide.

IV.

The Chief of the Ottawa long since has gone,
To seek from his troubles a rest,
He has left for the region where brilliantly shone
At evening the sun in the West.
He stay'd not to weep where his forefathers sleep,
He drop'd not a tear on their grave,
But sadly he fled from the honor'd and dead,
That lie by the Ottawa's wave.

V.

The Chief of the Ottawa now is no more,
Where the council fire blazed on the height,
To-day towards the heavens solemnly soar
The signals of Canada's might!
When the evening is still, on the old Barrack-hill
Towers a structure majestic and grand,
And a bright golden ray from the god-of-the-day
Gilds the mountaintop of the land!

JOSEPH E. FORAN.

Green Park, Aylmer, July 25, 1879.

GROWING OLD.

My friend Schwackheimer came to see me the other day, apparently in very low spirits. I thought at first the source of his troubles would be found in that pathological scape-goat, the liver, and was about to waste upon him some valuable advice of an anti-bilious nature. He stopped me, however, with the assurance that I was mistaken: liver all right; stomach attending to its business "with punctuality and despatch"; his baker and butcher quite satisfied. But "one sadly solemn thought" had been stealing over him of late. There was a growing impression on his mind that old age and he were about to make each other's acquaintance; seemed to get tired easier than he used to; couldn't see quite as distinctly as he once did; sometimes had to ask people to speak a little louder. Then he noticed that there were some lines on his forehead becoming very marked; and his hair was growing noticeably gray. In fact, these last indications of approaching senescence seemed to trouble him most of all; which, considering that he belonged to that sex supposed to be indifferent to personal charms, struck me as rather a dangerous symptom. And then, after some hypochondriacal lamentations, he followed the example of the celebrated Mr. Wegg by dropping into poetry, and commenced quoting something, he said, somebody growing old had written once upon a time, wherein it was stated that—

"Time hath woven through locks once black as night
Full many a silvery thread;
And clearer before me, day after day,
Is the land of the twilight spread."

Evidently I had a case on my hands in which drugs were not needed. Schwackheimer wanted consolation rather than physic. And so I proceeded to pet him gently; the way we have to do with children of a larger as well as a smaller growth. I did not point out to him that his poetry would not fit very well, inasmuch as his hair never had been "black as night," but rather of a yellowish cast. In cases of this kind it is not well to make suggestive references to personalities of any but the most agreeable kind. But, instead, I catechised him a little as to the date of his birth, and I found that he first saw the light of the sun—or, I believe, he made out that it was lamplight he first saw—in the year 18—? I came pretty near letting out the exact date there, which would have been very indiscreet on my part, especially as Schwackheimer, who is a single gentleman, has been holding frequent scientific discussions with a certain lady of late, and might not care to have her attention diverted to such trifles as birth-days and birth-years.

Whatever the date of my friend's birth might be, however, it was not so very far back. Indeed, it fell short of my own by several months. And being still young myself (my gray hair is hereditary and has nothing to do with age), of course I could not possibly admit the idea that he was growing old. After all, age is largely a matter of comparison. The child thinks that if he ever reaches fifty he will be a very old man; but when he gets to forty-nine he looks on fifty as the very prime of life.

So I pointed out to Schwackheimer how absurd it was to suppose that anybody could be called old at his age. I did not undertake to

show him that he was a long way short of the age of Methuselah, and of Methuselah's "sisters and his cousins and his aunts," because he has about the average share of intelligence and I could not persuade him that he was good for two or three centuries more. But I told him about some latter day people, compared with whom he was only a full-grown infant. I told him of some centenarians among the people I had met; and, of course, I did not forget a few historical characters.

