## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

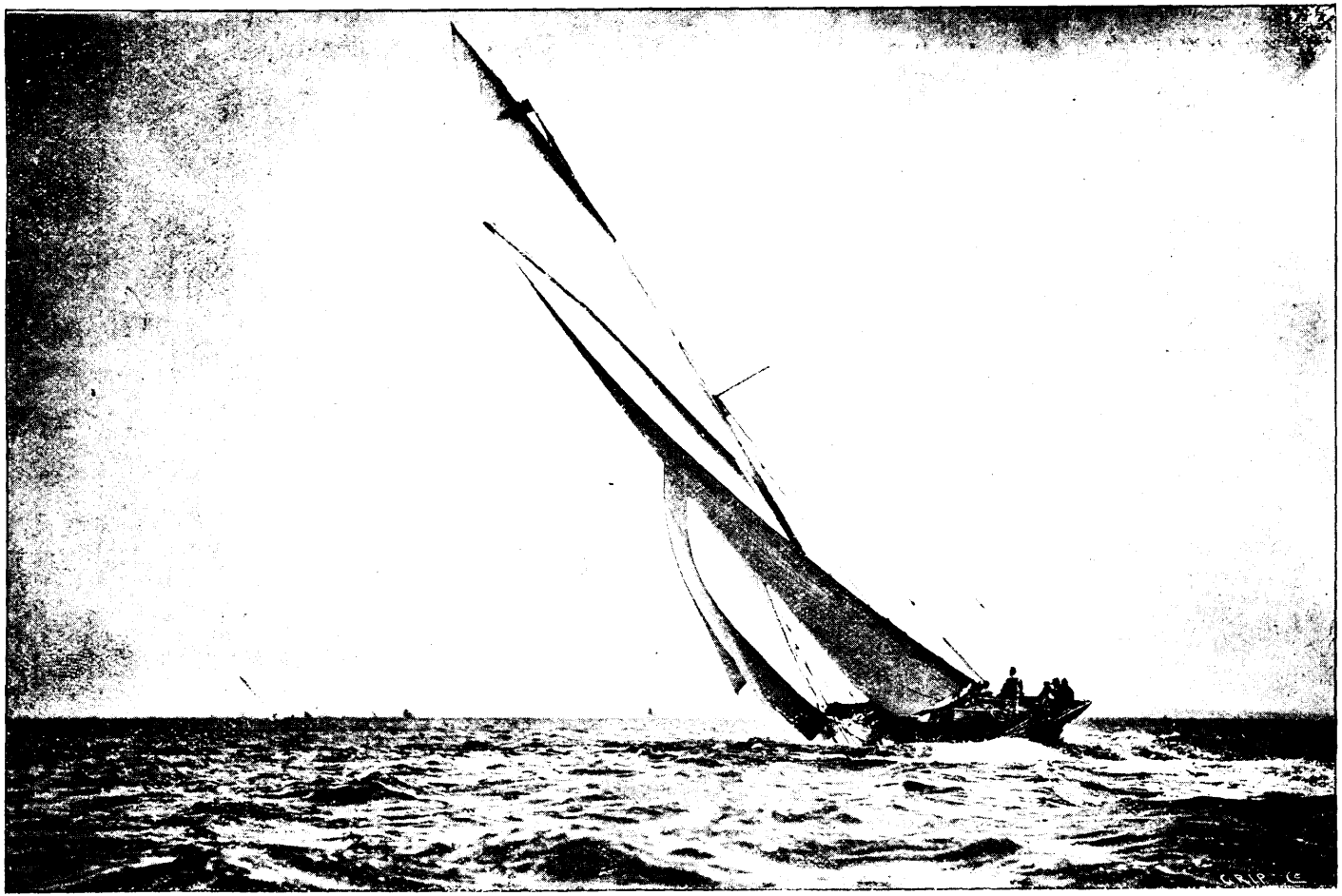
The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☑ Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

- ☐ Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- ☑ Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☑ Pages detached / Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough / Transparence
- ☑ Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

☑ Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.



A SPANKING BREEZE.

FROM BRUCE'S COLLECTION.

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. JANUARY, 1894. No. 3.

## HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

NOVA SCOTIA, while a small province, both in point of geography and population, has always been notable for its clever men. Joseph Howe, Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick,") Sir John Inglis, Sir Fenwick Williams, S. G. W. Archibald, James B. Uniacke, James W. Johnston, Lawrence O'Connor Doyle, the Youngs, Sir William Dawson, Principal Grant, Sir Adams Archibald, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson, and many others who could be named form quite a galaxy. There was a time, some years before confederation, when such men as Howe, S. G. W. Archibald, Haliburton, Uniacke, Johnston, Young, Doyle and Wilkins all occupied seats in the Provincial Assembly, and there were bright ebullitions of wit and many incidents worth relating.

In the political field, Howe was the central figure. He is not as widely known as Sam Slick, who was more industrious in the literary field; but his versatility was unsurpassed, his humor inexhaustible. He had a touch of nature and his imagination could always throw the glowing beams of humor upon every incident of life. The real character of men can be most accurately judged by certain incidents in their career which reveal the essence of their nature. It is not from great speeches nor elaborate literary productions that the true disposition and type of a man is gathered, but from touches of nature which flash out in connection with the lighter affairs of life. Some great men have no humor, but most have, and humor is the truest index of the lineaments of the soul. Though ostracised, for most of his life, from the highest social circles in a city where the social life was, and is, the most attractive in Canada, he was, nevertheless, the soul of a dinner table and the life of a party.

Howe's career, for the first ten or fifteen years of his public life, was entirely unique. He was determined that there should be an end to the system of personal government by the Lieutenant-Governor, and that the people should have absolute control over the affairs of the province. Since the Governor in those days was the social centre, the source of power, and had around him the Bishop, the Chief Justice and other Judges, the Attorney-General, the Colonial Secretary, the Speaker, and all the dignitaries of the place, and was fortified and upheld by a favored clique in each of the county towns, who held all the offices and enjoyed all the favors of the Government, it can readily be seen that in attacking this system Mr. Howe would call down upon his devoted head the whole phalanx whose privi-

leges were assailed and whose vested rights were in danger. The contest which he maintained for years with the Governor and all the dignitaries of the day was one of matchless interest. He was intensely loyal, and, therefore, never dreamed of violence, like William Lyon Mackenzie, or Papineau, but without murmur, he shut himself out from all the sweets of social life which were most congenial to him, and where he could above all others shine, and maintained a long and bitter warfare, appealing straight from the dignitaries to the people. As he had a large stock of personal vanity, there were many features in this contest which were agreeable to Mr. Howe—especially the idolatry he received from the masses as he travelled over the province, attending picnics, dinners, and public gatherings of all kinds.

The last Governor of Nova Scotia who made a struggle to preserve the prerogative, and drive back the rising tide of popular government, was Lord Faulkland—a proud, handsome, and vain man. Between this nobleman and his Cabinet and Howe there was waged perpetual war, which culminated in Howe's triumph and Lord Faulkland's departure.

It would require a volume to record the incidents of this warfare. Howe was editor of the *Nova Scotian*, since become the *Morning Chronicle*, then, as now, the Liberal organ of the province. In this he peppered the Governor with pasquinades, and rolled out an inexhaustible fund of ridicule, humor and satire, prose and poetical, which set the whole province laughing, and made every Tory magnate grind his teeth with rage. He would, perhaps, be open to the charge of descending to unfair and indelicate methods if the lampooning had been all on one side; but it was well known that the Governor directly inspired his Tory adherents to berate and abuse Howe, and retaliation was thus amply justified. The only difficulty was that the Governor and his allies got badly worsted, and then began to upbraid Howe for indecent attacks upon the representative of the Crown.

Lord Faulkland exhibited little judgment in his methods of governing Nova Scotia, and betrayed a sorry lack of appreciation of the constitutional limitations of his office, and, as a consequence, he included in his official despatches to the Colonial Secretary gross attacks upon Howe and his political associates. His idea was manifestly to taboo from public and social life everyone who dared ally himself with Howe.

On one occasion a despatch was brought down to the House in which the Governor had referred to a company, of which Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Young and his brother George were members, in terms of a very insulting character. They were said to be the associates of "reckless and insolvent men."

The Youngs, both members of the House, were quite stunned by the reading of the despatch, which was altogether false and unwarranted. There was at the time a profound regard for the gubernatorial office, and the incident would have passed without reference in the House if Howe had not been there. But the occasion was too tempting to him. He rose, and said in substance as follows:—

"I should but ill discharge my duty to the House or to the country if I did not, on the instant, enter my protest against the infamous system pursued (a system of which I can speak more freely now that the case is not my own), by which the names of respectable colonists are libelled in despatches sent to the colonial office, to be afterwards published here, and by which any brand or stigma may be placed upon them without their having any means of redress. If that system is continued, some colonist will, by and by, or I am mistaken, *hire a black fellow to horsewhip a Lieutenant-Governor.*"

Of course there was a great *furore* in the House. A majority at that time was linked with the governing party. The galleries were cleared, and a vote of censure was passed upon Howe. But he was as happy as a lark, and wrote a letter to his constituents, which was infinitely more cutting in its refined sarcasm and galling pleasantry than the original utterance. One paragraph of this characteristic letter will suffice :—

"But, I think I hear some one say : 'After all, friend Howe, was not the suppositious case you anticipated might occur, somewhat quaint, eccentric and startling?' It was, because I wanted to startle, to rouse, to flash the light of truth over every hideous feature of the system. The fire-bell startles at night; but, if it rings not, the town may be burned; and wise men seldom vote him an incendiary who pulls the rope, and who could not give the alarm and avert the calamity, unless he made a noise. The prophet's style was quaint and picturesque, when he compared the great King to a sheep-stealer; but the object was not to insult the King. It was to make him think, to rouse him, to let him see by the light of poetic fancy the gulf to which he was descending, that he might thereafter love mercy, walk humbly, and, controlling his passions, keep untarnished the lustre of the Crown. David let other men's wives alone after that flight of Nathan's imagination, and I will venture to say that whenever, hereafter, our rulers desire to grill a political opponent in an official despatch, they will recall my homely picture, and borrow wisdom from the past."

During the period of this contest, Howe used to ride over the province on horseback, addressing meetings and stirring up the people to an appreciation of the value of popular government. On these occasions, there was no limit to the arts by which he inflamed the popular imagination and awakened the sympathy of the masses. Women always attended his political picnics, and, recognising their power in political affairs, he was unceasing in his gallant devotions. In Cornwallis, at a monster picnic, referring to the presence of ladies, he remarked :—

"Sculptors and painters of old stole from many forms their lines of beauty, and from many faces their harmonies of feature and sweetness of expression, but from the groups around him individual forms and single faces might be selected to which nothing could be added, without marring a work, that, if faithfully copied, would stamp divinity upon the marble or immortality on the canvas."

The world will scarcely need to be told that in the general election which followed, Howe was entirely successful, and the next assembly established a Liberal Government.

Johnston, who was the able and eloquent leader of the Tory forces at this period, never indulged in humor. He was stately, and his periods were impassioned, but he never understood the gems of wit which sparkled about him. One of his associates, however, Mr. Martin J. Wilkins was a most grim humorist, and local tradition is rich with his jests. On one occasion Mr. Johnston introduced a Prohibitory liquor law. Wilkins, who was fond of his wine, made a most humorous speech against it. He was proceeding to say that water had caused more devastation and destroyed more lives and property than ever rum had done.

"Prove it, sir," exclaimed Johnston in his most serious and impressive manner. "Give us the proof!"

Wilkins turned solemnly to Johnston and answered with the utmost impressiveness :—

"*The Flood!*"

This grotesque retort produced an outburst of laughter, and as the House was recovering from the explosion, Wilkins added :—

"And even here we see a touch of human nature, for Noah, who had been long drifting on an endless ex-

panse of water, the very moment he struck dry land, like any other old salt, bore for the first rum shop he could find and got gloriously drunk."

Howe delivered a most brilliant sophistical speech on this occasion. One extract will illustrate his style.

"The world has come down to the present day from the most remote antiquity with the wine cup in its hand. David, the man after God's own heart, drank wine; Solomon, the wisest of monarchs and human beings, drank wine; our Saviour not only drank it but commanded Christians to drink it 'in remembrance of him.' In strong contrast with our divine Redeemer's life and practice, we hear of the Scribes and Pharisees, who drank it not—who reviled our Saviour as a 'wine bibber,' and the 'companion of publicans and sinners,' who would have voted for the Maine liquor law as unanimously as they cried, 'crucify him!'"

