

A STORY OF THE FOREST.

I.

O'er the tangled brush, where the green snake lay,
She walked in a bounding and fearless way,
And the low, sweet sound of her silver tongue
Reached the song, that the robin sung
To give to his mate in the tree above,
As she trod a lay she had learned to love.
The chipmunks chattered above her head,
The wild flowers fragrance around her shed,
And a greeting met her on every hand
In the hum of the myriad insect band.
That buzzed and drummed out a merry song,
As she wended her graceful way along.
A tiny path on her arm she swung,
As she searched where the ripe strawberries hung
In hidden wealth near the sandy ground,
While the clustering vines enclosed them round.
Again and again with a joyous note
Did the song burst out from her beauteous throat,
As she tripped along over hill and vale,
Till the berries trimmed up the little trail.
Then she stood on the brow of a leafy hill,
At the base of which bubbled a bubbling rill,
And her love song sounded adown the dell,
And was echoed back by a tree-crowned fell,
That loomed with its lofty height on high,
Till its craggy crest seemed to pierce the sky.
But her simple ditty was scarcely done,
And the music sprang like a startled deer,
And peered around with a startled fear,
Then a shudder of horror ran through her frame,
As close to her side there crouching came
A huge brown bear with an aspect grim,
That crushed its way through the branches slim.
She saw its eyes, with their gleaming glare,
Flash out like fire through its shaggy hair,
And the white foam from its gnashing jaws,
As it raised its head to its hinder jaws,
As it seemed to grin in a ghastly glee
At a feast so fair and so fine to see.
With a scream she leaped o'er the forest wide,
She turned to escape, but in vain she tried,
For the sharp claws caught in her flowing hair,
And seized in their grasp her shoulders fair.
Then over her vision a red mist came,
Whence measures flashed and tongues of flame,
And she uttered a prayer in her wild despair,
As a shrill whoop rang on the startled air,
And a painted Indian with feathered plume
Came dashing along to avert her doom.
His step was swift, and his arm was strong,
And the blade in his hand was sharp and long,
And he buried it deep in the dusky hide,
Till the blood in streams down the animal's side
Went splashing and gurgling its gory way,
And bore on its torrent the life away.
From the startled heart, that a moment before
Had thrummed so busily for human gore,
A struggle, a gasp, a gasp, and then
The dead beast tumbled down the glen,
And lay in the course of the stream below,
And to crimson dyed all its crystal flow.

II.

Up the forest pathway passing with a light and gleeful air,
Slept a stalwart youth, advancing with a brow devoid of care.
All the world to him was joyous, life was very fair to see,
And a golden halo, glancing, seemed to shine on every tree.
All the warbling birds about him sang the songs of love alone,
And the bustling, busy breezes breathed her name in tender tone.
How surprised she'll be to see me, happy will our meeting be!
Non, my dear, in all the country, none, my pet, is like to thee!
None, my dear—but list the echo, soft and sweet as cherub's song—
List—listen, there, softly stealing, wooing breezes waft along—
Sounds that thrill me, sounds that fill me with a joy akin to pain—
'Tis her voice, ah, clearer, fuller, sounds it on the air again!
Then the song died out in silence, and the eager lover sprang
Rapidly to meet his darling, when in thrilling shyness rang
Out in accents terror-laden screams, that pierced his very soul,
While his heart seemed bursting, bounding, to escape from his control.
Gasping wildly, straining madly, to her aid he fiercely went,
While his hot blood vessels, surging through his nostrils, found a vent,
And with swift, sure, unheeded marked his trail along the ground,
Till he reached the scene of carnage, and with horror gazed around.
For a second, terror-stricken, glared he on the fearful scene,
Where he saw his bride expectant lying cold upon the green.
While a wild and blood-stained Indian bent above her pallid form,
Having in his hand a dagger, smeared with clots yet dripping warm.
Then for vengeance fiercely thirsting, like a tiger did he bound,
And he lurled the startled Indian like an infant to the ground;
Jerking her, too, the bloody dagger from the nerveless, bloody hand,
Raising it high in air, and dashed it nearly to its hilt—in sand.
He had aimed with frantic vengeance at the red-man's painted breast,
But the maid by sudden movement did his purpose wild arrest.
When the least had sunk beside her in the agony of death,
All her strength had vanished from her, and with faintly gasping breath
Fell she prone upon the pathway with a face of ghastly hue.
While the world went whirling round her, and her lover met her view,
Looming vaguely up before her, as within a misty dream—
Vainly did she try to check him, vainly did she try to scream,
When she saw him hurl the Indian headlong with a mighty blow,
When she saw him raise the dagger, vowing vengeance on his foe.
Poised a moment, flashing, gleaming, glared the dagger in the air,
But that moment was sufficient to revive the maiden there.
And she sprang with sudden movement, turned the fatal blow aside,
And in wild and husky accents thus unto her lover cried:
"Stop! oh stop! for he has saved me—saved me from a fearful death!
Stop! or you will rue the doing down unto your latest breath!
Look! in yonder streamlet lying is the victim of the brave—

