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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature.

EDITED BY J. GORDON MOWAT.

VOL. III.

(MAY, 1894, TO OCTOBER, 1894, INCLUSIVE.)

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1894.

Announcement.

(From Vol. 1, No. 1.)

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE needs no apology for appearing. The necessity, or, at least, the great desirability of Canada possessing a medium through which, in fuller measure than has hitherto been practicable, our leading statesmen and thinkers may, with the comprehensiveness of *Review* articles, present to the public throughout the Dominion their views on questions of public interest, and the facts and arguments on which these views are based, has been recognized by many, and has been an important consideration with the founders of this MAGAZINE. The MAGAZINE is, therefore intended to fill, in some measure, for Canada, the purpose served in Great Britain and the United States by the great Reviews of these countries Timely articles on political and other public questions of interest to the Canadian people will appear every month from the pens of leading statesmen and writers of various shades of political opinion While the pages of the MAGAZINE will be open to the expression of a wide diversity of opinions and opinions with which the MAGAZINE does not agree, the policy will be steadily pursued of cultivating Canadian patriotism and Canadian interests, and of endeavoring to aid in the consolidation of the Dominion on a basis of national self-respect and a mutual regard for the rights of the great elements which make up the population of Canada In this endeavor we are happy to announce, we have the co-operation, as contributors, of many of the leading public men and writers of both political parties.

A series of articles descriptive of various portions of the Dominion, and dealing with their scenery, industries and resources, will appear during the current year from the pens of travellers and well-known and graceful writers.

Social and scientific subjects of popular interest will be discussed in a popular vein from month to month by eminent specialists of our own and other countries.

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The staff of contributors includes many well-known Canadian and foreign writers, and is always ready to include also, worthy aspirants to literary honors, whose names are yet unknown to the public. In thus endeavoring to stimulate Canadian thought, and to aid in opening mines of literary worth that are yet undeveloped, THE CANANDIAN MAGAZINE trusts to have the sympathy and practical encouragement of patriotic Canadians.

To those who recognize how much Canada has hitherto been dependent for magazine literature on foreign countries and how unfavorable such dependence is to the growth of healthy national sentiment in our homes, our appeal, we believe, will not be in vain. And with the very large increase during the past decade in the number of graduates of our colleges and high schools, and the marked development in late years of a general taste for magazine literature, and the growing feeling of respect for ourselves as a nation, we think that our effort to permanently establish a magazine and national review, broadly Canadian in tone and feeling, will meet with a large and generous support in every part of the Dominion.

2596

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. MAY, 1894. No. 1.

THE COMIC BALLADS OF HOMER.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., Q.C.

PRIOR to the present generation of University men, our literary studies ranged principally over the Greek and Latin Classics, or, as they were designated, *Litteræ Humaniores*, with English, French and German as additional studies, and a science course designated *Disciplinæ Mathematicæ et Physicæ*. Educational theorists in these modern days are attempting to dethrone Greek from the regality which for ages it has occupied in University studies, and to level it to a democratic equality with French and German. One of the chief reasons urged is that Greek is a difficult language to study, and takes a longer time to learn than Latin or any of the modern languages. This all must concede. But its opponents appear to ignore, and theorists seem to evade, a fair consideration of the chief value of classical studies. In them the student learns something of the flexibility of language, and of the fitness of words and synonyms; and acquires a truer knowledge of the grammatical or scientific construction of sentences.

Many of those who have been fortunate in acquiring distinction in their study, have confessed that they have realized, amid the duties of an active and laborious profession, the superiority, in many important respects, of the classical over the studies which we all call modern. And one writer has, in the following beautiful words, expressed his ardent admiration of one ancient language:—

"Greek—the shrine of the genius of the old world: as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves: of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and distinctness of nature itself: to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing of knowledge was excluded; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English; with words at times like pictures, and again like the gossamer film of summer." *

Judged by more prosaic sentiments, it must be said of Greek that it is the language in which we study the original story of the marvellous history, on our earth, of the "Light of the World," and the accepted verities of our Christian religion: the language in which the best of the uninspired writers gave to our early humanity some insight respecting the origin, condition and final destiny of the soul of man: in which the youthful world's genius wrote and sung its earliest poetry, that even yet holds its own among the true and beautiful in that art: in which the young world's oratory was spoken and written; in which are found the earliest treatises

* Coleridge on the Greek Classic Poets, p. 24.

on the science of politics and the public economy of a community, and indeed on many of the other subjects of human knowledge, except science.

Of all the Greek classics, the poetry of Homer claims and occupies the chief place. Coming long before the authors and critics of the Art of Poetry, he showed himself one of the truest of poets in the heroic, and one of the most amusing in the comic. Samples of the former are abundant in the Iliad and Odyssey, intertwined here and there with some experiences of common folk.

Of the latter, the "Story of the Swineherd," in Odyssey, Book XV., 389 *et seq.*, may be quoted as an ordinary specimen. The story is told in graphic language, and the scene might have been laid on the coasts of Africa in slave-trade times.

Ulysses had given the hospitable swineherd a most mendacious account of himself: and having been told by Eumæus that he had been reared as a slave, requested him to give the history of his adventures, asking: "Did pirates carry you off in their vessels, finding you left alone among the sheep and oxen, and sell you to this master, who paid for you the regular price?"

The Swineherd, after some reminiscences in which he relates how a certain Phœnician galley came to his father's island near Syria, tells him there was "a woman in the case," whose beauty led to her ruin, and his slavery.

"There chanced in my father's house to be
A woman of their land;
And tall was she, and fair to see,
And in works of art right skilfully
Practised was she of hand.

"Her beauty made her fall a prey
To sailor's arts 'ere long;
In a seaman's arms in the ship she lay,
Won by his glozing tongue.

"Women are weak: the deftest dame
By like deceit may fall.
He asked who was she? Whence she came?
And at once did she, as her dwelling, name
My father's high-roofed hall."

The story then details how she induced the sailors to take her to her native place, by plotting with them to steal from her master, saying:—

"And gold with me I shall surely bear—
Whatever to hand may come;
And with willing mind as a passage-fare,
Shall bring you the boy whom as nurse I rear
In that rich man's house at home,
And a handsome price he will sure provide,
When sold in a foreign mart."

The sailors, to aid in the theft, send one of their number to the house, and the scene is thus described:—

"Crafty was he whom the sailors sent
To make the message sure;
To my father's house his way he bent,
And a necklace of gold with amber blent—
He brought with him as a lure.

"With searching hand and longing eye,
My mother and her train
Did there, as he stood in the palace, try
The trinket, promising to buy,
For its beauty made them vain.

"He winked at the woman, and went his way;
And having made the sign,
With my hand in hers I was led away,
Through the porch where three gold goblets lay,
Left there while they went to dine."

The woman then conceals the three gold goblets in her dress, and goes with the child to the shore, and after getting them on board, the galley sets sail.

"Fair was the wind vouchsafed by Jove.
Six days before the blast,
Day and night in constant course we drove;
But the seventh was doomed to prove
That guilty woman's last.

"Her, Artemis's fatal arrow slew,
And with a noisy force,
She fell as plump as sea coots do,
Into the scuppers, and then they threw
To the seals and fish her corse.

"And sadly I was left behind;
But soon to Ithaca's shore
Wafted were we by wave and wind;
To Laertes by sale was I consigned—
And now my tale is o'er." *

Without trenching on the rights of learned disputants as to whether the ballads, commonly called the Homeric Hymns, were composed by Homer, it is admitted that they contain traces of the Homeric liveliness which gives a pleasant charm to the stories in the Iliad and Odyssey. And therefore in this article it will be convenient to

* "Maginn's Homeric Ballads," pp. 223-237.

consider the term "Homeric" as indicating the characteristics of the style, rather than the authorship, of these ballads.

The "Hymn to Mercury" is one of the most humorous ballads in Greek literature. It tells the story of Mercury's stealing the oxen of his elder brother Apollo: the altercation of the two gods: their reference to Jupiter, and their final compromise. That one of their deities should be celebrated in a poem for such wholesale thieving and bare-faced lying as Mercury is made to play off on Apollo, is a curious commentary on the popular sentiment respecting the religion of the Greeks, and of the quality of the morality peculiar to the rulers of their heavenly Olympus.

The story of the hymn is, that Mercury, the son of Jupiter and Maia, was born in a cave about daybreak: that by noon he had made a lyre out of the shell of a tortoise, which he caught at the entrance of the cave, and that he immediately learned to play on it, and in

> "A strain of unpremeditated wit,
> Joyous and wild and wanton,—
> He sung how Jove and Maia of the bright sandal,
> Dallied in love not quite legitimate."

But his most marvellous achievements took place the same afternoon, when, being only a few hours old, he stole and drove away a herd of fifty cows belonging to Apollo, which were grazing on the Pierian Hills in the care of a black bull and four fierce dogs. To conceal the theft he makes the cows walk forward and backward, and does so himself, taking the further precaution of throwing away his sandals: and to make the impression of his feet appear large he wrapped them in the leafy twigs of tamarisk. While driving the cows, he meets an old laboring man, whom he commands to be blind and deaf to present objects, or he may suffer for it. He then turns the cows into a meadow to feed, kills and dresses two of them for his supper, and, after extinguishing the fire, he gets back to his cave in the early dawn, and

> "Obliquely through the keyhole passed,
> Like a thin mist, or an autumnal blast.
>
> "Then to his cradle he crept quick, and spread
> The swaddling clothes about him, and the knave
> Lay playing with the covering of his bed,
> With his right hand about his knees,—the left
> Held his beloved lyre."

Meanwhile Apollo misses his "heifers with the crooked horns," and by inquiring of the laboring man, and by the help of augury, he discovers that his baby-brother of the half-blood is the thief. He flies to Pylos, but is somewhat puzzled by the extraordinary foot-marks in the sand: and going to Cyllene, he enters the cave. Mercury sees him coming, and rolling himself up, puts his head under the bed clothes, pretending to be asleep. Apollo, after much searching through the cave and looking into Maia's wardrobe and storeroom, finds his little brother, and thus addresses him:

> "Little cradled rogue, declare
> Of my illustrious heifers—where they are!
> Speak quickly or a quarrel straight 'twixt us
> Must rise, and the event will be that I
> Shall hurl you into dismal Tartarus,
> In fiery gloom to dwell eternally!
> Nor shall your father, nor your mother loose
> The bars of that black dungeon: utterly
> You shall be cast out from the light of day,
> To rule the ghosts of men, unblest as they."

Mercury, notwithstanding his babyhood, shows himself an adept in mendacious lying, and with much ingenious force thus asserts his innocence:

> "O, Atrides! Son
> Of great Latona, what a speech is this!
> Why come you here to ask *me* what was done
> With the wild oxen which it seems you miss?
>
> "An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
> And I am but a little new-born thing,
> Who yet at least can think of nothing wrong;
> My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling
> The cradle-clothes about me all day long,
> Or half asleep hear my sweet mother sing,
> And to be washed in water, clean and warm,
> And hushed, and kissed, and kept secure from harm.
>
> "O! let not e'er this quarrel be averr'd!
> The astounded gods would laugh at you if e'er
> You should allege a story so absurd,
> As that a new-born baby forth should fare
> Out of his house after a savage herd!

I was born yesterday; my small feet are
Too tender for the road so hard and rough;—
And if you think that this is not enough,

"I swear a great oath by my father's head,
That I stole not your cows; and that I know
Of no one else who might, or could, or *did*;
Whatever things cows are, I do not know,
For I have only heard the name."

This is pretty ambiguous swearing, but it fails to convince Apollo. Further altercation leads Apollo to catch the boy in his arms, but Mercury makes it difficult for his brother to hold him, and asks:

"What mean you to do
With me, you unkind god?
Is it about these cows you tease me so?"

Finally Mercury appeals to Jupiter, and both go to Olympus. Apollo tells a wonderful story of Mercury's performances to Jupiter, and charges the fraudful boy with the larceny of his cows. Whereupon Mercury further displays his mendacious qualities in the following defence:

"Great Father! you know clearly beforehand,
That all which I shall say to you is sooth;
I am a most veracious person, and
Totally unacquainted with untruth.
At sunrise Phœbus came, but with no band
Of gods to bear him witness, in great ruth,
To my abode seeking his heifers there,
And saying I must show him where they were—

"Or he would hurl me down the dark abyss!
I know that every Apollonian limb
Is clothed with speed, and might and manliness,
As a green bank with flowers; but unlike him
I was born yesterday, and you may guess
He well knew this when he indulged the whim
Of bullying a poor, wee, new-born thing,
That slept and never thought of cow-driving.

"Am *I* like a strong fellow that steals kine?
Believe me, dearest father! (such you are!)
This driving of the herds is none of mine;
Across my cradle-bed I wandered ne'er,
So may I thrive! I reverence the divine
Sun and the gods, and I love *you*, and care
Even for this hard accuser, who must know
That I'm as innocent as they or you.

"I swear by these most gloriously wrought portals,
(That is, you will allow, an oath of might!)
Through which the multitude of the immortals
Pass and repass for ever, day and night,
Devising benisons for the affairs of worlds—
That I am guiltless! And I will requite,
Although my accuser be great and strong,
His cruel threat! Do thou defend the young!" *

* Shelley's Translation of the Hymn to Mercury.

Mercury, during the delivery of his defence, plays a double game, and proves himself to be a born expert in deceit and craft, for he accompanies his speech with divers winkings of the eye, and sideling nods to Jupiter, to give him a hint as to the true state of affairs. Thereupon Jove realizes the situation, and bursts into laughter to find his roguish baby-boy impugn the truth by "lying so well and skilfully about the cows." He intimates to Mercury that he has done enough to establish a great reputation among the gods, and that he should now disclose to Apollo what he did with the cows. Mercury obeys, and leads Apollo to the place where the cows were concealed, and as an *amende*, gratifies him with the gift of his lyre. Apollo is delighted with the musical instrument, and thereupon both swear an eternal friendship.

The Batrachomyomachia,* or Battle of the Frogs and Mice, is supposed by some who have investigated its history, to have been a youthful production of Homer's. But others have assumed, from its internal evidence, that from the beginning to the end it is a plain and palpable parody not only of the general plan and story, but of numerous incidents, of the Iliad itself. It is a burlesque on war, and a palpable ridicule of the gods. There were three other poems of the same kind. Arachnomachia, or the Battle of the Spiders. Geranomachia, or the Battle of the Cranes; and Psaromachia, or the Battle of the Starlings. The general result of the investigations, places these poems at a later date than Homer; but they are the offspring of early Attic art, and while they display a good deal of licentious raillery on the characters and habits of the gods, their witty, mock-heroic spirit of humor makes them most entertaining.

The story of the Battle of the Frogs and the Mice opens with the incident

* Compounded of Batrachos, a frog; Mus, a mouse; and Mache, a battle.

of a mouse, Psycharpax, or Crumb-snatcher, exhausted with flying from a weasel, coming to a pool to drink. The King of the Frogs, Physignathus, or Puff-cheek, comes to the brink and enters into conversation with the mouse, and finally induces him to mount on his back for a sail. During their conversation the mouse describes the weapons of mouse-destruction in vogue in Homer's early days :—

"Yet we have foes, which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons strong, and cats with claws;
And the false trap, that den of silent fate,
Which death his ambush plants around the bait."

The frog meant to be honest with his friend, who apparently gets *mal de mer;* but a water-snake lifting up its head close by, so frightens the frog, that, forgetful of his poor landsman, he dives to the bottom. Crumb-snatcher splutters, flounders and struggles to swim, then makes a dying speech, denouncing his perfidious betrayer, and invokes the vengeance of every sympathetic, right-feeling mouse, and finally sinks amongst the bulrushes. The adventurous Crumb-snatcher was the son and heir of Troxartes, or Bread-knawer, the King of the Mice, by Queen Lycomile, or Meal-licker; and the king, when he learns the cause of his son's death, induces every mouse in the field to take up arms to avenge the death of Prince Crumb-snatcher. The army of Mice is thereupon assembled, and the following description of their armour will remind the reader of Shakespere's description of the chariot of Queen Mab: *

"In verdant hulls, despoiled of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk along the plains;
Quills, aptly bound, their bracing corslet made,
Faced by the plunder of a cat they flay'd;
The lamp's round boss affords their ample shield;
Large shells of nuts their covering helmets yield;
And o'er the region with reflected rays—
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze."

The Frogs notice the bustle among the Mice, and come to land: thereupon the herald of the Mice, Embasichytros, or Pot-creeper, advances and challenges the Frogs to battle. The Mice have for chief warriors, in addition to the king and the herald, Kitchen-sniffer, Ham-scraper, Dish-licker, Cheese-scooper, Plunder-stealer, Corn-eater, Hole-dweller, Bacon-nibbler, and others.

The King of the Frogs delivers a spirited address to his followers, who thereupon, in an equally picturesque style, arm themselves for battle.

"Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallow close,
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Formed of the pictur'd shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field;
And tapering fen-reeds for the polished spear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dressed for war they take th' appointed height,
Poise their long arms, and urge the promised fight."

But the Frogs foolishly leave their more proper element, and prepare for battle on dry land. Meanwhile Jupiter summons a council of the gods,—

"And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs, assist?"

But on a speech from Minerva, it was decided that the gods should remain passive spectators of the impending battle.

---

* "Queen Mab she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies;
Her waggon spokes made of long spinner's legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream of fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues.
And sometimee comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a s ldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades,
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again."

—ROMEO AND JULIET, Act 1, Scene 4.

Minerva's speech is an amusing travesty and daring burlesque on the "mighty synod of Olympus." "O Father," said the goddess, "never will I assist the Mice, be they ever so distressed, for they have done me infinite harm, nibbling my wreaths, and dirtying my lamps, to get at the oil. But I am more particularly annoyed at what they have lately done. They have actually gnawed all round a gown which I had worked all by myself (one of the finest pieces of stuff to be found anywhere), and have made holes in it. And now the man from whom I bought the stuff duns me and demands payment. I am exceedingly vexed about my spoiled dress, because I had put all my work into what I may be said to have borrowed only, and I am now unable to return it, or pay its price,

"For gods, that use no coin have none to give.

"Nevertheless, I will not stir for the Frogs either; for they are utterly without any discretion. The other day, as I was returning from battle, excessively fatigued, and wishing for a quiet sleep, they made such an outrageous croaking that I could not sleep a wink, and so I lay awake until the cock crew."

The generals of the army of Frogs bear the appropriate names of Hoarse-croaker, Loud-bawler, Great-babbler, Lake-caller, Water-lover, Garlic-eater, Cabbage-eater, Dirt-delighter, Mud-croucher, Mud-walker, and others.

The battle then begins, and great prowess is displayed on both sides. A Frog warrior, Hypsiboas, or Loud-bawler, leads the attack, and kills Lychenor, or Lamp-licker, one of the Mouse generals. The sketch of the battle is almost too entertaining to omit, for it is graphic, spirited, and picturesque.

But the following extract may be given to show the skill of the combatants in the use of the mob-weapons of stones and mud in Homer's days:

"Mud-lover, to avenge the slain,
Seized Kitchen-sniffer off the rising plain,
Drags to the lake the mouse depriv'd of breath,
And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
O'er the broad field, Corn-plunderer shines afar,
(Scarce less than he whose loss provok'd the war),
Swift to avenge, his fatal jav'lin flies,
And thro' his liver struck, Mud-lover dies:
His freckl'd corpse before the victor fell;
His soul, indignant, sought the shades of hell.
This saw Mud-walker; from the margin'd flood,
Lifts with both hands a ponderous mass of mud;
The slime obscene o'er all the warrior flies,
Befouls his face, and dims his flashing eyes.
Enrag'd and madly sputt'ring,—from the shore
A rock immense the gasping warrior bore,
A load for laboring earth, whose bulk to raise,
Claims ten degenerate mice of modern days.
Mud's sinewy leg receives the crushing wound;
The frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground.
Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
Till loud Hoarse-croaker quick arrests his course.
Hoarse-croaking threats precede: the pointed reed,
His brown furred belly seeks with fatal speed;
Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbu'd with gore,
And to the earth the reeking entrails bore."*

After several onsets, the Mice gain the advantage, and the loquacious empire of Frogs is on the point of extermination, when Jupiter decides that it is time to interfere, and notifies the combatants by thunder and lightning to desist. The victorious Mice, however, pay no attention to these indications of the will of the "ruler of gods, and frogs, and mice, and men," and are pursuing their advantage. Whereupon Jupiter orders an army of Crabs from a neighboring strand to make an échelon movement upon the victors. Their appearance on the battlefield is thus described:—

"Sudden they came. Broad-backed
They were, and smooth like anvils, sickle-claw'd,
Sideling in gait, their mouths with pincers arm'd,
Shell-clad, crook-kneed, protruding far before,
Long hands and claws, with eye-holes in the breast,
Legs in quaternion ranged on either side,—
And Crabs their name." †

* From "Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice," translated by Parnell and corrected by Pope.
† Shelley's translation.

This manœuvre of the Crabs effectually checks the Mice, who, some with their tails and some with their legs bitten off, retire in disorder to their vaulted holes, and leave the Frogs to croak dolefully in monotonous chorus over their defeat and loss.

"And the whole war (as Jove ordained) begun,
Was fought and ceas'd in one revolving sun."

It is a curious fact, says Coleridge, that the Battle of the Frogs and Mice was the first of the supposed Homeric Poems printed at the revival of letters. Laonicus, of Crete, was the editor of the first edition, printed in Venice, in 1486, in alternate red and black lines.

Among the smaller ballads may be mentioned the Hymns to Minerva, Venus, Mars, Apollo, Ceres, Mercury and Pan, and others, poetic and picturesque, but with little of the comic.

The hymn, "Bacchus or the Pirates," * tells how the god of wine when near the sea-shore, was seized by a band of pirates, who believed him to be a prince—

"Whose worth would precious ransom bring."

When taken on board, he startles them by bursting the wythes with which he was bound; whereupon the pilot declares that he is "some inmate of heaven's high abode," and urges the pirates to put the offended god ashore. The pirate chief forbids, and commands the sailors to ply their oars and to spread the sails. Thereupon the god metamorphoses their ship and its oars into a vine:

"Awe-struck each mariner the wonder views,
Around the cordage verdant vines extend,
Loaded with purple fruit the branches bear."

Bacchus then assumes the form of a lion, and seizes the pirate chief; forthwith

"Awe-struck, the inferior train
Leaped from the deck, and braved the billowy main,
Each in a dolphin's shape, the surges cleave."

This hymn is said to be the original of similar picturesque metamorphoses in Ovid and other Latin writers.

The illustrations given in this article are necessarily condensed: yet they will enable the reader to glean some idea of the originality and literary qualities of these early Homeric ballads.

But the defence of the beneficial influence of classical studies must be left to others, more skilled and experienced scholars, and better students, than the writer of this article. And though one's memory in after years must often plead a statute of limitations to our student-indebtedness to grammars and lexicons, it will be generally conceded that there is associated with one's University days, a sentimental reverence for classical studies,—*sermones utriusque linguæ*,—and also an intelligent appreciation of their helpful assistance to literary equipment, which a more extended acquaintance with modern literature, in later years, can neither entirely lessen nor displace.

* The Hymns and Epigrams of Homer, Translated by Henry James Pye, Esq., Poet Laureate.

A SUN DANCE AMONG THE SARCEES.

BY A. C. SHAW.

Illustrated by Arthur H. H. Heming.

"HELLO! stop that horse." These words, followed by a string of others of a "cussing" character, greeted my ears one fine summer morning in 1887, as I sat upon my horse and gazed upon one broad and waving sea of grass, sunburned and browned 'tis true, but dotted here, there and everywhere with the purple flowers which reared their tiny heads in modest profusion to brighten the landscape. But that was'nt our morning for landscapes.

We were looking for the camp of the Sarcee Indians, where a "sun dance" was going on. We had got lost, and, while engaged in spying out the land, the horse of one of the party "bucked" him off—hence the cuss words.

Travellers have crossed the prairies, and written at length on both prairies and their excrescences in the shape of Indians, but, with few exceptions, little has been said about the dance in honor of the sun, with its accompanying cruelties and barbarities: partly because few have seen the dance itself, and partly because, of recent years, it has been to a large extent suppressed.

The average traveller sees the Indian of to-day, and of yesterday, flattening his nose against the window panes of Calgary and Edmonton, or inspects the same individual in a roofless plug hat and a few other odds and ends, hanging around the store-house of the Reserve. To see the red man's skin in a natural state you should see him at a sun dance, where plug-hats and trousers are conspicuous by their absence, and yellow ochre, red paint and feathers form a more fitting substitute: while his howls have a more savage ring when he is freed from any such troublesome adjuncts as clothes.

A wampum belt, generally supplemented by a blanket, are upon these occasions worn with all the dignity of the free-born savage. We all of us have a reverence for religion, and every nation or tribe of the earth worships something or other. The Brahmin worships to this day those idols of stone and clay which, three thousand years ago, "when the Memnonium was in all his glory," adorned the temples of India, and still the dervishes dance weird dances in honor of their smug-faced deities. The South Sea Islanders dance their fandango around human bones, the covering thereof being concealed elsewhere, and with seal oil or some other oil, lights up his pet graven image.

The Englishman or the Canadian goes to church twice upon Sunday, and joins in the worship of our great Creator, with a face fully as long as that of the Sarcee Medicine Man while watching for the rising of the sun.

Yet, the Sarcee Indian, surrounded by missionaries, and willing to accept salvation at a dollar a head, still has his savage moods, and returns to old-time traditions when he turns out, to a papoose, to join in the worship of the sun.

We had learned—an officer of the Mounted Police, a friend, and myself—that the Sarcees, a tribe whose Reserve was situated to the west of Calgary, were about to put in a week of barbarism and heathenism on the banks of the Bow River, and being accompanied by the official interpreter, we hoped to be able to get a good view of the proceedings. We did—got all we wanted, in fact—with a considerable balance to the credit of the curiosity side of our nature.

A BLACKFOOT CHIEF.

Presently we were aware that we were approaching the encampment—the wind was blowing our way and there was plenty of Sarcee in the air—and soon we beheld the semi-circle of tepees situated on a plateau near the western bank of the Bow River. About the centre of a line reaching from either end of the semi-circle was the medicine lodge, of which more hereafter. Supported by official authority, but with a slightly nervous sensation, we invaded the camp, and were conducted to the abode of the Chief. I didn't at first know, when I reached his august presence, whether it was the Chief or prairie mud, or a section of a paint shop I had run up against.

I must'nt forget the Chief's dinner, either: it was there, too, hanging in the sun in long, red, raw strips of some defunct cow, saturated, if one may use the expression, with flies. It did'nt create any yearning for grub in my mind, or anywhere else about my person. I wanted to go away and wait till it dried, but as I could see no sign of the sun being able to penetrate the covering of flies for a time, I took another long pull at my pipe and awaited the termination of our interview with the Chief. A half a dozen judiciously distributed cigarettes, together with nearly all the tobacco of the party, transformed the Chief and a couple of greasy associates into most comical dudes, but good-natured Indians, and a promise was extorted that we should see the dance in all its details. By the way, the Indian takes naturally to cigarettes, and those individuals who consider it good form to wear an impassive countenance are outdone by their Indian confreres, who can smoke a cigarette with a face devoid of any expression, except that imparted by paint.

Amongst the first ceremonies is the choosing of the "sun pole," to which are to be attached the ropes of skin used in torturing the would-be braves. An old hag is selected, who heads a procession of the virgins of the tribe to select a suitable tree, which must be tall and as free from branches as possible. The maidens themselves must be free from taint, for woe betide the young girl against whom any reputable tribesman can bring an accusation. The tree is selected, and the branches are lopped off nearly to the top, and one of a long series of barbaric ceremonies begins. These ceremonies differ among different tribes, and are never exactly the same. The "horse Indians" ride at the pole, and shoot and slash at it while mounted, but, though the Sarcees may be termed horse Indians, yet upon this occasion the pole was attacked on foot. A tumultuous mass of warriors threw their tomahawks and fired their Winchesters at the pole, at short range, until at a signal they ceased their onslaught, and the tree, though splintered and bullet-marked, still stood firm. Next day it was cut down and taken into camp, where it was firmly planted in the ground, and a rough enclosure, known as the "medicine lodge," built about it. Posts and branches of trees formed the walls thereof, and these were covered with cloths and robes of many colors, in all stages of preservation, or rather dilapidation. The sun-pole itself, now braced by smaller poles reaching to the walls of the lodge, was covered more or less, as the lawyers would say, with similar material.

If Monday is washing day in Canada, Monday, as so understood, is unknown to the Sarcees, and many Mondays, and many moons, must have passed since the gaudy coverings of the lodge and pole had visited a wash-tub.

Within the enclosure of the lodge was the place where the braves were to be tortured, and upon this part of the ceremony much of the interest appears to centre. As the Spaniards delight in a bull fight, the Yankees in a prize fight, or the Canadians in seeing a man risk his life over Niagara, so do

the stoical savages, squatting on their haunches about the sides of the lodge, watch with pleased, but calm and critical countenances, the terrible agony of their friends and relations.

On the afternoon of the third day of our arrival on the scene the old squaw before referred to, who it seems had been going through a period of fasting, the purpose of which I did not quite understand, had not refrained long enough from the flesh pots of the Sarcee—and who would blame her—

while the braves, who were to undergo the torture, and who were fasting, too, had not concluded that branch of the performance, but were tightening their belts at the rate of two holes a day. We were told, however, that in an hour a sort of side-show, in the way of a dance, would be introduced, and that we would be given box-biscuit box-seats. In the meantime, every brave in camp seemed to be making his toilet in front of his tepee, and, the day being hot, and tent fronts open, even the dusky belles could be seen adding pints of paint to their persons. The noble savage himself, stripped to the waist and covered with paint as with a garment, spent as much time and trouble upon his exterior decorations as even a ball-room belle, though his garments were certainly somewhat more scanty. Byron says the waltz was imported from the Rhine. Maybe it was. There is certainly no evidence that the Sarcees have any knowledge of it, nevertheless they dance, and I will venture to say they will take no odds on their dancing qualities from any German who ever danced a waltz.

About one o'clock a long, solemn and dirty procession slowly made its way, and formed a circle of a similar character just west of the entrance to the medicine lodge, and began a dance, which had no meaning to my eyes, nor of which I could get a satisfactory explanation. Three or four chaps were planted in the middle of the circle, who whacked away at a couple of tom-toms, now slow and low, then loud and fast; and the whole circle would rise, and, with any amount of "wo, wo, wo's" and "vi, vi, vi's," go through a species of step-dance. I can only describe it as a sort of hopping on one leg and then the other, varied by hopping on both together, seldom moving any distance, and keeping the body partly bent and rigid, with the hands hanging by the side. This sort of thing went on for an hour or two, varied by a brave occasionally doing a little dancing on his own account, accompanied by quite a nice selection of yells. These latter are the chaps who are hankering after some of the torture that in a few days will be distributed to those who, by fasting and prayer, have fitted themselves for the ordeal. Curious, is it not? By fasting and prayer the savage prepares for the highest rites in his heathen worship, and by prayer and fasting, the Christian is directed to prepare for the future, but in the latter case I note

that the object is rather to escape torture than to invite it.

I had a talk with one of the braves, after he had torn the half of his natural chest covering off, and he didn't seem to say he enjoyed the tearing process a bit, nor have I found any good church member who neither whistled nor took a hot dinner on the Sabbath day, who claimed that this chastening of the flesh was a pleasant performance.