For example, there was the old Countess Desmond, who outlived all the British sovereigns of the Houses of York and Tudor, from Edward IV. to Elizabeth—dying after 140 years, only because with the freshness of youth she would go climbing a cherry tree. Then there was Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, and who claimed to have been at the battle of Flodden, nearly 160 years before. And, of course, I had to talk about that noted character, Thomas Parr, who lived to be 150. Only he did not really begin to live till more than half of his years were gone, for he married his first wife when he was 50. But he might have kept on living for an indefinite age if he had not been invited to Court, and petted, and led into luxurious habits, and persuaded to eat things that disagreed with him.

And I was going on to tell about the traveller who found a gray-haired old man weeping violently on the roadside because his father had given him a threshing for throwing stones at his grandfather, who was doing the fall ploughing; but I saw indications on Schwackheimer's face that he had taken a big enough dose of anecdote, and so stopped.

That was all very well, he said, and perhaps these yarns were all true, and perhaps not. But if they were true, they were *rare* ones all these people, and held out no promise that he should be an oddity like them. What did I really think was the natural limit of a man's age under favourable circumstances?

That was a point, I said, on which the doctors differed.

Oh, I yes, no doubt; they were always differing.

But, I went on—not noticing his interruption, for I knew his failing—differences are allowable on a subject like this. Moses put the limit at three score and ten, with an occasional exception for four score. But he exceeded his own limit, and lived on to 120. And then, "his eye was not dim, nor his natural strength abated," so that the reason for his dying at that age could only have been that he lived long enough, and, as they say in Canada when they decapitate an official, "his usefulness had ceased." A great Prussian doctor, Hufeland, who is considered an authority on this subject—at least he wrote a book about it—thought people might reach 200 if they only took care of themselves. As he died at 74, the inference would be that, if his doctrine was true, he was not as careful of his own health as he should have been. Buffon and other naturalists fix the duration of life at one hundred.

This, and much more like it, I said; and Schwackheimer listened patiently. When I got through, he intimated that his stock of knowledge had not increased materially, as it appeared nobody was absolutely certain how long a man ought to live, while most people tried to live as long as they could—and sometimes longer than was agreeable to their heirs. And he supposed there was just as much difference of opinion in regard to what would make a man live long as to how long he ought to live?

I admitted that Schwackheimer was about correct in his surmise; and as he seemed in a suitable mood for listening, I undertook to give him some ideas on the subject.

In the first place, I carried him back to the days of classical story, and reminded him how Medea, a young lady of a scientific turn of mind, rejuvenated her father-in-law by bleeding him freely, and then injecting vegetable juices into his veins. But he only turned up his nose at this, and said he had seen that plan tried when he was a boy by old Dr. Rip Van Winkle, who bled his patients every spring, and gave them a course of bitters afterwards.

Then I told him of the Egyptian treatment with sudorifics and emetics; of Friar Bacon's nostrums, and other specifics, at all of which he only made a wry face. He was more interested in the diet of an old French physician, who recommended a dinner of pullets that had been fattened on vipers, said vipers having been previously whipped to death and stewed in fennel and rosemary. The best part of the dinner, however, was the dessert, which was to consist of jewelry *à la Cleopatra*—emeralds, rubies and other precious stones dissolved. Schwackheimer thought this treatment very good, only, he said, he would prefer the dessert raw, instead of cooked.

But he was highly delighted with the prescription of the old Roman schoolmaster, Hermippus, who advised people "to expose themselves every day to the breath of young innocent maids." He said he would take a dose of that medicine at once; but I told him it was an obsolete prescription, and could not be made up by any modern apothecary—the article not being kept for sale in these days.

Coming down, however, to the practical, I gave him Hufeland's idea that matrimony was essential to longevity; that married people lived longer than the unmarried, and that the more a man was married the longer he lived—as in the case of one DeLongueville, who lived 110 years, and had ten wives, marrying the last in his 99th year; and, finally, I held up before him Hufeland's solemn warning to bachelors, wherein he

says: "There is not one instance of a bachelor having attained a great age."