When Howe was carrying on his crusade against the Tory dignitaries, his shafts lighted upon the head of the Chief Justice, Sir Brenton Halliburton (no relation of "Sam Slick"), who, in addition to being head of the judiciary, was, in those days of the family compact, also a member of the legislative council and of the executive government. His son, John C. Halliburton, resented Howe's attack upon his father and challenged him to a duel. Such meetings were not uncommon in those days. Howe realized that if it were possible for his enemies to charge him with cowardice or anything that would injure his prestige, his influence with the people might be seriously impaired, so he accepted the challenge.

The place of meeting was near the old tower which stands in Point Pleasant Park. The time was early morning. Howe's second was his political associate and warm personal friend, Herbert Huntington of Yarmouth.

Halliburton fired first and missed. Howe carelessly fired his pistol in the air. The affair was over, honor was satisfied, and Howe took Huntington to his own house to breakfast. Of course both were considerably affected by the stirring incidents of the morning, which might have had a tragic termination, and neither exhibited his accustomed vivacity at the meal. Mrs. Howe was so impressed with this unusual solemnity that she remarked:—

"What is the matter with you this morning? You are as solemn as if you had been at a funeral."

She was then told for the first time of the affair in the park, and Howe remarked that they had perhaps been nearer a funeral that she thought.

One time when Howe was in power one of the members deserted him and went over to the other side—not actuated, it was generally thought, by any very lofty considerations. It was a dangerous thing at that time for a member to "rat," for party feeling was high. While the member was making a speech vehemently defending his course in leaving his party, a little terrier dog, by accident got upon the floor of the House, and suddenly set up a most furious barking. The Speaker (William Young), with great severity called upon the sergeant-at arms to "remove that dog."

"Oh, let him alone, Mr. Speaker," exclaimed Lawrence O'Connor Doyle, with the sweetest of smiles, "he only '*smells a rat!*'"

A word about Lawrence O'Connor Doyle. He was a brilliant and cultivated Irish gentleman, who represented Halifax in the Assembly, To use Howe's own description, he was "too convivial to be industrious, and too much sought after in early life to be ever alone; his usefulness was to some extent impaired by the very excess of his good qualities." Howe used to declare that he was the wittiest man he had ever heard or read of. So much of the flavor of humor is dependent upon the occasion and the personal magnetism which produces the contagion that any reproduction falls far behind the indescribable impression of the moment.

"Did you hear," said a friend, one day, "that Street, the tailor, has been found in a well in Argyle-street?"

"Yes," was Doyle's answer; "but did you hear how they made the discovery? An old woman, after drinking her tea, *got a stitch in her side*, and she swore there must be *a tailor in the well.*"

One day, in the House, the subject of pickled fish was being discussed, and ultimately degenerated into a mere squabble about unessentials, which became unprofitable and monotonous. To put an end to it, Doyle rose, and declared that all the pickle had leaked out of the discussion, and there was nothing left but *tongues* and *sounds.*

Some wag, about this time, had wickedly inserted an extra B into the label over the door of the Barrister's room in the Halifax Court House. The original sign was "Robing Room." After this mutilation it read "*Robbing Room,*" and there was great indignation among the members of the bar.

Doyle was commenting on the incident among his brother lawyers, and innocently remarked that "*the sting was in the other B.*"

On one occasion, in the House, some member had made a most furious personal attack upon Howe. The member was of such small account, and his attack so ribald and witless, that Howe found it difficult to notice him in terms sufficiently contemptuous. But it happened that the member was excessively foppish in appearance, and was especially proud of his whiskers, which he had adjusted in the most elaborate style. When Howe came to refer to his speech, he said the honorable gentleman reminded him of a story he had heard of a man who had died in some eastern country where it was the law that no person should receive religious burial according to the rites of the country unless some one would come forward and bear testimony to his possession of some good quality. This unfortunate lay dead, and no person seemed disposed to offer any testimony to a single virtue. It was becoming very awkward for the authorities, when, at last, a barber was brought, who testified that the departed had "*a fine beard to shave.*"

James B. Uniacke was one of the conspicuous figures in the pre-confederation days. He was a gentleman of distinguished presence, of education, culture, and fine professional training. He was naturally identified with the party of privilege at the beginning, but being possessed of a broad mind and a generous heart, he ultimately became associated with Howe in the struggle for Constitutional rights. It is to be noted that although belonging to one of the oldest and best families in Halifax, and always regarded as a most agreeable and brilliant social figure, he was for a long time socially ostracised from the instant he left the Tory party and associated himself with Howe in the work of securing popular government.

Mr. Uniacke was Attorney-General and Premier of the first Liberal Government, formed in Nova Scotia in 1848. Several anecdotes have come down to us in connection with Mr. Uniacke. One of the best is associated with John Young, the author of the celebrated letters which appeared in the *Acadian Recorder* in 1818 and subsequent years, signed "Agricola," and which first stirred the people to an active interest in agricultural matters. He was himself a practical farmer, and the father of William and George R. Young, both of whom were distinguished personages in the political life of the Province. The former was for quite a time leader of the Liberal party, and became Chief Justice in 1861, and was knighted ten years later, and died in 1887.

Mr. John Young had imported some thoroughbred cattle from England, and a discussion took place in the House of Assembly on the subject of fancy stock. Mr. Uniacke made some remarks in regard to Young's imported cattle. He said they were very ugly

and scrubby looking, and expressed the belief that they would not be generally introduced among the people. Now, it happened that Mr. Uniacke had married a lady, not very beautiful, but having a good deal of wealth, and Mr. Young, in reply, said that he had selected his cattle like some of his honorable friends selected their wives —not so much for their beauty as for their *Sterling worth.* This pointed retort was very much enjoyed at the time, and has been ofttimes told since.

Mr. George R. Young had once delivered a paper before the old Mechanic's Institute in Halifax, and, after the paper was read, a general discussion followed. Howe was present, and made a rollicking sort of speech, criticizing the paper very freely. Young was rather nettled with Howe's observations, and in reply said, among other things, he did not come to such meetings with a lot of stock jokes bottled up in his pocket. Howe retorted that no one could say whether his friend carried humor bottled up in his pocket, but every one could testify that if such were the case *he never drew the cork.*

Mr. James B. Uniacke died in 1858, and by this time Dr. Charles Tupper—now Sir Charles—was in the House, and had just assumed the position of Provincial Secretary in Johnston's administration, formed in 1857. Tupper had made an attack upon Uniacke just before his death, and when references were made to his death in the House, Howe paid a splendid tribute to his memory, and in the course of his speech referred to Tupper's attack in the scathing terms of which he was such a consummate master. His trenchant style can be judged from the extract which follows:—

"Sir, a more honorable and distinguished man never graced the floors of this assembly than my late lamented friend, James Boyle Uniacke. His noble form, easy deportment, graceful manners and ready flow of language are familiar to many who listen to me to-day. No man who ever grappled with him, as I did in the early part of my life, would underestimate his powers. A mind ever fruitful, a tongue ever eloquent, humor inexhaustible, and pathos that few could resist, were among the gifts or attainments of my honorable friend. His colloquial powers were even more marvellous then his forensic or parliamentary displays. He charmed the Senate by his eloquence; but how delightful was he when surrounded by a knot of friends beneath the gallery, or seated at his own hospitable board. How often have I thought, when meeting abroad the choice spirits of both continents, how rare it was to find a man in all respects a match for James Boyle Uniacke. But he was distinguished not only as a legislator. His means and his intellect were embarked in every enterprise which promised the advancement of the common interest, or the growth of public spirit.

"Such was the man, sir, to whom, and to the management of whose department foul language has been applied by the members of the Government. * * * * * * * * * What need be said? We all knew him and we know them, A serpent may crawl over the statue of Apollo, but the beautiful proportion of the marble will yet be seen beneath the slime. That my friend may have had his errors, I am not here to deny; but I rejoice that, whatever they were, God, in His infinite mercy, and not man, in his malignity, is hereafter to be the judge."

Space forbids a fuller recital of incidents in connection with the public life of these distinguished men. The foundation of our national life and the shaping of our political institutions are derived from the character of the men who took part in the early political struggles of those provinces which now form Canada, and whatever there was of worth and interest in their career we ought not willingly let die.

# NEGLECTED AND FRIENDLESS CHILDREN.

BY J. J. KELSO.

*Provincial Superintendent of Neglected Children.*

IN this latter part of the nineteenth century, more attention is being paid to the causes and sources of crime than ever before. Every day it is becoming more evident that in the past, much effort has been wasted in dealing with effects rather than causes, and the most advanced thinkers now fully acknowledge that to effectively grapple with crime and vice, thought and effort must be concentrated on the children of the poor. The governing power must come to regard the child as a future citizen, and must see that it has opportunities for education and for development along the lines of industry and morality. A child's education begins from its earliest infancy, and the State has a right to insist that its training shall be such as to fit it ultimately for the proper discharge of its duties and responsibilities. We all know the difficulties experienced in influencing for good the inmates of reformatories and penal institutions, the years of labor that have been exhausted in seeking to break the chains that bind the drunkard. How much more hopeful the outlook when we deal at once and directly with the little children, and implant in their young minds aims and aspirations that shall carry them safely through life!

J. J. KELSO.

Very little thought has been given to these children. They have been neglected by parents, neglected by lawmakers, neglected by school boards, and only thought of by the faithful mission-worker, who, in the absence of suitable laws, and the lack of public recognition, could accomplish but little of a permanent character. It would not be too much to say that seventy-five per cent. of the criminals of to-day were made such in early childhood. It is true that occasionally a young man of good family and occupying a position of trust gives way to temptation and falls to the criminal ranks, but he seldom remains there, usually returning after a short time to law-abiding citizenship.

The habitual criminal is made such in childhood, and he continues to live by crime, not voluntarily so much as necessarily. His actions indicate the early training working to its logical conclusion. There are children on our streets at this moment who will almost surely be criminals. It is their hard and cruel fate. They are consigned to it by neglectful and vicious parents, and by the indifference and shortsightedness of the community, through its authorized representatives.

Are we justified in expecting other-

wise than that evil training shall bear evil fruit?

Consider the case of a child born of drunken and degraded parents, growing up in a hot-bed of vice; hearing nothing but profanity and obscenity; learning nothing of the difference between right and wrong; no prayer whispered over its cradle; no pure thoughts of a better life instilled into its budding mind; its playground the street; its companions equally benighted with itself. It cannot attend school; it has no clothes; it is not kept clean; the mother would not take the trouble to send it, and school boards are not always sufficiently interested to provide accommodation and enforce attendance. Growing up untrained, except in evil and sharp cunning ways, the child at seven or eight years of age is sent out to sell papers or to beg, sometimes to steal, on the streets constantly, and with companions older in vice than himself. The boy learns rapidly, until at fifteen or sixteen he becomes a thief when opportunity offers, and trusts to luck to escape detection and retain freedom.

With the girl the downward course is somewhat different, though the result is essentially the same. Escape from the family quarrels and squalor is sought on the streets, where vice is easily learned, and the road to comfort and luxury made to appear comparatively easy, until by stages she sinks into a common outcast, unpitied and unloved.

Thus are the ranks of the criminal classes supplemented, and thus is perpetuated the curse of evil that stands as a constant menace to life and property, and continues to hold over every community a sense of insecurity. And where, we may well ask, lies the blame for this state of things? Not with the helpless victim of untoward circumstances, but with the parents, and with the community which failed to step in when the parents proved false to their duty.

In proposing a remedy, the first essential is education. Not education in the narrow sense of mere intellectual instruction; but education which cultivates the heart and the moral nature, which inculcates truthfulness and gentleness and modesty and calls out the purest and noblest instincts of humanity. In providing such an education it may, and often will, be necessary to remove the child from its natural parents. In this enlightened age, it is a recognized principle that no man or woman has a right to train a child in vice, or debar it from opportunities for acquiring pure and honest habits; and if parents are not doing justly by their children, they forfeit their right to continued guardianship. This principle is now a legal enactment in almost every Christian land, and it is only in the careful yet unfaltering use of this power, that we can hope for a noticeable reduction in our prison population. It is a duty we owe to ourselves; it is far more a duty we owe to the children who are thus unfortunately placed. Every resource of the law should be exercised to compel such parents to pay for the education of the children removed from their control.

For the protection of the child the removal is made; for the protection of the community, the unworthy parent should be compelled to pay to the last farthing. For all such children real homes should be sought, where they may develop naturally, and grow up in common with all other children. An institution is not a home, and never can be made such, though it may be useful as a temporary abode in which to prepare the little one for the family circle. No child should be kept permanently in an institution, however good, and this is something that cannot be too frequently pointed out, since there are orphanages that retain children for periods of from five to ten years.