To resume—The brave in question, moved thereto by various large plugs of tobacco, told me that he was frightened out of his seven senses at the thought of what he had to undergo, but he only admitted it to me in great secrecy, and in consideration of lurid promises of more tobacco and sundries.

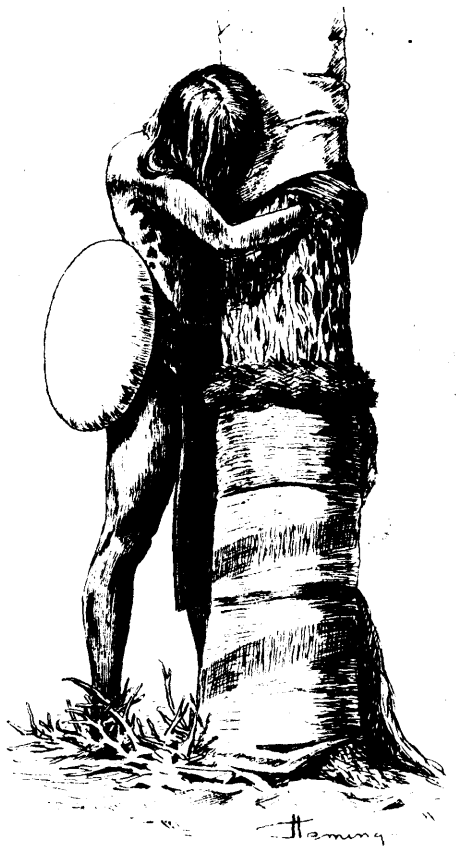
In addition to the fasting, the braves pray to the sun at different times, and more particularly just before the ordeal. With hair all uncovered and hanging loosely about his head and over his tawny face, the poor wretch, cursed by ambition, clasps his arms about the sun-pole, and, with bowed head and dejected attitude, calls upon the spirits to aid him throughout the ordeal.

There were about three hundred and fifty braves on the banks of the Bow River, participating in the dance, and when I tell you that only four young men presented themselves as candidates for the torture, it will be readily understood that the majority of the tribe had a greater longing for begging and stealing about the streets of Calgary than for being made into braves of the very first water. They, no doubt, reasoned that there was more money in the former occupation, though there might be more excitement in keeping up the custom of a period past and gone and of a race fast becoming extinct.

Forgetting for the moment the pleasures of civilization, the men of the tribe, sometimes assisted at a distance by the maidens, kept up a succession of dances for several days, in which the probationers, if I may so term them, were the star performers. About the fourth day, the torturing of the braves began. Before sunrise, the dusky dancers proceeded to the medicine lodge, and the heroes of the day, one after the other, marched to the sun-pole and did their spell of praying. I am sure they must have blushed. The observed of all observers, and close observers at that, these young fellows, but for red paint and reddish complexion, must have appeared either very red or very white. Their faces, however, showed no traces of emotion, as each placed himself in the hands of a medicine man, who took the skin of one side of the breast between his finger and thumb, and, raising it from the bone, pushed a long, narrow-bladed knife, ground to the sharpness of a razor, through the skin. Before taking the knife away, a piece of bone, about five inches long, and one-eighth of an inch thick, was inserted, and the knife was then pulled out. Cords of skin were next fastened to the bone, much as a sailor coils a rope about a cleat, and the end of this cord was tied to a long thong of skin, reaching from the top of the sun-pole. The other side of the breast having been similarly treated, the two cords from the tortured man's chest are fastened to the main rope, at a short distance from his body, making the strain upon each equal.

Standing, facing the pole, it was now the business of the brave to break loose by forcing the bone through the skin, or by breaking the bone. It is a nasty sight to see a man who is half knocked out in the prize ring, stagger up to meet his punishment, only to receive another knock-down blow, and, with gasps for breath and heavy, sickening movements, try once more to regain his feet. None but brutal natures can enjoy such sights, and none but savages could delight in witnessing the efforts of the ignorant, but plucky, savage to rid himself of the foreign substance planted in his breast.

Now, he would rush towards the pole to gain impetus for a backward dash, which he took with a mighty shout, only to be pulled up with a sickening jerk, and to fall with a dull thud upon the ground. His skin was stretched from his breast bone for more than a foot; his face and body were covered with perspiration and blood, and these, running through the coating of paint like rivulets, left him a disgusting spectacle indeed.



PRAYING BEFORE UNDERGOING THE ORDEAL.

The whole four aspirants having been attached to the pole, as already described, each seemed to rival the other in the furious rushes he made, and incited by the yells and fierce singing of his kinsmen, exerted his strength to the utmost to break loose before he broke down. One, indeed, did faint, and was afterwards carried out, probably to go through the ordeal another day, but the others continued their maddening plunges. The pain was evidently intense, and although every sinew and every muscle was stretched and distended, though some poor devil would now and again fall from sheer exhaustion, he would soon rise again to renewed efforts, knowing well that failure to take his punishment was disgrace. Yet none displayed in the expression of their countenances any evidence of the terrible suffering they were undergoing. This delectable entertainment lasted for several hours, though one lucky beggar got through at the end of an hour. Notwithstanding this, for three long hours another fellow struggled with what one might almost call the jawbone of an ass, for it must have been an ass that put such a thick bone through the man's skin. However, there was no use in attempting to interfere, nor would the victim have thanked one for doing so, but finally, after enduring more than I believed a human being could endure, and live, with a fearful shriek and a last despairing plunge, the tortured man broke loose from his fastenings, and fell to the ground insensible.

This practically ended the sun dance. It did for me, at least. A repetition of the last day's fiendish cruelty was too much for my blood, and I shook the dust from my feet, and as much of the real Sarcee odor from my clothes as I could get rid of, and left. I understand that the tortured braves at sundown came forth, and, kneeling, faced the glowing orb till it sank out of sight, and with their poor torn breasts turned to the west, looked for approval of their deeds.

The sun dance is being gradually suppressed by the Government, and even when I saw it in 1887, many of the more barbarous features had been eliminated. It was even whispered to me that pieces of wood were substitut-

THE ORDEAL.

ed for bone, so that they broke before the torture became maddening.

The Indian of civilization is not the man he was aforetime. The howling, half-naked savage that I parted with after the sun dance would very likely, in a week's time, be found, clad in the cast-off garments of civilization, prowling around the back-yards of one of the prairie towns, looking for broken

victuals, though his half-healed breast proved that he was a man among his fellows. Like his brethren, he has become demoralized by contact with the white man, and by the attractions and temptations of the border towns, whose Sunday Schools, I regret to say, he does not usually attend.

LES HUGUENOTS.

(After Millais.)

'Twas long ago they stood within that quaint old garden
And parted 'mid the glow and fragrance of its flowers,
Those brave, fond lovers, whose strong faith upbore them
Steadfast. throughout those passion-shaken hours.

Beyond that dark Gethsemane of deep temptation,
Each saw the martyr's cross loom darkly, swiftly near,
Each knew that when one left that sunlit garden
He looked his last on all that earth held dear.

Yet he went forth. And when the dim, faint dawning
Broke o'er the darkened city, 'mid red heaps of slain,
He lay asleep, his dead face towards the morning,
To wake with God, above the ways of men.

O deathless life! Perchance in that still garden
The roses glowed and paled for many a long, long year,
The while she bore earth's lonely cross of longing
For echoes of a voice she ne'er might hear.

I know 'twas long ago, and that those still, rapt faces
Looking from out the canvas, are a painter's dream—
Yet I've so lived with them their sweet. sad story,
More near to-night than living friends they seem.

O deathless Love! Supreme renunciation—
Earth's hard-fought battle-field before th'eternal calm—
O faithful hearts, in Paradise now resting,
Your voices mingling in its glorious psalm.

Be unto us who strive, God's strengthening angels, showing
(What else would make th' unequal strife too hard to bear)
Within each dark Gethsemane of our temptation,
A thorn-crowned Saviour, watching with us there.

L. O. S.

MEMORIES OF BATHURST.*

BY E. B. BIGGAR.

ABOUT the year 1786, James Sutherland, an Englishman of Scotch descent, married a handsome young lady of good family, and sailed with her to America to make his future home. He landed in Boston, and intended to settle there, but an event occurred which turned him into a New Brunswick pioneer. Being in a hotel one day, he became involved in a political discussion with a citizen. The animosities growing out of the Revolution had not subsided, and in the heat of the argument the Bostonian "damned" the British king. Sutherland was a staunch Briton, and the only reply he could give to such a sentiment from a Boston man was to knock him down. The natural consequence of such an encounter in those days was a challenge to a duel, which was promptly accepted by Sutherland, and in the fight, which took place in some lonely spot outside the city, the Bostonian was killed.

Massachusetts was no longer safe for Sutherland, and, with his wife and belongings, he made his way, in 1788, to St. John. After remaining there a year, he decided on carrying out a plan he had for some time had in mind, of establishing his home in some wilderness, where he could rule in a realm all his own. Having some means, he bought a vessel, hired a crew for a voyage, and one fine morning in May, 1789, sailed out of St. John, for where he did not know. Crossing the Bay of Fundy, he made his way along the coast of Nova Scotia to Cape Breton. The captain he had engaged proved to be a worthless and untrustworthy man, and, after bearing with his drunkenness for a time, Sutherland deposed him, and took command of the ship himself. With courage undaunted, he made his way up the Gulf of St. Lawrence till he reached Nipisiguit Bay. Here he was struck,—as more than one voyager before him had been,—with the beauty of the wooded hillsides and grassy slopes spread out before him, and reaching an inlet, he entered the bay where now the village of Bathurst lies. Here, after a voyage of nearly four months, he determined to fix his abode.

Putting his crew to work building cabins for the winter, he sought and obtained a tract of 3,000 acres of land from the government. The title deed was a very comprehensive one. He was to be sole owner in this domain of "all the fish that swam in the rivers, brooks and drains: all the hawks that flew over the land, and all the animals that roamed through the forests." Even the estuary of the bay, though it could not be alienated by the Government, was rented to him for a period of 999 years at a rental of "three pepper corns a year."

Here, on this wild shore, with only the strolling bands of Micmac Indians as his forest neighbors, his fondest dream was realized. The only condition attached to the liberal grant of land was that he should bring under cultivation a certain number of acres of land per year for a period of years, and it was this condition which led to a remarkable adventure by one of his daughters.

In course of time a little dependency gathered around him, and other settlers came and obtained grants of the adjoining forest lands, and among these were a Capt. Allen and Hugh Munro. On the Allen grant were

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many acres of rich marsh lands, and Munro, desiring to get possession of them, had contrived to invalidate the grant on the ground that Allen had not cleared the stipulated acreage. Having succeeded in breaking up the Allen grant and getting the lands, he next turned his attention to the Sutherland estate, which also had valuable marsh lands, and on which the acreage of cleared land fell below the Government requirements. The family were much distressed ; for as the case seemed to be clear against them, and Munro, now a magistrate, had influence with the Government. It was midwinter, 1818, when the news came, and Munro was at Fredericton putting the machinery of government in motion to have their lands escheated to the crown. The fruits of all his hard pioneer work, and the patient labors of his wife—a delicately reared lady, who had now gone through nearly thirty years of the trials and privations of a backwoods settler's life—seemed about to drop from his grasp, when his daughter Charlotte, a girl of twenty, said : " I shall go to Fredericton myself."

In spite of the dissuasions of the family, she took her younger brother Frederick, then a lad of sixteen, prepared food for the journey, and set out on foot for Fredericton, a distance of 149 miles. The only road thither was by way of Miramichi, and from their home to Newcastle, a distance of forty-five miles, only an Indian trail existed. The snow was now so deep that even this might be obliterated, and as there was no travel, and not a house till the Miramichi could be reached, it required no small determination to undertake such a pilgrimage. But, as subsequent events of her life proved, hers was no common courage, and setting out on snowshoes, with her little brother, she arrived in safety at Fredericton, after an adventurous journey of eight days. The details of this journey would no doubt make material for a good story, but, unfortunately, few of the incidents of the trip are preserved in the memories of her descendants. One night, she and her brother slept under a canoe which they found upturned on the banks of a stream. Another night they built a lodging out of boughs of spruce or hemlock ; other nights they must have spent in travelling, or got a fitful sleep in the shelter of fallen trees. Between Newcastle and Fredericton they found occasional farm houses, or taverns, where they were hospitably treated, and refreshed with both food and sleep. Luckily, no dangerous animals crossed their path.

Arrived at Fredericton, Miss Sutherland, with diplomatic instinct, went straight to the Governor, Major-General Stracey Smyth, who listened to her story, and who was evidently struck by the brave spirit of the girl who could face the dangers of such a journey in midwinter. She recounted the circumstances of her father's hazardous voyage and his settlement on the then untenanted shore, and she claimed that the terms of the grant had been fulfilled. It was true that the number of acres cleared by the axe fell short of the amount required in the grant, but the busy beavers had been working for them all these years.* They had built dams, and their labors had brought under cultivation many acres of fine meadow land, which had before been waste—more than enough to make up the deficiency—and by the terms of the deed, were the beavers not their property ? Therefore what work the beavers had done, was it not to be put to her father's credit ? To His Excellency, her method of proof must have seemed

*In few places in Canada have the beavers left finer monuments of their engineering skill than along the flats on the old Sutherland estate near Bathurst. A dam, half a mile long, fifteen feet wide at the bottom, and eight feet high, is to be seen here, entirely the work of the beavers, and these indomitable creatures—not taught by books, but inspired by their Creator—have erected a regular series of dykes, enclosing reservoirs for eight or ten miles up the flats above the main dyke. It is worthy of note that though the dykes built here by the settlers had to be repaired every few years, the beaver dykes have never broken away. It is estimated that one of these beaver dykes alone would cost $50,000 if built by human engineers.

to come by inspiration, and as the moral right was on her side, it is little to be wondered at that he decided in favor of her claims. Not only so, but the gallant old General begged her to stay a week at Government House as his own guest, and, when she departed, assured her that the rights of the family to the property should never be disturbed. And they never were.

For the first ten or twelve years, his was the only white settlement anywhere in New Brunswick west of the Miramichi. He gave the place the name of Indian Point, a designation it bore till 1828, when Sir Howard Douglas gave it the name of Bathurst. The first marriage in the place was celebrated in 1801. Perhaps the word "celebrated" requires an explanation. Joseph Ache, a young Acadian, who had found his way here, met Cecile Petrie, and they fell violently in love, and wished to be married. No priest was at hand to perform the ceremony, however, and none might come that way for years: so, after pondering on their dilemma for some time, the following solution was arrived at: A document was drawn up by James Sutherland and Hugh Munro, and duly signed by the lovers, by which they agreed to take each other as man and wife till such time as a missionary priest should come that way, when they would have the religious rite performed. In case of forfeiture of the compact by either party, a penalty of £20 was attached—a sum beyond the ability of either party to acquire in a lifetime, as money went in those days However, they lived happily together, without any disposition to forfeit their bond, though it was eight years before any missionary ever arrived in the place to marry them.

The first post office in the settlement was kept in a pair of Wellington boots. It is not to be inferred that the postmaster was situated like the "old woman who lived in a shoe," but the office was kept in his dwelling, and the mail matter was so limited that his old disused Wellington boots sufficed to hold it, the letters being kept in one boot, and the papers in its mate.

Mr. Sutherland undertook the shipment of timber on his first settlement, and in 1790—the very year after his arrival—he had built and equipped a new vessel, which he loaded with timber, and with which, under exceptionally favoring gales, he crossed to England in sixteen days—a record not very often equalled by the swiftest modern sailing vessels since.

The mention of England brings me to an incident in his career, which, though not relating to the province, is too remarkable to pass over, especially as it has never been published. This incident is connected with the execution of Dr. Wm. Dodd, a man celebrated, not so much from the fact that he was tutor to the godson and heir of Lord Chesterfield, as from his ability as a writer and preacher, and his popularity as a man and philanthropist. He was the real founder of Magdalen Hospital, and for years no London preacher drew larger crowds, or had more influence than he. But he got into repeated difficulties by his extravagant habits—for which his wife was commonly blamed—and lost more than one lucrative post through dissipation. Finally, during the absence of Lord Chesterfield, he forged that nobleman's name to a bond for a large amount, thinking to cover the loss before it could come to light. But the forgery was immediately detected. In the days of the Georges, punishment for such offences was sure and severe, and though Lord Chesterfield himself pleaded for his tutor, the law took its course, and poor Dr. Dodd was sentenced to be hanged. Dr. Johnson, the celebrated lexicographer, whose heart was as great as his intellect, could obtain no mercy for his unfortunate friend, but obtained permission to visit him in the prison, and there spent many an hour assisting him to edit his "Prison Thoughts." Dr. Dodd

was publicly hanged in June, 1777. While he was preparing to go upon the gallows—after having expressed the keenest remorse for his errors and extravagances—a woman who was known for her avowed atheism stepped up near where Mr. Sutherland was standing, and began to taunt the condemned man with his religion, ending with the question, "What will your God do for you now, Doctor?"

Turning upon his tormentor, Dr. Dodd replied:

"Woman, go home and read the 9th and 10th verses of the 7th chapter of Micah. That is my answer to you!"

The woman, curious to know what this answer could be, got a Bible after the execution was over, and there, at the place named, read these words: "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me: he will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness. *Then she that is mine enemy shall see it, and shame shall cover her which said unto me, 'Where is the Lord thy God?' Mine eyes shall behold her; now shall she be trodden down as the mire of the streets.*"

The woman regarded this as an inspired prophecy against her, and, Judas-like, went off and committed suicide.

Though James Sutherland was the founder of the present village of Bathurst, he was not the first white man who had dwelt there. Passing by the fact that Jacques Cartier sailed into the Baie des Chaleurs, and possibly landed on this shore, two men, as remarkable as any who ever figured in the history of the Maritime Provinces, had made this their home. Not long after he landed, Sutherland found at Alston Point, not far from his homestead, the remains of stone dwellings, the decayed walls of a fortified post, and rusted implements of various kinds: while occasional cannon balls showed that the occupants were men accustomed to war. At another place were the remains of a mill, and in the vicinity were traces of plowed ground, over which a second growth of timber had grown up; many of the trees were several inches in diameter. This circumstance showed that the former occupation would date three-quarters of a century or more back. In fact, these relics were none other than those of Enaud and Commodore Walker. Enaud, according to Cooney, was a native of Basque, and found his way here about 1638, and was the first white man who lived on the northern shores of New Brunswick. He built a mill, and, marrying an Indian woman of some distinction, traded in furs, fish, and walrus ivory, which he shipped to France. He appears to have lived first on the Miramichi, but, having quarrelled with the Indians, was driven to this bay, where he had his abode for several years. The tradition of his fate, as given by the Indians to Mr. Sutherland, was that, having done some wrong to an Indian, the red man revenged himself by throwing a tomahawk at him, as he was walking along the path in the woods. Cooney says he was murdered by his Indian wife's brother, and that his followers fled to the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island).

In 1690, the total dispersion of the French settlers of this part of the shore of the Gulf took place through the animosities of the Micmacs, and it was not till six or eight years after the taking of Quebec that the woods of Bathurst echoed to the walk of a white man. This was Commodore Walker, who is not to be confused with Admiral Walker, whose fleet was destroyed in the Gulf in 1711. Walker, who seems to have had the title of Commodore by courtesy, was a native of Scotland, and had been a lieutenant in the British navy, under Admirals Hosier and Knowles. He assisted in the capture of Porto Bello from Spain, and aided Capt. Howe in taking Isle

de Aix from the French. It was largely due to his work as an engineer that the British were able to take Senegal, and when he returned to England from this expedition, he was honored by a London company with the command of five privateers, which were sent out to harass the Spaniards around the coasts of these provinces. He distinguished himself by taking many prizes, but, being brave, or rash enough to attack a Spanish galleon, and to lose a ship in the fight, he was deposed and sent to prison. Through the influence of friends, he was afterwards released and sent again to America, where he returned to the more peaceful pursuits of trading in furs, gathering walrus ivory and produce, and shipping these and fish to England and the Mediterranean. He had four or five stores and a small fortress on Alston Point, on the northern side of the entrance to Bathurst Bay, and throve well till the American Revolution broke out, when the American privateers broke up his establishment, destroying property worth £10,000 at Alston Point, and committing similar depredations upon the trading post which the Commodore had at the Restigouche. The American pirates paid dearly for their havoc before they left the gulf, however, for the British gunbrigs, *Wolf* and *Diligence*, encountered them off Roc Percé, sinking two of their vessels, and scattering the rest. The Commodore then returned to England, and, reporting on the condition of the country, was appointed to a command under the Admiral of the North American station, but, just when the expedition was about to sail, he died of apoplexy.

Readers of Abbé Ferland's history are familiar with the stories he gives of the fishermen of this region seeing the phantom ships from Admiral Walker's fleet—a sight which is said to have been seen before the great storm that wrecked some vessels on the Isle aux Œufs. Without repeating these stories, it will suffice here to state that there are sober-minded residents of Bathurst who, some thirty years ago, saw, or imagined they saw, an apparition, like a brig on fire, the vessel driving swiftly down the bay before a northerly wind, and vanished shortly after the burning masts had toppled over. This peculiar apparition took place after navigation had closed for the season. These stories, which have been current in Bathurst for many years, may be taken for what they are worth: but the circumstances I am now to relate have a more direct bearing on this age of piracy and plunder, and are more extraordinary than any that are connected with the history of any New Brunswick town.

George C. Sutherland, who relates these facts, is the grandson of the founder of Bathurst, and son of Frederick Sutherland, who, as a lad, accompanied Miss Charlotte Sutherland to Fredericton. Mr. Sutherland says there was a tradition in his family that treasure was buried somewhere on Carron Point, the tongue of land opposite Alston Point, and which, with it, encloses the waters of Bathurst Bay. The bank along this point looking out towards Nipisiguit Bay (an indention of Baie des Chaleurs) is from twelve to twenty feet high, and, extending about a mile east, is broken by the Bass River there which flows out to sea. In former times—say till about thirty years ago—the Bass River did not flow directly out to sea as now, but its waters ran between his high bank and a sand bar for the distance of half a mile west, where they mingled with those of a brook, and both then ran out to the sea. The legend pointed to some spot in the woods on this high bank, and near the mouth of the river, as the locality of the buried treasure. In the spring, when the action of the frost would cause landslides from the bank, Mr. Sutherland was wont to go along here to see if any signs of the hidden treasure were disclosed. Nothing was

ever found, nor did digging at various spots in the woods ever show any signs of the treasure. Once a Miss Daly dreamed that the money was buried at a certain spot near the village, but when some excited young men dug at the spot they were no more successful in finding money than the sons of Whang, the miller, following a similar dream.

About twenty-five years ago, James Barry and William Smith, two residents of Bathurst, were bringing a raft of timber up the bay to the mill. It was a summer afternoon, and Barry was on the raft, while Smith was driving the tow-horse along the sand bar before mentioned. As they were leaving the point where the brook flowed out, Barry observed a woman coming down the bank towards Smith. She was an elderly woman, bareheaded, had a red-and-white plaid shawl over her shoulders, and wore a grey dress. Barry observed that she came alongside of Smith, and looking up in his face from time to time as they walked along, appeared to be holding a conversation with him. In this way she walked beside him till they came to the mouth of the river, when she left him, went up the bank and disappeared in the woods. At this point the raft was brought in, when Barry asked Smith who the woman was. Smith looked at Barry in a puzzled way, and when the latter informed him that a woman had been walking all the way along the sand bar with him, denied that he saw any one. Each was positive on the matter, and Smith was confirmed in his view when they both walked back the entire distance without finding a single foot-print except the horse's and his own. These two were sober men of good character, and Barry, in particular, was a man whose word would be accepted by anyone who knew him. Neither of the two men could ever explain the mystery.

About four years after this, Clara Dawson, a young girl related to Mr. Sutherland—but to whom the incident of the raft was unknown—was out one day on the Point picking the "maiden hair" berries peculiar to the place, when she saw a woman slowly approaching her from a distance of about a hundred yards, among the trees. Coming nearer she deliberately leaned against a tree and stood looking, not exactly at her, but as if at some object beyond. Not a word was spoken on either side, and the girl, becoming uneasy at the woman's peculiar silence and behavior, began to sidle off and left the place. On relating the circumstance to Mr. Sutherland, he asked what the woman looked like, and Clara's description of her was identical with that of the woman seen by Barry. It will be borne in mind that in both cases this woman was seen in broad daylight.

She was never seen again—at least by anyone who ever mentioned the circumstance—but the mysterious sequel is this: In June, 1891, Wallace Ronalds, a lad of the village, was driving a herd of cattle home past this locality, when he noticed two dark-skinned, swarthy-looking men in the shelter of a temporary hut made of boughs. He observed that they had a large fishing boat beached at the foot of the bank, but as they did not speak to him, he said nothing to them, and passed on. The next day when he passed with the cattle, they were still there, but the third day they were gone. The circumstance was reported to Mr. Sutherland, who went down to the place, and there, to his surprise, found traces of digging, the sod having, however, been covered again over the spot. Getting a spade, he came and dug again where these men had dug, and about eighteen inches below the surface of the ground, found fragments of rotten wood. With some difficulty he was able to get one small section which was sound, and found it to be a three inch plank of black walnut. Now, the walnut is not a native of this part of the country, and

was only introduced within the past thirty years, so that this plank was brought from abroad. Digging beneath the planking, he found that the recent disturbance of earth narrowed down till it ceased about five feet below, and nothing more was discovered. The hidden treasure, whatever its nature or value, had been taken by the dark-skinned strangers. Looking about him, he noticed about six feet to the north of the spot, a large white birch tree, on which there was an old "blaze"—so old in fact that the tree in its growth had almost closed it in. This was all, and the black-haired, dark men had left nothing behind them save the embers of their camp fire.

Who were these men? And who was that woman? Were the men Spaniards, descendants of a Spanish crew who, to save their valuables in the sea-chasing of those days, ran in here and buried them? Or were they descendants of some piratical ocean-rovers, who had left on record minute instructions by which their successors could draw the funds from this primitive bank-vault? Or did Commodore Walker, or any of his rollicking, daring men, deposit here the spoils of war, or hide their hazardously-gotten wealth from the Yankee pirates of the Revolution? Or could it have been Enaud who laid up here bags of precious gold, which, after two long centuries and more had rolled away, were gathered out by some fellow countryman—some adventurous Basque, called from the shadow of the Pyrenees to this romantic task? And who, we may ask once more, was the mysterious woman? From this spot where the dark men dug, she came down the bank to walk with the raftsmen, and from the same spot she emerged to the view of Clara Dawson. Was it the spirit of some woman whose soul was so struck by witnessing the outrages of the murderous, plundering pirates, that it refused to leave the earth till it met some one having the courage to address it, and so enable it to right the foul wrong? No answer can yet be given, and, perhaps, only the revelations of the Day of Judgment may solve the mystery.

TO A MAYFLOWER.

Blooming in the spring time early,
Drinking in the dew-drops pearly,
Breathing in the desert air,
Perfume sweet as thou art rare.
Flora, surely, all her sweetness
Lavished on thy chaste completeness,
Whilst gentle rains upon the earth
Dissolving, brought thee to thy birth.
The blushes delicately shed,
Over all thy beauty spread;
When Phœbus with a warm caress
Kissed thee into loveliness,
O! Fairest of our woodland flowers,
Frail nursling of the vernal showers,
Sweet harbinger of tardy spring,
Her rathe and primal offering.

PRINCE WILLIAM, N.B. C. T. EASTON.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

THERE is probably no subject upon which such diverse views are held, as that of superstition, while it is equally true that the degrees of superstition—the fine gradations from orthodox belief to superstitious sentiment, are as many and various as the former.

What is only a pious belief, a loved and cherished custom to one man, is looked upon by another whose life has been cast in a different direction, and whose thoughts have been modelled in a different school, as savouring of superstition, if in itself not actually superstitious. We have a notable instance of this in a famous debate which took place many years ago in the British House of Commons, where, on a question referring to parish church-yards, which had been spoken of as "consecrated ground," Mr. John Bright, who was himself a most religious man, described the term as being "an emblem of superstition." Now, we all know that the Anglican and Roman Catholic custom of consecrating the plot of land set apart for the burial of the dead, is to the members of those churches a very sacred subject; they do not think that the ground itself is benefited, or that the remnants of mortality who therein repose are in any way sanctified, but they think it right that they who have received Christian baptism, should, at their death be laid to rest in ground which has solemnly been set apart, by Christian prayer and praise, for the burial of the dead.

Many people are addicted to superstition, and that without being aware of it themselves: their minds are impregnated with idle fancies and delusions, respecting religion, such as those aptly described by Spencer thus: "At the kindling of fire and lighting of candles, they say certain prayers, and use some other superstitious rites, which show that they honor the fire and the light."

We have another instance of this state of feeling in the words addressed by St. Paul to the men of Athens, when he addressed to them this exhortation:

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.

"For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an Altar with this inscription,—TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

Then, again, we have the belief in lucky numbers, or unlucky ones, as the case may be: in unlucky days, months and occurrences, the belief in warnings before death, in ghosts, and, saddest of all, the still lingering belief, among the more ignorant, in witchcraft.

Now, as regards unlucky days and numbers, perhaps there is no superstition so prevalent as the one that obtains to a greater, rather than a less, extent, in all Christian countries, that Friday is an unlucky day upon which to begin any new work, to venture on a journey, or upon which to be married. Let us take the last instance first. Any one can see for themselves, by a perusal of the daily papers, in this country, in the United States, in Great Britain, and upon the continent of Europe, how infinitesimally small the number of marriages celebrated on that day is, as compared with the number on any other day in the week. Saturday is by no means a favorite day for marrying on, yet, where Friday is selected once, Saturday is a hundred times. Of all the great steamship lines crossing the Atlantic,

not one selects the sixth day of the week whereon to sail from either side. And it is the same in all matters: rarely is Friday chosen as the day on which to have any public rejoicings, to lay the foundation stone of a church or any other public building, to launch a ship or open a new line of railroad. And yet statistics show us that Friday is no more fruitful in accidents, either by sea or land, than any other day; that no more deaths occur on that particular day, than on any other in the week: that a person who may be taken ill on Friday, stands just as good a chance of recovering as if his illness commenced on Saturday or Sunday.

Now, we know perfectly well that some people who read this article, will be ready to say, and say in all sincerity, "Don't tell me Friday is not an unlucky day. Did not the great firm of A. B. & C. fail on Friday, whereby hundreds were reduced to beggary? Did not the bank of Sharpen Bros., fail on Friday? Is there not a day spoken of yet in London, England, as "Black Friday," because so many great houses among the bankers, closed their doors then?"

Quite true, but then our supposititious friend must please to remember that these great houses in Montreal, New York, London and elsewhere, were all either large employers of labor, and had heavy demands upon them on the Saturday for wages, which they knew they could not meet; or, as bankers, they knew their funds would not be sufficient to meet the heavy drains upon their resources, that Saturday, being the day upon which wages are all but universally paid, would inevitably bring with it. Friday in itself had far less to do with the failures than Saturday.

But before passing to other subjects let us briefly explain how this belief, which is really neither more nor less than a superstition, and, though time-honored, yet a silly one, came to exist. Friday is the day of the week always connected with the Crucifixion, when the Saviour suffered and died. As the vast majority of Anglican and Roman Catholics do now, so did the early Christians consider it a day unsuitable for merriment or for worldly enjoyment. Among the heathen, with whom the lives of the early Christians were cast, the first, owing to the example of the latter, regarded their conduct as worthy of nothing but persecution and contumely, but gradually the belief began to spread that the day itself was an unlucky one, and this belief grew stronger and more defined, until now, with believers and non-believers, with Jew and with Gentile, there are vast numbers whose faith in the day being an ill-starred one cannot be gainsaid.

