

BRITISH COLUMBIA SEAPORTS.

With reference to the claim of the Vancouver *News*, that "Vancouver is the only seaport on the Pacific coast of the Dominion that has a harbour capable of being entered at all stages of the tide and at every season of the year by the largest ocean-going vessels," the *Victoria Times* replies: The harbour of Esquimalt, which is the port of Victoria for deep draught vessels, is one of the largest and most accessible in the world. Vessels of all sizes, in fair weather or in foul, at any stage of the tide, and at all seasons of the year, can pass through the Royal Roads to the capacious and land-locked harbour within. Esquimalt is the station for the Pacific fleet, and undoubtedly has the best harbour on the coast. In saying this we do not detract from the excellent harbour on Burrard Inlet, which is second only to Esquimalt on the Pacific.

LITERARY NOTES.

E. P. Roe, one of the genuine American novelists, has just died.

A life of Lord Dalhousie is being written for the "Statesmen" series by Mr. L. J. Trotter.

Ex-President Grévy is writing his memoirs, and it is said that they are to appear in London.

The Rose Publishing Company have received an interim copyright for Rider Haggard's new book, "Miawa's Revenge."

Two new books of interest, to be published in the autumn, are the experiences of George Augustus Sala and the family life of Henry Ward Beecher.

A life of Delia Bacon, the advocate of the Baconian theory of the origin of Shakespeare's plays, has been written by Mr. Theodore Bacon, and will be issued soon.

In the library of Dr. Williams, in London, is a copy of the Bible in shorthand. It is exquisitely written, and is said to have belonged to an apprentice of the time of James II., who feared that the Bible was about to be prohibited, and so wrote this copy.

Dr. N. E. Dionne, one of the editors of the Quebec *Courier*, has just published a most interesting account of the Church of Notre Dame de Victoires, of Lower Town, Quebec. It traces the history of the church for two centuries of time from 1688 to 1888.

General Boulanger is now bent on being an author. He has written a sort of anecdotal, instructive, romantic military guide and history of the war of 1870, which is about to be published as a serial. Two and a half millions of copies of the first number are to be given away free.

Baron Roggenbach will compile the late Emperor Frederick's biography. It is expected that Empress Frederick, Queen Victoria, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the King of Italy, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and a large number of scientists, artists, statesmen and army officers will contribute articles to the work.

Archdeacon Farrar thus pithily sums up the characteristics of Longfellow's work. "It can hardly be said that he added—as Tennyson and Browning have added—to the treasure house of new and great thoughts. Many of his thoughts are obvious, though brightened by fancy which plays like sunlight upon a runnel which is pure and musical, but rarely deep. Many of the morals which he inculcates are familiar, and hardly rise above the level of the ordinary sermon. In saying this I would detract nothing from his deserved fame. He was the poet of the middle classes, the poet of the fireside, the poet of the domestic affections, the poet of our every-day human life."

A DRIFTING ICEBERG.

A SONNET.

A crystal mountain on the azure wave,
Bald as to verdure, but enriched by hues
Resplendent in the wane of sparkling sun,
It glows—it scintillates with gleams, which run
Across the liquid path of its lone cruise
Like smiles, beamed forth from each translucent cave
Set in its rugged face, as eyes, to peer
Through the clear distance of a plain of sea.
So cold—so pregnant with quiescent awe;
Southward it drifts, destined to gradual thaw;
And fades the Northland in obscurity,
As gaunt Boreas does it onward steer:
At times in view of travellers' raptured eyes,
And often insulated by the skies.

WILL T. JAMES.

[The subject of this sonnet need not be looked upon as untimely, in this midsummer, since icebergs are met with even in temperate seas. As to the poem itself, it is new and original, betokening a rare gift in the author. Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

THE SKEENA UPRISING.

Pending further news from the Indian rising in the Skeena country, northern portion of British Columbia, we give the reader the following account taken from a Victoria paper:—