This rather startled Schwackheimer, who, as I said before, has hitherto lived in single blessedness. But his natural spirit of contradiction would not allow him to acknowledge his danger from neglect of matrimony, and to show that Hufeland was mistaken, he instanced old bachelors like Kent who lived to the age of 80, Swedenborg to 84, Alexander Von Humboldt to 90, and Hobbes to 91. As to De Longueville, he put him down as a mythical Blue Beard, maintaining that, while a man might have ten wives or more, if he took them close together, it was unreasonable to expect that he would live 110 years with the vast amount of mother-in-laws involved in the operation. All the same, I know the matrimonial remedy made an impression on his mind; for, when he left me some time later, he turned his steps in the direction of the residence of the lady before mentioned, to whom he has been giving gratuitous lessons in science.

Of course I did not confine myself to these rather fanciful prescriptions, but gave my patient a lecture of respectable length—not to mention depth—with the advice of Hippocrates for a text: "Pure air, cleanliness, exercise, temperance." In this latter division of my sermon I had what I considered a good illustration in the case of a Venetian gentleman, Cornaro by name, who wrote an autobiographical "Treatise on Temperance" more than two centuries ago. Signor Cornaro was placed in good circumstances for taking life easy. He had all the money he wanted; he had plenty of friends and admirers, as rich men usually have; he had no domestic cares, for he was lord of his own house; he had no public cares, for he took no part in public life; he had an abundant supply of self-conceit, which no one ventured to offend; he had nothing to do, and he did nothing. In ease and comfort he dawdled through a century of life—temperate in his diet, temperate in his habits, temperate in his pleasures, and, above all, so temperate in the exercise of his emotions that the death of the most intimate friends and relations gave him no trouble whatever—according to his own confession.

Here, I said, was, in my opinion, the secret of longevity. Given a fair degree of health to start with, and comfortable surroundings, the absence of care, and temperance in the indulgence of appetites and emotions will enable a man to grow old easily and reach a patriarchal age. In every person's life there is an element of intensity, as well as extensity; the one referring to the rate of living, the other to the duration of life. If we live hard and fast we cannot live long. Moderate activity induces longevity; but if our activity is intense, life is shortened. If the candle burns at both ends it burns out all the sooner. Work night and day, as some people do, whether with body or brain, muscles or nerves, and we crowd many years into one—dying centenarians, though our actual years fall short of the half-century.

So, then, quoth Schwackheimer, the best way to be sure of living long is not to live at all, but simply to vegetate, to

"Hearken what the inner spirit sings:
There is no joy but calm
In the hollow Lotus land to live and be reclined
On the hills, like gods together,
Careless of mankind."

Not quite so lazily as that, I said. The creed of the lotus-eater is that "slumber is more sweet than toil." But the man whose great aim is to prolong his life will not sleep all the day, though he certainly will not rise with the lark. He will do something, but he will do no more than is absolutely necessary. He will need a large amount of self-hush in his composition; for the great rule of life with him will be to regard his own ease and comfort as of prime importance. He cannot be a very great philanthropist, because his charity will not only begin at home, but in all probability stay there. His patriotism will be of the passive type; for when others declaim about the sweetness of dying for one's country, he lets you know that he prefers living for his country, or, better still, living on it. He can never become a statesman, for the extent of his statecraft will be to secure for himself a fat office. He will never be a great merchant, for he will not exert himself to push his business, and, as soon as times get bad, he will pay his debts with an assignee's cheque, and then take life easy on the property that was secured in his wife's name.

Enough, Mephistopheles! cried Schwackheimer; would you try to convince me that a man cannot be old unless he is a lazy leafer, or an easy-going swindler?

Not at all! The world is blessed with as many good old men as good young men. All I wanted to emphasize was the course to be pursued by those who would make longevity their main desire; who would live simply for the purpose of living as long as they possibly could. But there is something better than this. It is to live soberly, cleanly, and, at the same time, actively; avoiding causes of disease and harmful habits, and keeping out of the way of accidents, as far as possible, and yet attending to life's duties with all the energy we have; taking care of our bodies, but not making our bodies a care; regarding our physical health, yet not making that the sole object of our regard.