That thirteen is an unlucky number; that to spill salt is likely to cause sorrow to the person so doing: that it is unlucky to kill swallows: that dogs howl before a death occurs in a family; that lights burn faintly in the presence of the apparitions of spirits: that there are such things as ghosts: and that some people possess the power of witchcraft, are all in great or very slight degree part and parcel of the creed of many who are otherwise hard-headed and sensible people.

The origin of the belief in thirteen being an unlucky number to sit down to a meal, and, that if so many do, the one who rises first will die before the year is out, can be traced back also to the very early days of Christianity. At the Last Supper the number of those who assembled together was, with the Saviour, just thirteen. Judas "who also betrayed Him" was one, and he left the table before the end. A brief period, and Judas, overcome with remorse, took his own life. From this awful incident there comes the prevailing superstition, and though not many know of its origin, there are hundreds of thousands who would object to sit down "thirteen to dinner."

Then there is the prevalent super-

stition that to spill salt at table is most unlucky. Few, very few, people when asked why they believe such a thing, or affect to believe it, can give any other reason than this highly intelligible one that "it is unlucky, because it is!" Yet this conceit, if we may so term it, has something more to be said in its favor than have most superstitions Among the ancients, salt, being incorruptible, was the emblem of friendship, and a host offered it to his guests at the beginning of the repast. Should any fall, or be accidentally overset, it was regarded as an ill omen for the duration of the friendship between the host and the guest. In the celebrated picture of the Last Supper, painted by Leonardo da Vinci, Judas Iscariot, in his hasty departure from the table, is represented as having overthrown the salt.

In some country places in Canada, the United States and Great Britain, it is a firmly rooted belief that dogs howl, that owls hoot, and that ravens croak ominously at the approach of death. In some parts of the Southern States the cattle belonging to a farm are believed to be more than usually restless just before the death of their owner, this being attributed to the action of witches who delight in the sorrow that is coming on the family, and strive to intensify it by bewitching the cattle. One smiles at such a superstition, yet among the negroes of the south this notion widely obtains, and among thousands of them is implicitly believed in.

It is a very well known fact that people with lingering diseases, as well as those who have reached an advanced age, often die at a change of weather. It is equally well known that dogs also howl more loudly and frequently, and that birds scream and are disturbed from a similar cause. Hence has arisen this erroneous belief; cause and effect have been most strangely intermingled.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say anything about the supposition that lights burn less brightly in the presence of spirits, excepting this, that in mines, subterranean passages, and disused rooms, where spirits are presumed most frequently to dwell, the air is oftentimes foul and impregnated with noxious vapors, and this not only makes the lights burn dimly but sometimes totally extinguishes them.

Why it should be more unlucky to kill swallows than any other birds it is hard to say, and yet many a country lad, in Ontario and England, will hold his hand in favor of that bird, while he ruthlessly stones most others. In England the same reverence is extended towards the robins and the wrens, as is exemplified in the old lines

> "Robin Redbreast and Jenny Wren
> Are God Almighty's cock and hen."

Possibly the regard for the life of the swallows is a relic of heathen times in England and elsewhere, when these birds were regarded as sacred to the Penates or the household gods of the people.

That the belief in ghosts is a thing of the past is unhappily contrary to to the truth. It is not such a long time past, only a year or two, that a whole township, not one hundred miles from Toronto, was startled from its decorum by the alleged apparition of one of its deceased inhabitants. The story was, that shortly before departing this life the man, whose spirit was supposed to appear, in a parting interview with his principal creditor, warned the latter that if he attempted to enforce his rights against his widow and children "he would appear and haunt him." The man died and was duly buried. In process of time the creditor who had received the warning, was obliged to take legal means to enforce his claim. And now comes the extraordinary part of the story. Scarcely had these proceedings been been commenced when, what was afterwards known as the "Darkton Ghost" made its appearance in front

of the house of the deceased man's creditor. It did not molest or speak to him or any of his family; it would have been strange if it had, as it has been described as resembling nothing so much as a transparency, about the size of an ordinary door, with a depth of some eighteen inches, and floating about a foot from the ground. Its color was that of a bright opal. Some people said the luminous matter surrounded a skeleton, but these people probably "trusted to their imagination for facts." It is impossible to say how many people actually beheld this apparition, certainly not many; but it is equally positive that the whole of the members of the family affected, who resided in Darkton, were favored with a visitation. An amusing instance is told of how two young gentlemen, of an enquiring turn of mind, set out one evening in quest of this ghost. Crossing some ploughed fields, they descried at some distance in front of them, on the edge of the woods, a light some feet from the ground, which in all important particulars corresponded with what they had heard of the town's strange visitant. They duly proceeded to seek an interview with the mysterious stranger, but, as they advanced, the "form," in all its brightness, vanished. Here then was mystery indeed, but they determined still to advance, and in a brief period again the strange weird light appeared. The two youths noted that it was in the same position on each occasion; so they pushed bravely on.

At last they reached the spot, but there was nothing but solitude and silence, broken only by the soughing of the wind through the trees. Suddenly came a heavier gust of wind and with it the "form" came too. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous: the ghost was the burning stump of a tree, which was blown into fresh flame with each succeeding blast of the rising wind. The boys went home, very tired, but with no more faith in ghosts. Strange to say, the hoax known as the "Darkton Ghost," has never been discovered. We have refrained from mentioning exact names or localities, but the circumstance, at the time, created a widespread sensation, and the ghost's reality was, by many of the most credulous, implicitly believed in.

Before concluding this paper, I would say a few words on the subject of witchcraft. It will hardly be believed, that here in the province of Ontario, there are people to be found, in some localities, who believe that there are wicked, maleficent spirits, who are responsible for many, if not all, of the ills which affect mankind. They will tell you plainly that a blight upon the fruit is in consequence of a visit made to the orchards by the witches. They will no less unhesitatingly assert, that there are certain old men, but women generally, who can, by charms and incantations, remove diseases from their friends, or bring down woe upon their enemies. It is not yet ninety years since, that in York, (Toronto,) a complaint of sorcery was made before the magistrates, against a man who showed his neighbours how electricity could be produced, and who had the impiety to assert that thunder was not the voice of God, but was produced by natural causes!

AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT IN ALGERIA.

WITH TWO CANADIANS IN ALGERIA.

BY ALAN SULLIVAN.

ALMOST directly south from Marseilles and the Balearic Islands, Algeria stretches for 550 miles along the northern coast of the Dark Continent. From the sea, as land draws into sight, the first aspect is that of a rugged, mountainous country, with blue peaks, crowned here and there with snow, east and west as far as eye can reach; and between the mountains and the sea, low foot hills, sloping gently off into flat, fertile plains and table lands, ribbed with belts of olive, oak, cedar and palm, and dotted with white, shining villages.

Thirty miles from land, while the Atlas range is still but a dim blur on the horizon, the south wind is laden with perfume, and breathes on the northern traveller its fragrant promise of tropic bloom and sunny clime. Later, as the city of Algiers comes into fuller, clearer view, spires, domes and cupolas spring up as if by magic, and one can distinguish narrow streets between blocks of staring white houses. In the east, masses of rich deep green show the confines of the far-famed Jardins d'Essai: on the west rises the Casbah, once the stronghold of Algerine piracy, and at last the steamer sweeps round the end of the massive concrete breakwater, and drops her anchor close under the Boulevarde, in forty feet of blue water.

Before touching on the more interesting features of Algeria and its capital Algiers, it will be no digression to give a hasty glance at their history. The first historic mention of the country is that in connection with the Carthaginian war in which Massinissa, a reigning prince, espoused the cause of the ultimately victorious Romans, and

received the title of King of Numidia. After Pompey's defeat by Cæsar, Numidia became a Roman province. Christianity was early introduced, and commerce extended, and the country flourished till the Vandal occupation, in the fifth century.

A STREET ARAB IN ALGIERS.

The Vandals in turn gave way to the Saracens, who held sway till a learned Arab founded the sect of Morabites, about 1050, A.D. The Morabites ruled, undisputed, till Ferdinand of Spain sent the Count of Navarre, who took Algiers and established Spanish rule, in 1509. A few years later the natives, chafing under his iron hand, called to their aid Barbarossa, the Turkish pirate, who summarily ejected the Spaniards and introduced that system of piracy which made the Algerians the terror of the whole length and breadth of the Mediterranean. Fortifications were built by Christian captives, and no less than 30,000 are said to have toiled in the harbor alone for three years. Their fleets were repeatedly destroyed by the various European powers: by the French in 1617, by the Venetians in 1650, by the French again in 1680. In 1683, Algiers was bombarded and almost levelled by the French, after which a general treaty was signed.

But the turbulent elements of which their tribes were composed were still unquiet and piratical. In 1816 Lord Exmouth shattered their fleet, and to this day the marks of his cannon ball are visible on the ramparts. In 1830 a war began with France which cost life and money to an enormous extent. Success swayed from side to side till Algiers was captured, in 1833; and later, an Arab chief, named Abdel El Kader arose, who was a thorn in the side of the conquerors for fifteen years. Successive insurrections troubled the times till 1871, when, after the commune, large numbers of troops were sent over from France, and military government was introduced for the outlying districts, and civil administrations for the larger centres.

To-day, though life seems on the surface to run evenly and smoothly enough,

the close observer will not fail to notice signs of smouldering resentment and discontent, which would, on very little provocation, be fanned into open war and rebellion. The fact, however, that Algeria is a great recruiting ground for the French army, and that large bodies of French and native troops are stationed there, seems to exact satisfactory, if sullen, obedience.

The present inhabitants may be roughly divided into four separate and distinct classes.

The Kabyles, who dwell in the hills and mountains of the northern coast, are, as all hill tribes are, physically a fine race, the women being especially handsome. Tall, lithe and active, they have the characteristic spring and lightness of step which marks the mountaineer. Their villages are remote, and not easily accessible; but they are, on the whole, honest, hard-working, and hospitable, and may be regarded as the backbone of the native tribes.

The Arabs, excepting those of the cities, are nomadic, and own immense herds of goats and sheep. Their encampments are not unlike those of our own Indians, though much larger and infinitely cleaner. All land not under cultivation is used for pasturage, and the soil, as a rule too light to bear heavy crops, yields a short, rich grass, admirably adapted to stock-raising. Over these wide, green plains wander countless bands of Arabs, each having its hereditary chief, and numbering its stock by thousands.

Among the higher class of Arabs in Algiers, we saw many whose faces were eloquent of culture and refinement. Tall and stately, slow and dignified in manner and deportment, with aquiline features and thin, stern lips, one could well understand that these were the men who for centuries had ruled with a rod the wildest and most

AN ALGERIAN ARAB SCHOOL.

fanatical tribes of Africa. They are grave and reserved in manner; we never saw one laughing—the only visible sign of amusement was a subdued twinkle in the eye and a twitching of the corners of the mouth. To judge by their air of thought and abstraction they seemed almost unconscious of the noisy, shouting multitude about them, and on their brows sat that impassible serenity and peace which is born only of lifelong commune with solitude and silence.

The Moors are of mixed descent: they came, of course, originally from the adjoining kingdom of Morocco, but by much intermarriage have almost lost their nationality. They follow agriculture principally, and are generally found in menial or subordinate positions.

The Kolougis are the descendants of Turks, by marriage with native women. They constitute the majority of the population of the smaller towns, and are found in great numbers in Algiers. At one time, during Turkish ascendancy in Algeria, they held the balance of power: but as the influence of the Porte is now a dead letter, they have been relegated to the background, as far as general interest and common weal are concerned.

Over and above these races indigenous to the soil, Algiers is crammed with a mixed and floating population of Jews, Turks, and one might say Infidels, of every sort and description; and in no place, excepting Constantinople and Cairo, does life present such an ever changing kaleidoscope of color and creed, as here.

The town is more especially interesting because, here for the first time on the journey south, one loses sight of the manners and customs of southern France and Italy, and is brought face to face with Orientalism, pure and simple. The well-known dress of the French and Italian peasant has been changed for the fez, the tunic, the wonderful baggy trousers and the red slippers of the Kolougi and Moor, and the all-enveloping white garments of the Arab woman, whose black eyes peer restlessly over the white band which crosses her face just below. We are no longer served by obsequious attendants behind the counter, but, lifting heavy draperies, seat ourselves on divans, light the inevitable cigarette, and drink the inevitable coffee, while a stolid Turk or Arab shopkeeper silently displays curios, or rolls and unrolls velvety rugs and shawls before us. Instead of long, pillared cloisters and stately naves, we have the soft, rich colors and fairy-like cupolas and domes of the mosque, with the fountain or well in the middle, and the niche ever opening towards Mecca. No more chanting choirs and swinging censers: but rows of temporarily discarded slippers outside the door, the monotone of the Koran droned from the lofty pulpits, and groups of devout worshippers prostrate on the tesselated floor.

To enumerate all the sights and charms of Algiers is not within the scope of a magazine article, and we can do no more than take a glimpse at a few of them.

First and foremost let us put the Jardins d' Essai, for though the town abounds in objects of interest and wonder, here we have concentrated much of the floral and arboreal beauty of this most wonderful country. They lie on the east of the town, and are one mass of living, palpitating beauty. Long avenues of fig-trees run down the centre, terminating in deep circular fountains, whose laughing waters echo through the blossoming maze of leaf and flower. From the largest of these avenues, runs, east and west, an alley of gigantic bamboos, from four to six inches in diameter, their fern-like tops meeting overhead and forming a veritable tunnel of amber, yellow and green. All through its expanse lie ponds and lakes, grown thick with lilies and flowering water-plants, and tenanted by flocks of swans, gaily-plumaged ducks and divers: and

around us are ripe bananas, dates, mandarins and many other luscious fruits.

Here in a large enclosure, screened in with tall bamboo fencing, is a flock of ostriches. Not the tame, weary-looking birds we so often see elsewhere, but great wild creatures with large, bright projecting eyes: racing about at top speed with long springing strides, and so little apparent exertion, that they seemed like animated, feathered bundles of India rubber. Dangerous animals they are, too, quick as lightning on their feet, for no horse can overtake them, and a kick from an ostrich will snap a man's limb like a twig. But we have lingered long enough in the gardens.

AN ARAB CHIEF, ALGERIA.

Close by the harbor stand the museum and the late Cardinal Lavigerie's house, almost side by side. In the former are many most interesting curios; but perhaps the most absorbing of all, is, what appears to be the cast of a distorted human figure, and under it the name Geronimo and the date 1567. To this cast is attached the saddest of many sad stories. In that year, during the Moorish occupation of Spain, the invaders captured a young Christian named Geronimo. He was told either to abjure his Christianity or to prepare for death. Choosing the latter, he was bound hand and foot, and laid on a large hollow stone, and with a hideous invention of cruelty, hot plaster was poured over his shrinking, quivering flesh, till nothing but the indistinct outline of a figure was left to tell of the brave young heart beneath. Hundreds of years afterwards, for his story was not forgotten, the stone was discovered, and a cast taken in the mould formed where once had been his body. When the plaster was broken, a perfect reproduction of his dying struggles was found: and to-day the twisting, writhing figure in the Museum at Algiers testifies in mute eloquence to the tragedy of 1567.

But to turn from the sublime to the ridiculous. As we walked through

the halls of the Museum, our native guide turned to us and in very impressive tones said: "Look at that tablet; that came from Carthage, and that man is Carthage, and that woman is his wife, and behind them you see their servant with their little child." We were duly impressed.

Cardinal Lavigerie's was a sort of glorified edition of the ordinary Moorish house; of great antiquity, with a spacious court encircled by pilasters and lofty galleries, onto which opened the salons and dwelling rooms. The decorations were Moorish and Arabesque, with an abundance of tracery, rich in color. The noble prelate had died but a few months previously, leaving a name reverenced all over Europe and Africa for his untiring and unceaseless combat with the slave trade, which yet exists in the interior. We were shown his bedroom, his study, with his Bible and thousands of manuscripts, the dining room—a particularly chaste and spacious apartment—and his collection of curios. He died in a neighboring monastery, and lay in state in the great cathedral of Algiers.

From here we either go round by the sea-walk along the ramparts, or twist and turn through narrow streets, till we come to the hill crowned by the Casbah, the ancient fortress of Algerine piracy. Strong and massive it is, with high, whitewashed, stone walls, a heavy iron portcullis and iron-bound gate. Its ramparts are still scarred and pitted with the rain of cannon ball hurled upon them in many a bombardment, and over the gates are rusty iron spikes, which once bore the heads of Christian captives, butchered without mercy or ransom. Here still hang the Sacred Chains, in olden days inviolate: for if any criminal, however murderous and blood-stained, could but elude his pursuers and touch their ponderous links, he was safe from molestation and vengeance. The Casbah of late has been converted into a sort of college, under the charge of priests: and the halls and cells once devoted to scenes of rapine and murder, are now given over to the wrinkled brow of the student, and the long-drawn chant of matins and vespers.

Just outside the great gate we saw a native snake charmer, with a pair of hideous but harmless cobras. He had a youthful assistant who banged a native tom-tom, and repeated after him the concluding words of his harangue to a stolid crowd of dusky on-lookers. The snakes were kept in a small case covered with skin, and, with the exception of an occasional twist and contortion, seemed limp and lifeless.

A NEGRO MUSICIAN.

Coming down into the town again, we passed through the Moorish quarter: and here the writer had

Dolce far Niente.

his first experience of opium smoking in an Arab den. Entering through a narrow door, about two feet wide and six high, we found a low-roofed room, about twenty feet square, with two pillars in the centre, and rug-covered divans running all around the walls. The divans were occupied by a motley throng of Turks, Moors, evil-looking men of the sea, and grave, reticent Arabs. The proprietor took a thin stick like an elongated pencil, and, dipping its pointed end into a jar of viscous half-melted opium, lifted a portion about as large as a pea. This he dexterously twirled between his hands till it assumed a circular shape: then, deftly placing it and a small live coal over the aperture of a long, heavy pipe, the bowl of which had a hole one-eighth of a inch in diameter, he took two or three gulps of smoke, and handed it over. Opium smoke is swallowed, not inhaled, and has a soft, sweet taste, which is distinctly pleasant. On this particular occasion, the writer, seasoned perhaps by a long course of Canadian Myrtle Navy, did not experience those peculiar mental and physical sensations of which we have read so much. The only noticeable effect was a light and airy feeling, which, if one pipe had been followed by another and another, would have been the precursor of the more distinct and usual results. Before leaving, we had a cup of Arab coffee, thick almost as syrup, and of a delicious flavor and aroma. That night, however, the opium got in its work, and, ere morning, brought on a succession of the wildest and most fantastic dreams that ever entered man's head. The "wee sma' hours" were full of strange distorted visions and scenes, as different from ordinary dreams as day is from night: the mind seemed to lose its balance and revel in impossibilities,

till sunrise brought with it a sudden and almost reluctant awaking to the realities of life. To would-be opium tasters, a word of practical advice is here offered, viz.—Don't.

A line or two must be devoted to Blidah, an historic old town, some thirty-five miles south of Algiers, which may be visited very comfortably in a day, leaving at nine o'clock and getting back at six It is a great centre for orange and mandarin groves, and is

IN THE DESERT.

the depôt where are bred the horses for the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the flower of French light cavalry. The most successful combination is that of Arab with Anglo blood, and here are some magnificent stallions and brood mares of this strain. We also saw two exquisite Arabian mares, said to be perfectly pure bred, as we could well believe, for they were models of symmetry and grace, with fine tapering limbs, small in fetlock and hoof, coats shining like silk, light delicate heads, with thin nostrils and full, bright eyes. In body they were barrel-shaped, and gave one the idea of great physical strength and endurance, combined with extreme ease and lightness of movement.

Some six miles from Blidah is the famous Gorge des Singes, or Valley of Apes, where a band of monkeys live in the caves and olive thickets which clothe its sides. The road is at first across the flat, alluvial plain surrounding Blidah, and stretches beneath the shadow of poplar and eucalyptus trees. Then, coming under a spur of the Atlas mountains, it rises with easy gradients and flat curves, till it twists and twines, like a white serpent, among yawning gulfs and precipitous cliffs. We were unfortunate enough not to see the monkeys, as the day before had been dull and thunderous, and the sky was still leaden and overcast: but we forgot them in the contemplation of the wonderful panorama of mountains around us. The road had been built by the French military engineers, and, though it was only a sample of hundreds like it all over the province, it is doubtful if there is one of equal and similar construction in America to-day. A heavy, masonry wall, four feet high and two thick, ran along its outside edge the whole distance. The bed was of macadam, with a crown of about four inches, enough to secure good surface drainage without excessive slope.

On the way back to town, our compartment was shared by two young French cavalry officers, most gorgeously attired, who were deep in the discussion of, not military tactics, but an approaching military ball. In Algiers there is an excellent club, with a capital swimming bath, forming an additional attraction to English travellers, many of whom spend the winter, from January to April, in this veritable garden. We did not find the heat at all unbearable. The days were almost invariably bright and sunny, and in the city there was a good deal of dust; but, after four o'clock, the air cools to a most delightful temperature, and one can sit out comfortably without wraps till the stars come out, and the city lights look like glow-worms in the dusk. The thermometer readings for the winter months average nearly 60°, Fahrenheit; mid-day is, of course, warmer, but the evenings and nights preserve the balance of temperature. In the hotels, the mode of life is the Southern continental: a roll and cup of coffee for breakfast, a meat lunch, about half-past one, and dinner about half-past seven; and more than this one does not seem to require. Native wines are almost invariably used as table beverages, being very palatable, and infinitely safer than the water.

Unwillingly enough, we left Algiers one morning, at half-past six, *en route* for Bona, a sea port in the province of Constantine. Already the sun was high in heaven, and the long, semi-tropic day begun. The line of the East Algerian Company traverses at first broad, fertile plains: then, striking the Atlas Mountains, plunges into tunnels, crosses lofty arches of masonry, clings like a thread to the sides of

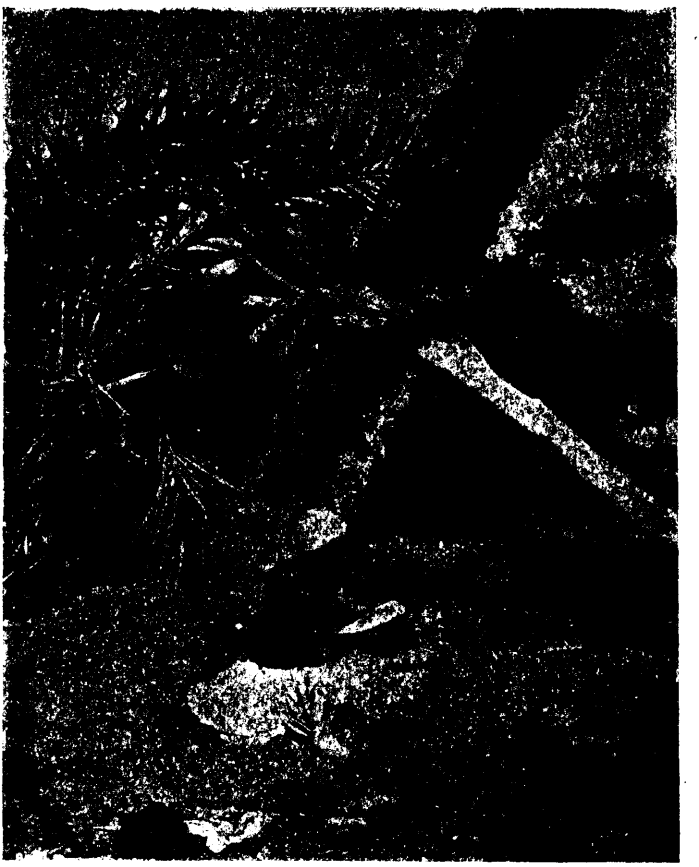
A MOORISH GIRL.

frowning crags, and affords a series of most magnificent panoramic views, which rival those of the great St. Gothard route. Leaving the hills, we crossed another wide pasturing plain, dotted with innumerable Arab encampments, and countless herds of goats and sheep, and at last reached Kroubs, a quaint old herding town, about 280 miles from Algiers.

A MOORISH INTERIOR.

It was quite dark when we got to the hotel, a queer little whitewashed place, rectangular in shape, with two stories and a court in the middle. The proprietor and his staff were all Arabs —gravely courteous, and speaking very fair French. We made a frugal meal of oranges, black bread, coffee and eggs, and were shown to a comfortable double-bedded room, looking out over the main street, of which but little could be distinguished. Next morning we were moving at 4 o'clock, for the train left at 5.50: and going out in front of our hotel, saw a sight which will live in memory when all the other sights of our Algerian trip are but misty recollections. Just opposite was a large wall-encircled yard, full of restless sheep and rams. It opened onto the street by a narrow wooden gate about four feet high, heavily hinged and bound in iron. As we watched, two Arab sheiks strode up out of the gloom, looking like two white spectres, and close behind them stalked two gigantic Nubians, naked save for a loin-cloth. Coming up to the gate, they halted, an Arab and his Nubian on each side; and one of the former unlocked it with an immense key which dangled from his waist. Then, the Nubians standing back a little, the gate was opened, and the flock came tumbling, hurrying, out. And now the curious part of it is to follow. As each sheep emerged, its black, shining shepherd gave a short, clucking, half-articulate noise, which it seemed to hear and understand: for without further action or exertion on the part of the

Nubians, the flock separated itself into two divisions, which stood waiting for their respective leaders. When the tally was complete and the yard empty, Nubians and sheep melted silently and swifty into the desert: one flock to the north, the other to the east. So silently and swiftly was it all done, and so utterly had they vanished into the grey uncertain light of dawn, that it seemed part of a waking dream. The mind was stamped with the impression and idea that for thousands of years those same Nubians had been herding those same flocks, to vanish in the same mysterious way into the hazy morn. It was more utterly old-world in type and character than anything we had yet seen,—as old indeed as the very hills on which we stood. It was as if we had had a glimpse of life when the world was young and fresh, ere that world was studded with cities and disfigured with brick and stone: and of what life will come back to when those cities are crumbled into their primal dust, and man has discovered that his present so-called necessities do but meet the requirements of a self-created artificial desire.



TYPE DE LAGHOUAT.

From Kroubs we rolled northward towards Bona, through a rich, flat country: passing boiling sulphur springs, and hundreds of vineyards, each with its row of vats and winepress. As we neared the sea, the ground assumed a regular slope, unrelieved by hill or hollow: till from afar we caught the blue glint of the Mediterranean, and pulled up in the terminus, 125 miles from Kroubs and about 400 from Algiers.

Bona is a queer old-fashioned seaport, about 200 miles south of Sardinia. It has a strongly built harbor, protected from the sweep of the north and north-west winds by two masonry moles which run out to deep water, forming at their ends a narrow entrance of about 300 feet wide. Here we saw oyster and fishing boats flying in, laden with the spoils of the deep,

and manned by swarthy, bare-legged Malays and Kolougis. The docks were strewn with bales of figs, dates and oranges, mounds of sandstone cut and dressed, and steel rails from the hold of an English steamship. An obsolete French man-of-war and two vicious-looking torpedo boats lay side by side, and the rest of the harbor was crammed with lateen-rigged sloops, schooners and brigs, from every port and clime. The once strong defences of the town have crumbled into heaps of ruins which the French evidently do not consider it necessary to repair. The town itself much resembles the ordinary north African seaport: the staring white of houses and walls softened only by the intense blue of the water and soft green of the surrounding hills. Storks had built everywhere on the flat roofs: and were regarded as semi-sacred birds, harm to which would be visited by misfortune and evil. In one narrow lane we saw no less than nineteen gaunt, shaggy camels being loaded for the desert. To hobble them, the knee is bent and the forefoot tied close up under the body: a more efficient mode of hobbling it would be hard to imagine, and the knee joint is so flexible that no pain is inflicted. Bale after bale of cotton was hoisted up by tall, lithe Arabs and lashed into place; the camels, meantime, giving vent to deep hoarse bellowings or gazing about with an air of utter indifference and contempt. Operations were directed by a stolid-looking Turk, placidly smoking in a shady corner; and at last, with the chief in the lead, the whole caravan swung off into the plains, the soft, padded feet of the camels falling noiselessly on the cobble-stones of the street.

A well-bred camel is a very valuable piece of property: it costs almost nothing to feed, and will carry five hundred weight from forty to sixty miles in a day. The lighter and speedier dromedaries will carry a rider and his bag of water a hundred miles, between sunrise and sunset. As an ordinary thing they go without water for three days, but, if occasion demands it, can travel for five days "between drinks." They are to the Arab of the interior what the reindeer is to the Esquimaux, and what the buffalo was to the Indian.

At Bona we bade farewell to the African coast, and sailed for Corsica; but our memory of the last evening there is that of a scene of great beauty. The clouds of dust which the north-west wind had been whirling all day about the streets, cleared and settled: and an Arab procession wound toward the mosque to celebrate their ceremonial, for with that night's new moon would end the fasting month of Ramadan. The storks sailed majestically, each to its familiar roof: and all noise and clamour of the day subsided into the hush of coming night. One by one the stars came flickering into the stainless blue of heaven, long rollers swelled uneasily and restlessly up the harbor, borne on the bosom of a full spring tide: and the violet sea, in all its unutterable mystery and charm, crept out to indistinguishable union with the hollow sky.

THE FIRST PLANTATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY J. F. MORRIS FAWCETT.

It is strange that in these days of general education so little is known by the majority of Englishmen of our Colonial history. The history of the Australian colonies is, of course, but short, and chiefly of a commercial nature, but that of Canada carries us back into the dim past, to the days when men wore plate armor and long hair, when England and Scotland were separate kingdoms, and Ireland a wilderness inhabited by barbarians. England was then but a second-rate power. The study of our colonial history is most interesting, for it shows us to how great an extent England owes her present position to her possessions abroad.

The early history of our North American colonies brings us into contact with many of the greatest men of the Tudor and Stuart periods. It is remarkable what a number of noble and distinguished personages were directly and eagerly interested in colonizing enterprises. Probably everyone knows that Newfoundland is the oldest British colony, that it was discovered by Cabot in 1497, and formally taken possession of in 1583 by Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Beyond this very little seems to be generally known; so, perhaps, a few words about the earliest plantation, or settlement, in our oldest colony, may not be uninteresting.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the first patentee of Newfoundland, being lost at sea on his return voyage, no one appears to have inherited his rights to that island, and no further steps were taken towards colonization until 1610, when a grant was made of the whole island to the "Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the City of London and Bristol, for the Colony of Newfoundland." This company consisted of Henry, Earl of Northampton; Sir Francis Bacon; Sir Laurence Tanfield, Lord Chief Baron; Sir John Dodderidge, King's Sergeant; Sir Daniel Doun; Sir Percival Willoughby; Sir John Constable; John Weld, Esq.; Sir Walter Cope, and others. Of these personages, with the exception of Bacon, we know very little. That he thoroughly appreciated the value of the Newfoundland fisheries is on record, and his comparison of them with the South American gold mines, to the advantage of the former, has been very often quoted.

Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, K.G., was the son of the celebrated Earl of Surrey, the last victim of bluff King Hal. Two years before obtaining the Newfoundland grant, he was appointed Lord Privy Seal. He does not seem to have been a very estimable character, for we are told that, though possessing great qualities, he was the grossest of flatterers. His connection with the colony was not of long duration, for he died in 1614.