While there are these cases in which the only hope for the child lies in its complete removal from improper

guardianship, there are also many children who, without removal from their home, need a little supervision and as many good influences as can be brought to bear upon them. Families, for instance, where the mother is employed during the day, or where the children, living in poor neighborhoods, are in danger of evil companionship. To help to tide such children over the trying period of childhood, and get them safely started in life's work, there are many useful aids, some of which, with some evils which are to be avoided, might be mentioned, as follows:—

*The mission kindergarten.*—As a preventive agency nothing but a mother's own good teaching can surpass the mission kindergarten. In this work the teacher is usually chosen because of special qualification and zeal. Little ones from three or four years up to seven are gathered from the streets and alleys, and taught to use both their fingers and their minds. In many instances they are saved from acquiring evil and untidy habits, and are given a suitable preparation for the common schools.

*Mission classes and entertainments.*—In every poor neighborhood mission work, especially among children, is productive of much greater result than usually appears on the surface. The love that is freely poured out in their service sinks deep into young hearts, and is almost sure to bear fruit in the later life. No mission worker among children should ever be discouraged.

*Boys' clubs.*—For growing and active boys of twelve to fifteen years of age there is room for many clubs, independent, or carried on in connection with churches and missions. Boys must be doing something, and if not induced to belong to some evening organization will learn much on the streets that is evil and hurtful. These clubs should not be strictly religious, but should lend books, teach topical songs. provide games and gymnastics if possible, and generally seek to win the boy's interest by catering to his reasonable desires. The membership may be anywhere from ten to forty, and the founder may be any young man or woman interested in the best welfare of the growing boys of our country.

*Day industrial schools.*—In every large city there should be one or more day industrial schools. To these would be sent truants, or children unfit for the common schools, children getting beyond parental control, or those guilty of first offences. To this school the child goes in the morning at eight o'clock and remains until six o'clock in the evening, being provided with meals, and engaging in manual as well as intellectual work. Such schools would do away with the necessity for sending so many children to reside permanently in industrial reform schools at large expense to the country.

*Police stations.*—No child should be taken to a police station except in a very extreme case. The fear of such a place is the best deterrent, and the child who has once been confined there is likely to lose its dread of punishment, and to return again in a short time. The same argument applies with even greater force in the case of the police cell or the gaol.

*Police court.*—The trial of children and young girls in the open police court, can only be regarded as a barbarous proceeding, in almost every case confirming and hardening the offender. It is false economy; it is the greatest cruelty to the child; it is disastrous to the community in the end.

*Punishments*—.In meting out punishment to children for petty offences it will often be found that the fault lies with the parent. If it is the parent's neglect that causes the offence, then steps should be taken to protect the child. In other cases the speediest and most salutary punishment would be a birching sufficient to call forth tears and promises of repentance.

The business in which so many boys are engaged—that of selling news-

papers on the streets—is hurtful in many ways. Besides tending to make boys cunning and unscrupulous, it is an occupation of a temporary character, leaving a youth at sixteen or seventeen years of age without a trade and altogether unfitted for any vocation which requires steadiness, punctuality, obedience or manual labor. With expensive tastes and a love of freedom, many boys of this class take to pilfering to keep up their decreasing revenue from the newspaper business. It would be very desirable to have open-air news-stands located on the leading thoroughfares in charge of old men, and limit the number of boys now running the streets as news-vendors.

All successful work on behalf of neglected children must be through personal contact and sympathy. The child must feel and know by many acts and words of encouragement and kindness that he or she has at least one true friend. For this reason large classes are to be avoided, the economy that appears on the surface being really a loss and hindrance. In this thought there should be much encouragement for those earnest workers who have nothing but their services to offer. They may gather little bands around them at trifling expense, and experience the great joy of turning aimless young lives into spheres of usefulness and happiness. And surely there can be no greater service for God or humanity than in calling forth in young hearts, aspirations and hopes that lie dormant, and in removing from their path the obstacles that prevent them from achieving all that is best in their nature! Hope and joy may be brought back to crushed little hearts by love and sympathy, and if, through the reading of this article, some friendless child is gladdened and aided along life's journey, it will not have been written in vain.

---

## SKATER AND WOLVES.

RONDEAU.

Swifter the flight! far, far, and high
The wild air shrieks its savage cry,
And all the earth is ghostly pale,
While the young skater, strong and hale,
Skims fearlessly the forest by.

Hush! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh!
Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly!
Mild moon, let not thy glory fail!
Swifter the flight!

O, hush thee, storm! thou canst not vie
With that low summons, hoarse and dry.
He hears, and oh! his spirits quail,—
He laughs and sobs within the gale,—
On, anywhere! he must not die—
Swifter the flight!

—G. H. CLARKE.

# COMMON TELESCOPES AND WHAT THEY WILL SHOW.

BY G. E. LUMSDEN.

THE opening years of the Seventeenth Century found the world without a telescope, or, at least, an optical instrument adapted for astronomical work. It is true that Arabian and some other eastern astronomers, for the purpose, possibly, of enabling them to single out and to concentrate their gaze upon celestial objects, used a long cylinder without glasses of any kind and open at both ends. For magnifying purposes, however, this tube was of no value. Still it must have been of some service, else the first telescopes, as constructed by the spectacle makers, who had stumbled upon the principle involved, were exceedingly sorry affairs, for soon after their introduction, the illustrious Kepler, in his work on Optics, recommended the employment of plain apertures, without lenses, because they were, in his opinion, superior to the telescope, being free from the color-fringes around images, due to refraction.

But the philosophers were not long in appreciating, at something like its true value, the accidental discovery that lenses could be so arranged as to appear, by magnifying them, to bring distant objects nearer to the eye. They saw the possibilities, as it were, that underlay this novel principle, if rightly applied in the field of astronomy, and they labored to improve the new "Optick tube," which soon ceased to be regarded as a toy. Galilei worked as hard in developing the telescope as if he had been its inventor, and, long before his death, he succeeded not only in making a convert of Kepler, but in constructing glasses with which he made discoveries that have rendered his name immortal. Yet his best telescope did not magnify much above thirty times, or, in other words, not so well as some of the spy-glasses, one inch and one-quarter in aperture, that can be purchased now-a-days in the shops of the opticians. With one of these small telescopes, one can see the moons of Jupiter, some of the larger spots on the sun, the phases of Venus, the stellar composition of the Milky Way, the "seas," the valleys, the mountains, and, when in bold relief upon the terminator, even some of the craters and cones of the moon. These practically comprise the list of objects seen in a more or less satisfactory manner by Galilei; but the spy-glass, if it be a very good one and armed with an astronomical eye-piece of some power, will show something more, for it will not only split a number of pretty double-stars, but will reveal a considerable portion of the Great Nebula in Orion, and enough of the Saturnian system to enable one to appreciate its beauty and to understand its mechanism, though it must be admitted that these results would be mainly due to the fact that observers now know what to look for—a great advantage in astronomical work, and one not always possessed by Galilei.

For nearly one hundred and fifty years, telescopes labored under one serious difficulty. The images formed in them were more or less confused, and were rendered indistinct by certain rainbow tints due to the unequal bending or refracting of the rays of light as they passed downwards through the object-glass, or great lens, which was made in a single piece. To overcome this obstacle to clear vision, and also to secure magnification, the focal lengths of the instruments were greatly extended. Telescopes 38, 50, 78, 130, 160, 210, 400, and even 600 feet long were con-

structed. Yet with these unwieldy and ungainly telescopes, nearly always defining badly, wonders were accomplished by the painstaking and indomitable observers of the time.

In 1658, Huyghens, using a telescope twenty-three feet long, and two and one-third inches in clear aperture, armed with a power of 100, discovered the complex character of the Saturnian system, which had resisted all of Galilei's efforts, as well as his own with a shorter instrument, though he had discovered Titan, Saturn's largest moon, and fixed correctly its period of revolution. One of the regrets of scientific men is that Galilei died in ignorance of the true construction of Saturn's ring-system. Many a weary night he expended in trying to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the most extraordinary and unaccountable phenomena presented from year to year by that planet. Its behavior was to him so erratic, that, annoyed beyond measure, he finally desisted from observing it. Would that before he died the old hero in the cause of Science could have possessed a telescope powerful enough to solve the mystery!

In 1673, Ball, with a telescope thirty-eight feet long, detected, for the first time, the principal division in Saturn's rings. Ten years later, Cassini, with an instrument twenty feet long, and an object-glass two and one-half inches in diameter, re-discovered the division, which was thenceforth named after him, rather than after Ball, who had taken no pains to make widely known his discovery, which, in the meantime had been forgotten. Though we have no record, there is little doubt that the lamented Horrocks and Crabtree, in England, in 1639, with glasses no better than these, watched, with exultant emotions, the first transit of Venus ever seen by human eyes. In 1722, Bradley, with a telescope 223¼ feet long, succeeded in measuring the diameter of the same planet.

In all ages, astronomers have been remarkable for assiduous application, and for perseverance even under the most discouraging circumstances. The astronomer of to-day can form but an inadequate conception of the difficulties with which the astronomers of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries had to struggle. When, at the commencement of the Nineteenth Century, it became possible to construct good refracting telescopes of larger aperture, and giving sharper definition, the industry of these observers had been such that, on the authority of Grant, we are assured they had discovered everything that could have been discovered with the optical means at their command.

Toward the middle of the Eighteenth Century, eminent men having, as they thought, decisively proved that refracting telescopes could not be brought to the state of perfection necessary for satisfactory astronomical work, turned their attention to the development of the reflecting telescope, which was constructed upon a different principle, and did not require that the light-rays should pass through a glass medium before being brought to a focus for examination in the eye-piece. This development, especially in the hands of the patient Herschel, was rapid, but just at the moment the refractor was in danger of total eclipse, Dollond, experimenting along lines not unknown to, but insufficiently followed up many years before by, Hall, found that by making the great lens, or the object-glass at the end of the tube, of two or three pieces of glass of different densities, and, therefore, of different refractive powers, the color aberration of the refracting telescope could be very perfectly corrected. Dollond's invention was of immense value, but, unfortunately for him and it, it was not possible, immediately at least, to manufacture of flint-glass, the color-correcting medium, discs sufficiently large to use with the lenses of crown-glass; the latter could be made of six, seven, and even of eight inches in

diameter, but the limit for the former was about two and one-half inches. However, about the opening of the Nineteenth Century, Guinand, a Swiss, discovered a process of making masses of optical flint-glass large enough to admit of the construction from them, of excellent three-inch lenses. The making of three-inch objectives, achromatic, or free from color, and of short focus, wrought a revolution in telescopes, and renewed the demand for refractors, though prices, as compared with those of the present day, were very great. The long telescopes were gladly discarded, because the new ones not only performed vastly better than they did, but were much more convenient in every way. Their length did not exceed five or six feet, which enabled the observer to house them in a building called an "observatory," and to work with a degree of comfort previously unknown.

Improvement succeeded improvement. Larger and still larger compound objectives were made, yet progress was so slow as to justify Grant, in 1852, in declaring that the presentation, about 1838, to Greenwich Observatory, of a six and seven-tenths object-glass, unmounted, was a "magnificent gift," and so it was esteemed by Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal. Improvement is still the order of the day, and, as a result of keen competition, very excellent telescopes, of small aperture, can be purchased at reasonable prices. Great refractors are enormously expensive, and will probably be so until they, in turn, are relegated to the lumber room by some simple invention, which shall give us an instrument as superior to them as they are to the "mighty" telescopes, which, from time to time, caused such sensations in the days of Galilei, Cassini, Huyghens, Bradley, Dollond, and those who came after them.

In several respects, giant telescopes have served Science well, but nearly all the really useful work has been done by instruments of less than twelve inches in diameter. Indeed, it may be safely asserted that most of this work must be credited to instruments of six inches, or less, in aperture. After referring with some detail to this point, Denning tells us that "nearly all the comets, planetoids, double-stars, etc., owe their detection to small instruments; that our knowledge of sun-spots, lunar and planetary features, is also very largely derived from similar sources; that there is no department which is not indebted to the services of small telescopes, and that, of some thousands of drawings of celestial objects, made by observers employing instruments from three to seventy-two inches in diameter, a careful inspection shows that the smaller instruments have not been outdone in this interesting field of observation, owing to their excellent defining powers and the facility with which they are used." Aperture for aperture, the record is more glorious for the "common telescope" than for its great rivals. The term, "common telescope," is to be understood here as descriptive of good refractors, with object-glasses not exceeding three, or three and one-half inches in diameter. In some works on the subject, telescopes as large as five inches, or even five and one-half inches, are included in the description of "common," but instruments of such apertures are not so frequently met with in this country as to justify the classing of them with smaller ones, and, perhaps, for the purposes of this article, it is well that such is the fact, for the expense connected with the purchase of first-rate telescopes increases very rapidly in proportion to the size of the object-glass, and soon becomes a serious matter.