Of the brave who boldly saved me—snatched me
bravely from the grave.
With a joyous exclamation that his darling was not dead,
Did her lover leave the Indian, and lift up her drooping head;
And she sobbing told the story of the fierce and brutal bear,
While the blood from many scratches, trickled down her shoulders fair.
Without speaking then the Indian raised erect his dusky form,
And his eyes like midnight lightning, heralding a coming storm,
Shining through the murky blackness of his gloom enshrouded face,
Fired their furious rays about him, as he glided from the place.
When the lovers turned to thank him, he was nowhere to be seen.
Having vanished like a phantom from the place where he had been.

III.

Upon a craggy height, that towered its rough
Crest o'er the white-capt surges of the grand,
Old river, stood a tall and dusky form.
The crimson sun, that lit the murky clouds
With golden grandeur as it bade the world
Good-night, shone brightly on his lofty brow,
And lit his dusky features with a fire.
That sparkled back the brightness of his wild
And flashing eyes. In silence stood he for
A while, and then, as o'er his hearing breast
A tide of passion swept its scorching wave,
And rankled up each unhealed, mental wound,
His voice burst out in accents deep at times,
And fierce as if it echoed back the roar
Of wild Niagara's awful voice; anon,
It sank in sobs as plaintive, sad, and low.
As great Ontario's rippling whisper, when,
Beset, it leaves its soft and sandy beach
With wooing touch.

"A beautiful country lies
Outspread before me, but its charm has fled,
And over all a murky shade has passed,
And gloomy voices floating up from hill,
And dale, and surging stream, seem taunting me—
I need you not, begone!—and yet I dare
Not disobey your words! The very dead
Would rise against me if I did, and down
Within the leafy dells, where rest their bones,
Each grinning skull would gnash its naked jaws
The while I passed, and bony hands would point
Their fleshless palms in scorn. But times have changed,
Ye ghostly ones! A few short years ago
The forest bloomed in radiance all around,
And named the red man, proud and free.
The lord of all the land. The noble face came,
And everywhere before his blighting hand
The forest green is fading out, and soon
The noble wildwood will be dead, and far
Away a feeble band, the remnant weak
Of those who once so proudly ruled the land,
Will pass in sorrow deep, in dark despair.
I know it, feel it, that our race is doomed,
And evil demons hover o'er me now,
And strive to bind my struggling soul in chains!
I fear would burst their loathsome bonds in twain.
But in my blood the poison is at work,
And sluggish is the crimson flow within
My veins. But I will rouse myself again,
And drag each dastard thought from out my breast.
Ye spirits wild, that sing o'er hill and vale,
Revenge unto the wounded one, list now
Unto my tale and nerve me for my task!
O on far hill I snatched from Death's cold touch
A pale-faced maiden, but her lover came
With stealthy step, and struck me down to earth
In heedless haste. Struck me, a noble chief,
E'en as he'd smite his dog! Struck me, and yet
I answered not the blow! A cursed spell
Seemed o'er me cast, and like a beaten cur
I slunk away, and here I stand, and on
My hand no sign of human blood is seen.
A haunting face is ever present with
Me too, that seems to guide me where it will.
I rushed away into the forest wild,
But it came there and brought me back again.
And so I've wandered circling round the spot,
Where lives the maid, whose life I saved, and as
The fishes circle round the light until
They meet—but 'tis not so! an eagle, I
Will proudly swoop upon the tempting prey,
And bear her off triumphant in my clasp.

IV.

Again at sunset do I stand upon thy banks,
And gazing on thy boiling flood I well
Remember how long moons ago, I vowed
Revenge upon this very spot against
A hated foe, and how thy waves bore on
My words in glee, and urged me to my task.
But late withheld my arm, for, as I sped
With dire resolve, a hasty summons came,
And I once obeyed the call to arms.
That rang o'er all my native woods and plains.
As wolves we dashed upon the foe, and soon
The Stripes and Stars were backward borne, until
They reached their native strand. We halted not
Nor rested till a captive hand the foe
Before us stood, and high above their walls
Of stone the flag of England waved upon
The breeze. Ah me! but victory did not rest
Forever in our hands, and darkness fell
Upon our hopes, what time the noble chief
Tecumseh died. Since then o'er field and fell
I've fought and bled, until again I stand
Upon this rugged crest, and vow revenge
Once more, against my foe.

V.