Long before any attempts had been made at permanent settlement, large numbers of Portuguese, Spanish, French and English vessels went yearly to Newfoundland to carry on the fishery; and besides those who went there with this industrious intent, a considerable number of professional pirates were also constant visitors—notably one Peter Easton, whom Whitbourne calls an arch-pirate. A year after the formation of Guy's settlement, this gentleman, having made his fortune, retired from the business, and settling in the domains of the Duke of Savoy, turned courtier in his old age. And here we may note that this patent to Guy's company reserved to "all manner of persons of what nation so-

ever" the right of free trading and fishing. It was not till 1633 that Charles I. obliged the French to pay a royalty of five per cent.

The company charged Master John Guy, an alderman of Bristol, with the work of taking over the first settlers, and appointed him Governor. Guy seems to have been the promoter of this company, for he published a pamphlet in 1609, setting forth the advantages of such an enterprise, and he appears to have enlisted the support and capital of many wealthy citizens of Bristol, as well as that of the noblemen and gentlemen who obtained the patent.

Guy and his son, and some other young merchants, sailed from Bristol, taking with them a number of men and women. This batch of emigrants was very select. Stowe says "there were sent none but men of civill life, and of some honest trade or profession." And besides these highly respected persons, they had on board, "hennes, duckes, pigeons, conies, goates, kine, and other live creatures," and a good supply of provisions and necessaries. After a voyage of about three weeks, they arrived in Conception Bay, on the north-east coast of Newfoundland. The view from the head of Conception Bay, on a bright day in the spring or early summer, is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. It has not the tropical splendor of Rio de Janeiro, nor the gorgeous coloring of the Levant, nor yet the cultivated beauty of an English landscape; but the bare, bold headlands, rising sheer out of the bright blue water, and extending for twenty miles, and gradually fading off into delicious blues and greys on either side, and the bay, studded with fantastically shaped icebergs glittering in the sunlight, make up a picture of unique and striking beauty. Such was the scene which met the eyes of Guy and his associates in the year 1610. They must indeed have been unappreciative, if at first sight they were not charmed with their new home. And, if one is to judge from the names given to places, they must, I think, have been very unappreciative, or at least deficient in poetic feeling. Gaspar de Corte Real, the Portuguese mariner, who first entered this bay, named it from the Immaculate Conception: but the names given by the English at one time or another were such as these: Mosquito Harbor, Smith Sound, Bloody Bay, Seldom-come-by, Goose Bay and Gander River, and many others still less pretty.

They landed at Cooper's Cove, and at once set to work to build huts. Unfortunately, very little has been recorded about this settlement, but it was not abandoned, as many have supposed. Whitbourne, in 1623, stated that a colony had been maintained there for twelve years. It does not appear whether they had any sort of a church, but Guy imported a preacher, so they were not wholly without religious instruction.

The colonists had to contend against many difficulties: they suffered greatly from the raids of pirates, who then swarmed on the coasts, and they got on very badly with the non-resident fishing captains. John Guy, in the year following his arrival, published a proclamation in the King's name against the abuses and bad customs of the fishermen. He was "a man very industrious and of good experience," and he seems also to have been enlightened and humane in his dealings with the natives, though subsequently the settlers treated them as brutally as did the Puritans in America. He endeavored to establish a trade with them, and Captain Whittington, whom he employed in this work, met with considerable success.

Of the natives, but little is known. Whitbourne writes: "The naturall inhabitants of the country, as they are but few in number, so are they something rude and savage people, having neither knowledge of God, nor living under any kind of civil government. In their customs and manners they resemble the Indians of the Continent,

from whence (I suppose) they come." But he, too, entertained humane feelings towards them, for in another place, after describing how his dog made friends and consorted with wolves, he says: "Hereof I am no way superstitious, yet it is something strange to mee, that the wilde beasts, being followed by a sterne mastiffe-dogge, should growe to familiarity with him, seeing their natures are repugnant. Surely much rather the people, by oure discreete and gentle usage, may be brought to society, being already naturally inclined thereunto."

Guy and his family remained for about two years in the colony. He then returned to England, and in 1618 became Mayor of Bristol, and afterwards sat in Parliament as member for that city. The reason of Guy's leaving is uncertain—perhaps on account of an outbreak of scurvy—though Whitbourne in his book refers to Guy, saying that he "lived there two yeares together, and divers others also of sort and quality, many yeares, so pleasantly and healthful, with their wives and families, as if they had lived in England." Guy was an alderman, and probably did not enjoy roughing it, which perhaps may be sufficient to account for his return. But the others remained, and up to the year 1614, and perhaps later, the company sent out supplies yearly from England. Fishing was their principal industry, but they had also a trade in furs and sarsaparilla.

In 1612, we find the Spanish ambassador in London writing to his Sovereign, mentioning the new English plantation in "Terra Nova," to which he seems to strongly object. But "the glow of Spanish glory" was beginning to wane, and his objection was not of much importance. The settlers had much more formidable antagonists in their own countrymen. The west of England merchants, who sent a large number of vessels to the fisheries, were from the first opposed to any permanent settlement, and unfortunately for the colony, their influence at home was very strong, and after some years they completely gained the upper hand, which for long they held. Quarrels between them and the planters were continual. In 1618 they sent up a petition to the King, in which they stated that the planters had stolen their provisions, prevented them from taking birds used for bait, and turned them out of the best fishing places. The company denied the first two charges, but held that their patent, and the expense they were at in maintaining a colony, gave them a right to choose their fishing places. The company were conciliatory, however, and wished to join with the "western men" in their undertakings, but the western men would not hear of it, saying they knew much better how to carry on the fishery than did the planters. But notwithstanding all their difficulties and troubles, they struggled on, and not without success, for three years later, in a petition, the Treasury and Company say that by twelve years' quiet possession, Newfoundland "has become a hopeful country." They desired that John Mason, who was then Governor, should be empowered to act as the King's Lieutenant, with two or more ships under his command to guard them from the attacks of pirates, and to repress "the disorderly courses of the fishermen."

To defray the expense of this small navy, a duty of about two per cent. on the season's catch of fish was to be levied for all using the fisheries: this percentage in an average season was represented by five hundred dried fish, or five nobles.

On the formation of the company in 1610, John Staney was appointed treasurer, and he so continued for nine or ten years, and then became Governor, when William Paine, also one of the original colonists, took his place as treasurer.

Captain Richard Whitbourne, of Exeter, was a great authority on New-

foundland. Year after year he had gone there to trade in fish, and in 1615 he received a commission under the broad seal of the Admiralty, for the purpose of establishing some order in the fisheries. He found that the fishermen had left undone those things which they ought to have done, and had done a great many things they ought not to have done. "They fished with hook and line on the Sabbath day," and they destroyed the woods near the coast, and spoiled the anchorages by throwing overboard large quantities of stones used for pressing down the fish in the hold.

The Worshipful William Vaughan, D.C.L., having bought a tract of land from the patentees, appointed Whitbourne Governor of the colony which he established there in 1618. The learned doctor was not fortunate in the choice of his colonists: they were so idle that they did not even take the trouble to build houses for themselves, but used some old disused shanties which the fishermen had abandoned. Dr. Vaughan, after giving them a fair trial, sent them all back to England. Whitbourne, who had been in many countries, was greatly attached to Newfoundland, which he thought one of the finest countries in the world. At his "chamber at the signe of the Gilded Cocke at Paternoster Row," he wrote a book, entitled a "Discourse and Discovery of Newfound-land," setting forth at large its advantages, and urging his countrymen to form a new plantation there. This book attracted much attention, and King James ordered a copy of it to be sent to every parish in the kingdom. The result of this publication was that Sir George Calvert, then Secretary of State, and afterwards Lord Baltimore, Lord Falkland, and others, sent over considerable numbers of people from England and Ireland, and planted colonies. Far from objecting to this, John Staney, the treasurer of the original company, was "willing to entertain such persons as will further and helpe the said plantation upon fit conditions."

Shortly after this (1623), Sir George Calvert obtained a grant from the King of a large part of Newfoundland, but his rights do not appear to have clashed with those of the former patentees, with whom the new-comers seem to have been on friendly terms. Captain Wynne, Governor of Lord Baltimore's colony at Ferryland, writes to his master that he is expecting a mason from the settlement on Conception Bay, to help in building their houses. And in 1628, when Lord Baltimore was himself actually living at Ferryland, we find John Staney, as Governor, and William Paine, treasurer, inviting Lord Conway to take up some land at St. John's, and enter into the Newfoundland business, stating as a special inducement that there are hopes of a silver mine. However, Lord Conway died a couple of years later. Lord Baltimore afterwards left his colony, and Sir David Kirke took possession, but that, as Rudyard Kipling would say, is another story.

The first settlers, as has been said, had every sort of difficulty to contend with—difficulties quite unknown to modern colonists,—and yet they managed to maintain a colony, and to gradually increase it. It probably was not a very great financial success: the noble lords and worshipful citizens were not probably embarrassed with the riches it produced. Whether it would have long endured if it had not been for the fresh settlers which Whitbourne's grand advertisement attracted to the island, cannot be said. But to those men who undertook it, and to those who immediately followed, Newfoundland, to a great extent, owes its existence. For had not some permanent settlement been made during the reigns of James and Charles the First, colonization would have been indefinitely postponed, as, subsequently to the Restoration, the west of England merchants obtained such power that they would have prevented any

such attempts. As it was, they for many years prevented further immigration.

Of Guy and the earliest settlers, no buildings or monuments remain in Newfoundland: they are gone, and all but entirely forgotten. But though no places bear their names, and few know their history, their work lives after them, and the fruits of their labor have been enjoyed for many generations by a very considerable population.

Fort Townshend,
St. John's, Nfd.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

BY HARRIET FORD.

ON the 29th of March, the annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy was formally opened by His Excellency, the Earl of Aberdeen. It was the fifteenth exhibition in point of number, and the best, in the estimation of those who know, in point of merit, since the foundation.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts was founded by H. R. H. the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. I put the Princess first, advisedly, believing that she had more to do with the institution than the Marquis. It is the youngest of a whole group of Academies which propagate the Academic idea to the British Philistine at home or abroad:—The Royal Academy; The Royal Scottish Academy: The Royal Hibernian Academy: The Royal Cambrian Academy. They are all modelled upon the constitution of the central planet in London, of which they are largely the satellites, and which, in the eyes of Britain generally, and of Philistia in particular, dominates the art universe.

The Royal Canadian Academy is not an exception, and yet in some particulars it differs materially from the older bodies.

One of the chief differences, of course, arises from there being no acknowledged centre and head quarters. It has a name, but no abiding place. The absence of a focus which draws to itself all the art energies of the country has, perhaps, its advantages and disadvantages.

It is admissible to doubt the wisdom of forming an academy at all under the condition of affairs. Academies have a fossilizing influence all the world over: and painting in Canada is not in a condition to have undue stress laid upon it in any direction. So, when some Academicians talk glibly of an Academic standard, the doubt becomes painfully accentuated. But Academies are the recognized order of things: some society is indispensable. Fortunately the very mobility, arising from unavoidable circumstances, in the construction and conditions of the R. C. A., may prove beneficial in preventing the Academy from becoming a closed oligarchy in mind, body and estate.

The annual Exhibitions are held in either Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto or Halifax. And the natural rivalry, especially between Montreal and Toronto, in a perfectly good spirit, results in a healthy friction.

The President is chosen annually, and, so far, the election is not, only a matter of form, as in the London Academy, where the President tenders his resignation at the close of the Academic year, but invariably receives re-election. It would, I think, rather astonish the President, Sir Frederick

Leighton, for instance, if some fine day his resignation were accepted. The office is virtually for life, and is believed to be so by the public at large.

Here, however, the President and officers are chosen by vote annually. The Council and Hanging Committee are chosen from the members. The Academicians are elected by the general vote from the Associates, and are a limited number. The Associates, differing in this from other institutions of the kind, are unlimited, and are chosen from among outside exhibitors by the vote of the Academicians alone. The qualification is, as far as I understand, the standard of the candidate's work at the time of his election. So far, the regulations are pretty much those in common with other Academies. But in one important particular, at least, it has shown itself in advance, and that is in the fact that the members of the Academy have no rights peculiar to themselves. The wall space at the disposal of the Committee of Selection is open to all comers. No Academician or Associate has any right to have any pictures hung anywhere unless the intrinsic merit of his or her pictures secures him or her the acceptance of the Committee. To any one knowing the older Associations in England and elsewhere, and who has suffered in seeing the *passe*, bad and useless work of members usurping the line and best places, while the healthy vigorous and meritorious work of men who have not as yet the right to the magic letters, A. R.A., or R.A. after their name relegated to the ceiling, or put into un-get-at-able corners, can fully appreciate the advance made in this new state of affairs, to say nothing of the thousands of canvasses rejected for lack of room, many of which would no doubt gladden the heart, and rejoice the eye, in place of the worn-out Academic work. I once heard a learned divine say that he didn't know why it was that as soon as a man was elevated to the bench of Bishops, he immediately became of no use, unless it were that a fresh egg, being put into a basket of addled ones, immediately becomes addled too. Raising a painter to the rank of R. A. seems often to have the same effect, and apparently from the same reason. His position in the most authoritative body is secure, and, in the estimation of a large section of the public, R. A. invests with extraordinary merit any picture to which it is attached. But if the R. A's. pass judgment with Brutus-like severity upon their colleagues' work, it should open the eyes of the people to the fact that R. A. has nothing magical about it, and lead them to think for themselves, besides keeping up a fresh, healthful current of new ideas, and spirited competition.

The Royal Canadian Academy receives from the Government about $2,000, which defrays the expense of the Annual Exhibitions, and allows a small sum to each of the largest cities to be spent by the local members of the Academy in those cities upon models, and to further the opportunities for serious study. This is a beginning. It is a small beginning; but in the way of art, small mercies are always gratefully received. A larger grant and the institution of regular schools in connection with the Academy, with facilities for more advanced study, prizes, and scholarships and help abroad would, of course, largely further the art possibilities of Canada.

So much for the Academy, *en general*; as to this year's particular exhibition, it was, as I have said before, ahead, in point of merit, of any previous one. We have not yet got to the unhappy state when the *blasé habitues* of the annual shows always intimate that the current exhibition "is the poorest we've had for years!"

There were in the various departments one hundred and ninety-six exhibits, filling up the walls of the only room at the disposal of the committee, and overflowing, in a thin stream, into the passage and stairway.

The standard of the work was good, and fairly maintained throughout, no exhibits falling into the category of "rubbish,"—which is high, if somewhat negative, praise. It is an old and wise attitude of the habitual frequenter of the Continental galleries to be contented, if, among the thousands of pictures yearly shown to the public, it is possible to find some score of first-rate works and perhaps now and then among them a masterpiece in the eyes of those who can see, and to be satisfied by the pleasure arising from them, to wearily pass in review the acres of canvas of mediocre talent. But it is not the mediocre talent which is irritating. Often it is quite charming. It is the banality, emptiness, and superficiality which are the curse of the modern picture show. In thinking about the exhibition at Ottawa, one is particularly struck by the sincerity, earnestness, and total absence of catchiness. It has been said that "vulgarity" is but the excess of energy, the mark of an assertive, strong personality, and tends to a richness of vitality not altogether dispensable in the healthy development of Art. It is quite a distinct thing from the damning quality of "commonness." One sees it in the Dutch masters, and in Flemings like Rubens, and in some of the most alive Frenchmen. There may be a touch of vulgarity in them, but it is not "commonness," and they are never insignificant. However much we may differ from them, they command our respect as, at least, the healthy expression of healthy life. On those lines, I think, we might almost wish for a little "vulgarity" among our painters: a little "brutality:" a more exuberant grasp of life. Throughout there was a quietness of tone; the aggregate "temperament" (it is a very useful term) of the exhibition was one of reflectiveness, of sober thought, a little unhumorous.

Is that to be the tendency of painting in Canada? It is premature to prophesy. Yet the quality, spiritual quality, of the exhibition reminded me of an incident which happened in Paris. We were going the rounds of the Salon, a friend and I. Among other things we noticed two portraits by Canadians. At the second one we stopped, and my friend exclaimed, "Oh! now I understand a quality I did not understand in the first portrait—a sober-toned quality. Is that Canadian painting?" I am afraid I shrugged and laughed, intimating that Canadian painting was not. But now the note is struck again in my mind. Perhaps it is that very young nations, like very young people, are sad before they are humorous, and delight in a "gentle melancholy."

There was a cosmopolitanism, too, in the exhibition, which is encouraging. We are not in a position to stand by ourselves in these matters, and it is a satisfaction to notice the infiltration of ideas and methods from abroad. What Art we have is in a somewhat crude state—a state of experiment, of feeling one's way, of tentative attempts in various directions: and any new life and new blood keeping us in touch with the great art centres, by so much lessens the possibility of stagnation, and, that worst of all fates, unutterable provincialism.

There seems to be an idea in certain directions to inaugurate a National Art: Canadian painters should devote themselves to Canadian subjects. But to the artist, "Art" should be his first aim, and to know all of the best that is to be known: if he has any nationality, it will assert itself in spite of his training. It is the way a thing is painted, not what is painted, which makes a "school" in painting. To paint "Canadian subjects," no doubt, is a worthy ambition, but it in no wise detracts from the merits of a good picture that its inspiration comes from abroad. As far as Canada is concerned, Art is largely an "exotic," and if our painters are not forced in the hotbed of one school, they will be in an-

other: and, just now, French methods prevail. But a certain painter in the exhibition showed several good pictures of purely Canadian subjects. Alas! the bright eye, the unnaturally bright eye of his "Wary Woodcock," gave him away. The "woodcock," no doubt, was the woodcock of Canada: but the manner was the manner of William Hunt. It is, of course, a very good rule to follow, that instead of going to the uttermost ends of the world in search of novelty, a painter should paint those things nearest at hand: among which he lives: which smack of the soil in which his most intimate relations are rooted—to paint these things frankly and unaffectedly, with no "patriotic" intentions, but because he understands them best, and loves them. It is from such an attitude that national schools arise, and it is not far fetched to say that here and there among our artists such a healthful attitude is found. It is not, however, in the simple illustration of backwoods life, and flaunting of snow-shoes and toboggans in the face of the public, that such things truly have their value, but in the subtle delineation of difference which might be between a Canadian backwoodsman and another backwoodsman, in the "*intimité*" which grasps shades of character arising from circumstances, and suggests to the spectator the life of the people, their joys, their sorrows, and, above all, their essential humanity. It was on those lines that J. F. Millet, a Breton peasant, understood, loved, and interpreted the peasant class in France. Perhaps, some day, we may have our Millet: but on any other lines, a series of photographs illustrative of "Canadian Life," and preserved for an archæological museum, would be equally valuable, unless the technical qualities in their production raised the competing paintings to take their place as high Art.

What we want is not a body of "patriots" who fondly imagine a Canadian school of painting may be manufactured at home by native-born and native-bred artists, turning their limited knowledge to the labored delineation of "Canadian subjects," and who feel a deep-seated antagonism to "foreign influence." The whole state of the fine arts in Canada is in too unformed a condition to admit of the possibility of any marked distinction in Canadian art, of any kind. In fact, we should not want to crystalize our tendencies into any set form. It would, when crystalized, surely prove worthless. To create a "school," a long period of incubation is necessary, a painful stirring and working towards the light. But what we do want, is a generous opening of all our sympathies, intelligence, artistic faculties, to the best that is going: a wide cosmopolitanism, thorough knowledge of technical requirements, frank acceptance of the first achievements elsewhere. In a painter, "Art," and art only, should be the goal of his ambition. But to sit down and say, "I'm a Canadian: I'm going to paint as a Canadian," and forthwith retire to the limits of civilization, in ignorance of the great movements in art going on elsewhere, may be patriotic (in a very limited sense of the word, however), but hardly artistic.

Let us take the Americans as an example, much as it might go against the grain to do so. They have certainly acquired a technical proficiency, unseen, as yet, here, and why? Because, among other things, without self-consciousness or patriotic intention, they have thrown themselves into the swim of every movement. Their students have gone abroad in hundreds, and have taken up, sometimes with purpose, sometimes with superficiality, as was inevitable, the methods and manners of their various influencers. And with what result? Already they are beginning to show distinct traits. They use their technical achievements so easily, that they have freedom to follow their inherent perceptions. Many people may not agree with me: but the

difference between Carolus-Duran and J. S. Sargent is not a matter of degree, but a very decided matter of kind. And Whistler, too: his portrait of his mother is distinct and unique among its surroundiags in the Luxembourg Gallery. We would find it difficult to "place," as the Americans would say themselves, if we had not America in the back-ground of our mind.

The World's Fair seems to have been to the generous hearts of many Canadians, a revelation and a shock.

They wandered through room after room, and found that, after a little practice, they were enabled to tell at a glance a Dutch picture from a French one, and a Russian from both. Their "patriotic" pride — dare I suggest, their "provincialism" — received a terrible shaking up when they realized there was no Canadian painting, so called. Perhaps they resolved that thenceforth they would live to create one. Those patriotic Canadians, perhaps, have never realized that a national art represents the whole strenuous life of a people, deep-rooted for centuries: welded and fused into the very blood and bone of old nations. Their institutions, their lands, their governments, their peasants, their aristocracies have grown, developed, evolved step by step, preparing the soil, enriching it, until in the fulness of time, nourished by favorable conditions, the germ of Art, hidden and obscurely manifest, first in one direction, then in another, bursts into life and shows to the world the full stature of the nation. Sometimes it is greater; sometimes it is less: but the art of a nation has its strongest roots hidden deep down in the dim recesses of its earliest beginnings. Therein lies its value, and its power. Let us think of Tuscan Art tracing its descent, as Ruskin says, back to the obscure wall paintings in dim Etruscan tombs: its feet firmly based in the far away country of unknown fable, its head crowned by the glory of the sixteenth century.

Dear patriotic Canadians, we must not be in a hurry! But let us take the good the gods give, and be thankful that, to fulfil the requirements of the moment, we have some foreign influence. The Italians had it themselves, let us not forget, from Greece. Let us use our foreign influence as judiciously as we may: but, whatever we do, don't let us fondly imagine that a national tendency in any direction is to be improved by constantly reminding ourselves that "although we are young, we won't be imposed upon."

And one thing more struck me in our Canadian Academy Exhibition: it was, especially among the younger men, the undoubted tendency to the idea that the function of painting is primarily decorative. There is an opening for decorative work among us. The decidedly decorative qualities of our open air country life could be excellently treated upon the walls of our public buildings. And we could find historical incidents of interest, and of no slight decorative possibilities on more than one occasion. But, more than that, it is a painter's business *par excellence*, to look at whatever he has in hand from a decorative stand-point. It is the fashion now, I know, to decry the "literary" side of painting. Painting, perhaps, strictly speaking, has its literary side. One thing, however, is sure, that there never yet was a great school of painting without its essential quality being strongly decorative. Walter Pater in his essay on the School of Giorgione, puts happily the pretentions of painting to be first and foremost decorative.

"Art, then, is thus always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception, to get rid of its responsibilities to its subject or material: the ideal examples of poetry and painting being those in which the constituent elements of the composition are so welded together that the material or subject no longer strikes the intellect only, nor the form his eye or his ear

only: but form and matter, in their union or identity, present one single effect to the 'imaginative reason,' that complex faculty for which every thought or feeling is twin-born, with its sensible analogue or symbol.

"By no school of painters have the necessary limits of the art of painting been so unerringly, though instinctively apprehended, and the essence of what is pictorial in a picture so justly conceived, as by the school of Venice. The beginnings of Venetian painting link themselves to the last, stiff, half-barbaric splendors of Byzantine decorations, and are but the introduction into the crust of marble and gold on the walls of the Duomo of Murano, or of St. Mark's, of a little more human expression. Unassisted, unperplexed by naturalism, mysticism, philosophical theories, it had no Giotto, no Angelico, no Botticelli. Exempt from the stress of thought and sentiment, which taxed so severely the resources of the generations of Florentine artists, those earlier Venetian painters never seem for a moment to have been tempted even to lose sight of the *scope of their art in its strictness, or to forget that painting must be before all things decorative, a thing for the eye, a space of color for the wall,* only more dexterously blent than the marking of its precious stones: or the chance interchange of sun and shade upon it: *this to begin and end with,* whatever higher matter of thought and poetry, or religious reverie, might play its part therein, between."

A MAY MORN DREAM.

On a morning last May, whilst Venus was shining,
O'er the white, airy blossoms her golden light streaming,
A pretty young maid on her couch was reclining,
And talked to the young God of love in her dreaming.

"You're naughty, sir, Cupid, to always be keeping
Your little ears open to hear all we say;
Your eyes gently closed, one would think you were sleeping,
But no, sir, you sleep not by night nor by day.

"You have sweet coral lips, and your cheek's like a peach,
Oh dear! I could kiss you, but then we all know,
That dare we approach you—just come within reach—
You'd fire a sharp dart from your cute little bow.

"But won't you forgive me, sir, Cupid, for asking—
I know you have told it time over again;
Your dear little brain I don't like to be tasking,
But, say! In what town dwell the nicest young men!"

Now just at this juncture, whilst poor Cupid quizzing,
Her sweet face all glowing with love's warmest beam,
She thought of her hair,—did it really need frizzing!
And woke with a smile from her beautiful dream.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

NARCISSE'S FRIEND.

BY CLIFFORD SMITH.

Illustrated by A. G. Racey.

NARCISSE LAFONTAINE and Charlie Saunders became acquainted on their way to the lumbering camp, which was situated some fifteen miles back of St. John's. Charlie had only recently arrived from England, and knew practically nothing about lumbering, while Narcisse had been born in Canada, and felt as much at home in the woods as Charlie would have done in London. Charlie took a liking to Narcisse the moment he saw him, and Narcisse was not slow in responding to the friendly advances of the young Englishman.

In appearance they were strikingly different. Narcisse was a typical French-Canadian lumberman: he was about five feet eleven inches in height, dark-skinned, dark-eyed, broad-shouldered, powerful and good-natured. Not even the most imaginative, had they seen him in the woods dressed in nondescript Canadian home-spun and swinging an axe, would have associated him with anything but what was commonplace and uninteresting: yet the great, powerful, rough-looking fellow had a disposition that was as sympathetic as a woman's. The weather never affected him. With Charlie it was different. He was not accustomed to Canadian winters and the rough unvarying food that was daily dealt out. He got to dread the sight of pork, which was the staple article of diet the week round. His health at times was so poor that he could not do heavy work. It was then that the generous disposition of the young French-Canadian showed itself. He was a great favorite with the foreman, and by a series of adroit schemes, always managed to get Charlie put at easy work, although at times his scheming resulted in his having to do far more than his share of the sawing and chopping.

Charlie was below the average stature: yet he was broad-shouldered and looked strong. He had blue eyes, fair curly hair, a ruddy skin, and a laugh that was most pleasant to hear. If they differed outwardly, they were remarkably alike in disposition. Like Narcisse, Charlie was light-hearted and sympathetic. All through the long winter they were inseparable.

The warm, inquisitive sun had so discomfited the snow that for four months had determinedly hid the earth, that it had began to lose its attractive whiteness and assume a jaundiced hue, and finally succumbing to its ancient foe, gradually retreated into the earth. The vanishing of the snow meant the breaking up of the camp: for without it the logs could not be hauled to the river.

It was a beautiful day at the latter end of March that Narcisse and Charlie, with their winter's earnings in their pockets, left camp and happily trudged off to the railway station four miles away. They had agreed to spend a month at St. John's, where Narcisse lived, before going out to the Northwest for the summer. Charlie had suggested that they should go out west at once, but Narcisse somehow never took kindly to the proposition, and had offered several excuses for not hurrying away which had seemed to Charlie to be a little hazy and not very weighty. One reason he laid much stress upon was the good fishing there was at St. John's. Prior to this suggestion Narcisse had never mentioned fishing: consequently the sudden outbreak of this new passion in his friend caused Charlie, on more than one occasion, ample food for reflection.

Town life was wonderfully bright and attractive to them after the long quiet in the woods. Narcisse knew many people in the pretty little town, and wherever he went, Charlie was always sure to be seen. Rev. Father Pelletiere, the parish priest, who had christened Narcisse and buried his parents, called the young men David and Jonathan. He was a man thoroughly opposed to race prejudices. There could be no doubt but that the friendship between the two young men had entirely bridged the artificial barriers so often raised between men of different races and creeds.

The very day they arrived in town, Narcisse, in an off-hand manner, told Charlie that they would go and visit a cottage that he had occasionally visited before he went to the woods. There was something in the tone in which Narcisse said this, that somehow gave Charlie the impression that the house must be one of more than ordinary size and importance. The more than usual attention that Narcisse took dressing that day increased this impression. When finally, after wandering down a series of little streets, Narcisse stopped at a little whitewashed cottage with slanting roof, and knocked at the door with a certain amount of nervousness, Charlie's astonishment fairly overcame him, and he was just going to ask Narcisse if he had not made a mistake in the house, when the door opened. Then he was sure Narcisse had not made a mistake. Never had he seen a more attractive girlish face. Her eyes were deep blue, and were tenanted with such a merry, roguish gleam, that Charlie's hitherto well-regulated heart beat in a most unruly manner when she fixed her eyes upon his. Her brown, round, vivacious face took on a deeper hue, as Narcisse eagerly shook hands with her and introduced her to Charlie. "Jessie Cunningham is a very pretty name," mused Charlie, as they followed her into the quaint little kitchen, in the middle of which glowed an old-fashioned wood-burner.

On the long deal table just behind the stove were several loaves, which evidently had just been taken out of the oven. Jessie's sleeves were rolled up to the elbow, and her well-rounded arms were covered with flour. She blushed and gave a nervous little laugh, as she hurriedly pulled down her sleeves and explained that she had been baking. Both Narcisse and Charlie walked over to where the tempting, warm, browned loaves were, and, after hurriedly glancing at them, looked at each other in open-eyed wonder, and told each other that never in their lives had they seen finer loaves. After that all awkwardness was swept away, and Jessie would not be content until they both accepted a generous slice of the admired bread. The day was a little chilly, so they drew chairs near the stove, and Narcisse told her, in his quaint, broken English, how he and Charlie had spent the winter in the woods, how they had eaten and slept together, and how they had taken a liking to each other the very moment they met.

Charlie was a good talker, too, and told her how they had felled some wonderfully long trees and how Narcisse was considered the best chopper in the camp and could make a tree fall within an inch of where he wanted it.

As she listened, her eyes glowed and danced with excitement and were dangerously attractive. Little wonder that both the young men found them very pleasant to look into. To Charlie's intense satisfaction, he decided, when shaking hands with her at the door, that she seemed just as anxious that he should come and see her again as she did that Narcisse should. Narcisse took the invitation in the most matter of fact manner, which created an impression in Charlie's mind that Narcisse, perhaps, after all, only cared for Jessie in a brotherly way.

Both Charlie and Narcisse soon got

the reputation of being devoted disciples of Isaac Walton, and were to be seen every day wandering down to the river with divers devices to allure and entrap unsuspecting fish. Their success in being able to catch little or nothing soon caused much merriment among the boarders where they stayed. Of course none of the scoffers knew that a very generous portion of the time that these ardent fishermen were supposed to be enticing fish was spent lying on the broad of their backs on the fresh green grass discussing the virtues of the blue-eyed, vivacious young woman with whom the reader is already acquainted. Very naturally the young fishermen did not deem it their duty to enlighten the boarders as to how they spent their time.