In his unrivalled book, "Celestial Objects for the Common Telescope," Webb declares that his observations were chiefly made with a telescope five and one-half feet long, carrying an object-glass three and seven-tenths inches in diameter. The instrument was of "fair defining quality," and

one has but to read Webb's delightful pages to form an idea of the countless pleasures he derived from observing with it. Speaking of it, he says that smaller ones will, of course, do less, especially with faint objects, but are often very perfect and distinct, and that even diminutive glasses, if good, will, at least, show something never seen without them. He adds: "I have a little hand-telescope twenty-two and one-quarter inches long, when fully drawn out, with a focus of about fourteen inches, and one and one-third inches aperture; this, with an astronomical eye-piece, will show the *existence* of sun spots, the mountains in the moon, Jupiter's satellites, and Saturn's ring." In another place, speaking of the sun, he says an object-glass of only two inches will exhibit a curdled or marbled appearance over the whole solar disc, caused by the intermixture of spaces of different brightness. In this connection, it is instructive to note that Dawes recommended a small aperture for sun-work, including spectroscopic examination, he, himself, like Miller of Toronto, preferring to use, for that purpose, a four-inch refractor.

The North Star is a most beautiful double. Its companion is of the ninth order of magnitude, that is, three magnitudes less than the smallest star visible to the naked eye on a dark night. There was a time when Polaris, as a double, was regarded as an excellent test for a good three-inch telescope; that is, any three-inch instrument in which the companion could be seen, separated from its primary, was pronounced to be first-class. But so persistently have instruments of small aperture been improved that the Pole Star is no longer an absolute test for three-inch objectives of fine quality, or, indeed, for any first-rate objective exceeding two inches, for which Dawes proposed it as a standard of excellence, he having found that if the eye and telescope be good, the companion may be seen with such an aperture armed with a power of 80. As a matter of fact, Dawes, who was, like Burnham, blessed with most acute vision, saw the companion with an instrument no larger than an ordinary spy-glass, that is, one inch and three-tenths in diameter. Ward saw it with an inch and one-quarter objective, and Dawson with so small an aperture as one inch. T. T. Smith has seen it with a reflector stopped down to one inch and one-quarter, while in the instrument still known as the "great Dorpat reflector," having been regarded as gigantic in proportions when it was manufactured, it has been seen in broad daylight. This historic telescope has a twelve-inch object-glass, but the difficulty of seeing, in sunshine, so minute a star is such that the fact may fairly be mentioned here.

Another interesting feature is this: Celestial objects once discovered, and thought to be visible in large telescopes only, may often be seen in much smaller ones, when the observer knows what he is looking for. The first Herschel said truly that less optical power will show an object than was required for its discovery. The rifts, or canals, in the Great Nebula in Andromeda, form a case in point, but two better illustrations may be taken from the planets. Though Saturn was for many years subjected to most careful scrutiny by skilled astronomers using the most powerful telescopes in existence in their day, the crape-ring eluded discovery until November, 1850, when it was independently seen by Dawes, in England, and Bond, in the United States. Both were capital observers, and employed excellent instruments of large aperture, and it was naturally presumed that only such instruments could show the novel Saturnian feature. Not so. Once brought to the attention of astronomers, Webb saw the new ring with his three and seven-tenths telescope, and Ross saw it with an aperture not exceeding three and three-eighths in diameter, while Elvins, of Toronto, was able to make

drawings of it at a three-inch refractor. With a two-inch objective, Grover not only saw the crape-ring, but Saturn's belts, as well, and the shadow cast by the ball of the planet upon its system of rings. In a telescope, Titan, Saturn's largest moon, is merely a point of light, as compared with the planet, yet it has been seen, so it is said, with a one-inch glass. The shadow of this satellite, while crossing the face of Saturn, has been observed by Banks with a two and seven-eighths objective. By hiding the glare of the planet behind an occulting-bar, some of Saturn's smallest moons were seen by Kitchener with a two and seven-tenths aperture, and by Capron with a two and three-fourths one. Banks saw four of them with a three and seven-eighths telescope, Grover two of them with a three and three-quarter inch, and four inches of aperture will show five of them—so Webb says. Rhea, Dione and Tethys are more minute than Japetus, yet Cassini, with his inferior means, discerned them and calculated their periods. Take the instance of Mars next. It was long believed that Mars had no satellites. But, in 1877, during one of the highly-favorable oppositions of that planet which occur once in about sixteen years, Hall, using the great 26-inch refractor at Washington, discovered two tiny moons which had never before been seen by man. One of these, called Deimos, is about twenty miles in diameter, the other, named Phobos, is only about twenty-two, and both are exceedingly close to the primary, and in rapid revolution. No wonder these minute objects—seldom, if ever, nearer to us than about thirty millions of miles—are difficult to see at all. Newcomb and Holden tell us that they are invisible save at the sixteen-year periods referred to, when it happens that the earth and Mars, in their respective orbits, approach each other more nearly than at any other time. But once discovered, the rule held good even in the case of the satellites of Mars. Pratt has seen Deimos, the outermost moon, with an eight and one-seventh inch telescope; Erck has seen it with a seven and one-third inch achromatic; Trouvellot, the innermost one, with a six and three-tenths glass, while Common believes that anyone who can make out Enceladus, one of Saturn's smallest moons, can see those of Mars by hiding the planet behind an occulting bar at or near the elongations, and that even our own moonlight does not prevent these lunar observations being made.

Webb says that "common telescopes," with somewhat high powers, will reveal stars down to the eleventh magnitude. The interesting celestial objects more conspicuous than stars of that magnitude are sufficiently numerous to exhaust much more time than any amateur can give to observing. Indeed, the lot of the amateur astronomer is a happy one. With a good, though small, telescope, he may have as subjects for investigation, the sun with his spots, his faculæ, his prominences and spectra; the moon, a superb object in nearly every optical instrument, with her mountains, valleys, seas, craters, cones, and ever-changing aspects renewed every month, her occultations of stars, and eclipses of the sun; the planets, some with phases, and others with markings, belts, rings and moons, with scores of occultations, eclipses and transits due to their easily observed rotation around their primaries; the nebulæ; the double, triple and multiple stars with sometimes beautifully contrasted colors. Nature has opened in the heavens as interesting a volume as she has opened on the earth, and with but little trouble any one may learn to read in it.

These are the palmiest days in the eventful history of physical and observational astronomy. Along the whole line of professional and amateur observation, substantial progress is being made; but in certain new directions, and in some old ones, too, the advance is very rapid. As never before, public interest is alive to the at-

tractions and value of the work of astronomers. The Science itself now appeals to a constituency of students and readers daily increasing in numbers and importance. Evidence of this gratifying fact is easily obtained. There is at the libraries an ever-growing demand for standard astronomical works, some of them by no means intended to be of a purely popular character. Some of the most influential and conservative magazines on both sides of the Atlantic now find it to be in their interest to devote pages of space to the careful discussion of new theories, or to the results of the latest work of professional observers. Even the daily press in some cities has caught the infection, if infection it may be called. There are in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and other centres of population on this continent leading newspapers which, every week or so, publish columns of original matter contributed by writers evidently able to place before their readers in an attractive form articles dealing accurately, and yet in a popular vein, with the many-sided subject of astronomy.

Readers and thinkers, may, no doubt, be numbered by thousands. So far, however, as astronomy is concerned, the majority of readers and thinkers is composed of non-observers, most of whom believe they must be content with studying the theoretical side of the subject only. They labor under the false impression that unless they have telescopes of large aperture and other costly apparatus, the pleasures attaching to practical work are denied them. The great observatories, to which every intelligent eye is directed, are, in a measure, though innocently enough, responsible for this. Anticipation is ever on tiptoe. People are naturally awaiting the latest news from the giant refracting and reflecting telescopes of the day. Under these circumstances, it may be that the services rendered, and capable of being rendered, to Science by smaller apertures may be overlooked; and, therefore, this article has been written for the purpose of putting in a modest plea for the "common telescope."

The writer trusts it has been shown that expensive telescopes are not necessarily required for practical work. His advice to an intending purchaser would be to put into the objective for a refractor, or into the mirror for a reflector, all the money he feels warranted in spending, leaving the mounting to be done in the cheapest possible manner consistent with accuracy of adjustment, because it is in the objective, or in the mirror, that the *value* of the telescope almost wholly resides. On this subject, the writer consulted Mr. S. W. Burnham, then of Lick Observatory, the most eminent of all discoverers of double-stars, an observer who, even as an amateur, made a glorious reputation by the work done with his favorite six-inch telescope. Mr. Burnham in reply, kindly wrote: "You will certainly have no difficulty in making out a strong case in favor of the use of small telescopes in many departments of important astronomical work. Most of the early telescopic work was done with instruments which would now be considered as inferior to modern instruments, in quality as well as in size. You are doubtless familiar with much of the amateur work in this country and elsewhere done with comparatively small apertures. The most important condition is to have the refractor, whatever the size may be, of the highest optical perfection, and then the rest will depend on the zeal and industry of the observer."

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that much most interesting work may be done even with an opera-glass, as a few minutes' systematic observation on any fine night will prove. Newcomb and Holden assert that "if Hipparchus had had even such an optical instrument, mankind need not have waited two thousand years to know the nature of the Milky Way, nor

would it have required a Galilei to discover the phases of Venus or the spots on the sun." To amplify the thought. If that mighty geometer and observer and some of his contemporaries had possessed but the "common telescope," is it not probable that, in the science of astronomy, the world would be to-day two thousand years in advance of its present position?

---

## REQUITAL.

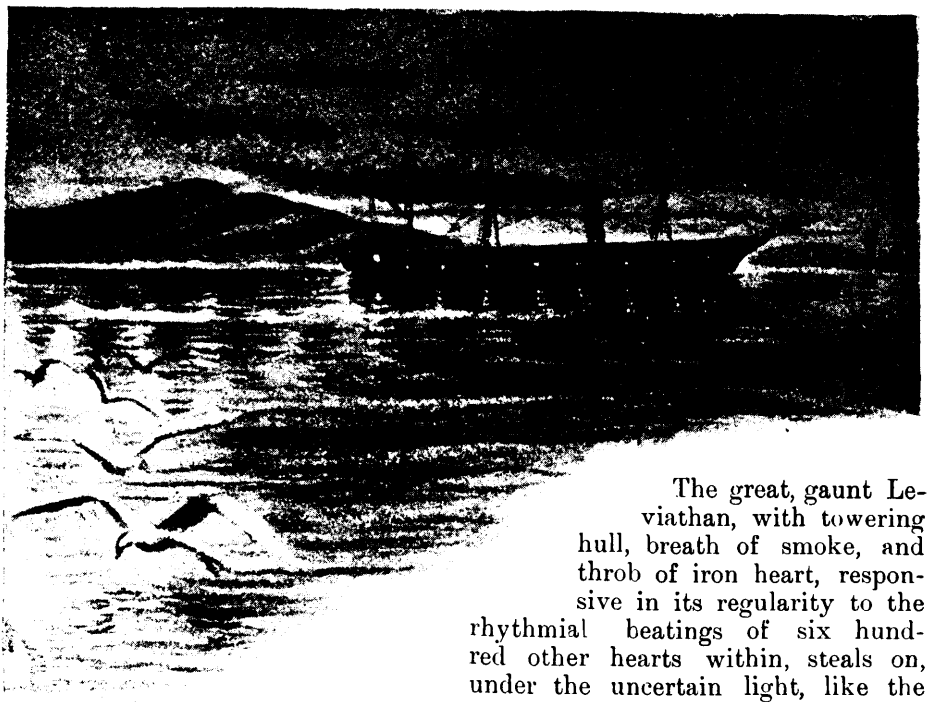
Down floating through the rosy morning light
The Days come one by one in long array,
God's radiant Messengers to Man are they,
Bearing His blessings earthward in their flight,—
Contentment, Peace, fair Love, and Pleasures bright;
And some bring Pain, but whisper as they lay
The burden on our hearts:—"Another Day
Shall lift thy sorrow; first shall come the night."
Yet soon, their shining raiment stained and dim,
Our gentle guests in Folly's thraldom sigh,
Till sunset signals call them home to Him,
With trailing wings that sweep the twilight sky.
Oh, night! fall fast to hide the wounds they bear,—
Sin, crimson-dyed,—grey Doubt, and dark Despair!