It is not well to be burdened with a desire to live long, nor yet should the approach of old age be dreaded. He is happiest in this life, blessing and being blessed, who troubles not himself about how long he shall live, nor when he shall die, but only cares to be prepared for death when

it comes; who spares not mind and body for fear their power shall soon be exhausted and life become extinct before its natural limit is reached; but with some useful purpose ever before him, works as long as he has strength to work, ready whenever his strength shall fail to cease from labour and enter into rest, "where beyond these voices there is peace." He asks not "how much longer shall I live?" but, "how much more can I do?" When wearied with work he cries not "when shall my rest come?" he only says:

"Still must I labour on,
All the day through;
Striving with earnest will,
Patient my place to fill,
My work to do."

Then, as the evening shades begin to gather about his life, as the implements of labour fall from his nerveless grasp, he utters no complaint; he has lived his life; he has finished his work, the end has come.

"Longer the shadows fall
Night cometh on;
Low voices softly call,
Come! there is rest for all!
Labour is done!"

Schwackheimer woke up as I finished, and, gently clapping his hands, murmured: "Yes; quite so; I remember it very well; extract from one of your old lectures; I paid twenty-five cents to hear it at the time; hardly fair to inflict it on me again. But I suppose it is all correct; and the moral I am to draw is, to attend to my business and not trouble myself about whitening hairs and deepening wrinkles!"

Exactly, not forgetting Hufeland's theory that he who would live long should get married, once, at least; oftener, if necessary.

London, Ont.

Ch. T. C.

HUMOROUS.

Young man, if every other way of making yourself conspicuous fails, eat peanuts in a railroad car.

A SOCIABLE man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't.

A YOUNG man in this city described a taxidermist to a body of young girls as one who put of up-bolstered animals.

BANKS ought to be comfortable places in hot weather. You can always find a draft there, but do not check the perspiration too suddenly.

No matter how bad and destructive a boy may be, he never becomes a degraded or loses his self-respect sufficiently to throw mud on a circus poster.

MATTER-OF-FACT hair-dresser: "How will you have it—short?" Customer ("frivolous"): "Well, not as if it had just come out, you know. As if it had been out a fortnight."

A DOCTOR should know whether his patient is poor or rich before he writes a prescription. In one case a case of consumption will do in an other a trip abroad and German baths must be recommended.

A MAN may know all the sciences and have thirty languages at command, but when he drowns and goes in swimming in a country and pond, the small boy can give him points and beat him without half trying.

An old bachelor was recently heard saying to a young lady: "There is more jewelry worn now a days than when I was young, but there's one place I always admired, which I don't often see now." "What is that?" asked the miss. "A thumbnail," was the reply.

It was a rich widow who wondered that the handsomest young man had fallen in love with her. "Yes, it is wonderful," said Mr. Sprucey, "but I do love you too much. Why, I even love the ground you walk on." "I thought so," observed the widow, "but I'm not in want of any husband at present."

A YOUNG man, dressed in the height of fashion and with a pocket full of gold, was driving along a country road, and upon getting out of the pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to have my heated head in those cold waters!" An Irishman overhearing the explanation immediately replied: "Beef! you might have it there and it would not sink."

THE boy stowed on the burning deck
He wished that he were dead;
Till all of a sudden into the river
He dashed his heels over head.
The steamer steamed upon its way,
The boy, oh! where was he?
He was kicking his heels in the tumbling surf
As jolly as he could be.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pimples eruptions on the face, so annoying to the young and baffling to medical skill, can be completely cured by ACNE PILLS. They contain no arsenic, nosh, or any injurious drug; nor, except the disease, do they affect the system in any way, save as a tonic. Box containing 120 pills, with full directions, mailed to any part of Canada for one dollar. Address W. HEARN, Chemist, Ottawa.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

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