Three evenings a week, no matter what the weather was, they dressed up in their best suits and visited the little whitewashed cottage. It would have taken a very keen observer to have decided which of the young men she cared the most for, or whether, indeed, she had any tender feeling for either of them. She always gave them a most cordial welcome. If, however, Charlie had been a very close observer—which was unfair to expect at such a time—he might, perhaps, have noticed that at long intervals she stole a rapid glance at Narcisse when she knew his head was turned away from her—a gentle caressing look that either of them would have been delighted to have intercepted.

"These Ardent Fishermen."

The weeks fled rapidly by, and the month's vacation drew to a close. Strange to say, for over a week neither of them had mentioned the trip to the west. They went fishing together as usual, but her name very rarely passed their lips now. Just exactly how the change had come about neither of them could tell. Something had come between them. The little cloud at first was promptly banished and they tried to be friendlier than ever. But the cloud was persistent and returned again and again, and each time it was harder to overthrow. At first it was not larger than a man's hand, but before the month had elapsed it had grown so that it had well nigh separated them. They both secretly mourned over the estrangement. They both well knew the birth-place of the cloud—the little whitewashed cottage. Several times Charlie generously made excuses for not wanting to go to the cottage, not because he thought Jessie did not like him as well as Narcisse, but because he was willing to sacrifice his interest in her on the altar of pure friendship. He called to memory the numberless acts of kindness he had received from Narcisse in the camp and how he had been introduced to her by Narcisse, who he now felt sure sincerely liked Jessie.

Instinctively Narcisse knew why Charlie desired to cease his visits to the cottage, and it made his heart sore. He decided that he would not go and see her unless Charlie was with him. When Charlie would complain of feeling tired, off would come Narcisse's coat and he would declare that he was feeling completely done up too, and would not bother going down to the cottage. No amount of persuasion would make him alter his decision.

After they had a pipe of tobacco, Charlie would generally, in a most matter of fact manner, suggest that they both take a walk. Right well did Narcisse know where the walk would be to, and always acquiesced in such an unconcerned manner that no one would ever have imagined that they had fully made up their minds a few minutes previously not to go out.

One day more, and the month's vacation would be gone. Charlie and Narcisse had been indoors all day, to escape the rain that had been falling in great sheets since early morning. An ill-disposed wind was buffeting the rain in such a fierce, malignant manner as to make one's room a most desirable place to be in. Charlie and Narcisse had sat and smoked until their tongues were dry and sore. It was a relief for them to smoke; not so much to kill time as to break the long awkward pauses in their conversation. Inwardly they had both decided that it was impossible any longer to bear the constraint that had come between them.

During the long day neither of them had had the courage to refer to the proposed trip to the west, although the day set for it was so close at hand. They had both decided that day, however, that they would right themselves in each other's eyes. Narcisse believed Charlie loved Jessie: Charlie felt sure Narcisse loved her. Charlie was not sure whether Jessie loved him or Narcisse the better. Narcisse had, however, a pretty good idea who Jessie had taken a liking to.

When ten o'clock came, Charlie knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and said he was going to bed, and would have a good long sleep, as he was played out. Narcisse glanced sleepily at his bed in the corner of the room, stretched out his long legs and arms, opened his mouth alarmingly wide, yawned vociferously and declared that he was so sleepy that he could hardly keep his eyes open. Before leaving the room to go to his own, which was next to Narcisse's, Charlie pulled off his coat and threw it over his arm. If Narcisse had entertained any doubts as to whether or not Charlie was really as sleepy as he had intimated, this

partial unrobing must surely have dispelled it. Notwithstanding his haste to get to bed, Charlie fumbled at the latch an unusually long time before he succeeded in opening the door. And finally, when it did swing open, his coat, without any apparent provocation, perversely slipped from his arm and fell to the floor. Charlie found it necessary, before he put it across his arm again, to carefully dust and fold it.

"Instantly the dark stairway was made light."

Turning round as the door was closing behind him, he said, in a voice that seemed a little strained, "Yes, we will go to bed and dream of camp days, eh, Narcisse?" Then he was gone.

Narcisse walked over to the window, stood for a few moments with folded arms, gazing out into the darkness, and then said softly, "Yes, dream of de camp days."

When Charlie reached his room, he acted in a most peculiar manner: he put his ear to the partition that separated his room from Narcisse's, and listened intently; then walked over to his bed, sat on the edge of it, took off his boots, held them aloof, and then let them fall on the floor; laid his coat across the foot of the bed, stood still for a couple of minutes, and then threw himself so heavily across the bed that it groaned loud enough to be distinctly heard by Narcisse, who nodded his head in a satisfied manner. Charlie lay on the top of the clothes, dressed, with the exception of his boots, hat, and coat, with his eyes wide open, and his head bent in a listening attitude. The sound of falling boots in Narcisse's room also brought a look of relief to Charlie's face. After hearing Narcisse blow out the light and get into bed, Charlie lay perfectly still. An hour sped by; the only sounds to

be heard were the cries of the wind as it tore through the branches of the tree whose long arms in summer protected Charlie's room from the fierce rays of the sun. At short intervals, the branches tapped on the window panes, as though craving protection from the storm. Inside the house quietness reigned supreme. From a distance one would have been sure Charlie was sleeping, but a close inspection would have shown that his eyes were wide open. It was 11.30. He quietly raised himself, pulled his coat to him, and took a railway time-table from it, and ran his finger down a portion of it. The express left for the west at 12.05 a.m. He drew a line around the figures, and put the table back into his pocket again. Then he got out of bed, on tip-toe stole to his carpet bag, which hung near the door, and quietly began to stow away in it his modest belongings. So quietly did he gather up his things, that not a mouse, except by sight, could have known that he was in the room. Every now and then he would pause, with his face turned toward Narcisse's room, and listen. Twice, a slight noise, which seemed to emanate from Narcisse's room, disturbed him, and with contracted brow he paused and listened longer than usual. The branches smote the window, and he smiled at his folly. He was positive that Narcisse was sound asleep. When the valise was packed, he cautiously turned the light a little higher, got a sheet of paper and a pencil, and wrote in a straggling hand: "Dear Friend Narcisse,—I thought it better if I went alone. I know you like her. You knew her before I did, and you brought me here. I think she likes you better than me, too. She ought to. That which has come between us has made me feel very unhappy. When I am away I will try and think only of the camp days. She will make you a good wife, Narcisse. Some day I will write and let you know how I am getting along in the North-West.—CHARLIE."

He doubled the note carefully and addressed it to Narcisse. Then he rolled some silver up in a paper and addressed it to his landlady. Silently he picked up his carpet bag, put on his coat and hat, picked up his boots, blew out the light, and in his stocking feet stole to the door. "I will put on my boots at the bottom of the stairs," he muttered absently.

He was half way out of the door, when he stopped suddenly. Again that slight noise which seemed to come from Narcisse's room! Could it be possible that Narcisse was not in bed? Again the branches rattled on the panes, and again he chided himself for his folly. He softly closed the door behind him, flitted along the narrow passage and began to descend the stairs leading to the street. He reached the bottom of the stairs, and was just in the act of pulling on his boots, when the door at the top of the stairs was pulled slowly open. There was no mistake this time: someone was stealing down the stairs. The darkness was too great to allow him to see who it was. There was no escape for him: his boots were off, and his latch-key was in his pocket. Long before he could open the door he who was descending would be with him at the bottom of the stairs. Quickly he pulled a match from his pocket and struck it. Instantly the dark stairway was made light. The sight he saw fairly stunned him. Standing in the middle of the stairs was Narcisse, his canvas valise in one hand and his boots in the other.

"Narcisse," gasped Charlie.

"Charlie," cried Narcisse, letting his boots and bag fall. The match went out. For a few moments there was silence: then Narcisse descended the remainder of the stairs. Without a word they both pulled on their boots. They both understood now.

Charlie lit a match while Narcisse unfastened the door. As they stepped out into the street Narcisse drew Charlie's arm through his.

"De train don't leave for twenty minute yet," said Narcisse calmly, "no need for hurry; eh, Charlie?"

Charlie halted, "No, no, Narcisse," he said with a little break in his voice. "She likes you; you must not leave."

Narcisse was big and strong; he drew Charlie's arm again through his, and again they began slowly to walk toward the station.

"So you try to leave me, Charlie?"

"I could bear that which came between us no longer, Narcisse. Then, I thought you liked her."

"So you would go because of friendship for me, Charlie?" They were walking very close to each other now.

"And why are you here, Narcisse?"

"I know you liked her, Charlie." The great fellow's voice was very sweet at times.

The weather was clearing. Through great rifts in the clouds, every few minutes the moon poured great floods of light.

"The clouds are clearing away, Narcisse."

"Dat so, Charlie." He looked up at the moon, which at that moment broke through the clouds again. "And de cloud dat came between me and you has now clear away, Charlie."

In the distance could be seen the headlight of the approaching express.

"All gone, Narcisse; we shall have the camp days over again, now."

They were just in time to get their tickets to Manitoba and get on board. They sat up the remainder of the night, and smoked and talked and made plans for the future. Never once did they speak of her, although she was often in their thoughts. In Narcisse's pocket was a note he had received from her a few days ago, which hinted that, if he desired, he might call sometimes alone. He was so afraid that Charlie some day might find this note, that he had no peace until he had torn it into a thousand fragments, and when Charlie was looking, he covertly raised the car window and saw the mad wind carry the pieces in a hundred different directions.

Another spring had come. Charlie and Narcisse were sitting in a smoking-room, in a small hotel in Winnipeg. Placidly, Narcisse was leaning back reading a paper that he had just got from St. John's. They were better dressed, and looked more prosperous than in the old days. Occasionally they talked about her now. To Narcisse she seemed but a dream, and he had no regrets. To Charlie it was different: to him she was still very real.

Suddenly, Narcisse uttered an exclamation of surprise, and let the paper fall. Charlie, who had thoughtfully had his eyes fixed on the floor, looked up in surprise and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, dare is noting de matter," answered Narcisse, trying to look unconcerned. "I tink I must have been dreaming."

He gathered up the paper, and said he would go and stand at the door for a few minutes.

As soon as the door closed behind him he opened the paper again and read the following in the marriage notices: "Married, May 13, 18—, at St. John's, Miss Jessie Cunningham, to John White, farmer, of St. John's."

Narcisse ran up to his room, tore out the notice and burned it. "Dare," he said to himself, with a satisfied look on his face, "Charlie won't know anything about dat now. No use for open de old wound again. Well, she wait about a year. Dat pretty good," he said, with a good natured smile.

"Well, do you feel any better," asked Charlie, as Narcisse entered the room again.

"Oh, yes," replied Narcisse, puffing out his chest. "Dat fresh air do me all de good in de world." And Charlie never guessed.

GHOSTS OF THE LIVING AND OF THE DEAD.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

It was only yesterday that it was supposed that, so far at least as this planet is concerned, ghosts had become an extinct species. It was thought that so effectually had these phantasmal apparitions been banished from the abode of men by the exorcism of modern science, that we should hear no more of them, except as objects of ridicule and contempt. If a belief in the existence of anything of the sort might be found in any out-of-the-way corner of the world, it would be henceforth regarded with an interest akin to that with which we look upon the fossil remains of a distant geologic age. This belief had come to be classed with those infantile conceptions which, however excusable they might be in the childhood of the race, are entirely out of harmony with our enlightened age, and that are interesting chiefly as illustrations of the immense progress which the race has made in our day, and of how much more we know than the people of former generations knew, and how much wiser we are than our fathers and grandfathers were.

But now all this is changed. It appears that our self-glorification, in this respect at least, was premature. The whirligig of time has already ushered in a new era, and one, too, strange to say, altogether different from anything that we expected. The ghosts have come back, and, apparently, have come back to stay. Those weird inhabitants of the border-land, denizens of the dimly-discovered region which separates the world that now is from that which is to come, have not only been rehabilitated, but have been, or are at least in a fair way of being, put upon an improved footing when compared with the position which they occupied at any time in the past. Indeed, if we can accept the testimony of apparently reputable and trustworthy witnesses, the ghosts have been here all the while, playing hide-and-go-seek with us, grimly laughing in their sleeves at us, while we were making ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of beings possessing a higher order of intelligence than our own, by denying their existence.

This, at least, is the message which the Society for Psychical Research has brought us, and considering the character of the people of whom it is composed, the earnestness and intelligence with which they appear to be prosecuting their investigations, its testimony is not to be despised. Of course, it will not be expected of one of the uninitiated, who has given no special attention to the subject with which it deals, to vouch for the correctness of the conclusion which it has reached, or the value of the results which it has achieved. Its transactions are published from year to year, and are accessible to the public: and all who desire to do so, can inform themselves respecting what it is doing. It is chiefly interesting as the first serious attempt which, so far as I am aware, has ever been made to subject all sorts of psychic phenomena to thoroughly scientific investigation by trained and competent experts. Hitherto its work has consisted chiefly, if not exclusively, of the collection, authentication and classification of facts bearing upon the subjects with which it proposes to deal. Of these, a considerable mass has been collected, and we have the testimony of at least one eminent scientist, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, that they are as well authenticated as the facts gener-

ally are upon which the natural sciences rest.

And this affirmation, if I remember correctly, is made by Mr. Wallace with special reference to ghosts. And the testimony of this particular *savant* does not, by any means, stand alone. He is only mentioned here on account of his eminence. The late Frederick W. H. Myers, at once a scientist and a *litterateur*, is scarcely less emphatic in his testimony to the same effect. The return of these apparitions, or, perhaps, I should say, their re-assertion of their existence, does not stand alone. It is but one of the incidents of a comprehensive change which is taking place in the thought of the time. The Sadduceeism which a century ago threatened to become universal in the scientific world, rested upon no basis of thoroughly investigated and properly authenticated fact. It was not built up upon argument. It was simply the result of the prevailing spirit and tendency of the time. What Mr. Lecky observes of witches and witchcraft, in his History of Rationalism, is true of ghosts and all sorts of psychic phenomena: the belief in them was not undermined by argument, but by a certain state of mind which made such a belief impossible. This, Mr. Lecky attributes to the progress of knowledge. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it was the effect of the progress of physical knowledge, in which the great thinkers of the time had become absorbed, to the habitual neglect of the psychic and spiritual. It has often been observed of specialists that they are apt to be one-sided. Exclusive devotion to one particular branch of study disqualifies the mind for dealing with other subjects which do not happen to be very closely related to it. This observation applies to an age, as well as to an individual, when it is strongly dominated by a particular spirit or tendency. Two master passions cannot exist in the same mind: neither can they in the same age. The almost exclusive devotion to the study of physical science, which has marked the modern era, has had the effect of not only creating an indisposition, but a disqualification in it, for dealing with those higher truths which pertain to God and to the soul.

This is not said in disparagement of the physical sciences, which have conferred such untold advantages upon mankind, or in depreciation of the labors of the great men by whose patient and self-denying efforts this great body of systematic knowledge has been built up. It was perhaps inevitable, that an era, the special mission of which was to investigate the laws of physical nature and to subordinate its forces to the will of man, making even the most subtle and mysterious of them bow to his authority and become his servants, should have taken somewhat of the materialistic turn which, as a matter of fact, we know it has taken. It is scarcely possible for any one to concentrate his mental energies upon any one subject, and make it the matter of intelligent and protracted study, without becoming an enthusiast. And enthusiasm is contagious. In proportion to the number who are seized with it, is likely to be its depth and intensity. When we think of the number and character of the men who were engaged in those marvellous investigations, and the grandeur of the discoveries which they have made—discoveries which have revolutionized the industries and commerce of the world—it is, perhaps, scarcely matter of astonishment that the mind of the age, to some extent, lost its balance, and that even grave and thoughtful men should be carried away by what they found in the material realm to such an extent as to imagine that they could discern in matter not only "the promise and potency of all forms of life," but the sum of all the knowledge accessible to man.

To this state of things the Sadduceeism of the earlier part of the century,

the relics of which remain even to this day, owes its existence. Of course, in such an atmosphere as this, ghosts could not very well exist. Even though they did now and again make themselves visible, an invincible skepticism was pretty sure to deny them the recognition that they deserved. And what was most to be regretted was, that, with the ghosts, other things were in danger of being driven out that we could less afford to spare. Sadduceeism knows neither angel nor spirit. It excludes the whole hemisphere of knowledge which includes all that we have been in the habit of expressing by the word *supernatural*. It leaves no room for the psychic or the spiritual. But it was not possible that this phase of thought should be permanent. A science which is Godless, soulless, and unspiritual, of the earth, earthy, cannot long satisfy the aspirations and longings of a being so closely allied to the invisible and eternal as man is. Even if the ghosts had not obtruded themselves upon the scene, the reign of Sadduceeism must have come to an end. But if these phantoms can hasten so desirable a consummation, as some thoughtful people believe they will, notwithstanding the aversion with which they have generally been regarded, we cannot but welcome their return.

The material thing, however, to which all that has been written is merely introductory, is that the ghosts have apparently fully vindicated their claim to recognition among the facts which science must take account of before it can lay claim to universality or perfection. And this remark applies no less to the *doubles* of the living than to the *manes* of the dead. For it appears that living people have their ghosts as well as those who have crossed the line which separates the life that now is from that which is to come. Indeed, both of these classes of apparitions, if we can receive the testimony of those who are most deeply read in this sort of lore, were among the earliest facts of human observation. Mr. Herbert Spencer says: "Historical evidence shows that the religious consciousness began among primitive men with the belief in a double belonging to each individual, which, *capable of wandering away from him during life, became his ghost or spirit after death;* and from this idea being eventually distinguished as *supernatural*, there developed, in course of time, the idea of supernatural beings of all orders up to the highest."

Here we have two things which must not be confounded with each other: We have an alleged fact, and a theory founded upon it. The acceptance of the fact does not involve any obligation to accept the theory. It is with the fact, and the fact alone, that I am concerned. Is it true that the belief existed among primitive men that each individual human being had a *double*, which, capable of wandering away from him during life, became his ghost or spirit after death? Mr. Spencer says historical evidence shows this to have been the case. And from the use that he makes of it, it is evident that he is of opinion that such a belief was universal among primitive men. Now, if this be true, it is itself one of the most curious and interesting facts of human history. What we are most interested in is the genesis of this belief. Its existence must be accounted for. It must have had a cause. It is inconceivable that such a belief could have sprung up among men, least of all that it could have become universal, without having some foundation to rest upon. And the simplest way of accounting for it, namely, by regarding it as the result of observation and having its foundation in fact, may prove to be the most scientific.

Just now we hear a good deal about the wisdom of the East: and from very much that we read and hear of the esoteric doctrines of Brahmanism and Buddhism, we should be led to

believe that to this source is to be traced the occultism which in so many various forms is coming into prominence in our day. It is represented as being among the relics of an extraordinary civilization which existed in India many centuries ago,—the most perfect, some would have us think, that the world has ever known. But if this fact, vouched for by Mr. Herbert Spencer, is really a fact, it points to an entirely different conclusion. It shows that its origin is to be found far back of even the most ancient forms of civilization of which any record has come down to us; that, in its main features, it has descended to us from our rude forefathers of the most primitive times. No doubt the Eastern sages have the credit of being the first to reduce these psychic phenomena to scientific form, and whether these sages discovered the laws by which such phenomena are governed or not, in the sense in which the modern scientists of the West use that term, they learned from them lessons by which they have been and still are able to perform feats which are the astonishment and the despair of those who have not the knowledge which they possess.

But, to go back to the fact under consideration: if the belief in question had its foundation in fact, we should expect to find the traces of it in all history, and the means of verifying it in our own day. Human nature is essentially the same in all ages. In this respect, "the thing that hath been, is that which shall be: and that which is done is that which shall be done: and *there is* no *new thing* under the sun." If each individual had his double in the most ancient times, capable of wandering away from him in certain abnormal states during life, and of becoming the ghost or spirit after death, this has been true of human beings in all the past, and it is true of them to-day. And this is a question of fact which is to be determined by evidence, tested as far as the nature of the subject will permit.

Now, it is at this point that the Society for Psychical Research comes to our aid. What it proposes to do is to collect, to sift, to investigate, to classify all sorts of psychic phenomena, and, if possible, to determine the laws by which they are governed. And this, as we have seen, is what it is doing. It is still in its infancy, having been founded only in 1882, and, in the very nature of things, its work has hitherto, in the main, been tentative. At the same time, though most of the facts which have come under its notice were more or less well-known before it came into existence, it has subjected them to a more scientific and thorough examination, and placed them in a clearer light than they had been in before. For this, it deserves our gratitude. Among other things, the Society has shed a degree of light, which to most is altogether new, upon the contents of the human personality. Even here, it may be, it has brought to light nothing that can be said to be absolutely new: but it has set old and familiar truths in such a position that we can see them more clearly and understand them more perfectly.

The doctrine of the complexity of the human personality is perhaps as old as human history. The idea that in its unity, as in the unity of the Godhead, there is a trinity mysteriously and inexplicably one, is traceable to a very high antiquity. It was a cardinal tenet of many of the ancient Greek philosophers. In their nomenclature they often differed from one another, and their perceptions were not always precisely identical. But among those of them whose anthropology was most profound, there was substantial agreement in this, that man is made up of a trinity of soul, body and spirit. According to Plato's idea, man is a trinity of soul, soul-body and body. Scholars find in the literary remains of the Hermetic philosopher traces of the same general ideas. The "Salt, Sulphur, and Mercury" of the ancient alchemists is supposed by some to have sym-

bolic reference to the same mystery. St. Paul recognizes this doctrine of the trinity in humanity, in Thess. v. 23, in which he prays for the Christians at Thessalonica, that their "whole spirit, and soul and body," might be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, if we drop out the material part of this trinity from consideration, there still remains a duality of which we have to take account. It is at this point that we are confronted with one of the profoundest mysteries of our being, which is so full of mystery. Hypnotism reveals the fact that in the hypnotic or somnambulistic trance, thought and emotion may be kept up for hours together, at any degree of intensity, without ever entering into the ordinary consciousness of the person who is the subject of them, insomuch that when he comes out of this entranced condition he knows nothing at all about them. In these instances we have a mind at work, evincing, often, the possession of extraordinary powers, of which the possessor knows absolutely nothing in his ordinary waking and every-day life. This mysterious part of our being constitutes a sort of second self. It has sometimes been called a sub-consciousness. A recent writer, Mr. Thompson Jay Hudson, in order to distinguish it from the ordinary mind, which he calls the "objective mind," designates this "second self" the "subjective mind." And of the powers and properties of these two minds, and the difference between them, he gives the following account:—

"The objective mind takes cognizance of the objective world. Its media of observation are the five physical senses. It is the outgrowth of man's physical necessities. It is his guide in his struggle with material environment. Its highest function is that of reasoning.

"The subjective mind takes cognizance of its environment by means independent of the physical senses. It perceives by intuition. It is the seat of the emotions, and the store-house of memory. It performs its highest functions when the objective senses are in abeyance. In a word, it is the intelligence which makes itself manifest in a hypnotic subject when he is in a state of somnambulism.* It is further observed that the subjective mind, though marvellously endowed, being capable of seeing without eyes, hearing without ears, and thinking when the brain is in a condition which renders thought with the objective mind impossible, is wholly incapable of reasoning by induction. It acquires knowledge by a more direct and simple process—by open vision, and by direct contact with the subjects of the knowledge which it is in pursuit of.

It may be proper to say, at this point, that I am proceeding entirely upon the testimony of adepts who have investigated this subject and come to definite conclusions concerning it. They are reputable men whose trustworthiness I have no reason to doubt. To adduce the proof, however, by which the doctrine of the duality of mind is supported would require more space than can be given to this article. Instead of quoting from the books, two or three incidents may be given, which I had at first hand, and which the reader will accept for what he may think them to be worth. They shall be given in the order in which they occurred.

Many years ago, there was a woman travelling about the country, practising as a clairvoyant doctor. Among other places, she visited Trenton, Ont. There was a gentlemen residing there at the time, an elder in the Presbyterian church, and a person of unquestionable respectability and veracity, who was among those who, probably more from curiosity than anything else, consulted her. He was out of health, but his was one of those obscure cases which the doctor did not seem to understand. This woman,

* "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," p. 29.

however, seemed to him, while in the hypnotic trance, to have no difficulty in locating the disease and in describing his case exactly. She then prescribed, and he wrote down the prescription at her dictation. He thought he had written down everything that she had mentioned; but, in order to guard against the possibility of mistake, when she came out of the trance he proposed to read over what he had written. "Oh," she said, "I know nothing about what I said to you: but it you have any doubt about what you have written, I will go into the clairvoyant state and read it for you." She did go again into the entranced state. And then, with her eyes closed, she asked for the paper, which she had not yet seen, and holding it over her head, she proceeded to read it. (And here comes the point of special interest in the story.) When she reached a certain item in the prescription, she said he had omitted so-and-so. He said she must be mistaken, for he remembered it distinctly and was quite sure that he had written it down. But she said she could not find it. And when he took the paper from her and read it, to his surprise he found that he had actually omitted it. I had this from the gentleman's own lips, and I have no doubt of its absolute truthfulness.

A good many years afterwards, I was in the house of a friend in the city of Toronto, where an invalid minister happened to be staying. His, too, was an obscure case, the precise nature of which it seemed difficult to ascertain. He was advised to consult Dr. W. S. Clark, a well-known clairvoyant physician. The invalid,—the late Rev. T. W. Jeffery,—and I were in the room when the doctor came in. He had never met the patient before; and when introduced to him, he simply said, "You will not need to say anything but to ask me to examine you." He then, with a slight convulsion and two or three coughs, as if he were in a state of partial suffocation or strangulation, went into the hypnotic trance and examined the patient. Of course, I do not know whether the diagnosis was correct or not. I only know that he left the impression on the mind of the sick man that he knew all about his case. He then proceeded to prescribe, and the Rev. Mr. Jeffery wrote down the prescription. But the incident which specially interested me was the fact that when he came out of the trance, he went over to the table where Mr. Jeffery was writing, picked up the paper and carefully read it over, and then said in undertone to Mr. Jeffery, "I should think it is"—mentioning the disease—"that you are suffering from." He evidently did not know anything about that which had been passing through his mind in the abnormal state out of which he had just come, but he was trying to gather, by inference from the remedies which he had prescribed, the nature of the disease which they were intended to cure.

Now, let it be distinctly understood that I express no opinion concerning either the diagnosis or the prescription in either of these cases. The only thing about them in which I have any interest is the light which they seem to shed upon the duality of the mind. In both cases, what Mr. Hudson calls the objective mind was wholly inactive, and the physical senses were locked up: yet there was another mind at work. When Mrs. Besant lectured in Toronto, a few months ago, she mentioned a case of great interest which had been recently reported. I regret that I did not catch the authority from which she quoted, or the name of the person who conducted the experiment which she described, though I think she gave both at the time. Of the genuineness of the incident there is, however, no reason for doubt. In brief, it was this: A French hypnotist had put a person into the hypnotic trance, and gradually reduced him to a state so near death that the action of the heart and the lungs could only be de-

tected by the use of the most delicately-constructed instruments. And yet in this state of virtually suspended animation—a state of profound insensibility and unconsciousness, in which, so far as the objective mind is concerned, thought and feeling were physically impossible,—the spiritual being was found to be even more active and powerful than in that state in which one would say he was in the use of all his faculties.

But my critical reader will be ready to say: "What has all this to do with ghosts?" To this I answer, "Much every way." In fact, this is the ghost. This is the double which belongs to each individual, capable of wandering away from him during life, that was believed by primitive men to become his ghost after death. Wonderful things are told of the doings of this mysterious part of our being, and the temptation is strong to dwell upon it at length: but the power which it possesses, with which we are immediately interested, is that of, not only apparently leaving the body and visiting distant places, putting itself in communication with other minds independently of the ordinary means of communication and reading matter contained in sealed envelopes and closed books—all of which and more is affirmed of it—but also of making itself visible without the intervention of the physical organization. It is this power to create phantasms which identifies it with the phenomena of ghosts.

Those who desire to study this subject thoroughly will do well to read the work entitled *Phantasms of the Living*, the product of the joint authorship of Messrs. Gurney, Myers, and Podmore, and *The Transactions of the Society for Psychical Research*. Of course, it is impossible to enter upon the proof of this at any length. Two or three cases, however, may be briefly referred to in illustration of the reality of these phenomena, and the manner in which they are produced. A gentleman in London, a member of the Stock Exchange, and a person whose high character is vouched for by those who know him, gives this account of one of his experiments: "On a Sunday night, in November, 1881, I was in Kildare Gardens. I willed very strongly that I would visit in spirit two lady friends, the Misses V——, who were living three miles off, in Hogarth Road. I willed I would do this at one o'clock in the morning, and having willed it, I went asleep. Next Thursday, when I next met my friends, the elder lady told me she woke up and saw my apparition advancing to the bedside. She screamed, and woke her sister, who also saw me." A signed statement by both sisters accompanies this narrative in which the time of the apparition is placed at one o'clock.

The same gentleman gives other instances in which he did the same, with like results. He willed strongly that he would make himself visible to a certain person at a particular hour, and then went asleep, and in each instance he, or his double, was there at the predetermined moment. Another apparently well authenticated instance is given, in which a gentleman willed to visit a gentleman friend at his lodgings on a certain night at half past eleven o'clock, and, with this determination fixed in his mind, went asleep. The next time he met his friend he asked him whether anything remarkable had taken place in his quarters during the night in question His answer was that he should say that something very remarkable had taken place. He and a friend who had called upon him had been chatting until about half past eleven o'clock, when the former left and he went down to the hall door to let him out. When he came back to his own chamber, he found this man with whom he was now conversing in the seat which the other friend had just vacated.

These are only specimens of a large number that might be referred to. But they all tell the same story. It will be seen that in each of these instances

the objective mind—to adopt Mr. Hudson's distinction—was in a state of unconsciousness before these phantasmal creations of the subjective mind came into being. The former knew nothing of what the latter was doing. And, apparently, in most instances the subjective mind makes no report to the objective mind, on such occasions, of what it has been doing. And yet there appear to be instances in which there is a better understanding between them, and their co-operation is more conscious and complete. This was the case with Mrs. M., Mr. W. T. Stead's hostess at Hindhead in Surrey. When the editor of the *Review of Reviews* took lodgings with this lady, who, by the way, is the daughter of a well known London solicitor, and a person of apparently undoubted respectability, he was busily engaged in collecting and arranging the material of his book on "Ghosts." He was, of course, full of his subject, and prepared to converse with any one and everyone who was supposed to know anything about these mysterious inhabitants of the border land. In the prosecution of his enquiries he made a rather startling discovery. He learned, upon what appeared to be reliable authority, that the house in which he was lodging was haunted, and, though he had no reason to doubt the testimony of others, he naturally felt that the mistress of the house was likely to know more about it than anybody else could know. He therefore resolved to ask her if the report was true. She answered that it was quite true, but added that she herself was the ghost!

"Yes," she said, quite seriously, "it is quite true what your friends have told you. They did see what you would correctly describe as an apparition. That is to say, they saw a more or less shadowy figure, which they at once identified, and which then gradually faded away. It was an apparition in the true sense of the word. It entered the room without opening the door or the window, was visibly manifested before them, and then it vanished. But it is also true that the ghost, as you call it, was my ghost."

This phantasm, which was visible to her neighbors and distinctly recognized by them at Hindhead when Mrs. M. was at home in her town-house in London, she calls her "thought body," in which she claims to have the power to roam about without carrying the grosser physical organism with her; and of it she gives the following account: "Every person has, in addition to his natural body of flesh, bones and blood, a thought body. It is capable of motion with the rapidity of thought. The laws of space and time do not exist for the mind, and the thought envelope, of which we are speaking, moves with the swiftness of the mind." She further says of this thought body: "My mind goes with it; I see, I hear, and my consciousness is with my mind envelope."