VANCOUVER, B.C. L. A. LEFEVRE.

# VIGNETTES FROM ST. PILGRIM'S ISLE.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

*(With Illustrations by the Author.)*



## I.

### NIGHT.

*"And this was in the night, most glorious night!"*
*—Byron.*

THE night is stooping above the headlands of Arran and Cantire, and the grey veil of the gloaming has already been dropped over the distance beyond—the magical distance which holds within its potential womb the, as yet, but dimly outlined shores of that

*"—— Caledonia, stern and wild,*
*Meet nurse for a poetic child;*
*Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,*
*Land of the mountain and the flood,"*

sung of by Scott, and loved and admired by all who have had the privilege to be associated with the land of the tartan and the heather.

The great, gaunt Leviathan, with towering hull, breath of smoke, and throb of iron heart, responsive in its regularity to the rhythmial beatings of six hundred other hearts within, steals on, under the uncertain light, like the spectral monster of a dream, past headland and islet, bluff and cape, encountering, ever and anon, some fellow-spectre, huge or diminutive, that, with flaring eye and sepulchral voice, glides by into the murk and mist we have left. Their heads are to the sea, the unquiet vast of heaving waters and uncertain morrows, but ours points to the nearing shore, homeward, where waits for many no such uncertain destiny, but blazing hearth and cheery welcome of home, sweet home!

We stand on the upper deck long after the usual hour for retiring, and muse of many things. 'Tis our last night on board, and to-morrow we part, this frame of iron and fume, these frames of flesh and spirit.

The great messenger which has borne

us safely over the dread of billows, under the scowl of the tempest, and through the terror of night and fog, will, to-morrow, lie quietly asleep at its moorings, its fires extinguished, its breathing hushed, its motion expended; while we, the living freight, tossed as ever on the waves of time and action, will still be seeking each his earthly quest, his distant port, his eternal haven.

The night grows blacker and blacker, for the sky has been overcast all the afternoon. Even while lying at Moville, the grey curtain descended, and with it the breeze freshened, piping shrilly through the taut shrouds, and making the foam fly and the boats dance to its inspiriting promptings.

But now the breeze in a measure has dropped as we near the opposite shore, and only the cloud remains. Would that it might lift too, to accord us a glimpse of the panorama beyond, under the mystic light of the moon.

*Presto!* Scarce has our wish been framed when, as if in response to some Aladdin's touch, the heavy, grey festoons that have been wreathing the coast-line on our port side lift for a moment, or rather split and sever, leaving a great rift of palpitating ashen pallor in the slate-colored expanse overhead, and in a moment the waters underneath, responsive to the movement above, chameleon-like, take upon themselves, in part, another complexion, a mellow radiance, that flows like a stream of darkly-molten silver between banks of unquiet, indigo opaqueness.

The light strengthens above, although at no time is the moon fully visible, and at no time does the illuminated space below extend for more than a limited distance along the underlying shores and accompanying sea-line; but, while it lasts, the effect is weirdly singular and imposingly beautiful in the highest degree.

There is just a band of lucent, pallid opal in the sky, edged by the sombre skirts of the night, and directly underneath, a corresponding zone of light, sharply outlined in the ebon flow of the waters, a softly gleaming, pearl-grey shimmering, touched here and there with a brighter tremor, a more pronounced pulsation of luminous motion.

But, by-and-bye, little by little, they fade out, and pale away into the gloom and the black again. So have we seen, in far-away Canada, the Aurora Borealis play itself asleep from a luminous zenith, back into the cradle of its Arctic being.

To right and left the great beacons shine out, some single, some double or multiple, of various colors, some stationary, many more revolving, while in the extreme distance, on our starboard side, as though behind that stretch of sea and shore, of beacon-lamp and gloom itself, quivers and pulsates the fiery glow of what appears to be distant furnaces, some workshops of Vulcan, where, sleepless and many-armed, the iron-toilers, with iron hands and iron hearts, deal in their fellow-ore, fashioning, moulding, and smiting forth their adamantine creations for the service of universal man.

A hoarse challenge, a pair of blazing orbs, one red, one green, a feeling of might and motion in the air around, a sense of heaving in the liquid floor beneath, and stealthy, stately, silent, mysterious in her dimly outlined vastness, magnificent in her loneliness and her power, shrouded in night and gloom, a huge steamer forges by, blinks at us a moment with her hundred eyes, that burst into being upon a nearer approach.

*"As tho' by the stroke of an enchanter's wand,"*

and vanishes from our sight into the Estuary behind, a phantom-form of strength and purpose, a dream-being peopled with dream-souls, passengers, many of them, to a dream-shore that lies beyond the heaving and the gloom, the magic vistas of the morning and the morrow.

*"She walks the waters like a thing of life,*
*And seems to dare the elements to strife;*
*Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,*
*To move the monarch of her peopled deck!"*

We had hoped to make the Clyde in daylight, we had heard so much of the beauty and the freshness of its shores. We had so longed to feast our eyes upon the luxuriance of grove and pasture that we felt assured would greet our expectant vision. We had desired to feel the fascination of the prospect grow upon us, approach us, as it were, from afar and gradually, rather than that it should burst upon us all at once, in the full plenitude of its loveliness, to dazzle our newly awakened senses.

There is something more romantic and satisfactory withal to behold the thing we love grow with our desire, mount with our aspiration, and finally expand in all its profusion of beauty and wealth, power and pathos, to the gratified sense of having seen it all, been partakers with it all, knowing that nothing has been missed, nothing neglected or misinterpreted.

But it was not to be. We are assured that the mouth or narrowing of the Clyde, at any rate, is to be for us as sealed a book as ever, for we cannot possibly delay our progress, but must forge ahead, and be at our berth alongside Glasgow quays by 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning.

So we stand about the deck in little knots, refusing the solace of sleep, and preferring the upper breeze, desultory conversation, and intermittent strollings from point to point, as the night ages and the sea-air becomes more chilly.

*Throb, throb, throb,*—more gently now that it is nearing its quest. *Throb, throb, throb,*—how often had we heard the loud and vigorous beat above the responsive beatings of adverse billows and tumultuous winds. Bold iron heart that had throbbed us across the deep! Thy music had indeed become a very part of ourselves, and whenever for a moment it hushed, the effect was strange, almost uncanny, so accustomed had we become to its familiar rhythm! But, to-night, the beatings are softer and lower. There is nothing of struggle or daring in the refrain. They are the quietly regular pulsations of a heart that knows it is upon a friendly tide, nearing the haven where it will soon be at rest, its labors over, its mission accomplished.

It is with a feeling of sadness that we listen to these last measured notes. "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," they seem to say. Yes, to-morrow she will have ended her voyage, and we —— ?

We are getting sleepy at last, looking over the side at the gently flowing current astern, feeling the quiet influence of these monotonous pulsations, with the blinking lights in the distance, and the sigh of the night-breeze overhead. We are beginning to drowse in sober earnest, so renounce our prematurely formed intention of waiting for the dawn on deck, alert and vigilant.

We descend the companion-ladder, yawning as we go, and, with closing eyelids, throw ourselves half-dressed in our berth.

"Call us at daybreak, Steward, directly the shores are visible. Don't forget, mind!"

"All right, sir, I won't forget. I'll be sure to call you."

*Throb, throb, throb!* How gently we glide. Throb—throb—throb! She —is — stopping—surely. Throb.... throb.... throb! She .... is....

The night has fallen indeed, and the last light goes out beyond the misty headlands of dreamless slumber.

## II.

### DAWN.

*"For my Love goeth forth, and her robes are white,*
*White like the clouds at the break of the dawn,*
*Fair, fair, and a madness doth burn in my sight,*
*Lest the vision shall be withdrawn."*
—*Robert Burns Wilson.*

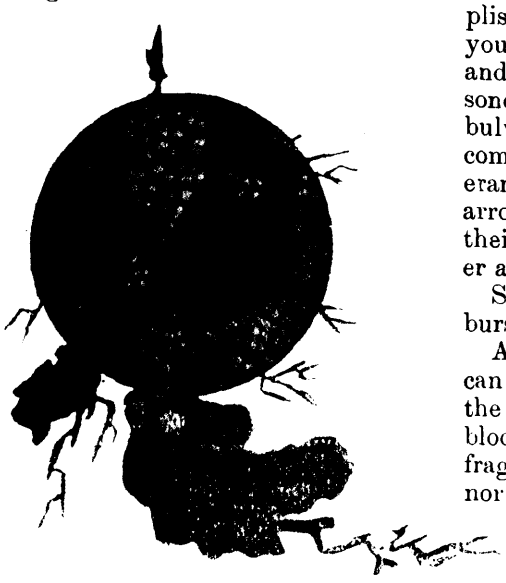
The dawning of a new phase of life is like the dawning of a new day; both are as yet white, unwritten pages of being, faint flushed with the rosy red of youngling promise.

First days of such a phase of life are, indeed, the very dawn of a new existence, in which everything is re-

fashioned, purified, sublimated, rejuvenated, inspired, as by a second and more enchanting lease of youth and desire.

So we thought, as we stood in the white light of the dawning on the deck of the ocean-greyhound, now coursing swiftly yet stealthily to her quarry by the river-shore.

So we thought, as we watched the lush green meadows, filmed in dew and



DAWN.

shadowed by the early mist, slip away on either hand in gently undulating stretches of park-like expanse, dotted or fringed with leafage, under which the lazy cows chewed their cud and the sheep grazed, to the refrain of the rooks in the elm tops and the, sleepy swash of the current that lapped the rush-strewn banks.

So we thought, as we inhaled the first fragrance of the inland air, redolent of herbage, of early primroses and nodding buttercups and cowslips. It was all a dream, nay, more, a dream within a dream, that panorama of mist and meadow, of flood and fell, with its wealth of grassy verdure and arborescence of oak and elm, its mystery of shimmering light and purpling shadow, its music of tinkling bell and bleat or low of kine, and, amidst it all, and part of it all, the silent messenger from afar, alive with souls, still breathing its rhythmic refrain to the pulsing of their anxious hearts.

So we thought, as we hailed the river masts with their maze of cordage, spar and fluttering pennon. Taut and trim they stood in their serried ranks, like silent sentinels ready to accomplish their commanders' bidding; these, young and stately and strong to do and dare; those older and more seasoned, as shown by weather-beaten bulwark and frayed or bleached accompaniment, yet serviceable too, veterans more worldly-wise than these arrogant youngsters, mere recruits in their almost untried assurance of power and speed.

So we thought, as the great city burst upon our sight for the first time.

Ah! For the first time! Words that can never be uttered again this side of the Valley of the Shadow. For the bloom is only once upon the peach, the fragrance in the rose; nor kiss of sun nor sense of man can place them there again, for ever.

Up they rose like giant finger-posts, monitors of earth and time pointing to space and eternity; spire and dome, cupola and monument, roof-tree and chimney, ever, ever, ever up, aspiring memorials of aspiring souls, grubbing through the cark and ashes of care and moil for the treasure-trove buried at the rainbow-feet of a divine hope and longing.

*"And it passed like a glorious roll of drums*
*Through the triumph of his dream."*

So we thought, as we stood, days afterward, by the abbey-ruins of Lincluden; we, who for sixteen years had been a tenant of those vast realms of youth and labor beyond the dancing waves of the Atlantic, the land that had but lately been rescued from the void and forgetfulness of oblivion by the daring, aggressive spirit of the adventurer. There were nothing like these over there, dead memorial-stones

of eight hundred years ago, wreathed with the fragrance of blossoming dog-roses and milk-white hawthorn blossoms, blossoms laid by the loving hands of to-day upon the clay cold forms of many departed yesterdays!

It was an unreality, a revelation, a vision of old, that had been partly forgotten in the strong, self-assertive, active, young existence over there, yet now called up again, a memory, in the white dawn-light of a new-fledged earthly being.

So we thought, as we followed the silver Nith between its daisied banks to the bridge of Dumfries, and stood by the mausoleum of him who sang of the "wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower," as only a true poet can sing. Gathering the starred meeknesses from that grassy spot of hallowed associations, and placing them tenderly in our bosom, it all seemed more like an unreality than ever. Yesterday—there, 3,000 miles away, with the charred trunk of the settler's clearing, and the echo of the woodman's axe in our ears; to-day,—here, standing by the dust of Burns and the dead of generations!