The battle began ere the set of the sun,
But the midnight had come ere the carnage was done,
And near and afar in the noon of the night,
Rose the wail of the wounded, the fruit of the fight.
Mid the din that resounded o'er forest and plain,
In the fiercely fought conflict of dim Lundy's Lane,
An Indian crept with a cautious air,
Till he came near the side of a soldier there.
"Ah, now," he hissed forth, "will I deal back the blow,
And have my revenge on my insolent foe!"
So saying he sprang with the speed of a deer,
But he leaped and fell in his wild career,
For a bullet had lodged in his lifted hand,
And his blood was drunk by the thirsting sand.
Then the tide of the battle did ebb and flow,
And the tramping foot of both friend and foe
Was ground on his breast, till his senses fled,
And he trodden lay with the trodden dead.
Then there came a full in the fearful fight,
And the pale moon shone with a livid light
On the trampled face of the Indian there,
On his battered breast, and his clotted hair.
And there he lay till the fight was done,
Till the foe had fled, and the field was won,
And its record writ on the scroll of fame
To the honor of each Canadian name.

VI.

"Oh, mountain, river, forest, here once more
I stand, and hold communion with you all!
I sit, how changed I am since last I raged,
And vowed out vengeance here against a foe!
The fates again withheld my arm, and I
Was left upon the battle field as dead.
Until my foe had found me out and borne
Me to his home. With tender care he bound

My wounds, and kept me till they lost their smart.
Had he but known how I had thirsted for
His blood, would he have tended me so well?
And she, his promised wife, whom I have loved
So madly, came and helped to bring me back
To life, but little did she dream the strife
Her presence caused within my troubled breast!
Oh, must I give her up? I must—I must!
Without her life is naught to me, and yet
I'd rather die than do injustice to
Her lover now! My mind is weak. I fear
I cannot live and love her not! I know
My quenchless passion will ere long consume
The feeble bonds of right. I shall would bind
About it, and my soul will fall before
Its force. The path of Life—the path of Death—
Which will I take? Of Life? the way is dark
Before me now, no ray of light illumines
The gloom. Of Death? ah, yes, I'll dare it all!
My life a sacrifice I'll give unto
The shrine of honor. Oh, ye phantom braves,
I come to join you in your noble world!
Farewell, farewell, old earth, a long farewell!
He cast a parting glance around, and then
Plunged headlong in the boiling flood, the while
The evening sun sank down behind the hills.

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THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Canadians, in common with others, are constantly hearing of the "Monroe Doctrine," without exactly understanding its full import and scope. As the cry is now raised with some vigor by the United States, in connection with the proposed International Ship Canal through the Isthmus of Panama, under the management of M. de Lesseps, perhaps a few lines tracing the history of this famous doctrine, and analyzing its applicability, may prove useful as well as interesting.

I.

Thomas Jefferson, the most creative of all the great men of the United States, is the author of the Monroe Doctrine. In the beginning of the year 1802, intelligence was received in the United States of the cession by Spain to France of Louisiana and the Floridas, and Mr. Jefferson, then President, promptly addressed himself to Mr. Livingston, his French Minister, on the subject. Among other things, he said: "There is on the globe one single spot, the possession of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans, through which the produce of three-eighths of our territory must pass to market. . . . France, placing herself in that door, assumes to us an attitude of defiance." About the same time, he wrote to Mr. Dupont de Nemours: "In Europe, nothing but Europe is seen, or supposed to have any right in the affairs of nations; but this little event of France's possessing herself of Louisiana. . . . is the embryo of a tornado which will burst on the countries on both sides of the Atlantic, and involve in its effects their highest destinies." The necessity of the case urged immediate action on the part of the President. He offered to buy the fair region and ultimately succeeded, but it was his determination to resist French occupation, if Napoleon persisted in holding the colony.

From this time forward we find occasional allusions, in Jefferson's works, to what he calls the "American System." The idea seemed to grow on him, and after his retirement from public life he elaborated it with much detail and force in several letters. Writing to William Short, August 4th, 1820, he refers to his "American system of policy, totally independent of, and unconnected with, that of Europe." He adds: "The day is not far distant when we may formally require a meridian of partition through the ocean which separates the two hemispheres, on the hither side of which no European gun shall ever be heard, nor an American on the other. The principles of society there and here are radically different, and I hope no American patriot will ever lose sight of the essential policy of interdicting in the seas and territories of both Americas the ferocious and sanguinary contests of Europe." His letter of October 24, 1823, addressed to his friend, President Madison, is an important document, in which he develops his views respecting the threats of the Holy Alliance against Spain and her American provinces. He says: "Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe and peculiarly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe." He would not shrink from war in support of this principle, and adds: "Its object (the war) is to introduce and establish the American system of keeping out of our land all foreign powers, of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nation." Further on, he thinks we should declare "that we will oppose, with all our means, the forcible interposition of any other power or auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext, and most especially their (the Spanish Provinces) transfer to any power by conquest, cession or acquisition in any other way."