As to how all this is done by this lady she does not fully inform us: but she says enough to make it safe to conclude that she does it in precisely the same way that has been already described. That is to say, it has its origin in the action of the will. She tells us that when at London she used to go into her bed-room after breakfast and lie down on a couch, and that in a moment she was in Hindhead in Surrey. And, from what she says elsewhere, we learn that when she lay down she went into the hypnotic or somnambulistic trance. Whether or not it was from this lady that Mr Stead received the first suggestion of making the use which he is reported to be making of occultism in his every-day life as a journalist and a man of business, I am not aware. But he is reported to have said to an interviewer at Montreal, after he had been a good many weeks in America, that he neither wrote nor received letters from home, and that yet he was in daily communication with his London office. Whether this communication

was purely telegraphic, or whether he made daily journeys across the ocean in his "thought body," after the fashion of his Hindhead hostess, I have no means of knowing. Mr. Stead himself seems to attribute it to the agency of familiar spirits: but as all the things whereof he affirms may, in the opinion of those who appear to have studied the subject most profoundly, be accounted for independently of the hypothesis of spiritual agency, it seems to be unnecessary to complicate the question of the hidden powers of the human personality by mixing it up with the darker mystery of demonology.

But we must not lose sight of the ghosts. Assuming that what has been said about the phantoms of the living be substantially true, what are the lessons which are suggested by the facts which have passed under review? We get a profounder and more impressive view of the complexity of the human personality, of the mystery in which it is involved and the powers and properties with which it is endowed, than we could get without them. They show, among other things, that though the intellectual being, in our ordinary every-day experience, appears to be entirely dependent upon the physical organism, not being able to acquire knowledge but through the bodily senses, or to reason or think but by the instrumentality of the brain, there are concealed within its depths a power by which it can, upon occasion, assert its superiority to it and act independently of it. They refute the notion that mind is the result of material organization, and point to the opposite conclusion, namely, that organization is the product of mind. If the subjective mind can travel with the swiftness of thought, and not only put itself into communication with minds apparently at almost any distance from the body but can go farther still, and instantly weave a garment for itself out of the impalpable elements of material nature, so as to make itself visible to the eye, it does not seem to be an unreasonable conclusion that mind, or that spiritual essence of which mental phenomena are the manifestations, is the cause, rather than the effect of organization, and that the judgment of materialism must therefore be reversed.

Then, the phantasms of the living differ not from those of the dying and the dead, and as we only know how those are produced when the subject of them is in health, it is only fair to conclude that those which occur in weakness and in death are produced in the same way. Those apparitions most frequently occur when the subject is dying or immediately after death. And they frequently occur some time after death. The evidence in support of this, in the judgment of eminent scientists thoroughly trained in the laws of evidence and in the art of examining witnesses, is overwhelming. Now, assuming this view to be correct, and that the only phenomena of this kind, of the genesis of which we know anything, are produced by the action of the will in entire independence of the physical organism, does not the conclusion seem to be inevitable that they are all the product of the will? Thus even the ghosts seem to demonstrate that the will, with the intellectual being through which it works, is no less powerful in sickness than in health, in extreme weakness than in the greatest physical strength; nay more, it proves that the intellectual being is not involved in the ruin that is wrought by death, that it survives that great change, and is capable of performing some at least, of its most wonderful feats after physical dissolution.

IN NORTH-WESTERN WILDS.

(The narrative of a 2,500 mile journey of Exploration in the great Mackenzie River Basin.)*

BY WILLIAM OGILVIE, D.L.S., F.R.G.S.

II.

BETWEEN Chipewyan and Smith's Landing, about one hundred miles, there are two or three ripples caused by ledges of rock, but there is nothing to interfere seriously with the passage of the *Grahame*. Every season she makes two or three runs from Chipewyan to McMurray, and as many down to Smith's Landing. The combined distance is about 300 miles by the route the steamer takes—though a few miles less by the canoe route. As two round trips make 1200 miles, and three make 1800, and there is a run of 500 miles up Peace River, (sometimes there are two runs), she covers 2000 to 3000 miles each season.

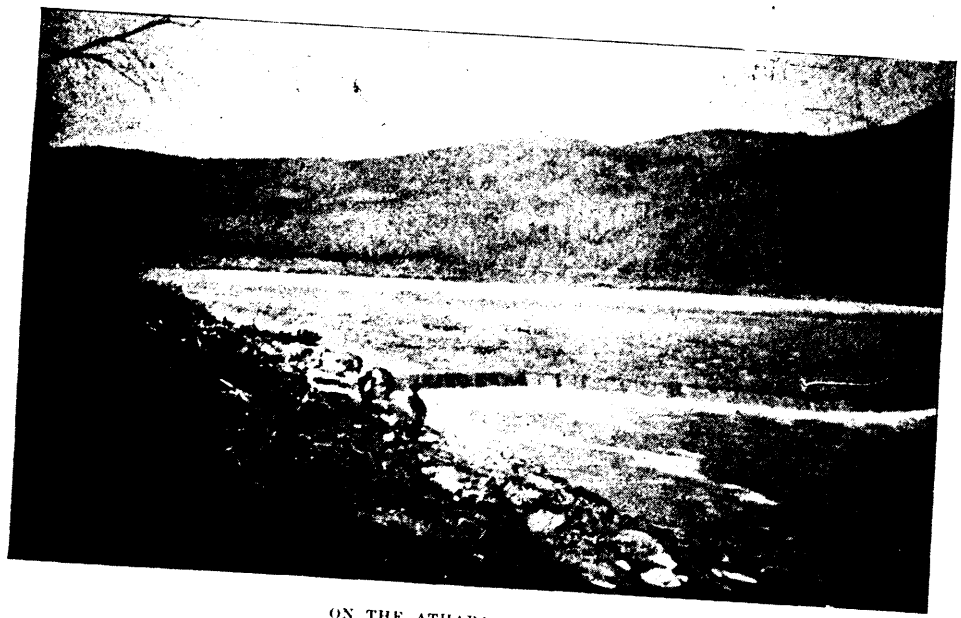
Smith's Landing is at the head of a series of rapids in Great Slave River. The aggregate fall in all is about 240 feet, in a distance, by the river, of about sixteen miles. The Hudson's Bay Company some years ago constructed on the west side of the river, past these rapids, a waggon road, over which all their supplies for the Mackenzie River District are handled in carts and waggons. By this road, the distance from the Landing to Fort Smith, at the foot of the rapids, is about fourteen miles, of which only a short part, near the south end, can be called bad. A great part of it winds among sand hills which are thinly covered with Banksian pine, or, as it is known in the country, pitch pine. This is said to be the worst or best place in all the North-West for flies, which, in some years, reduce the oxen used for transport to skeletons. It is even said that oxen have been killed by them.

Fort Smith is on the west bank of the river, at the lower end of the rapids. The soil around the fort is generally sandy; the surface knolly, and pretty well wooded with small poplar, some fair spruce and much Banksian pine. As the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Wrigley* can get no farther up than here, the company has quite a large store-house on the bank, in which the goods brought over the portage are stored until the *Wrigley* comes for them.

The rapids are caused by a spur of the Laurentian rocks which extend northward from Lake Athabasca to and beyond Great Slave Lake. It is curious to note that Great Slave River is, from the lake down to the foot of the rapids, a pretty sharp boundary between the Laurentian and sedimentary rocks in this district. Very seldom are Laurentian rocks seen on the west bank of the river, and just as seldom are sedimentary rocks seen on the east bank. At the head of the rapids, Laurentian rocks are seen on both banks, but about two miles below, the older rock gives place on the west bank to a thinly bedded rock which in places holds small nodules of gypsum. This rock is very similar in appearance to the rock associated with the extensive gypsum beds on Peace River near Peace Point, and very probably the same formation includes all the intervening country.

Below the rapids, the Laurentian rocks appear to trend eastward, while the river bears westward, and between these and Great Slave Lake, with the exception of a cliff, called "Bell's Rock," on the left bank, about seven

*The illustrations are from photographs by Count de Sainville and others.



ON THE ATHABASCA RIVER.

miles below Fort Smith, no rocks are seen along the river.

About twenty miles west from Fort Smith, the salt springs of Salt River are situated. They are about fifteen miles in an air line from the mouth of Salt River, which is about twenty miles down Great Slave River from Fort Smith.

The evaporation of the waters of these springs leaves little mounds of salt around them. From this source is supplied nearly all the salt used in the Mackenzie Valley. Capt. Back, in his Narrative of the Arctic Land Expedition to the Mouth of Great Fish River, tells of visiting them on the 5th of August, 1833, and says: "And on arriving at the proper spot we filled our five large bags with pure white salt in the short space of half an hour. There were no mounds like these seen in 1820, but just at the foot of the hill which bounds the prairie in that quarter, there were these springs, varying in diameter from four to twelve feet, and producing hillocks of salt from fourteen to thirty inches in height. The streams were dry, but the surface of the clayey soil was covered, to the extent of a few hundred yards towards the plain, with a white crust of saline particles. The plain itself had been trodden into paths by the footsteps of buffalo and other herbivorous animals." Mr. R. G. McConnell, of the Geological Survey Staff, visited these springs in August, 1887, and his description of them corresponds generally with Capt. Back's.

The Hudson's Bay Company has a garden at Fort Smith in which good potatoes and other vegetables are grown. There are also, on the east bank of the river and opposite to the post, many Indian houses, the inhabitants of which cultivate patches of ground, raising good potatoes therefrom, and this helps out their fish and meat stores.

On both occasions of my passing Fort Smith, I was too much hurried to converse with any of these Indians, but have learned from the whites around that some of them make extended hunting excursions eastward from here, following some stream to the vicinity of the waters of Hudson Bay, presumably at Chesterfield Inlet.

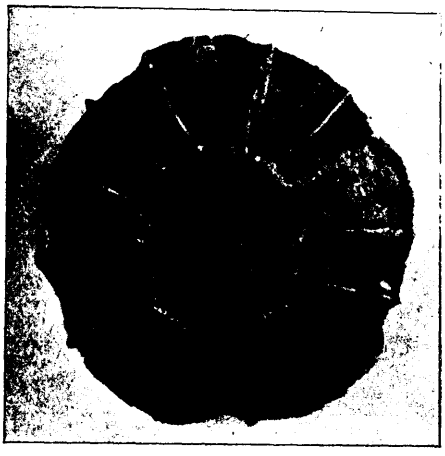
On my arrival at Fort Smith, I found the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Wrigley* there, loading for her down trip. I arrived there on the afternoon of the 30th July, and spent the greater part of that night getting observations to determine the geographical position. The resultant latitude was 60 01′ 51″ and longitude 112 00′ 05″ W. The following evening the *Wrigley* started for Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake, and on the way down I obtained much information of value from Captain Bell, commander of the steamer, concerning the depth of water and the obstacles in the route. To render this information more intelligible, I will give a short description of the *Wrigley* and the route she travels over. This steamer was built at Fort Smith by the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1886, and made her first trip in 1887. As in the case of the *Grahame*, previously mentioned, the magnitude of such an undertaking, small as she is, can be appreciated when we know that every piece of lumber used in her construction had to be sawn by hand. All her machinery had to be transported upwards of 100 miles by horses, over somewhat bad roads, and then taken nearly 240 miles in scows, and 300 on the Company's steamer *Grahame*. Her dimensions, as given to me by Captain Bell, are eighty feet keel, fourteen feet beam, five to six feet draught at stern when loaded, and four to five at bow. Her propeller is a four and a half foot four-bladed screw, with adjustable blades. Her engine, manufactured by the John Doty Engine Co., of Toronto, with about 60 pounds pressure will drive her about eight miles an hour, but she can be driven ten. In the course of a season, the requirements of the Company's service necessitated her travelling about 6,500 miles. Her maximum load is about thirty tons.

Going down the Great Slave River, Capt. Bell kindly pointed out to me the shallow places and gave me the depths of water in each of them. Just below Fort Smith there is an extensive bar, but there is a channel through it which always affords plenty of water for the passage of the *Wrigley*. The shallowest place in the river is beside an island known as Big Island. The lowest water Capt. Bell ever experienced in the country, and the lowest he recorded, (by the way, it is generally admitted to have been unusually low), was six feet here: at average height there is nine feet, and at the date of my passage (1st August) there was thirteen feet. This shoal is about 200 yards across, and is on the left side of the island. The other channel is much the wider, but is full of sand bars, and, unless in very high water, the *Wrigley* could not get through it. Capt. Bell found in all the other parts of the river from twelve to thirty-six feet of water at average height. As is usual in all

LESSER SLAVE LAKE POST,
West end of Lesser Slave Lake.

such places, there are bars across all the mouths where they empty into the lake. On the one through which the steamer enters the lake, there is at very low water a depth of five and a half feet, and at high water, eight: the usual depth is six to seven, but this varies a good deal with the force and direction of the wind, a south-westerly wind lessening it and a north-easterly increasing it.

Owing to the displacement of the channel marks by a violent storm a few days before our arrival, the boat ran aground on the bar, with no other result than a couple of hours' detention.



SEPTARIAN NODULE, FROM MACKENZIE DELTA.

This gave the Professor a much desired opportunity to air his experience as a steamboat-man. He immediately took the captain into his confidence, told him of his long experience on Red River and Lake Winnipeg steamers, and advised him how to get the *Wrigley* off the bar. "You see Captain," he said, "whenever our boat ran on a bar, the first thing the captain did, was to ask, 'How is she heading?' Then the wheelsman sung out her course: the captain then said, 'Hold her there:' the bells were then rung to back her hard: the wheels were then backed until she came off." The Captain was inclined to resist this interference, but seeing me smiling at him, he gave his orders and came over and asked me what kind of a fellow that was. We had a hearty laugh at this idea of holding a boat to her course when aground and when the only object was to get her off in the easiest way possible. Though the crew of the boat consisted, with the exception of the Captain, engineer and his assistant, of half-breeds and Indians, they greatly enjoyed the Professor's display of nautical skill, and soon began to mimic his voice and swagger.

We expected to reach Fort Resolution before night, but this detention make it quite dark when we rounded Mission Island and came in sight of the Fort, which, with its houses all lighted up for the night, looked quite pretty. This post is situated on a sandy point five or six miles from the main mouth of Great Slave River.

The country all around it is flat and alluvial, and no doubt the land immediately adjacent was at one time a part of the lake. As the river combines the waters of the Peace, Athabasca and all the streams flowing into Lake Athabasca, it is of considerable volume, and, as the country along its course from Fort Smith to the lake is all clay and sand, it is continually bearing to the lake a great quantity of sediment, which is slowly filling up that part of the lake in the vicinity of its mouth.

Capt. Bell informed me that in his passages around and across the Great Slave Lake, he had done much sounding and found the depth to be, generally, at two miles from shore four fathoms, at six miles twenty fathoms. In mid-lake, on the way from the mouth of the Great Slave River to the head of Mackenzie River, he generally found upwards of forty fathoms, and in places sixty fathoms gave no bottom. In the arm of the lake on which Fort Rae is situated, he found, fifty miles

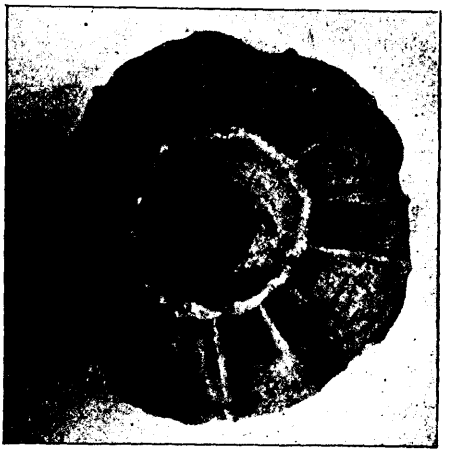
below Rae, twenty fathoms, thirty miles from Rae, three fathoms, eighteen miles two fathoms, and seven miles seven feet, a depth which continued up to Rae. The bottom in this arm he found muddy, with many boulders in it.

This lake, as laid down on our maps, is about 325 miles in an air line from end to end, and, exclusive of bays, is, in its widest part, about sixty miles across. Its longer axis lies in a north-easterly direction from its west end. No complete survey has yet been made of its shores; consequently our geographical knowledge of it is, in part, vague. Between the mouth of the great Slave River and the head of the Mackenzie, the adjacent country is mostly low and flat, and covered with the timber peculiar to the north, that is, spruce and poplar on the flats and hill-sides, with, on the heights, Banksian pine, or, as it is generally known in the country, "jack" or "pitch" pine. In some of the swamps some tamarac is found, but is seldom large enough to be of much service. The soil along the lake-shore is generally sandy.

About thirty miles west from Resolution, bituminous lime-stone crops out on the shore. This seldom rises more than twenty-five or thirty feet above the water, and it extends many miles. In some places it is so saturated with bitumen that it is quite black on a freshly broken face, and when put into a fire, soon gives off strong fumes of petroleum and a black smoke. No other rock is visible until we come to the head of the Mackenzie, where, on the south side, a low outcrop of apparently the same formation occurs.

Between the Great Slave and Mackenzie Rivers four streams entitled to the appellation of rivers enter the lake, but only one of them,—Hay River—is noteworthy as a stream. At its mouth it is about 200 yards wide, but I understand from accounts I have heard of it, that it is not much over half this width in general. It is also reported generally unnavigable for anything but canoes.

About thirty miles in an air line from the mouth—probably fifty or more by the river—are situated the Falls, named by Bishop Bompas, Alexandria Falls, in honor of the Princess of Wales. These falls are two in number, and about a mile apart. The upper one is a sheer drop of about eighty feet; the lower one, not so precipitous, has a drop of about fifty feet. It is said that when the water in the river is high, they are fine sights.



SEPTARIAN NODULE, FROM MACKENZIE DELTA.

From credible accounts which I got of this river later on, it rises in a ridge of hills sixty or seventy miles north from Fort St. John, on Peace River, in about latitude 57 and longitude 120° 30′. By my observations its mouth is in latitude 60 52′ and longitude 115 58′. Its length, as the crow flies, is thus upwards of 300 miles, but its actual course must be nearly double that distance. In one part of the course it runs parallel with Peace River: and from Vermillion, on the latter river, it is said to be only about forty miles across to Hay River.

Several rivers of considerable size discharge into the eastern half of the lake, but of only two is anything very definite known. One is Hoar Frost

River, which Captain Back ascended in 1833, and which tumbles into the lake over a precipice sixty feet high, forming a splendid fall. The other, Captain Back calls the Ah-nee-dessy River. He describes it as almost one continuous rapid, with two cataracts on it quite close to the lake; these he named respectively Parry and Anderson Falls. The former appears, from his description, to be between four and five hundred feet high, and, for "splendor of effect," he says it was the most impressive spectacle he had ever witnessed. Of Anderson Falls he only says, "it is deep and perpendicular." The lake has an area of about 10,400 square miles, and ranks about fifth in size on this continent.

There is a place in the narrows, before we come to Christie's Bay, which never freezes. Back mentions this, and says it is called Tal-thel-leh, and reports that the observations of two writers confirm his account. The fact was mentioned to me at Resolution by several, but I could learn no cause for it. No up-flow from the bottom was observed by any of my

SEPTARIAN NODULE, FROM MACKENZIE DELTA.

informants, but I do not think they looked for any such. As the lake is deep here, it is possible that no effect of springs could be observed, though it is very probable that the absence of ice is caused by deep-seated springs.

There are several tar or bitumen springs on the north side of the lake, near Pointe aux Esclaves, from which tar has been collected in the past for boat-building.

The first white man to visit it was Samuel Hearne, who reached it in December, 1771. He crossed it and ascended Great Slave River about forty miles, and leaving it, travelled eastward. Hearne called the lake "Athapuscou Lake."

At Fort Resolution I took observations to determine its position, which I found to be in latitude 61 10′ 35″ longitude 113 51′ 51″.

Trading has been done here for over a century, houses having been erected at the mouth of the river in 1785. At the present site of the Fort are situated the Anglican and Roman Catholic Missions. The Company and the missions, also some of the people employed at the Fort, have gardens in which they raise potatoes and other vegetables of good size and quality. The Company generally grows a little barley, which usually develops well. Wheat has also been tried with success. At Hay River, where the Company some years ago had a trading post, some Indians now reside most of the year. They have several lots of ground under cultivation, in which they grow potatoes of very good quality and size. An aged Indian, who may be considered a permanent resident here, some years ago bought from the Company two calves, which he so cared for that at the time of my visit in 1891 he had seven or eight head. Some weeks before my arrival he had sold a heifer to the Roman Catholic Mission at Resolution. At the time of sale, payment was not completed, the Fathers being short of goods. They took advantage of my passing the point to send the balance in the form of tobacco, cloth, twine, and other articles. I inquired for the old man by name, found him and delivered my charge. He opened the package then and there,

examined the goods and announced himself satisfied. He made a distribution of some of the tobacco to the other Indians, sat down by my camp-fire, and enjoyed a smoke purchased with his first sale of cattle. The old man's face was a picture of perfect contentment: but the others looked on him with envy, and his example, in all probability, was wasted on most of them, for if the cattle belonged to them they would have killed and eaten them the first time they were short of provisions, and the fact of owning such a supply would be a prime motive for their idling and thus creating want. The old man cut hay for winter use on flats around the mouth of the river. Though they milked the cows, no attempt was made at butter-making. I fancy the old man had about reached the limit of accumulation with his herd, as he found it considerable trouble to cut and save sufficient hay for the number he had.

VIEW FROM FORT SIMPSON AT JUNCTION OF MACKENZIE AND LAIRD RIVERS.
Mackenzie on left, Liard on right, Gros Cap in centre.

On my way from Resolution to Hay River, we were wind-bound at Dead Man's Island, thirty-three miles from Resolution. This island is named from the occurrence there of what was said to be a fight between Indians from the south, and the native Indians, but I could learn nothing positive or definite about it. The supposed number of killed, as stated to me by different parties, varied from fourteen to two hundred. A half breed who was with me on the island told me that years ago its surface was strewn with human bones, but, though I made much search, I could not find a trace of any bones. This fight is said to have occurred about sixty-three years ago: and from some accounts I got of it, it seemed more like a series of murders than a fight.

We left Hay River in the early morning of the 16th of August, and as we had a fair sailing breeze we proceeded gaily with sail and paddle, and had high hopes of getting well into the Mackenzie that evening, but the breeze increased until after we rounded Stony point, some fifteen miles from Hay River, it was a gale, and we fain would have landed, but we could not, as we certainly would have been swamped in the attempt. Several times we were nearly swamped by breakers, but we fortunately escaped. With our sail all spread, we flew from wave to wave at a lively rate, and just as I was wondering whether or not we would weather it to the Mackenzie, which was yet some eighteen miles away, I saw breakers between me and shore, and recollected passing two low reefs at this point in 1888. They were half a mile or more to leeward; the canoe was headed for them, and in a few minutes we were in their shelter. As they were less than a quarter of a mile from shore, the waves were sufficiently subdued by them to enable us to land, but not without some risk of swamping.

High winds were now the rule for some days, and we did not get into the great Mackenzie until the 19th.

The Professor having never seen a

large river, was very anxious to have his first view of the river and contemplate its vast proportions. His anxiety was manifested in such original expressions that it was a source of amusement to us, and, at last, when on the afternoon of the 20th, we passed the mouth of Beaver River and were fairly out of the lake, I said, "Professor we are in the river now," he was spell-bound. He gazed around, with distended eyes, for some time, then turned to me and said, "Why the Saskatchewan a'int in it: this is an ocean: there must be barrels of water, sure! How deep is it? Sound and see." We found seventeen feet. As the river here and down to Fort Providence is from two to three miles wide, he was in a high state of admiration all the way down.

We now had a current of two-and-half to three miles per hour in our favor, and made fine time.

FORT LIARD.

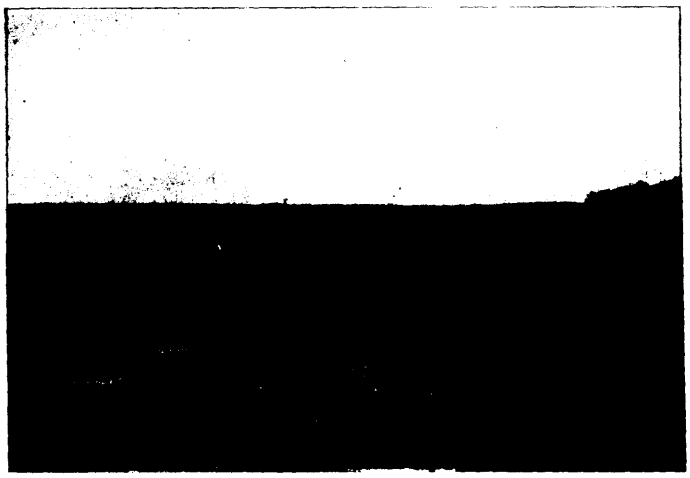
Near a place known as "Bix point," we saw a smoke, went to it and found a Roman Catholic priest and two Indians, who were on their way from the fisheries at the head of the river, to Providence, some fifteen or sixteen miles from here, and had stopped to make tea and have a smoke. As we thought it would be late when we would reach the post, we concluded to have a lunch here, too; so we landed.

A few minutes afterwards the good priest bade us good bye, telling me that he would inform the people at the post of our approach. I thanked him, but at the same time thought "May-be you will." For he had two Indians to row his boat, and I knew they would do their utmost to beat us into the post, and proposed to Charlie and the Professor that we try them a race. To this they at once assented. We hurriedly ate our bite, packed up, and shot out into the river: but by this time the other boat was only a speck in the distance. In a short time it began to show plainly, and we put our best strokes forth. The other party, too, were pulling their best, as I could see with my glass, yet we were hauling up to them in grand style, when up came a fair breeze and up went their sail, which was all ready, but, alas! ours was stowed in the bottom of the canoe, and would cost us more time than it would gain us to get it out. We plied our paddles with all our power, but the Indians rowed with equal vigor, and, with the aid of their sail, for four or five miles almost held their own. Then the wind fell away, and we made up to them and passed them with ease. The look of utter disappointment and chagrin on the faces of the Indians was such as we seldom see: but the good priest congratulated us on our prowess and on the sailing qualities of our canoe. I had not the heart to chafe

him about carrying the intelligence of our approach, or to leave him: so we continued together and arrived at the post at dark on the evening of the 20th.

At Providence, I took the necessary observations to determine its position, which I found to be in latitude 60 20′ 38″, and longitude 117 58′43″.

The usual Hudson's Bay Company's buildings are here, also a Roman Catholic church and nunnery and the necessary residence for the clergy. It is situated on the north bank of the river, about forty miles from Great Slave Lake, and fifteen miles above Little Lake. The country around it is all densely wooded, but quite an extensive clearing has been made around the post, and both the Company and the Mission cultivate several acres of ground. Potatoes and other vegetables are grown with much success, and barley is equally successful.



VIEW ON LIARD RIVER.

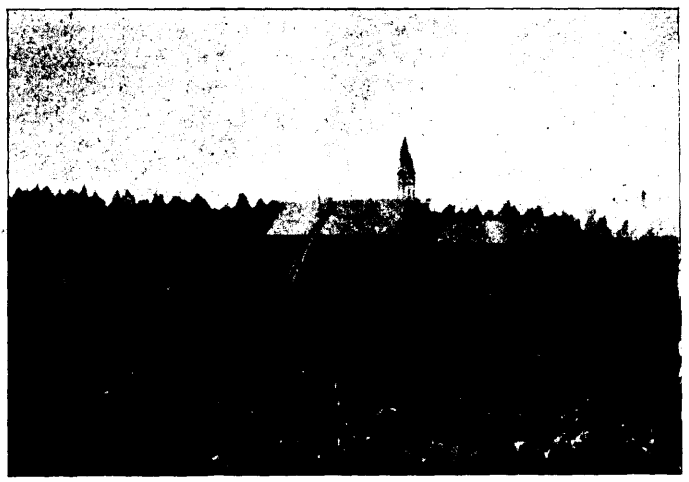
The Company almost every spring sows some wheat, which nearly always gives a good return of a fine sample. There is a hand mill here with which they grind the wheat and make a coarse flour, which is made into good and wholesome bread. While here in September, 1888, I ground enough of the previous year's crop to make a small loaf, which I had my cook bake for me. The flour was not as white as our patent-process flour, but the loaf was very palatable nevertheless. I will now state what may seem incredible. The entire crop planted at Fort Providence in 1891, was devoured by grasshoppers. I went over the Company's wheat field, but could see only the butts of the stalks half an inch or so above ground. That such a thing should occur 1,150 miles nearer the pole than Toronto, gives one a truer conception of our frozen north than many of our people entertain. The season was exceptionally dry, and therefore favorable to the propagation of the locust. The Roman Catholic Mission suffered in the same way. The soil here is a dark clay which, when mixed with the vegetable mould of the forest, makes a nice compound for farming on.

It is proper, here, to insert some information I got from Capt. Bell relative to the navigability of the Mackenzie River. Many of the facts stated take me far beyond the limits of my journey, but their general interest will justify the ramble.

As the head of the river, as before remarked, is very wide, several miles consequently may be expected to be, and are, shallow. Search was made here for a suitable channel for the steamer, and of course the notes furnished refer exclusively to this channel. In ordinary low water this channel affords a depth of about six feet, in very low water only five feet. In ordinary high water, such as there

was when I passed, there would be a depth of about nine feet, but in 1888 the depth must have been thirteen or fourteen feet. Capt. Bell thinks this shoal is the result of shoves by the ice on the lake, as quite close to it on both sides there is twelve to fourteen feet of water. It consists of gravel, and is, he says, only about two hundred yards across, so that improving it would not be a difficult undertaking.

Five miles below this there is another shoal known as "Trout Island Shoal." On this in low water there is six feet of water, but it appears that the depth is very irregular. This irregularity Capt. Bell thinks is due to the gravel at the bottom being scraped by ice and deposited in heaps. He thinks a proper search would show a deep channel all through here, but it would be very crooked, for it would wind about these gravel heaps. This shoal extends about a mile and a half. Through "Beaver Lake" in low water there is a depth of ten feet, in ordinary water twelve, and in high water fourteen. Of course this refers to the shallowest places in Beaver Lake.



R. C. CHURCH AND RESIDENCE AT FORT LIARD.

Providence Rapid, situated a little above Fort Providence, has five feet in the shallowest places in low water, and in ordinary stages six to seven feet. This extends for about two miles. Here, as in the before-mentioned places, a good channel could be found, but it would be very crooked, so much so that a steamer descending could not keep in it. From this rapid down to Rapid Sans Sault, the least depth in the lowest water was found to be twelve feet.

Rapid Sans Sault is caused by a ledge of rock extending across the river. Near the easterly shore the water drops over this a few inches and causes quite a commotion across the easterly half of the river. In the westerly half there appears to be a greater depth of water, and smoother current. It need hardly be said that the steam-boat channel is on the westerly side in the smooth water. Over the ledge, the lowest water found by Capt. Bell in a year remarkable for the low state of all the rivers in the country was six feet.

Over the ledge of the Cascade Rapids, which are caused by an obstruction similar to that at Rapid Sans Sault, Capt. Bell found a depth of nine feet in low, and eleven in good water. This rapid is near the head of the "Ramparts."