Mr. Borland, a well-known packer, arrived from Hazelton on the steamer Boscowitz to confer with the Attorney-General regarding the state of affairs at Hazelton on the Skeena river. Last year an Indian named Kitwon Cool Jim murdered an Indian doctor at the forks of the Skeena. A posse of specials under Mr. Washburne was sent from this city to arrest the murderer. When they arrived at Hazelton it was discovered that Jim had gone to the mountains to elude the officers. The party consisted of Washburne, Loring, Greene, Holmes, and Parker. They encamped at Hazelton and awaited the return of the murderer. Early in June they received information that Jim was at a place called Kitangar, about 15 miles below the Forks. On the morning of the 19th of June an Indian brought news that Jim was in a house at Kitangar. Early in the morning three of the party walked down to the house, which was occupied by 20 Indians. Jim was among the number, and was called upon to surrender. He made a break for the door and ran towards the bush. Holmes fired a revolver over his head after calling to him to surrender, but he still kept on. Greene then raised a Winchester rifle and fired, striking him in the back, the bullet going clear through his body. Jim fell and expired in a short time. Washburne and Loring came to the scene of the tragedy an hour after the shooting, and handed the body over to an Indian, who is acting as missionary. The latter told Washburne to take his specials to a place of safety on account of the threats made by Jim's friends to massacre the party. The specials then returned to Hazelton, where they are at present hemmed in by the hostile Indians. They have erected bastions of timber and bags of sand, and can hold out for a month if the Indians can be prevented from burning the place. Borland is engaged in packing goods for the Hudson's Bay Co. between Hazelton and Babine's lake, or Fort Babine. His freight train with five men are above Hazelton, and no freight can be carried up. He had great difficulty in coming down. His canoe was stopped by one party of Indians, and the occupants ordered to return. Borland was determined to get through, and at last convinced the natives that he was not connected with the specials. At every encampment his four Indians went ashore and held a conference with their brethren.

Amongst the whites in the locality where the shooting took place are: Mr. Clifford and wife (in charge of the Hudson's Bay store), Rev. Mr. Fields and wife, and Mrs. Haukin and family. They are very much troubled over the state of affairs. The Indians demand Greene to be handed over to them and one thousand dollars paid them. If the specials refuse to accept their demands they threaten to burn down the houses and murder every white person in the locality. An Indian trapper is still out in the mountains and a number of their men at work in the cannaries. Indian women are calling on their warriors to avenge the death of Jim. Borland says prompt steps should be taken by the Government. Should an uprising take place, the lives of all will be sacrificed. The Indians will not allow another white person to come down the river, and unless a large party proceeds to Hazelton without a moment's delay the result will be the massacre of the specials.

A FAVOURITE WAR POEM.

THE STORY OF LITTLE GIFFEN OF TENNESSEE.

The story of "Little Giffen" is said to be literally true. His name was Isaac Giffen, and he was born of humble parents in one of the hamlets of East Tennessee. His father was a blacksmith. Little Giffen was terribly shot in some battle of Tennessee—perhaps Murfreesboro—and carried with other wounded far South to be cared for. It is true, as the poem says, that the company in which he served was almost entirely destroyed. Sadly mutilated and so like a child in appearance

as to have seemed "borne by the tide of war from the cradle to the jaws of death," he was taken from the hospital at Columbus, Ga., to the home of Dr. Y. O. Ticknor, five miles south of that place.

He is said to have been a woful little skeleton, but aided by the skill of the doctor and the tender nursing of the doctor's wife, the "skeleton boy" successfully waged war against "skeleton death."

During the weary weeks of the stick and the "crutch" Mrs. Ticknor taught the "naturally bright" boy to read and write. He remained with the family a year, was found "true as steel," had an unconquered spirit, and was always anxious to return to the war, which he did in time, it is supposed, to be killed near Atlanta, and to be buried in some one of the unknown graves which Dr. Ticknor describes in the beautiful poem, "Unknown." "Unknown! Beneath our Father's face the starlit hillocks lie;" and "the voice of wail is mute to-day as his whose life is dumb;" yet no soldier ever had a grander monument than Little Giffen of Tennessee. No general or commander of any war has received a finer, or what will be a more lasting tribute, and none deserved it more, for none could be braver. "He was an ordinary looking little fellow," says a son of the poet, "except that he had a bright, clear blue eye that told of the incarnate courage of the boy." The poet seems to have had it in his mind at first to give a literal description of the boy, hence the first beginning of the poem was:

"Many such on a summer's day
Mow the meadows and rake the hay;
Of freckled face and clear blue eye
To whom no squirrel or bird is shy,
Mark the plainest and he might be
Little Giffen of Tennessee."

But the spirit of peace came down upon the grand doctor, and he saw no more the "freckled-faced" boy, but the old hero borne—

"Out of the focal and foremost fire,"

he saw the "glint of the steel-blue eye," that "told of a spirit that wouldn't die," when determination could save from death, but that dared to die when Johnson was "pressed at the front." Then the poet saw him more princely than all "Knights of the Golden Ring," and dropped the realism which would have been weak, and touched with ideal tints of glory a picture which was thus made truer and stronger.

The poem has the "ring of immortality." It now reads, as published in a volume of Ticknor's poems:

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle and he sixteen!)
Spectre! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee!

Take him and welcome, the surgeons said,
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death,
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
"Dear Mother" at first, of course, and then
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer, "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war one day;
"Johnson pressed at the front," they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight,
But none of Giffen—he did not write.

I some times fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knight of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on my bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen of Tennessee."