*"A thousand years their cloudy wings expand*
*Around us, and a dying glory smiles*
*O'er the far times——"*

So we thought, as retracing our steps from St. Michael's Churchyard, where the Ayrshire bard sleeps his quiet sleep in the soil he loved—happy destiny!—we sought again the banks of Nith, and, looking out in the white morning-light beyond the purling flood, above whose ripples the sea-gulls stretched their snowy pinions and piped plaintively to one another, we caught sight of bank and brae, and many a bonny glimpse of copse and field and elm-crowned slope, to where the mountain mass of giant Criffel lifted his sullen crest to the gray mists above, that stooping, caressed him, and wreathed soft arms about his lonely head, as though wooing him from the flower-spread plains of earth to the unexplored regions of the sun.

So we thought, as we wandered by lane and hedgerow, and ever and anon caught again a whiff of half-remembered, by-gone days in the perfume of the wild flower and the twitter of the nesting bird, strolling by hawthorn banks and weaving daisy-chains again in the sunshine, veritable flower-echoes of the long-ago, the loved and lost of "auld lang syne."

All came back to us in its beautiful pristine reality. Dead eyes looked out to us from the flower faces, dead voices spake to us in the lilt and lullaby of the scented breeze, and dead hopes, that had long been buried,—Ah, me! How long!—came trooping from the graves of Time and Change, and Titania-like swung themselves outwards upon the nodding grass-plumes, or nestled in pink pyramids of blossoming fox-glove, shaking forth sweet music the while, that was not all of earth or memory either, but that held in its happy cadence something of the joy-bells of immortality, something of endless youth and deathless benisons.

*"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,*
*The soul that rises with us, our life's star,*
*Hath had elsewhere its setting,*
*And cometh from afar;*
*Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness,*
*But trailing clouds of glory do we come*
*From God, who is our home."*

### III.

### NOON.

*Last noon beheld them full of lusty life.—Byron.*

The hot life of London is upon us. Its maze of motion is in the air. The whirl of its wheels, the throb of its myriad hearts, the hum of its converse, the frenzy of its hurried day, the stealthy tread of its never-silent night is everywhere, permeating everything, actuating everything, filling everything. There is nothing else in the world, above the world, beneath the world, only London, London, London! the London of Tom Pinch and little Ruth, of Miss Pecksniff and Jonas Chuzzlewit—fit contrasting children of romance—the white offspring of content and love, the black serflings of infamy and greed!

Centuries, ages, millenniums of human beings—they stream by in the dusty sunlight, on the dusty thoroughfares, arteries of sentient receptivity, running red with the life-blood of struggling, aspiring, successful, disappointed, opulent, beggared millions!

They loll over their emblazoned panels, or stretch themselves full-length in the open spaces of the parks; these, almost too degenerate to know that they are human; those, too inflated by pride of wealth and place to deem themselves aught but divine.

NOON.

Flow on human tide to the close! Already the hoarse boom of the ocean is in thine ears. What will it be, the placid languor of the calm, or the threatening trumpetings of the storm?

Remember Tyre! Remember Sidon!

"*Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?*
*Thy waters wasted them while they were free,*
*And many a tyrant since.—Their shores obey*
*The stranger, slave, or savage.*"

It is noon, high noon, by the clock and by the ages. And we stand on the highway, to watch the tide of emmets, and moralize by its ceaseless flow.

How busy they are, each with his burden! Do these emmets ever rest?

Look at the palaces! The emmets have built them. Brick by brick, story by story, as the coral reef from Australian seas, so have grown to the touch of life these wondrous structures that are the wealth and pride of earth.

Look at the monuments! Obedient chisels, at the prompting of cunning brains and deft fingers have smitten out these things of beauty to be a wonder and joy for ever to the generations to come. Of a certainty, if Greece fell, we have the ruins of her Parthenon and the torsos of her sculptors. Rome is dead, but not Michael Angelo,—and these, too, will live. So! —'Tis well! What matter the body if the soul survive!

Look at the art galleries! There, over acres of once barren wall, have blossomed forth universes of being and beauty, as eloquent of light and life as the universe itself, only silent. Better so. The creative touch of genius has given us glimpses of Paradise again, but the voice of the serpent is unheard in its vistas. The fruit that hangs pendent from its boughs is innocuous. Here

"*Some flowers of Eden we still inherit.*"

but, thank God!

"*The trail of the serpent is (not) over them all.*"

Look at the Libraries! Therein are the conserved souls of men, voiceless divinities, ever uttering their wisdom, their counsel and their plaint. How eloquent a teacher is silence! surely, the grave cannot be so very gruesome a place after all! Here is a book upon a shelf. Its author, they say, is dead. What mockery in words! Why, 'tis but his noisy, chattering tongue that has perished. Here is his life and his eternity. Over there is a grave, and upon it is a blade of grass, wet with the morning's moisture. The one that was laid beneath died, they say. What impotence in syllables! Why,'twas but his skeleton that crumbled and dissolved, yet, touched

by vitality eternal, behold, is restored in the twinkling of an eye to the sunlight and the fostering dew!

Look at the churches! How they swarm! Beneath these grey Abbey spires of Westminster, that vast monumental dome of St. Paul's, daily the organ rolls its splendid thunder to the ears of thousands, and sweet voices of boy-choristers wing their flight upward, to lose themselves in the intricate traceries of the gloom above. The dead are here, look you—the mighty dead, that rise and troop down the aisles in solemn procession with every service, what time that great organ rolls its sullen plaint or lifts its triumphant pæan, and the boy-voices mount and soar, and the worshippers worship at the shrines of their fathers' fathers. And all is very grand, and very stately, and very imposing, and very good. Christian temples presided over by Christian ministers, and filled to overflowing with crowds of respectable Christian men and women.

It is still noon, high noon, by the clock and by the ages. And we stand apart from the highway to watch those other emmets and moralize by their almost death-like repose.

How quiescent they are, each in his slumber! Do these emmets ever wake?

The hot sun strikes down and many a wistful face looks up.

They are lying there by hundreds, thousands, as they have been lying there all the morning, God knows! all the night, perchance, many of them. We have seen the human tide in its restless flow, by palace, monument, art-gallery, library, and church. This is the tide at rest, or that part of it which is habitually quiescent, that knows naught of palace or monument or art-gallery or library or church; that hear no minister but the great exhorter, hunger; that listens to no educator save the stern teacher, want.

It is one of the city parks and it is full. But the echo of hurrying feet is silent, and it might be a veritable city of the dead, so voiceless and so motionless are its denizens. Under the trees, along the seats and benches, on the open stretches of turf, here, there, everywhere, unkempt, ragged, dirty, portionless, forgotten, they lie, noon after noon, day after day; how and why they live, a mystery, when and where they die, an enigma to the many; utterly purposeless, utterly destitute, utterly forsaken, thousands of neglected waifs within hearing of the voice of piety, the chime of bells, the wheel of pride, the eternal flow of the clinking, golden current that glitters so bravely in the sunshine beyond.

Has God, too, forgotten them? He alone knows. As for us, we can but realize for the moment that they lie here as ones forgotten, and wait.

Shine down, sun of noon, on the wealth, the bustle, the struggle, and the want.

*"There are more things, Horatio,*
*Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."*

And, truly, the philosophy of abject penury and vice and woe, in so close proximity to opulence and virtue and joy, is one of the obstrusest that ever engaged the mind of sage or seer, and ends but at the blank wall of mystery, in whatsoever direction his errant, contemplative, inquisitive, well-intentioned surmisings stray.

IV.

DUSK.

*"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,*
*And all the air a solemn stillness holds,*
*Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,*
*And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."*
*Gray.*

A purple haze is beginning to fall over the distant landscape, like a film, scarfing the eye of the drowsy day. The meadows in the far perspective, with their neatly trimmed hedges, are taking upon themselves vague and misty outlines, a strange, solemn stillness is settling over everything, broken only now and then by far away call or whistle, the faintly sounding low of kine or bleat of sheep, the short, sharp bark of the shepherd's dog, and nearer, over head, the intermittent caw of

rooks, that slowly wend their aerial way, a sombre brotherhood, back to the shelter of their "immemorial elms," that stand, like branched and surpliced silences, guarding the resting-places of the dead.

They circle and hover round the old ivy-mantled tower, and chatter and flutter, and sink out of sight, one by one, into the umbrageous shade beneath them, while the purple haze steals nearer and nearer, the distant prospect becomes more and more indistinct, and the sounds of day fall yet fainter and more intermittently upon the listening ear.

DUSK.

'Tis the hour when for the Macbeths of earth,

*"Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,*
*While Night's black agents to their prey do rouse."*

Yet not so, nor now, nor here, in this hallowed spot.

Only this morning had the Windsor express dropped us at the little village of Slough, the same dear, old Slough of our boyhood, and had gone on its fiery way, panting and puffing, towards the not distant royal burgh.

We had had a busy day, and had revisited many an old scene. We had been both rejoiced and disappointed, as who is not, when revisiting the scenes of youth. Luckily, in the country districts of England, things change more slowly than in the newly-settled colonies. We had found many old landmarks vanished, but enough remained to flavor the prosaic acreage of middle life with something of the fragrance and savor of the by-gone.

A wing of the old school had been demolished, been utterly levelled; but the site was there—that, the irreverent iconoclasts of reminiscence could not remove. Some would, if they could, and advertise it to the agricultural public as best fertiliser, rich with the phosphates of feeling from crumbled bones of memories; and, across the road — the broad, white road that ran away to the feet of the rainbow and Utopia beyond—the old sign still swung under the gnarled and twisted tree, that bore upon its face the legend of a way-side inn where good accommodation is provided for man and beast.

We had sauntered down the Farnham lane, and revisited the old Farnham church, and had found here many alterations; but some of the graves and tombstones were the same—twenty years make little difference to the dead. We had strolled through the hamlet, looking in at the doors of the old, familiar places; but the faces were gone. We had dawdled away the afternoon in the lanes and by-ways, gathering wild flowers, listening to the leaf-service in the otherwise golden silence of that afternoon, watching the rushes tremble at the kiss of the breeze, and the ripples bridle and coquet at the familiar touch of the

same mild roysterer, and the gloaming had found us at Stoke Pogis, by the gray stone cenotaph, standing in the same open meadow where the daisies of our boyhood had grown and blossomed, and where the meek grasses still bent the same gentle heads to the tread of the returned wanderer's feet.

Beyond the cenotaph was the church. The self-same

*"ivy-mantled tower,"*

where

*"The moping owl does to the moon complain*
*Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,*
*Molest her ancient solitary reign"*

Embosomed in elms, and girt by its silent sentinels, the tombstones of the departed, it loomed from out the twilight haze like the face of an old, familiar friend, long dead, now returned.

It was Gray's country-church and churchyard, the scene of his immortal elegy; and, as we stood by the cenotaph erected to his memory, at the outer edge of the meadow, and viewed once again the old ancestral tower, time and space fled. We were again a boy indeed, as young and fresh as then, as —— but something like a great sob, felt rather than heard, rose and choked the memory, as we bared our heart, and worshipped under the sacred hush of the gloaming.

Earlier in the afternoon we had walked about the quiet churchyard, beautiful in its rural surroundings and simple, rustic ornateness. We had stood within the church's portals, sat in the time honored pew of the Penn family, Gray's own favorite seat when attending service, inspected the stained-glass windows, rich and generous gifts, many of them centuries old, held converse with an old, decrepid man, the whilom sexton, now useless—sexton when we were a boy, thirty years agone—a happy, careless schoolboy, almost within sight and sound of this sanctified tower. We had gathered a sprig from the immortal yew, and a few scraps of its bark. We had mused by the poet's grave itself, and now stood again under the gathering gloom by the outside monument to the mighty dead.

It is a classic sarcophagus of gray stone, surmounting an oblong pedestal, or base, on whose four sides are inscribed stanzas from his own undying work.

We stood and gazed and listened to the still, small voice of departed genius.

*"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,*
*And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,*
*Await alike the inevitable hour,—*
*The paths of glory lead but to the grave."*

What matter the difference, Westminster or some humbler spot?

*"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,"*

where

*"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,*
*The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"*

where, too, sleeps he, the great author, as quiet as they, as careless of praise or censure, as silently waiting the great consummation.

How long will it be before the waiter and listener is himself laid to sleep with the sleepers that are sleeping, dreaming, perchance, happy dreams? For, if the dead know anything, it must be happy, because of the past. They know not to-day, nor can they know to-morrow, but only yesterdays, in which every grief has been softened by the tender touch of the consoler, Time, that drapes with moss the most unsightly ruins, yet outlines lovingly with rosy finger, the joys of the some-time, bidding them stand out, very bas-reliefs of sweet content, from forth the mellowed background of our sorrows and our failures.