Close to the Ramparts there is another rapid known as "Rampart Rapids:" this, also, is caused by rock bottom in the river. In it in lowest water Capt. Bell gives the depth as eleven feet and in high water fifteen. It extends for about half a mile.

In his various passages of the Ramparts, Capt. Bell has sounded, without

finding bottom, with forty fathoms, which was the length of his sounding line. I have mentioned in my report for 1889 that Sir Alexander Mackenzie found fifty fathoms here.

Between the Ramparts and the delta, where the steamer leaves the main channel, less than twelve feet depth was never found, but Capt. Bell says that less might be found. Through the channels of the delta to Peel River no difficulty was ever experienced with the steamer.

LOOKING UP LIARD RIVER FROM FORT LIARD.

In Peel River up to the bar, five miles below Fort McPherson, the average depth of water is about fifteen feet. On the bar in low water the depth is about six feet, and with medium water seven feet.

Count de Sainville, a French gentleman who went down the Mackenzie in 1889 and spent much time in making an examination and rough survey of the delta of the Mackenzie and Peel Rivers and the coast line in the estuary of those streams, was good enough to give me all the information in his power. He assured me that the most easterly channel of the delta is the main one, and he never found less than a twelve feet depth in it down to tide water. The tides do not come up more than ten or twelve miles above the ocean, and the rise is not more than about two feet. What depth might be found beyond the mouth of the river he is not prepared to say, but bars there may naturally be looked for. This gentleman purposes making further and more complete examinations which will, no doubt, be of much interest and value.

Before resuming the narrative of my journey, I will give some notes I obtained from Capt. Segur, of the steamer *Athabasca*, and Capt. Bell, of the steamer *Wrigley*, giving the times over the various parts of their runs.

Steamer *Athabasca*, 2nd June, 1891, ran from Athabasca Landing, down to landing of Grand Rapids, in eighteen hours, with six large boats in tow. Up trip, started on 6th June, running time to Athabasca Landing, forty-eight hours. Second trip down, 13th July, running time down, fifteen hours and forty-five minutes. In 1890, her first down trip, made the second of June, was done in twenty hours and fifty minutes, and the return, 10th June, in fifty hours. This run was made in very low water.

The *Wrigley's* log shows the following averages between Fort Smith, the most southerly part of her run, and Fort McPherson, the most northerly: the distance between them is about 1,270 miles. From Smith to Resolution, average running time about eighteen hours; between Resolution and Providence, about seventeen hours, of which twelve and a half is in Great Slave Lake: between Providence and Simpson, about fourteen hours; Simpson to Wrigley, about ten and a half

hours: Wrigley to Norman, about fourteen hours: Norman to Good Hope, about thirteen hours: Good Hope to McPherson, about twenty-four and a half hours. The total running time is 123½ hours, a trifle over ten and a quarter miles per hour.

On her "up" runs, the following averages have been made: McPherson to Good Hope, forty hours; Good Hope to Norman, thirty-four hours: Norman to Wrigley, thirty-nine hours: Wrigley to Simpson, nineteen hours: Simpson to Providence, about twenty-eight and a half hours: Providence to Fort Rae, uncertain, but appears to be about thirteen hours: Providence to Resolution, about twenty hours: Resolution to Smith, about thirty-five hours: Resolution to Rae, about fifteen hours, and return about the same, as it is all lake water. The duration of these runs was varied somewhat by the force and direction of the wind. The total running time from McPherson to Smith, as shown above, is 215½ hours, which gives a rate of 5·9 miles per hour. The mean of the up and down rates is a fraction over eight miles per hour, which is said to be her normal speed.

For convenience of reference, I insert the following table of distances on the Mackenzie:—

	Miles.
Smith to Resolution.....	190·5
Resolution to Providence .	167·0
Providence to Simpson....	157·5
Simpson to Wrigley.....	134·0
Wrigley to Norman.....	180·3
Norman to Good Hope....	169·5
Good Hope to McPherson.	274·7
Total.....	1,273·5

We started from Providence on the morning of the 22nd August, and had to make way in the teeth of a fierce wind which more than neutralized the advantage the current gave us. On Little Lake we had to go ashore for some time, being unable to make headway. By dint of very hard work we got out of the lake and into the lee of the north shore, which enabled us to make such good headway that the last three hours we were paddling put us as far on our journey as all the previous part of the day.

The next day we were again unfortunate in encountering a strong headwind and heavy rain storm which delayed us considerably.

On the way I was surprised to note the difference in the level of the water as it was then and in 1888. In the latter year, from the head of the Line to Little Lake all the banks were submerged, in many places the water extending hundreds of yards into the forest. There must have been a difference of at least twelve feet in the level of the water in those years. Just fancy the difference in volume of discharge in a river a mile to a mile and a half wide, with a three mile or more current, and twelve feet of a difference in depth.

The evening found us well down the "Line," with every prospect of making Simpson on the morrow. For convenience I will recapitulate what I said of this part of the river in my former article in this magazine. "A short distance above the confluence of the Mackenzie and Liard, the Mackenzie narrows to an average width of a little over half a mile, with a generally swift current. This continues for seventy-five miles above Fort Simpson, and causes that part of the river to be called the "Line," from the fact that large boats cannot be rowed against the current, but have to be hauled by line, as has been previously described in this article."

We reached Fort Simpson early in the evening of the 25th August, and remained there until the forenoon of the 28th. The nights of the 25th and 26th being beautifully clear, I spent many hours taking observations. To most of the people around the fort it was most unusual to see a man gazing into the depths of a disk of mercury and then up at the sky. Not understanding it, they applied their

term for all forms of occultism and magic to it—"Medicine"—and I was dubbed a conjurer at once: but unfortunately for me the Professor came on the field, and my reputation was explained away in the most profoundly scientific manner. Those benighted people heard more about latitude and longitude, stars, astronomy and the glacial period that night than ever they had heard before, or, in all probability, ever will hear again.

The result of my "medicine" both nights put Simpson in latitude 61 51′ 43″, and longitude 121 42′ 52″. This is about nine and a half miles farther west than Thomas Simpson placed it in 1837, and about five further than Sir John Franklin put it.

The garden and field produce did not present the same fine appearance here that it did in 1888, as the season was unusually dry: yet, were it placed anywhere in Ontario, the people would never suspect from its appearance that it had developed outside of that province. Although a few grasshoppers were seen here, they were not in numbers sufficient to injure the crops. While at this post, we enjoyed the fine potatoes, carrots, parsnips, cabbage and peas grown in the Company's garden. They were as large and as fine-flavored as the best in any part of the country. Barley is yearly grown here, and, it may be said, always successfully, for any failures have been due to drought or too much rain oftener than to frost. Wheat has been tried several times, often successfully, but, as it cannot be utilized except through grinding with a hand-mill, it is not considered desirable to grow much of it.

The Company keeps a large number of cattle here. The hay for their winter food is cut on the uplands south of the post. To give an idea of the length of time they require stable fodder, I will insert an extract made from the Company's journals at the post. It shows, for a number of years the date of the breaking up of the ice, the date of the first appearance of ice in the river, and the time of the closing of the river:

Year.	*Ice broke up.*	*First drift ice.*	*River closed.*
1876	May 14th	Nov. 4th	Nov. 17th
1877	" 8th	" 1st	" 28th
1878	" 8th	Oct. 16th	" 26th
1879	" 3rd	Nov. 12th	" 20th
1880	" 7th	" 2nd	" 26th
1881	" 13th	Oct. 12th	" 18th
1882	" 7th	Nov. 1st	" 30th
1883	" 1st	Oct. 28th	" 20th
1884	" 12th	" 11th	" 18th
1885	" 2nd	" 28th	" 20th
1886	" 13th	" 30th	" 25th

I may remark that the thickness of the ice (it being over four feet) helps to keep it in place in the spring, and the breaking up cannot be considered the same indication of the progress of the season as the same occurrence would be at Ottawa. The snow is generally all gone by this time, and often seeding is done before the ice leaves.

While at Fort Norman in the same year I made extracts from the Company's journals there, which, as that post is 318 miles further down the river and is in about the latitude of 65°, will be of interest here:

Year.	*Ice broke up.*	*First snow.*	*First ice.*	*River closed.*
1872	Not given.	Sept. 28th	Oct. 7th	Nov. 8th
1873	May 17th	Sept. 28th	" 21st	" 12th
1874	" 25th	Oct. 15th	Nov. 2nd	" 13th
1875	" 24th	Not given.	Oct. 23rd	" 9th
1876	" 19th	Oct. 10th	" 13th	" 9th
1877	" 12th	Sept. 25th	" 18th	Not given
1878	Not given.	" 28th	" 22nd	Nov. 7th
1879	May 9th	Oct. 3rd	" 20th	" 2nd
1880	" 22nd	" 7th	" 22nd	" 12th
1881	Not given.	" 2nd	" 7th	" 12th
1882	May 14th	" 9th	" 14th	" 14th
1883	" 11th	" 9th	" 24th	" 10th
1884	" 28th	rest of record lost.		
1885	No record.	No record.	No record.	No record
1886	"	"	Oct. 18th	Nov. 18th
1887	May 24th	Sept. 23rd	Oct. 5th	" 8th

In the above, the date of the first snow does not mean the permanent snow for the winter, which may not have come for a month afterwards.

The Liard River, up which we had to go, joins the Mackenzie just above Simpson. The point between them is scarped, and rises about 200 feet above the level of the water; it is locally known as the *Gros Cap*.

The Hudson's Bay Company officers and employés at Simpson, in 1887, organized a museum, which they entitled the Mackenzie River Museum

in which they preserve specimens of all the birds and beasts peculiar to the country. They also collect specimens of fossils, Indian work and curiosities—in fact, any article of note or interest, found in the basin, finds a home here. Capt. Bell of the steamer *Wrigley*, proved himself quite a skilful taxidermist, and must necessarily, from the number of specimens fixed when I was there, have devoted a great deal of time to this work.

Count E. de Sainville, a French gentlemen, who has spent several seasons around the delta of the Mackenzie, found a curious specimen in that vicinity, which he presented to the museum. As it appeared to me to be very curious and interesting, I took the liberty of bringing it away for the purpose of identification or classification. It is now in the Geological Museum in Ottawa, where it will remain for some time, if not always. On looking at it, most persons would at once pronounce it organic, but our geologists pronounce it a Septarian nodule, consequently inorganic; but it is very interesting and curious, nevertheless. As it is a very rare specimen, the pictures of it, which are here presented, will no doubt be interesting to many.

As this was the turning point on my journey, it will be interesting, before I start back, to present to my readers an idea of the facility with which one so minding may visit the Arctic Ocean by this route. We will presume we are in Ottawa or Toronto, and wish to visit the land of the midnight sun. Four days from our start, *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway, we arrive at Calgary; one day from Calgary we arrive at Edmonton, *via* the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. From Edmonton three to four days will be required to reach Athabasca Landing; this part of the route (about one hundred miles) has to be made with the aid of horses. By timing ourselves to reach Athabasca Landing about the first days of June, we shall likely catch the steamer *Athabasca* at the Landing, and go down to Grand Rapids on her. From Grand Rapids it will take us three or four days to reach McMurray, and if we are fortunate enough to catch the steamer *Grahame* there, we shall reach Chipewyan in a day. Another day will take us to Smith's Landing, and another to Smith: if we are fortunate at Smith's Landing, we can get to Smith the same evening. If we meet the steamer *Wrigley* at Smith, and she is bound for McPherson, for which she generally starts about the last days in June or the first days in July, we shall likely reach McPherson in seven or eight days. The steamer has not heretofore gone farther down than the delta, but it is possible she may in the future go down to the Arctic coast and along it a short distance

From the foregoing we see that even with the present facilities we can reach the Arctic Ocean from Ottawa in about twenty-three days—let us say, to cover possible contingencies, thirty days—and return in about forty. On the way we shall pass through about 1,200 miles of beautiful prairie country, which extends almost to Athabasca Landing: and from Athabasca Landing to the Arctic Ocean, upwards of 1,800 miles, we have only ordinary river navigation, with the exception of a few miles on Lake Athabasca, and about 120 on Great Slave Lake. During the whole of the journey, we are likely to experience as pleasant weather as if we had remained at home, and it may be more pleasant. We are likely to see much that will interest and surprise us, and we shall certainly have a much clearer conception of the extent and value of our country. All the way to the Arctic coast we shall see timber and plants similar to much of what we see at Ottawa, and were it not for the absence of many of our trees, and the increased duration of daylight (which we would find at the coast to be of twenty-four hours' duration

each day), we would hardly realize that we had travelled upwards of 4,000 miles from home, and been more than 1,600 north of it. I cannot give the cost of such a trip, but believe that, at most, it would be about $300. It is well to bear in mind, that north of Edmonton the steamers have no regular date of sailing, their movements being governed by the Hudson's Bay Company's needs, and transport facilities over the other parts of the route, and it is possible that we might not even be able to make our way to the Arctic on the steamer: but there would be no great difficulty in completing our journey with such aid as the Hudson's Bay Company could place at our disposal: in which case our journey would partake more of the primitive style of travelling and be a more satisfactory experience to ourselves.

At Simpson I found it necessary to engage extra help for the ascent of the Liard (pronounced *Leor*), in order to reach Peace River before winter set in. The Company's servants were nearly all away on the steamer, and the only available men were an Indian and his son. Though the Indian probably never heard of Robinson Crusoe, he was called Friday.

The Indian has a gruesome history: Over a dozen years before my visit he had a wife, with whom he seemed to live in as much harmony as Indians generally do. The unfortunate woman fell sick, and in the delirium of fever fancied herself a cannibal, and I believe avowed her intention of killing and eating the members of her family.

Now, Friday, unlike his immortal namesake, did not flee from his uncanny fate, as he might have done, and found his Crusoe. No: he took time by the forelock and killed the woman. He was arrested, sent out, tried, convicted, and spent, I think two years in confinement with the mounted police, who called him Friday and taught him a fair smattering of English, of which accomplishment he is now duly proud: and from that day to this, he bears the name which accompanied him to his northern home. Lest the reader wonder why such a light punishment was given him for such a serious misdemeanor, I will say that the Indian dread of a cannibal, real or imaginary, is a lively one, and it is considered perfectly proper to put a cannibal out of the way if one can, in fact it is considered necessary. Friday's case was by no means an isolated one, and it was justified by Indian custom and tradition. All this was shown at the trial, and the judge simply gave him a lesson in his less fortunate white brother's customs and prejudices. Both Friday and his son were lusty men on a hauling line or with a paddle.

I left Fort Simpson on the forenoon of the 28th August. The Liard River, a short distance above the confluence with the Mackenzie, is from six to eight hundred yards wide. The current is generally strong, and at one point, about nine miles up, there is almost a rapid. About thirty-three miles above Simpson, what is known as "The Rapid" commences. In this the river is much wider than usual, being not far from three-quarters of a mile across: on both sides are high rock banks, in many places rising perpendicularly from the water's edge. At those points, in high water, it is impossible to walk along the beach, as the swift current does not permit rowing or paddling up, and large boats cannot be poled up; this renders the ascension of the river impossible until the water falls. No part of this rapid is too rough for the descent of an ordinary canoe, and the only danger in the passage down might be from rocks and shallows. There is nothing in this rapid to prevent the passage up it of such steamboats as are now on the Athabasca River, if there is sufficient depth of water over the ledges. As our passage up was necessarily confined to the

shore water. I cannot speak from personal observation on this point, but I have been told that in very low water many of the ledges would not permit a steamer to pass over them. There would, however, be water enough during a good part of the summer, or I am greatly deceived in the appearance of the place. This rapid, from head to foot, is about six and a half miles long. About ten miles above this there is a ripple over a gravel bar, where there is a large island in the river, but this would not hinder the ascent of a steamer such as I have spoken of. Between here and Fort Liard, there are two or three places where the current is very swift, but a steamer which would work her way up to them could easily ascend them.

Between Simpson and Liard no streams of any importance enter the Liard. About one hundred and five miles above Simpson the Nahanni enters from the west: it is about two hundred yards wide at the mouth. I did not learn anything concerning it, but as it comes from the mountains it is not probable that any extent of it is navigable. About fifteen miles above this another small river enters from the west. About one hundred and seventy-six miles above Simpson, Muskeg River enters from the east. It is an unimportant stream, little larger than a creek. It flows out of a small lake called Lake Bovie, which is fifteen or twenty miles from the Liard River.

Friday had been up the Nahanni "many days" as he expressed it, but he appeared to know very little of it. He described the country as all big mountains.

"Much game up there, Friday?"

"Wough, plenty."

"Any bears?"

"You bet your life, plenty bears!"

"Big?"

"Yes, big, plenty."

"You shoot him?"

"*No, me no shoot, me look!*"

This answer was accompanied by a, "well,-you - must-be-a-born - fool - to-think-I-would-tackle-a-grizzly - bear - alone" look, which amused me.

All the way from Simpson to Fort Liard it was a daily or bi-daily event to see fresh tracks of moose. Often the drippings from their wet sides, after swimming the river, had not yet been absorbed by the dry sands on the beach, which indicated that they had just passed. But we never saw any. It was annoying to us that we could not get sight of any, when we must have been so close to them. Not so with Friday. He "knew his man better," so to speak, and would quietly laugh at our expressions of annoyance at not seeing the animal, and remark, with the proud air of a professional to an amateur, "Umph, you no ketch him!"

Once, just as we rounded a long sandy point, one had passed so recently that the water from its body yet lay in drops and pools on the dry sand.

This excited even Friday a little, and he remarked, with flashing eyes, "No far!"

I took my rifle and walked up into the woods a short distance, more through a desire to stretch my legs than from expectation of seeing the moose; but Friday thought the latter was my object, and followed me, smiling in derision.

When well into the woods I gazed around me intently as though expecting to see the moose, and remarked *sotto voce* "Well: I wish I could see that moose!"

Friday could stand no more, broke into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, "You no kill him."

I determined to break up Mr. Friday's contempt, and sternly looking at him, asked, "No! What for me no kill him?"

He quit laughing at once, and civilly replied, "Too much stick (trees)," but I replied, "Me kill him through the stick!" making him understand by signs that I would shoot through

several sticks or trees: and, pointing to a spruce, 16 inches in diameter, standing close to a balsam poplar, or cotton-wood as it is called in this country, twenty-six inches in diameter, I placed myself in line with them and fired at them.

It would be difficult to picture Friday's surprise when I showed him that the bullet had passed through the spruce, but when I showed him that it had also passed through the poplar, he stood speechless. After a little search, I found where it had grazed another spruce, passing through about three inches of it, and then passed into the ground a foot or more, whence I dug it out in Friday's presence. From that time until I parted with him, he was firmly of the opinion that I could kill anything anywhere, and he never spoke to me of not being able to shoot. He had seen me shoot across the Mackenzie River at Simpson, 1800 yards, and make pretty fair shooting, and did not express much astonishment; but seeing a bullet pass through forty-five inches of wood, and then a foot into the earth, imbued him with a very great respect for my gun. He did not fail to tell of this wonderful gun at Liard, and the natives there were all expectancy to see some wonderful things whenever they saw it in my hands. I made them understand that it was the gun the Great Mother's soldiers shot with, and how useless it would be for any one to seek shelter from it behind trees, or get away from it if they were in sight at all. I may say the rifle in question was the new magazine rifle adopted by the Home Government for the Imperial army, a modification of which rifle is now being prepared for the Canadian Militia.

We reached Fort Liard River, 182 miles from Simpson by the course of the Liard, in the evening of September 4th. Here I remained until noon of the 7th, getting the necessary observations to enable me to determine its position, which I found to be in latitude 60 14′ 18″, longitude 123 57′ 01″. This post has hitherto been marked on our maps as being in British Columbia, but it is sixteen miles north of the northern boundary of that province.

The Hudson's Bay Company for many years did a good trade here, but it is now run down to a very small amount. The Roman Catholic Church has a mission about a mile up the river from the Company's post, and both Company and Mission have a few acres under cultivation, on which they raise very good potatoes and garden stuff. The drought which prevailed elsewhere in the north, here, also, prevented the usual development of crops. At the date of my arrival the barley had been harvested several days, and though the straw was short, the grain was plump, hard and of fair yield.

Wheat has often been grown here successfully, but as it can only be used whole, it is considered better to grow barley, which can be and is much used as cattle food. Cattle are kept here, and seem to thrive as well as at other places in the country. At this post the soil is a rich black loamy clay, and the surface is thickly wooded all around. As seen from the high ground on the opposite side of the river, the country to the south and east appears undulating, rising into extensive ridges all heavily timbered. This condition is said to continue through to Hay River. In the valleys are many lakes, some of considerable extent, and many large swamps. I could not learn anything of the character of the soil, but it is fair to assume from the general character of the woods that it is of fair quality. While at this fort, I examined the daily journal of events kept at every post, for the purpose of getting some information as to the times of the general run of farming events, opening and closing of the river, or any other fact of agricultural, meteorological or general interest.

I will here make a few explanatory remarks with regard to these journals. It is a standing rule of the Company's

service that a journal of daily events be kept at every post, but each officer seems to have a different idea of what a daily event is, and there seems to be a want of continuity, so to speak, in the records, when there is a change of writers or officers: some officers aiming at making it what it was intended or ought to be, a chronicle, which could at any time hereafter be consulted with confidence regarding historical, meteorological and agricultural events in particular, and information generally.

Unfortunately many seem to have considered it an unpleasant duty, and put it off from day to day, until a long interval had elapsed, then gone at it in desperation and made the best record they could from memory, of course often omitting many items of interest and general importance. In many of the journals I have seen, there are great gaps, the officer at the place being absent on a journey, or sick, or otherwise unable to write the journal at the post.

Each recorder stamped his character in his entries as plainly as if it were a part of himself, which, after all, it really is. Some appeared to have enjoyed a quiet sit-down with a pipe and pen, and had a pleasant confidential chat with a friend, narrating their own doings, and hopes and fears in connection with them. Others seemed to have considered it an audience to whom they grandiloquently communicated their estimate of their own powers and ability. Others have been moralists, reflecting, with a sad smile and a shake of the head, on the shortcomings of those around them. Many have been witty, entering with much detail any ludicrous event that may have occurred, and embellishing it with amusing reflections and remarks. It is unfortunate that some common motive did not actuate every recorder, for the lack of system has made valuable references, in some cases, of little use.

The journals at Liard gave me the following dates and facts:

1878. Planted seed May 9th; reaped barley, omitted; first ice drifting in river October 18th; ice set in river October 29th.

1879. Planted seed April 22nd; reaped barley, August 14th; first ice in river, October 15; ice set fast, November 7th.

1880. Planted seed May 7th; reaped barley, August 14; first ice in river, October 25th; ice set fast, November 9th.

1881. Planted seed, May 5th; reaped barley, August 12th; first ice in river, October 10th; ice set fast, November 13th.

1882. Planted seed, May 9th; reaped barley, August 22; first ice in river, October 16th; ice set fast, November 7th.

1883 Planted seed, May 3rd; reaped barley, August 10th; first ice in river, October 29th; ice set fast, November 9th.

1884. Planted seed, May 1st; reaped barley, omitted; first ice in river, October 10; ice set fast, October 29th.

1885. Planted seed, May 22nd; reaped barley, August 11th; first ice in river, October 23rd; ice set fast, omitted.

1886. Planted seed, May 7th; reaped barley, August 19th; first ice set in river, November 9th; ice set fast, November 20th.

1887. Planted seed, May 3rd; reaped barley, omitted; first ice in river, October 22nd; ice set fast, November 9th.

1888. Planted seed, May 9th; reaped barley, omitted; first ice in river, October 20th; ice set fast, November 5th.

1889. Planted seed, April 16th; reaped barley, omitted; first ice in river, October 28th; ice set fast, November 14th.

1890. Planted seed, April 30th; reaped barley, omitted; first ice in river October 15th; ice set fast, November 14th.

Potatoes are generally harvested about the 20th of September. The ice generally breaks up in the river about the 1st of May.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

JOURNALISM in France is a royal road to the highest and most important of offices. Adolphe Thiers, formerly an editorial writer on the *Moniteur*, became prime minister under Louis Philippe, and President of the French Republic after the fall of the Empire at Sedan. Jules Simon, another French premier, won his spurs originally as a journalist. Jules Ferry, Charles Floquet and Leon Gambetta, who were also heads of the government, were at one time special writers on various Parisian newspapers. In fact, journalism has contributed largely not only to the composition of governments, but also to the *personnel* of France's embassies abroad, and her highest public life at home. Talented quill-drivers abound in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. They occupy responsible offices in the State, and move in the highest social circles. Journalism in France is officially, as well as non-officially, recognized as a profession, and the journalist is consequently as much a professional man as a lawyer or a doctor. Politically, he wields more power than other professional men. With a stroke of his pen he sometimes makes and unmakes cabinets. He is feared and respected by politicians of all parties. His influence, power and prestige are due to the fact that he is often an important political personality himself. His daily or semi-weekly articles are signed over his own name, and are read by many thousands; and thus his reputation grows apace until, if he be a brainy man, as he generally is, he becomes one of the big wigs of the State, and aspires to the premiership or the presidency. These circumstances place him in a superior position to his English and American colleagues, most of whom are never personally known to the great public for which they cater.

A PARISIAN NEWSPAPER.

While London, with its population of four and a half millions, has only some twelve or thirteen daily newspapers, Paris with its two millions supports thirty-two morning and evening publications. This extraordinary number of daily journals is attributable to the fact that there are many parties and sections of parties in French politics, each of which finds itself compelled to be represented by one or more organs of its own in the press. Some financial companies have also their daily newspapers. Then, the Parisian is an omniverous reader of news. Every man worth his salt buys his own newspaper, the price of which varies from three cents to one. The Parisian newspaper is smaller in size than those of London, New York, or Boston. Its pages are not quite as large as those of the *Recorder*, and are rarely more than four in number. Periodicals like the *Petit Journal* and *Le Petit Parisien* are not much larger in the size of their pages than Mr. Stead's *Review of Reviews*. The tariff for advertisements is exceedingly high. Wants and such other short "ads" are inserted for twenty-five cents a line; while in *Figaro* they go as high as fifty. Bigger "ads" are proportionately high. This almost prohibitory price is explained by the limited space at the disposal of the newspaper managers, most of whom have very little journalistic enterprise—particularly in the matter of foreign news, to which only a "stick" or so is devoted in many of the publications. Very few of them have correspondents in other capitals. Correspondents rarely wire

the news, which is usually telegraphed by the Havas or Dalziel agencies.

LITERARY AND SOCIETY FEATURES.

If the Paris press is far behind the age in the collection of news, it is superior to the English press in its literary and society departments. The ablest writers of the day, such as Emile Zola, Francois Coppée, Alphonse Daudet, Francisque Sarcey, and others, are special article writers on the dailies, and receive handsome stipends for their services. Some years ago M. Zola received from the *Figaro* five thousand dollars per annum for supplying a three column article once a week on any social or literary topic of the hour. Short stories form an important feature in some of the Parisian dailies, while nearly all have one or two serial novels, written by eminent writers, running through their pages. Under these circumstances, and in a city, moreover, where the literary syndicate business is quite unknown, story-writers are well patronized, and their wares command a good sale in the market. In the discussion of social topics, the Paris newspaper resembles the American. Unlike the London daily, it never reproduces the speeches of public men *verbatim*, and its parliamentary reports are more or less chatty pen and ink pictures of various scenes throughout the debates. It may not be generally known that each newspaper in Paris is provided with a humorous editor, whose sole duty it is to strike off, under the heading "Nouvelles à la Main," three or four jokes on some current event: his pay is usually five francs per joke. Humorous verse-writers on the fads of the hour are also in much demand. These jokes are signed by the writer's name, and secure him a reputation. Even reporters, whose budget of news consists of the break down of a street car, or the dislocation of a wayfarer's ankle by coming in contact with an orange peel on the boulevard, attach their signatures to the "copy" with as much pride as Daudet attaches his to a novelette.

A PEEP INTO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICES.

The circulation of the Paris dailies is not on the whole very large. *Le Petit Journal*, a little one cent sheet, has, however, the largest circulation of any journal ever published. It strikes off at present one million daily. The *Figaro* comes next with 60,000. The others have a circulation ranging from 40,000 to 10,000. With the exception of the *Figaro*, the *Temps*, and *La France*, most of the newspapers are published in dingy flats where the editorial, business and composing rooms are veritable cells, separated from each other by wooden partitions. These offices are, in many cases, situated on the third or fourth floor, and are approachable only by a rickety staircase. I have known one building in the Faubourg Montmartre where there were no less than twelve newspaper offices. Here the editors and "comps.," the reporters and machinists and clerks, were wedged as tightly together as sardines in a box. Most of the members of the editorial staff and the reporters, however, do most of their work in neighboring cafés where yards of "copy" are turned off on marble tables under the inspiration of a glass or two of absinthe. Here, too, when their work is over, the Royalist and Republican pressmen fraternise and clink glasses, after having raked each other fore and aft, mayhap, in their respective journals of the same day! The Paris journalists, I may add, are banded together in various mutual benefit societies, the exchequers of which are well provided with cash for the needs of members out of employment, as well as for the widows and families of deceased colleagues.

THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRESS IN PARIS.

Three newspapers in the English language are published in Paris—two

dailies and one weekly. The dailies are *Galignani's Messenger*, a sheet some seventy-five years old, owned by a company, and the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, started some years ago by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, for the benefit of Americans travelling on the continent, as well as for American residents. The weekly organ of the English-speaking colony in Paris is *The American Register*, owned by the American millionaire dentist, Dr. Evans, who gained some notoriety in 1870 by assisting the Empress Eugenie to effect her escape to England from Paris, after the proclamation of the Republic in the Hotel de Ville. Though Bennett's London *Herald* turned out a dismal failure, his Paris edition is, I am told, paying its working expenses, though its circulation is naturally rather limited. Clifford Millage, the Paris correspondent of the *London Chronicle*, is one of its leading writers. Among the other American and English prominent journalists in the French capital, I may mention Miss Lucy Hooper, daughter of the American Vice-Consul, a vivacious little lady, Parisian to the finger tips, yet for all that truly American; General Carroll Tevis, of Philadelphia, who fought on the French side in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, and on the Turkish side in the years subsequently; Mrs. Crawford, who is the society representative of the New York *Tribune*, and Henry Haynie, who writes correspondence for an American press syndicate. These, and scores of other lesser lights, fill the mail bags weekly with chatty articles descriptive of the wondrous fairy-land life of one of the most entertaining of modern capitals.

BOSTON, Mass.

EVENTIDE.

The day is past, and the toilers cease:
The land grows dim, 'mid the shadows grey,
And hearts are glad, for the dark brings peace
At the close of day.

Each weary toiler, with lingering pace,
As he homeward turns (with the long day done),
Looks out to the West, with the light on his face
Of the setting sun.

Yet some see not, (with their sin-dimmed eyes,)
The promise of rest in the fading light;
But the clouds loom dark in the angry skies
At the fall of night.

And some see only a golden sky,
Where the elms their welcoming arms stretch wide
To the calling rooks, as they homeward fly
At the eventide.

It speaks of peace that comes after strife,
Of the rest He sends to the hearts He tried,
Of the calm that follows the stormiest life—
—God's eventide.

JOHN MCCRAE.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL TRIUMPH.

BY DAVID BOYLE.