Several weeks after receiving this letter, Mr. Monroe gave official promulgation to the views which it contained in his famous message of December 2, 1823. This instrument states that "we owed it to candor to declare that we should consider any attempt to extend their (European) system to any portion of this continent as dangerous to our peace and safety." From the time of this message, Jefferson's "American System" received the name of "Monroe Doctrine." It has since been regarded

as a cardinal point of American policy—but not by men of all parties. This should not be forgotten at the present juncture. The Jeffersonians—that is, the ancient Republicans, Democrats or "Strict Constructionists," as distinguished from the John Adams Federalists, Hamiltonians, and Old Line Whigs—held this doctrine as essential to their code, in opposition to the latter, who always voted against it. The debates on the cession of Louisiana in 1803, on the acquisition of Florida in 1819, on the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war in 1845, abundantly prove this division of parties. Properly and strictly speaking, it is a purely Democratic doctrine, and in the present state of parties cannot be consistently advocated by the Republicans.

Later politicians have pretended that the Monroe Doctrine excluded all Monarchical government in this hemisphere, and pledged the United States never to allow any but a Republican code in North or South America. I have found no such exclusiveness in the writings of Jefferson, Madison or Monroe, nor in the great debates of 1824. Spite of the flurry over the accession of Maximilian in Mexico, the Empire of Brazil, the sovereignty of Urubide and the almost Vice-Royalty of Canada are patent proofs of the contrary.

II.

In discussing the Monroe Doctrine on its merits, two propositions may be laid down: First, that as a *special principle* of policy it is justifiable, and, secondly, that as an *universal principle* it is untenable.

The proposition had a clear application in the case of Louisiana. The country was just emerging from the revolutionary drain of all its resources. The valleys of the Ohio and Cumberland were being filled up. Kentucky was being rapidly settled. The Western Reserve was already giving tokens of what it is to-day. Mr. Jefferson judged that the occupation of New Orleans and of the whole right bank of the Mississippi, as high as St. Louis, by French settlers, would prove ruinous to the West. In addition to this, the Indians were fast receding toward the setting sun. Many of these, remembering old Canadian times, were friendly to the French and hostile to the "Yankees." An alliance of these two elements might have crushed out, at a given signal, all the Western settlements. Indeed, with New Orleans, the southern key to the ocean, in the hands of a bold military power like France, an alliance with the Western and Lake Indians effected, and the Atlantic ports blockaded, who can tell what might have happened to the young Republic? And to prove that Jefferson was not wrong in his calculations, the above scheme was precisely the one adopted by the British in 1814-15. From the day that the great Tecumseh sallied forth from his tent in the vale of the Miami, travelling northward to Lake Michigan, and southward as far as the Alabama creeks, to organize all the Indians into one grand confederacy against the United States, it became an object with the English to secure him as their ally. They effected this after the battle of Tippecanoe in 1812. Thenceforward their plan was to bombard Boston, New York, Washington, Charleston, and simultaneously seize New Orleans, ascend the river, and, joining the savage auxiliaries, hem us in a fiery belt extending from Quebec to the Delta. What General Jackson prevented, in 1815, by his sword, that did President Jefferson avert, in 1803, by his diplomacy.

The case of the Hispano-American provinces is equally clear. In 1822-23, the Holy Alliance undertook to intermeddle in the affairs of Spain and her colonies. England engaged the United States to unite with her in resisting this aggression. Mr. Monroe met Mr. Canning half way. It was a momentous time. The shout of freedom was ringing from the slopes of the Andes to the banks of the La Plata. South America was shattering her yoke. Mexico had broken her chains. Old Spain was reaping the accursed fruit sown by her Cortez and her Pizarros. She was powerless to beat back her colonies into submission, and it was believed that the Holy Alliance offered her their help to do it. There was no foretelling all the disastrous results of such intervention. No wonder that the action of the American Cabinet was prompt. The sage of Monticello was consulted by his disciple, and on his unequivocal reply, Mr. Monroe issued the message from which we have cited above. Thenceforth the Monroe Doctrine became an integral part of the Democratic creed.

In these two cases, a *special principle* was legitimized by circumstances, and, as such, was worthy of approval. In all similar cases, and under equivalent circumstances, it is unquestionable that the doctrine is right and should be maintained.

But, as a *general principle*, I hold that it is untenable.

In the first place, it is undeniable that, above party politics and international animosities, there are certain great principles, a certain universal polity which must and do rule the world. In that point of view the seas and the continents of both hemispheres are the common property of humanity. The incessant tide of emigration into every corner of the globe, the facilities of travel have made this a physical right. Mr. Jefferson does not admit this cosmopolitan code. He draws "a meridian of partition through the ocean," beyond which Europe must not venture on the one hand, nor America on the other. But this is the old Canaanite command: "Thus far and no farther." None but God can arrest the