The dusk deepens into the night. The sounds of day have faded utterly out. The stars twinkle curiously down upon the muser—the same stars, the same muser!—and it is time to go. We breathe a benison as we leave the spot, but at the stile we turn, to

*"Cast one longing, lingering look behind."*

The night closes over the scene; but it is radiant for ever in memory. And some day, perhaps, we shall return.

# A PLEA FOR IRELAND.

BY E. DOWSLEY.

WHAT, another plea for Ireland? Yes, but not a political plea; nor does this plea in any way directly bear upon the political fortunes of that little island. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury have already received *gratis* a sufficient quantity of such pleas to fill a good-sized volume, and I have no desire at present to volunteer a single chapter for such a bulky work.

But there are other sources from which Ireland might derive as much benefit as that which falls to her share from a stand-up fight on the floor of the British House of Commons.

When travelling abroad, I was a little surprised to find that a great lack of knowledge prevailed among tourists generally regarding the beauties of Ireland and the natural advantages it has to offer. Probably no country in the world within such easy reach of the travelling public suffers so much from this cause as the Emerald Isle. Many Englishmen who have travelled the world over have never visited its shores, and of the thousands of Americans yearly flocking to Europe, the great majority have never had more than a passing glimpse of the coast. Few, indeed, know that within twenty-four hours easy travel from London lies some of the most beautiful and charming scenery of which this world can boast. And I can say, too, strange as it may seem, that some have heard and even sung of the far-famed Lakes of Killarney and yet do not know that these are to be classed among Ireland's attractions.

Our Canadian friends will say, Why is it not better known if it is so attractive? Well, I cannot tell, unless it be because it is "that unfortunate country;" for in this respect the epithet certainly applies, in spite of some well-written works, notably that from the pen of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall—"Ireland: Its Scenery, Character, etc." But it is a well-known fact that not all the books that were ever written can so effectually draw the stream of tourist travel as can the favorable conversation of travellers returned from abroad.

The best of us, however, cannot be expected to know everything, and I am sure our Irish friends will forgive our ignorance. We in Canada are frequently called upon to exercise this spirit, from some of the strange articles appearing in English magazines and newspapers.

But there are other causes operating against a successful flow of tourist travel towards Ireland. Prejudice against the country is nursed to an alarming degree amongst Englishmen, and extends its influence to Canadians and Americans generally. I was talking one day in London with a prominent business man, and having made known my intention of "touring it" in Ireland was surprised to receive the solemn warning, "Don't go there; they will shoot you. We never go there." And many other such complimentary remarks on Irish character may be heard every day.

It is a fact, too, that many of the Americans who do go to Ireland go with minds fully made up to see it in the light of the most bitter prejudice that ever gathered in force against any people. With their eyes spectacled by such glasses, we see them crowded together behind a six-in-hand, dashing across the country, with only sufficient time in their so-called "Rambles" to describe "dirty cities" with filthy markets, "bedraggled women" and

"drunken men," backed up by a good supply of imagination and exaggeration. Yet we find them with time enough, indeed, to write wholesale schemes for the regeneration of the land and people, which, if the British Parliament would only adopt, would save any further trouble with that unhappy country.

It is hard, indeed, to remove from the minds of many the fixed idea that Ireland is not a safe country to travel in. The political troubles which for many years past have distracted the country have, no doubt, contributed largely to this result.

Thus, the beauties of the land are allowed to lie comparatively unknown. Its beautiful walks and drives, and the advantages it offers either for study and research or rest and quiet are passed by for some more favored and better-known resort. The land which gave birth to so many of our illustrious men is treated even with contempt.

All honor to Lord and Lady Aberdeen for their efforts to make better known on this side of the Atlantic the real worth of the dear little Green Isle.

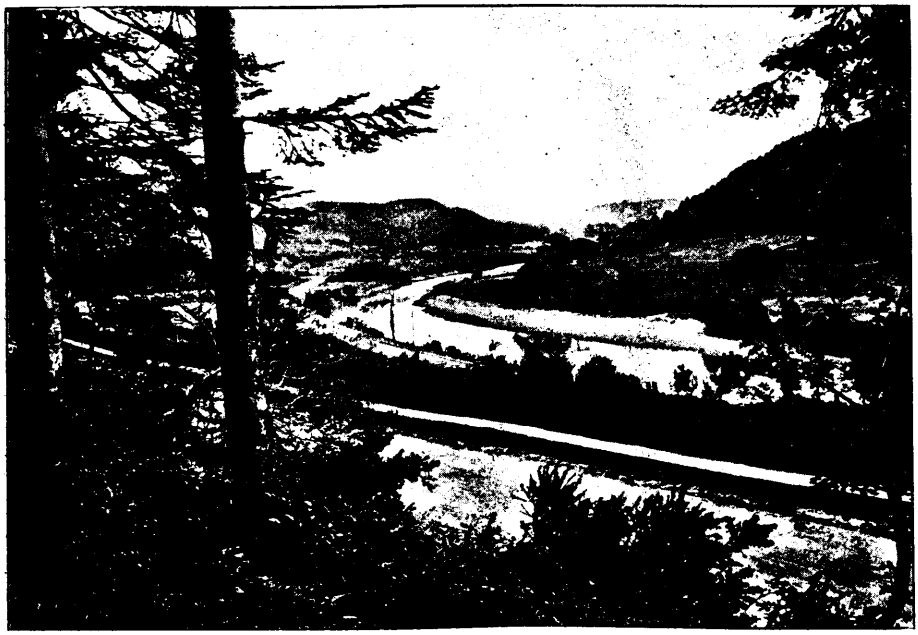
To visit Ireland the traveller from London naturally avails himself of the quick and easy run by rail to Holyhead and steamer to Dublin. From here all points of interest may be easily and comfortably reached by either rail, jaunting car, or cab, and where rest and quiet may be obtained amid scenery that would inspire the heart of any true-born poet—scenery which seems to grow upon one, day by day: and where also the scholar or antiquarian may delight himself amid the endless store of antiquities with which the country abounds.

The visitor to Dublin must not expect to meet with such heavy pounding of business as one finds in London or Glasgow, such magnificent modern buildings as those which grace the streets of Paris or Vienna, nor will he see such linking of arms of old and young as that presented in Edinburgh's quaint *old town* and modern *new town*. But he will find just a fine old homely city, from which much pleasure may be derived. It will serve, also, as an introduction to the people of the country.

A ramble through the city convinced me that Dublin can boast of buildings of which any city in the Empire might be proud. For instance, that fine old pile of Ionic architecture—the Bank of Ireland, associated, too, with the history of the country, where sat, in other days, the representatives of the Irish Parliament. And there, opposite, is Trinity College, founded by Queen Elizabeth, which, as a seat of learning, has a world-wide reputation, associated, as it is, with many men of name and fame. To it, indeed, some of the most respected scholars in Canada may point with pride as their *Alma Mater*.

The Custom House, also, is a wonderful structure, erected on the banks of the Liffey at a cost of over £500,000. And there is the beautiful and interesting St. Patrick's Cathedral, restored at the immense cost of £140,000 by that prince of brewers, Sir Benj. Lee Guinness. This edifice, unfortunately, now lies in the midst of one of the dirtiest parts of the city, and is approached by miserable streets, piled up with all sorts of second-hand goods, which probably only a Dickens could describe, and frequented by as wretched a class of people as are to be found in the slums of London or New York.

We in Canada hear a great deal about British soldiers being kept in Ireland to serve as a restraint upon the people. We hear so much of this, indeed, that I was quite prepared to find two separate and distinct classes there, of which the soldiers formed one and the people the other. I saw some of our finest regiments in Dublin, notably the "Seaforth Highlanders" and a portion of the "Black Watch;" but I was much surprised



THE VALE OF AVOCA.

and pleased, while strolling along Sackville Street or other thoroughfares on a quiet evening, to find the "red coats" mingling upon the most friendly and intimate terms with persons of all grades, laughing and talking, or chatting in little groups, in the happiest friendship.

I might write a great deal about old Dublin, but it is the scenery round of which I would like our intending Canadian travellers to have a glimpse, for County Wicklow is generally conceded to be the "Garden of Ireland."

In the immediate vicinity of Dublin is the great Phoenix Park, seven miles in circumference, a drive in which will afford a most delightful outing, as it is generally accorded to be one of the finest parks in Great Britain; and if the visitor wishes to have a jolly time and enjoy the scenery to his heart's content, let him take an "outside jaunting car," for on such a conveyance more than any other does "Pat" become the "anxious to please," talkative, confidential, typical Irishman.

In the Park, near the entrance, is erected a huge obelisk, a memorial to that great Irishman of whom all Britain is proud—the Duke of Wellington. It is certainly not a very ornamental piece of work, and as I did not seem to be very favorably impressed with it, Pat became not a little disturbed, interpreting my silence to mean a lack of knowledge regarding the great soldier; whereupon he imparted to me this astounding information, "You know, sor, that was erected to the grate Dooke, shure it was! The Dooke, you know, sor, was a grate say warrior—a captain on a man-o'-war he was, shure." This information was given honestly and with an air of great pride and satisfaction.

Close by the entrance, also, is that delightful corner called the "People's Gardens," beautifully laid out with much taste and skill, and ornamented with many exquisite flowers and shrubs, trees and rockeries. It is a quiet spot and a pleasant retreat upon an afternoon or evening.

Further down the broad drive is a fine equestrian statue erected to Lord Gough, which Pat, on another serious venture, informed me was moulded from cannon captured from the Zulus. Then there is the Vice-regal Lodge, the summer residence of the Viceroy, nestling homely-like among the fine old trees which surround it. But the bright prospect here is dimmed by unhappy recollections of that most fiendish deed, which shook all Britain with rage, when Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke fell under the hand of the Invincibles in May, 1882. What a dark blot such an action as this leaves upon the history of Ireland, and how unfortunate it is that the whole country should be made to bear the stigma of the acts of such cowardly ruffians! Having accosted a policeman on duty, he directed me farther along the drive, and going forward I was grieved to find two rude crosses scraped out in the green sward at the roadside, marking the place where the victims fell. These are presided over by an old woman (an orange vendor), who, being provided with a small stock of needed refreshment, is also stored, as a necessary advertising adjunct, with a fund of reminiscences relating to the outrage. I do consider this defacement of public property to be a standing disgrace to the authorities, and whether it be the Corporation of Dublin or the Government that are responsible, should they be unable to see their way clear to mark the spot decently with a stone or tablet, they should, at least, not permit any desecration, especially when it lends such an air of "good deed, well done."

The drive leads on, with many windings and turnings, by the most delightful park land, surrounded with magnificent trees, through which are caught glimpses of quiet, pastoral scenery, bright, open expanse of green lawn and wooded slope, with an occasional glimmer of the waters of the Liffey, as it flows quietly on towards the city.

At certain points along the route are placed seats to mark the spots where Her Majesty the Queen, on her first visit to Ireland, alighted from the carriage the better to view the scenery around. These spots are pointed out with the greatest pride by every Irish car driver; and I venture the remark, that should Her Majesty visit that country again, she would be accorded a reception that would cast to the four winds all those croakings with regard to Irish treason and disloyalty about which we hear so much.

Leaving the park, I continued my drive to the beautiful Glasnevin Cemetery, where looking under a huge round tower, built after the manner of those ancient piles so often seen in Ireland, I saw the coffin wherein lie the remains of the great Daniel O'Connell.

With a desire to feast upon the scenery farther south, in the heart of fair Wicklow, I boarded a train one lovely bright morning and sped away down to the little station of Rathnew, one of the starting-points for jaunting cars, and although the weather is most delightful, I am the one solitary passenger put down at this point. Here, waiting for just such a stray arrival, are some four or five drivers. And then commences the sounds of a perfect pandemonium as to who shall have the "honor" of conducting the "gintleman." "Be aff oot o' that whin o'im talking wid the gintleman," remarked one. "Howld yer blather, ain't oi talking with the gintleman first?" suggested another. But, finally being afforded an opportunity to make my own wishes known, I chose the one I wanted, and away we went leaving the others to bemoan their fate.