It is too often taken for granted by parents and others that the chief or only value connected with school training consists in pupils acquiring the ability to read and write. This, as a matter of course, is much, but it is far from being all. Compare the behaviour of an illiterate mob of adults with that of a crowd of educated persons. Coarseness or brutality will be found to characterize the former, and one may look among them in vain for what is called *Consideration*. If, on the other hand, those who form the multitude possess only an elementary education the difference in behaviour is apparent. The public school pupil has been made to understand his position as a mere unit—that he must regard the welfare of others, as well as his own, and that he must submit to authority. The wayward child is tamed, the thoughtless child is made thoughtful. This, however, is the result of modern school methods rather than of those followed within a generation. Our fathers and mothers were flogged in season and out of season. Teachers and parents alike were of the opinion held by Pete Jones in the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," that there could be no "larnin' without lickin.'" It has been reserved for these days to prove not only the opposite of this, but that the less unreasonable repression we exercise in training, the less will liberty be abused. We no longer believe that if we "give a child an inch he will take a ell." We appeal to his sense of honor, and the appeal is seldom in vain. Bullying teachers make bullying and pugnacious pupils, and such pupils usually retain their quarrelsome qualities as they advance in life. Eternal "Donts" give a zest to violations, and perpetual naggings and threatenings render the subjects callous to reproof. Reasonable liberty increases the self-respect of pupils, and diminishes much of the desire to set authority at defiance. An open fence, or no fence at all, is better in some communities than a stone wall, six feet high, with broken glass on the top, is in others. Another civilizing agency of present day school life may be discovered in the tasteful architecture and furnishing of schoolhouses, and the attention bestowed on grounds and outhouses. A dirty and dingy building will produce a slatternly pupil, and uncared-for playgrounds will result in a tendency to thriftlessness and lawlessness on the part of those who play in them. Clean, comfortable and tasteful surroundings elevate the character by quietly cultivating the æsthetic, and pupils educated amid such influences are not only likely to become superior citizens themselves, but they exercise a wholesome, restraining and repressing power over those who have been less fortunate during their school days, and who, in consequence, are more disposed to turbulency.

These thoughts, be they worth little or nothing at all, are, to a large extent, the outcome of six months' observation at the World's Fair, the crowning glory of which, to my mind, was the remarkably good behaviour of the enormous masses who gathered there from day to day. Most of the buildings were white, yet there was no disfigurement on any of the walls by the pencils or pocket-knives of the Caucasian savage. Grass-plots, with few exceptions, were as green and as smooth in October as in June. It was a rare sight to see a person

making a short cut across the sward, although the only protection was a low chain. Flower-beds there were thousands of square feet in extent, and within easy reach, yet they appeared to be wholly unmolested. The bark of trees and the backs of benches were left uninitialled, and even when the largest crowds were present, and locomotion was a matter of difficulty, everybody was in good humor—nobody jostled, nobody swore—women and children were treated with every possible consideration, and a drunk man was seldom seen. It would be nonsense to assert that among the millions who came and went there were no rowdies, no uncouth people, no utterly selfish ones: without doubt there were many such, but the better-behaved were so overwhelmingly in the majority that their influence pervaded the masses, compelling those who were rudely inclined to become genial in spite of themselves. And this is not an individual opinion. I have yet to hear the first adverse remark regarding the conduct of the crowds in Chicago during the World's Fair. Europeans were more than astonished. They had been taught to believe that in "free and easy" America they would experience nothing approaching to civility, and fully expected that in such vast crowds it would be "every man for himself" and a certain disreputable personage to "take the hindmost:" instead of which, the universal and unvarying style of remark made by foreigners was, "I never saw a better behaved crowd of people in my life."

The Columbian guards, or World's Fair policemen, were themselves, with few exceptions, models of propriety. Most of them were tolerably well educated young men—clerks, students, teachers, doctors, civil engineers, lawyers, and even a few candidates for the ministry. Probably no other similar body of men ever had a lighter task as keepers of public order, for the reason that perhaps there were fewer breaches of rule and law in Jackson Park, than have ever been known to occur at such a time and in such circumstances anywhere else.

With regard to other officials it may be said that, if they were not always efficient, they were invariably obliging and polite. As a general thing, we do not expect an overplus of consideration from customs' officials or other government servants, (should I have said *employes*?) but here, no one could wish for better treatment than was meted out to all who had to transact business with these men. Rasping and harassing, in most cases, were the stupid, red-tape, circumlocutory regulations, but the officers were personally all that could be desired, and did everything possible, especially when they were approached in a proper spirit, to assist exasperated foreign exhibitors: and this, let me say parenthetically, has no reference to dollars and cents, for I have before my mind an instance of the indignant refusal of a ten-dollar bill by the chief customs' officer in one of the buildings, when the offer was accompanied by a request urging a favor.

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the public schools of the United States? Wherein has it any reference to "A Public School Triumph."

I have no hesitation in avowing my belief that all the good humor, all the civility, all the good order, exemplified at the World's Fair were directly or indirectly attributable to the influence of the teacher. Whatever may be the shortcomings of individual "systems" as pursued in this, that, or the other state, it is nevertheless a fact that the average American citizen, and his wife, as the products of these systems, are not only intelligent, as we have a right to assume, but they are more—they are broader in their views, and wider in their sympathies, than are the corresponding members of society in

many other American countries, and in Europe. They do most assuredly magnify themselves to exaggeration annually on the "Glorious Fourth:" they do at times manifest a good deal of childish (perhaps, rather, childlike) jealousy towards Great Britain: and they do show themselves not quite so friendly to ourselves as they might, or as they should; but despite these failings (for which we can, and do regard them with pity), they are to-day, taken as a whole, the largest and best result of common school education that the world has ever seen, unless we except Scotland on the one hand, and Ontario on the other, so far as the latter attribute is concerned. But even these are doubtful exceptions, and it is probably quite safe to allow the foregoing statement to stand without any reference to them whatever.

As a matter of course there are other agencies that must be taken into account when we attribute to the American people the enlarged views and sympathies, the self-restraint and general good manners to which reference has been made. There are, for example, the extent to which travel is indulged in: the multiplicity of newspapers, periodical literature and books: and the large number of foreigners with whom Americans are, perforce, brought into contact. But are not all these conditions more or less directly the result of the fact "that the schoolmaster has been abroad" in America?

View the subject as we may, so far as these and other conditions are concerned, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the highly exemplary bearing of the vast crowds who gathered at the Columbian Exposition, presented to the world a wholly unexpected and highly instructive illustration of the advantages that accrue to a people from the practice of modern methods in public schools: and while it is not asserted that equally good or even better results are unattainable by different methods of education, it is none the less pleasurable to friends of the public school system to know that, when within a few months, millions of its ex-pupils were brought together from widely separated portions of so extensive a country as the United States, their deportment was such as to prove so highly creditable to themselves, and to command the unbounded admiration of observant foreigners.

Surely this may be regarded as a public school triumph.

ENTANGLEMENT.

Web after web of gossamer thread
Steadily winding,
Closelier binding,
Drawing us nearer, fonder and dearer:
Love the deft spider thus twisting
Slight bands that enfold past resisting.

ORAC.

GABLE ENDS.

THOMAS McILWRAITH, THE CANADIAN ORNITHOLOGIST.

BY J. M. LE MOINE, F.R.S.C.

On a bright June morning, thirty-four years ago, a genial visitor, hailing from Hamilton, Ontario, called on me at Spencer Grange,—Thomas McIlwraith, the Ontario naturalist.

Congeniality, a common and attractive study, rendered the meeting, I can safely say, enjoyable to us both.

At that date I was revising the proofs of an unpretentious manual on the birds of Canada, "L'Ornithologie du Canada," issued in 1860-61, the first French publication of the kind in the province of Quebec. It was an earnest attempt of a *litterateur*, not of a *savant*, to stimulate the listless interest of his compatriots in an attractive branch of the natural sciences.

The interview was, indeed, pleasurable, as it afforded me an opportunity to commune with so well informed a student of our avi-fauna as the Laird of Cairnbrae.

A survey of the Spencer Grange collection of specimens and eggs naturally furnished abundant subjects for discussion and comparison. Perhaps we derived still more zest from a ramble through the neighboring green groves of Spencer Wood in that auspicious season—spring—vocal with the heavenly minstrelsy of the Hermit Thrush, the Veery, the Red-eyed Flycatcher, and other melodious choristers—the accredited poets of nature.

One of the umbrageous, winding avenues, close to my dwelling, we walked over in a musing mood. It is now historic ground. Here, in 1842, during his visit to Labrador and Quebec, had sauntered the great master, John James Audubon, author of the "Birds of America," then an honored guest of the scholarly proprietor of Spencer Wood, Henry Atkinson.

Like ourselves, doubtless, the poet-naturalist enjoyed the song, and admired the gaudy spring liveries of the many artists disporting themselves in the tree tops, high over head—the Redstart, Blue Jay, Golden-winged Woodpecker, Maryland Yellow Thrush, Indigo Bird, Great-crested Flycatcher, and other welcome harbingers of returning sunshine, and love-making.

Since this date, my intercourse with the Ontario bird man has been limited to an occasional letter on a topic which has engrossed many sunny hours in our existence.

Thomas McIlwraith, the Canadian Ornithologist, was born at Ayr, in Scotland, in 1824, not very far from Paisley, the birth-place of the gifted ornithologist, Alexander Wilson. Like him, at an early age, he sought his fortune in the great new land of the west, where both have acquired fame. In 1853 he went to Hamilton, where he has resided ever since.

For years Mr. McIlwraith has discharged an important trust as manager of a large commercial concern at Hamilton. His scientific studies and field explorations as a naturalist now bid fair to make his name a household word in every Canadian home where may dwell a lover of birds, and the number of such, one is happy to say, is considerably increasing.

The love of natural history is transmitted in his family; in more than a dozen passages of his book occurs the mention of an enthusiastic purveyor of feathered specimens, Dr. K. C. McIlwraith, whose achievements already gained in this field of study, warrant us in expecting that he will worthily sustain the name of his respected father.

"Mr. McIlwraith's present work on the Birds of Ontario is the outcome of an address on birds and bird matters, delivered before the Hamilton Association, on 2nd April, 1885, when the author promised to prepare a freely annotated list of the birds of that locality. He was then busy hunting up Canadian observations for the Migration Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union. . . . . The Hamilton Association published the address in their

proceedings," so wrote the learned Dr. Coues, in the *Auk*, in 1887, adding words of encouragement to the writer, whom he styles the "veteran observer" who had maintained his interest in ornithology for a quarter of a century. Mr. McIlwraith had been privileged to attend, at Washington, the meetings of the leading United States naturalists, who subsequently founded the *Auk* as their organ, in 1884, and had been named "Superintendent of the Ontario District for the Migration Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union."

The rare advantages within his reach, his close and untiring study of birds, and his life-long explorations in the field, in the woods, on the shores of rivers and lakes; his familiarity with eminent writers of the new school of classification, nomenclature, and bird migration, furnished the "veteran observer" with the materials for the first edition of his treatise. The second edition, much enlarged, to which his publisher, Mr. William Briggs, has added such a graceful appearance in printing and binding, has just been issued, and forms a handsome volume of 426 pages

I do not know what may be the most familiar objects which meet the eye of the visitor at Cairnbrae, the home of the Hamilton naturalist; somehow or other a passage in the life of Mr. McIlwraith's distinguished compatriot, Alexander Wilson, as contained in one of his letters to William Bartram, crops up unbidden before me. "Whilst," writes the Scotch naturalist, "others are hoarding up bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of nature's work that are forever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks and owls, opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, etc., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark. . . . . I receive every subject of natural history that is brought to me. . . . . A boy not long ago brought me a large basketful of crows. I expect his next load will be bull-frogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary."

Reserving for a subsequent article a notice of the different groups described by Mr. McIlwraith, I shall avail myself of the occasion to enumerate his co-workers in Canada, by quoting from a paper,* read by me in Montreal.

"The earliest ornithological record in Canada—I might say, possibly in America—occurs in Jacques Cartier's Voyages up the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In chapters ii., iii., vi., vii., and xii. of the narrative of his first voyage, in 1534, and chapter i. of his second voyage, in 1535, as well as an entry in the log of Roberval's first pilot, Jean Alphonse, in 1542, mention is made of the myriads of gannets, gulls, guillemots, puffins, eider ducks, cormorants, and other sea-fowl nestling on the Bird Rocks and on the desolate isles off the Labrador coast. Jacques Cartier goes so far as to say that 'the whole French navy might be freighted with these noisy denizens of that wild region without any apparent diminution in their number.' (Chap i. ii., Voyages.) Reliable modern naturalists—Dr. Henry Bryant, of Boston, visiting the Bird Rocks, in 1860, and Charles A. Cory, in 1878—confirm these statements of early discoverers as to the number and species of birds to be found in the lower St. Lawrence. The Jesuit, Le Jeune, in the 'Rélations des Jésuites for 1632,' dwells on the multitudes of aquatic birds infesting *Ile-aux-Oies* (county of Montmagny), and frequenting the shores of our noble river. Friar Gabriel Sagard Theodat that same year furnished in his 'Grand Voyage au Peys des Hurons,' a list of Canadian birds. In 1636, he noticed, among other things, some of the leading species, such as the jay, eagle, crane, etc., and has left us a lovely piece of word-painting in his glowing description of the Humming-bird. In 1663, Pierre Boucher, Governor of Three-Rivers, in an agreeably written memoir, addressed the 8th October 1663 to Minister Colbert, depicted the birds, mammals, fishes, etc., of New France. This memoir has been recently reprinted by a lineal descendant of the learned and venerable governor, the late Edward F. (Boucher) Montizambert, in his lifetime law clerk to the Senate of Canada, and father of Col. Charles and Dr. Frederick Montizambert of Quebec. In Volume I. of Baron la Hontan's Voyages to North America, published in France in 1703, there occurs an annotated

* *The Birds of Quebec.*—A Popular Lecture delivered before the Natural History Society of Montreal, on the 12th of March, 1891, by J. M. Le Moine, Esq., F.R.S.C.

'List of the Fowls or Birds that frequent the South Countries of Canada,' and also, a second 'List of the Birds of the North Countries of Canada' Father Charlevoix, in 1725, devotes a few pages of his voluminous history to the Canadian fauna. Peter Kalm, the Swedish savant, the friend of Governor La Galisonière and guest, in 1749, at his *Chateau St. Louis*, at Quebec, in an edition of his travels republished in London, 1770-71, gives plates of American birds and mammals. Thomas Jefferys, geographer to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, in an elaborate folio volume, issued in London in 1760, devoted a few pages to the birds of Canada. The year 1831 gave us Swainson and Richardson's standard work on the birds of the fir countries, 'Fauna Boreali-Americana.' In 1853 Hon. G. W. Allan, of Toronto, furnished a list of the land birds wintering in the neighborhood of Toronto. In 1857, a committee of Canadian naturalists, Messrs. Billings, Barnston, Hall, Vennor, and D'Urban founded in Montreal a monthly magazine, the *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist*, now the *Canadian Record of Science*. This valuable storehouse of many good things is still of daily reference. Three years later, in 1860, I published at Quebec, under the title 'Ornithologie du Canada,' in two volumes, the first French work published in Canada on Canadian birds. Professor Wm. Hincks, of Toronto, furnished, 1866, a list of Canadian birds observed by Mr. Thomas McIlwraith about Hamilton. In 1868, an industrious entomologist, the Rev. Abbé Louis Provancher, started at Quebec a monthly publication, *Le Naturaliste Canadien*, which he kept up, with a legislative subsidy, for fourteen years. Canadian birds often found a corner in it, though not a large one. In 1883, Mr. C. E. Dionne, the taxidermist of the Laval University, brought out a useful volume, 'Les Oiseaux du Canada.' Six years later, in 1889, he supplemented it with a 'Catalogue des Oiseaux de la Province de Québec.' We owe to Messrs. J. A. Morden of Hyde Park, London, Ont., and W. E. Saunders, also of London, Ont., carefully prepared notes on the feathered tribes of Western Canada, whilst a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin of Nova Scotia, drew attention to the birds of prey of his native province. In 1881, William Couper, taxidermist, published in Montreal a little monthly journal, *The Canadian Sportsman and Naturalist*, to which, for three years, our leading field naturalists and amateurs generally contributed useful notes and observations. Amongst other valuable records, it contains Mr. Ernest T. Wintle's list of birds observed round Montreal, with discussions and correspondence over the signature of Dr. J. H. Garnier, Mr. Lett, and the Rev. Vincent Clementi. In 1886, that veteran field naturalist, Thomas McIlwraith of Hamilton Ont., published his excellent treatise, 'The Birds of Ontario.' The book was favorably reviewed in the *Auk* by the eminent Dr. Elliott Coües, who unhesitatingly placed Mr. McIlwraith 'in the first place in his own field.' I have previously dwelt on the invaluable works on the Canadian fauna by Mr. Chamberlain,* one of the founders of the American Ornithological Union Club. I would be guilty of an injustice were I to fail noticing the numerous contributions to the daily press from a keen Quebec field naturalist, John T. Neilson, who has utilized the rare facilities his outdoor occupations as land surveyor afford him, to study the bird world. Canadian ornithology is also indebted to the late Dr. T. D. Cottle, of Woodstock, Ontario, for a 'List of Birds found in Upper Canada,' in 1859; to H. Hadfield, 'Birds of Canada observed near Kingston during the Spring of 1858;' to A. Murray, 'Contributions to the Natural History of the Hudson Bay Company's Territories,' 1858; to Professor J. R. Willis, 'List of Birds of Nova Scotia,' 1858; 1870, to J. F. Whiteaves, 'Notes on Canadian Birds;' 1873, to A. L. Adams, 'Field and Forest Rambles, with Notes and Observations on the Natural History of Eastern Canada;' to Dr. J. H. Garnier, of Lucknow; to Prof. Macoun, of Ottawa; to Prof. J. I. Bell, Kingston; to Ernest E. Thompson, Toronto; to W. Dunlop and Charles Hughes, of Montreal; to W. A. D. Lees, A. G., Kingston; to John Tannin, Victoria, B. C; to W. L. Scott and George R. White, Ottawa; to Harold Gilbert and James W. Banks, St. John, N.B; to

* In 1887, Montague Chamberlain, of St. John, N. B., published his useful *Catalogue of Canadian Birds*, and in 1888, his elaborate work, *A Systematic Table of Canadian Birds*.

Prof. A. H. Mackay, Windsor, N.S.; to Napoleon A. Comeau, Natasquhan, Lower St. Lawrence; to Rev. Duncan Anderson, New Liverpool, P.Q., and many others, for interesting papers. The *Bulletin of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick*, and the *Transactions of the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club*, have proved useful auxiliaries to the cause of the natural sciences."

Mr. McIlwraith closes a graphic description of the Wood Thrush—in May and June the Orpheus of our woods—with the following appeal: "When will some divinely-gifted Canadian appear to sing the praises of our native birds, as men of other lands have done for theirs! Hogg and Shelley have eulogized the Sky Lark in strains so musical that they rival those of the birds they have sought to honor."

The birds of Ontario have now their historian—when will their poet appear? May it soon be.

BY THE SEA.

(For dramatic orchestration.)

I.

Fleecy-white waters,
Shorn by the tempest,
Wrathful and doomful
Rolling to land!

Naked and lustrous,
Fiercest of smiters,
Straight for the stern cliffs,
Iron to steel!

Shock unto shock calls
Boom answers boom,
Roars the huge tide-loom,
Thunder and storm!

Torn are the vast webs
Woven of tumult,
Flung to the cloud-rack,
Tatters of sound!

II.

The glistening waters again
  Are marching loyal and true
    Under the hollow sky,—
A hundred million of men
  Throbbing as fiery dew
    Under the morning's eye!

List to the repetend note,
  Multiplex tone of the sea,
    Refrain of grief, of mirth,
On violet air afloat
  Far borne to mountain and lea,
    To the home of its birth.

List as its music unbraids :—
Rivulets pour from the hill,
Winds wash the lips o' the trees.
The brook by the rocky glades
Brattles its way to the mill
Through fields a-dream with bees.

Forests of pine and of fir
Plain as their dark plumes are fret
By the free-coursing winds :
Alder and golden birch stir
To notes too sweet to forget,
Sung by brook as it winds.

List to the lone laugh of the auk
As 'twere a disprisoned soul came
From out the shining foams.
And the loon's "ha ! ha !" and mock
'Mid the torn surf's booming drum,
Or hushed tide's star-sprent domes.

The ringdove coos in the grove,
The cataract's thunders jar,
Rapids swirl white and hiss :
Peoples in temples of love
Echo their anthems afar,
Diapasons of bliss.

Great flux of the world, O Sea,
Blood of earth's wild pulsing veins
Beating to orbs afar,
Your life and mine cannot be
Unlinked with God's joys and pains
Here or in throbbing star !

List as its music unbraids,
List to the much-sounding sea,
List to its repetend note,
Multiplex tone of the sea,
Refrain of grief, of mirth,
On violet air afloat
Far borne to mountain and lea,
To the home of its birth.

BAY OF FUNDY. THEODORE H. RAND.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Those interested in such matters should note the fact that the "harvest moon" in September next will be especially worthy of observation, because it will belong to the class best typical of this phenomenon. Such "moons" occur but once in the lunar period of nineteen years, the conditions being most favorable. In September the moon will be full at 11.23 p.m., on the 14th.

Preparations are already being made for the due observation by European parties of the total eclipse of the sun, to be visible on the 8th of August, 1896, at Vadso, on the Veranger Fjord, Finmark. An opportunity for such an observation is not so frequent in Europe that this one can be passed by because it happens to occur in a part of the continent somewhat inaccessible and, therefore, not often visited even by the most enthusiastic tourists and sportsmen. With a view to testing the conditions which may reasonably be expected to prevail, parties are being organized this summer to make the journey and report. Some ladies, scientifically inclined, will join these parties which will also make themselves acquainted with the facilities for fishing and hunting said to be as good as any anywhere. It is intended that the excursionists who go out in August, 1896, shall arrive on the chosen ground by the 2nd of the month at the latest, so that they may see the last "midnight sun" of the year, visible on that day.

Sir Henry Thompson, who has made a fortune in the practice of medicine, has presented the sum of $25,000 to the Greenwich Observatory, for the purchase of a twenty-six inch telescope for photographic work. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the University of Cambridge has, through a syndicate of its astronomers, including Sir Robert Ball, addressed an appeal to friends of the University and other scientific men for the sum of $11,000 to complete the celestial photographic equipment of the University Observatory, which has just finished the work allotted to it of photographing the stars. This is an appeal which should find a response. The Astronomical Society of Toronto has been asked to make this appeal known in Canada, and has done so. Mr. Charles Carpmael, F.R.A.S., president of the Society, will be glad to communicate with anyone who may be desirous of contributing to this worthy cause.

The Royal Society of England is asking the co-operation of all scientific persons in establishing, at some central place, a bureau which shall be charged with the compilation of an annual general catalogue containing the titles of all scientific publications, whether appearing in periodicals or independently, the titles to be arranged not only according to authors' names, but also according to subject-matter, for the purpose of reference. The value of such a catalogue would be very great, and it is to be hoped that the Society will meet the response it deserves. Communications, with suggestions, etc., may be addressed either to the Secretaries of the Royal Society, Londen, or to the Secretary of The Astronomical Society of Toronto, which has been invited to report on the subject, and will be glad to forward any material sent in to it. A movement of this kind should receive the prompt attention of scientists, who should do all they can to encourage it. The Royal Society will take it up only on a reasonable assurance that it will be supported and made successful. G.E.L.

BOOK NOTICES.

Britain and Her People. By J. Van Sommer, Jr., Toronto.

This work is very timely, considering the practical questions which have arisen in connection with trade within the Empire. Mr. Van Sommer appreciates the situation, and, in forcible style, urges the feasibility of immediate action towards the consolidation of Imperial unity. The array of facts and figures which he presents regarding inter-imperial trade add much, also, in support of his proposals.

Sea, Forest and Prairie: Stories of Life and Adventure in Canada, past and present. By Boys and Girls in Canada's Schools. Montreal, John Dougall & Son, *Witness* Office.

This work is a credit to the *Witness* and to the Linotype Company, of Montreal, from whose plates it is printed. The collection is admirably selected and edited, and, better still the stories, as a whole, reflect credit on Canadian literary work. If the boys and girls of the Dominion can do such work in their teens, what may not the next quarter of a century develop in Canadian literature?

The Sticket Minister and Some Common Men. By S. R. Crockett. Toronto, William Briggs; London, T. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. Wm. Briggs, the publisher, is to be congratulated on having produced a very creditable edition in cloth, of the second edition of this popular work. Many are already acquainted with the merit of Mr. Crockett's sketches. Their pathos, action and close delineation of simple life, have given them a popularity second to but few works of similar character published in the past quarter of a century. Those who have missed reading the Sticket Minister, have a treat to look forward to.

The Canadians of Old: an Historical Romance. By Phillippe Aubert De Gaspe, translated by Charles C. D. Roberts. New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Montreal, Norman Murray.

The Province of Quebec is richer in stores of literature than Ontario, much as Ontarions are inclined to boast their superiority to the natives of Quebec. These stores are chiefly French, and the absence of translations, and the difficulty of preserving the charm of the original in the rendering into English, interfere with the English-speaking population of Canada fully appreciating the merit of the literature of Quebec. The task of translating *The Canadians of Old* could not have fallen into better hands than those of Prof. Roberts. He has rendered the work of De Gaspe in a style which is not that of a mere translator, but of a gifted author, and he has reproduced in felicitous English, one of the kindliest, most graphic, and most faithful to life, of the stories of the earlier part of the century. De. Gaspe's story is associated with the period of the Conquest of Canada; it is fair in treatment of both the French and the British régimes, is broadly sympathetic with human nature, regardless of nationality, and is full of information which is of value to Canadians and tends to cement the thorough union in aim and sympathy that should subsist between the descendants, in Canada, of our two great mother countries.

Marcella. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," "The History of David Grieve," etc. Two volumes. New York, McMillan & Co.; Toronto, The Toronto News Co.

When it was announced that Mrs. Ward's new book would have a woman as a leading character, every one expected that she would describe a noble being who would pass through the fiery furnace of a wicked world and come forth pure gold of full weight. Robert Elsmere was a man whom we respected, and with whom we sympathised, and when his doubts came we could not help but feel that they were honest doubts. With David Grieve we had the same sympathy, and we felt for him as much in his early material struggles as in his later spiritual doubtings.

But with Marcella Boyce it is different. She does not possess the exceeding gentleness and timidity or the domestic turn of mind of a Desdemona, the natural reserve of a Cordelia nor the elegance and commanding grace of a Portia, and she lacks to a certain extent the dignity, the sweetness and the tenderness which characterize her sex generally. Having spent her younger days at a boarding school, she had no father's kindliness or mother's tenderness to aid the development of the gentler side of her nature. As the author says, "Friendship and love are humanizing things," and her sensitive nature both felt and showed a lack of them. Her isolation from these influences developed in her a lack of consideration for those things for which a woman is supposed to have the greatest consideration.

It is just this feature which causes the reader to be, at times, out of sympathy with the whole story. When we come to the point where she allows herself to be hypnotised by the transparent imposter, Harry Wharton, we feel that we should like to throw the story aside, although only two-thirds of the first volume has been read. But we read on and find that the best wine is reserved for the last of the feast.

Marcella Boyce was the only daughter in an English family which traced its history back through many generations, but in her early days the sins of her father prevented his taking his proper place in English Society. After leaving her boarding school, Marcella spends some time studying art in London, and there makes some friends among the Venturists, a society of Socialists in that city. Through her associations

with this society she imbibed certain ideas concerning the injustice of private property, the destructiveness of unrestrained competition, and the sacredness of the rights of labor. It was these ideas that gave her much trouble in later years. Her impulsive nature caused her to spring to the conclusion that the world is all wrong and that the sooner it is turned upside down the sooner will justice be done.

While she was yet young her father inherited the family estate and returned from his wanderings to take up his proper position as an English landlord. "Here," says the author, "for the first time had Marcella been brought face to face with the agricultural world as it is—no stage ruralism, but the bare fact in one of its most pitiful aspects. Men of sixty and upwards, grey and furrowed like the chalk soil into which they had worked their lives, not old as old goes, but already the refuse of their generation, and paid for at the rate of refuse, with no prospect but the workhouse, if the grave should be delayed, yet quiet, impassive, resigned: girls and boys and young children already blanched and emaciated beyond even the normal Londoner, from the effects of insanitary cottages, bad water and starvation food—these figures and types had been a ghastly and quickening revelation to Marcella." Her enthusiasm led her to sympathise with and to be anxious for the poor in her immediate neighborhood. She was carried away with her own schemes for their elevation.

Her vivid beauty and her intense sympathy bring her the homage of Aldous Raeburn, the son of a neighboring lord. She sees that he admires her beauty, and his admiration flatters her. She thinks of the great power she would wield with the assistance of his name, his wealth, his position. She does not realize that she loves him, but when he proposes she accepts. She realizes only that the "transition period" is at hand, and her vehement enthusiasm desires to aid the poor, to teach them their rights, and to rouse their independence. Her large and passionate humanity leads her on. She is a creature of impulse.

But just before the marriage day she quarrels with him because he will not sign a petition for the reprieve of a poacher who has shot a gamekeeper. She denounces the game-laws as unjust, and desires the murderer saved. Aldous Raeburn's sense of justice and his respect for the laws which had been the growth of ages, make him refuse her request, and they part.

She goes away to spend a year as a nurse among the hospitals and slums of London. Here she is regenerated and emerges from socialism—although we submit that the causes for the change are not sufficiently explained—and then declares: "No!—so far as Socialism means a political system—the trampling out of private enterprise and competition, and all the rest of it—I find myself slipping away from it more and more. No!—as I go about among these wage-earners, the emphasis—do what I will—comes to lie less and less on possession, more and more on character. I go to two tenements in the same building. One is Hell—the other Heaven. Why? Both belong to well-paid artisans with equal opportunities. But one is a man; the other, with all his belongings, will soon be a vagabond. That is not all, I know—oh don't trouble to tell me so—but is more than I thought." She changes from the revolutionist to the evolutionist. She recognizes that the laboring man must be educated and refined before he can be placed on that elevated plane where all men are free and equal, and that reforms must come gradually and not precipitately. She ends her fictional career by marrying the noble lover whom she once discarded through the influence of mad enthusiasm and the adroit but conscienceless Wharton.

Of the other characters much might be said. Aldous Raeburn is long-suffering, stable and kind. He recognizes that the world has taken the road to democracy, and resents in a quiet way many of the illusions of those of his rank and wealth. His pleasures, after his parting with Marcella, are in politics and books. He is perhaps the most majestic character in the book. His friend Hallin, who is also a most noble character, is a conservative social reformer, and a hater of demagogues. Lord Maxwell is an English peer who demands respect and admiration. Wharton is a schemer and agitator, solely devoted to his own interests. He goes to parliament, aims at the leadership of the labor party, upholds the Eight-hour Bill, and finally reveals his weakness by selling the influence of his labor journal to a combine of iron manufacturers whose employees were out "on strike."

It cannot be denied that Mrs. Ward's three years' incessant labor have produced a remarkably strong book. The *fin-de-siècle* socialistic phenomena are clearly portrayed, although not so clearly explained. The subject is one which is attracting the attention of thinking men everywhere, and there is no reason why it should be shunned by thinking women. The author's prominent femininity enables her to paint, in strong colors, pictures of the present social unrest, but it does not enable her to present a definite scheme for its appeasal, beyond merely gradual reform. This picture-power stirs the fires of the reader's enthusiasm, but it cannot supply the fuel for a continuous blaze. She plays on one's sympathies, yet dulls them in the playing.
—JNO. A. COOPER.