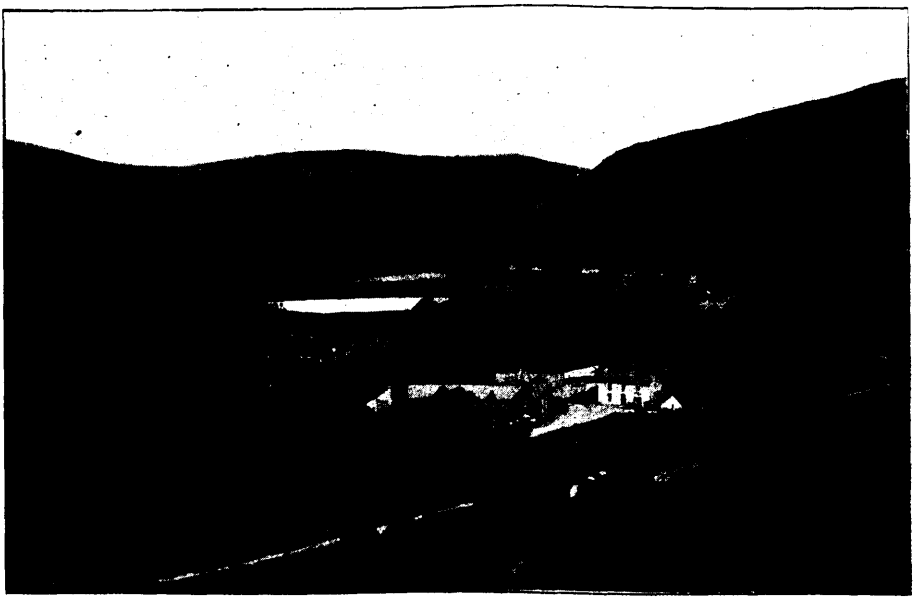
A very short but pleasant drive from the station of Rathnew puts one down at the entrance to the "Devil's Glen," a great attraction in this vicinity and one that might be better named. Here it is necessary to walk, as the car must take another route, driving around to await its passengers at the other end.

Having received my directions, I set out. The way immediately plunges under a canopy of magnificent trees, and leads on down into the dark and silent glen, but soon opens out again upon a scene of the most majestic grandeur. The mountains rise on either side, towering up hundreds of feet, clothed to the very top in some parts with trees and shrubs of varied hues of green, while here and there are mighty rocks edging their way to the front, as if to stand guard over the pathway, which winds and turns in and out just a little above the stream which finds its way through the ravine. Traversing this path, the rapidly changing views afford much delight. Now it leads under dark and solemn trees, now out upon some vantage ground or ledge of rock, now stealing through some quiet, shady, restful nook.

Two gates along the way at separate points bar the path. These, however, are opened without let or hindrance by quiet, polite attendants, and the little cottages close beside are the only signs of habitation around. After passing these momentary stopping-places, the awful quiet seems to doubly reign. The little stream gliding among the rocks at the foot, occasionally rushing against some more intrusive boulder, babbles its humble protest,—the only sound that breaks upon all this vast solitude.

Now and again the sun darts its rays through some opening in the mountain top, and glimmering across to the other side turns the bright green brighter still, until it reaches the shadows further down.

The whole scenery throughout the glen is gloomy and sombre, but is never dull or uninteresting. It fascinates! It thrills! It seems to hold one spell-bound with its wild romantic grandeur! The walk through the glen is about one mile long. I wished that it was double that distance. At the last point is a small waterfall; and climbing up the rocks close beside it, I emerged once again under the beams of "Old Sol," and glancing across the open fields I descried my faithful car-driver contentedly awaiting my arrival.



GLENDALLOUGH.

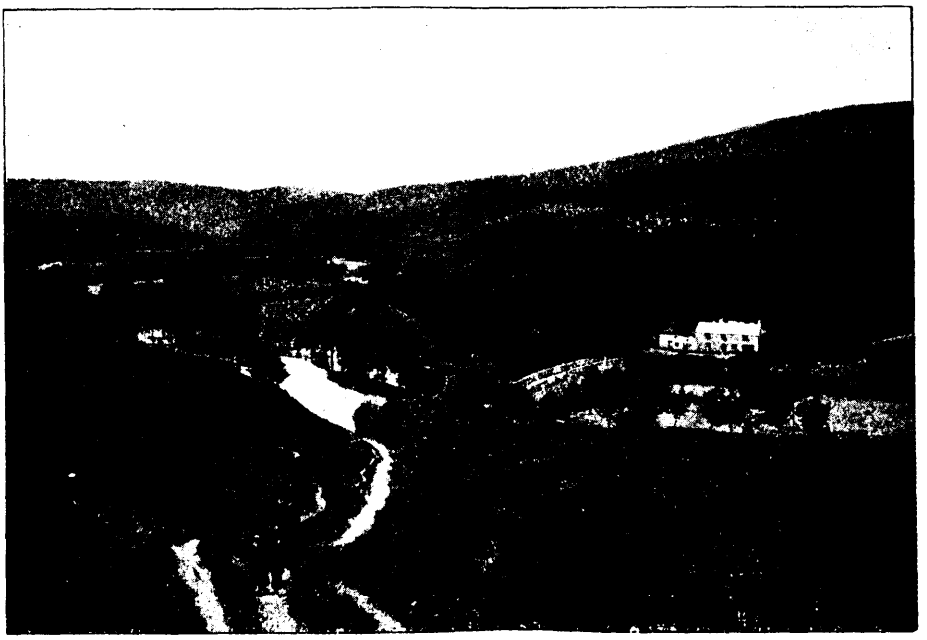
Taking car once more, we jaunt along again over those fine smooth roads which are a boast of Ireland, free from dust and dirt, and arched overhead with beautiful trees, and bounded on either side with hedge or fence, laden with the clinging ivy and creepers of many kinds, giving to it all the appearance of one vast park, rather than of ordinary country road. And here I must say that this boast of good roads is one of no mean order, for it goes to make up one half the pleasure of either riding, walking or driving, to say nothing of bicycling.

A short distance on we pass the fine old residence of the late Charles Parnell, with its broad avenue of trees, and continue on past numerous cottages and over bridges and by murmuring streams, meeting along the way many a peasant man or woman driving little donkey carts to or from town, and not answering at all to the description we often hear of wretched people, miserable and ill clad.

We journey along for some time in slow and easy fashion, enjoying the scenery, until finally we reach the top of a slight eminence, when suddenly spread out in view lies one of the grandest sights in County Wicklow—the lovely valley of Glendallough, with its quiet lakes, its ruined churches, its magnificent Round Tower, its mountains and rocks, about which are gathered so many legends and fairy-tales.

Here again the scenery partakes of a style of gloomy grandeur, for the mountains hang so close upon the valley that the valley is cast into almost constant shade. In the bosom of the valley nestle two quiet lakes, one about a quarter of a mile and the other a mile in length. The mountains rise sheer up from the water's edge, huge, bold, frowning rocks, with scarcely a vestige of vegetation. In about the centre of the glen rises the noble Round Tower, one hundred and ten feet high. This tower is generally credited with being the finest specimen of those archæological remains in Ireland which have so long been a riddle to antiquarians. For the most part gathered in the vicinity of the tower, lie the seven churches, dating away back upon the centuries, now generally mere, or even meaningless, ruins. They are very small, too, not so large indeed as a good sized room in our days. In the grave-yard, scattered about, are the remains of carved stone crosses and broken columns. And yet, so history tells us, in the early days of the 6th century, upon this spot there thrived a crowded city,—a great seat of learning and religion,—extending its influence to Britain and gathering to itself men of letters whose knowledge snd piety did so much in those days to acquire for Ireland the foremost rank among the learned nations of the western world.

But here comes Dennis Ryan. He is a guide and a typical Irishman of that profession, barefooted and of honest face, producing his credentials in the way of a few cards from American visitors who have happened along that way, and "hired me and paid me well, yer 'oner." There are many others besides Dennis, men and women, old and young, claiming for a like employment, and there would be no use in trying to go quietly about these parts without taking one of them along. Dennis and myself start off in high good humor. He leads the way to the different churches, details all the points of interest about, not forgetting the "Baking Stone of Noah's Ark,"—which he has there, for "shure,"—and passes on to the "Maiden's Waterfall," a small silvery stream falling down in a little nook from a fissure in the rock. Now he calls attention with a great flourish to the "Razor and Strop," high up on the mountain, of the great Fin Mac Cool, the prodigious Irish Giant who amused himself stepping from cliff to cliff. And there, also, close beside us, is the same giant's "Lathering Basin," and very appropriately named—a large, smooth, circular basin hollowed out of



VALE OF CLARA.

the solid rock, and filled to a great depth with clear refreshing water.

Passing out through the "Gates of Eden" we enjoy a row over the calm waters to St. Kevin's Bed, a small cave in the rocky cliff which here rises two thousand feet high. It was from this bed, the legend so runs, that St. Kevin did cast into the lake "Kathleen, with the eyes of most unheavenly blue." Dennis will be sure to point out, too, the very spot where St. Patrick stood when he pitched the "last sarpent" into the lake and rid Ireland, forever, of these evil pests. Indeed, he points out so many places, all the time talking so rapidly, fairly bubbling over with Irish wit and blarney, that very little time is left to think.

It would certainly be well worth while to take a day quietly, and to secretly explore this lovely spot in nature. How easily might weeks slip by in its quiet seclusion, wandering about the walks and drives, clambering the mountain sides, exploring its deep cuts and recesses, or in the more conventional boating and fishing, both of which the lakes supply. A good hotel is close at hand, moderate in charge and easily reached.

Resuming car once more, we proceed along at a brisk pace and soon enter the "Vale of Clara," one of the sweetest spots in Wicklow. How shall I describe sweet Vale of Clara, where all of life's happy thoughts seem gathered in sympathy with quiet, dreamy, restful nature,—its mingled foliage, its silvery streams and picturesque bridges, its lawns and meadow lands, its winding hillside pathways and homely cottages,—"were Eden itself more fair."

The waters of dear "Avonmore" flow through the valley, gliding gently along to join the "Avonbeg"—that "meeting of the waters" immortalized in verse by Moore.

Continuing, we enter the "Vale of Avoca," and for a distance of seven or eight miles, there lies spread out a scene of the most surpassing loveliness. Now we are upon the hill tops overlooking the winding stream, now in the

valley, with the hills rising gracefully on either side, and on through vale and dell, winding and turning amid ever changing scenes, with glimpses of distant mountains and quiet cottages nestling among the hills,—one vast panorama, intoxicating with its wealth of beauty and altogether past description.

But now the jaunt is ended. The little station of Wooden Bridge is reached, where the waters of Avoca and Aughrim unite together. The sun is fast sinking in the west, and evening shadows begin to fall. I am still in dreamy contentment under the influence of nature's companionship; but the engine, puffing and blowing, with its train pulls up to the platform, drawing me from the soothing influence of lovely Wicklow, and reminding me again of the commonplace prose of every day life.

## THE SUPREME MOMENT.

The shadows gather, and a beckoning hand
Is ever drawing me, and voices strange
Sound ever in my ears, whilst o'er the range
Of life and thought, the glories of the land
Invisible obscure the present. Near,
Very near, with presence comforting, I feel
The cloud of unseen witnesses, while peal
On peal of praise transcendant greets my ear.
Sweet 'mongst the singers sounds *her* voice to me,
Sweetest of all the heavenly choir, whose strains
Ring through heaven's arches, in a swelling sea
Of melody ineffable. As it drains
The founts of sound, the Lethean shadows creep
So softly o'er me, that I fain would sleep.

Oshawa, Ontario. — MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON.

# A CHRISTMAS STORY WITHOUT A PLOT.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

MRS. Julian Ketchum said she did not know how to make ends meet, when she found herself confronted by that most important and embarrassing date in all the year to persons of small means and generous tendencies, to wit, the twenty-fifth of December.

"If there had been no coal to get," said Mrs. K. reflectively, as she sat with her hands folded in her lap for the first time in five days, "and no overshoes and coats and underwear, and I don't know what else besides, for George and Julian, we might be able to celebrate quite like well-off people. But I'm afraid you'll have to get along with very little!" This monologue was addressed to a chubby figure upon the carpet, wee year-old Jock, to whom Mrs. Ketchum bestowed sundry and emphatic nods during her discourse.

"One thing is certain," concluded the maternal philosopher, decisively. "If Julian don't get his December salary by the twenty-fourth, the children won't get anything in their stockings, —except the holes! And even if he does, there's no use their expecting anything very much. So there!"

However, despite this fearful prospect, as painted by the chief of the home division, she had ordered a very jolly looking corpse of a turkey, and had made a couple of plump plum-puddings and some ample pies of the mince order. And what more should children, even those grown up children who have not lost all relish for the joys of childhood nor their digestions, expect or desire, I should like to know? Unless, indeed, it be a thoroughly good appetite to give the aforesaid digestion plenty to do.

It is also my firm belief that there were some snug parcels of nuts and raisins and confections stowed away in the private larder, to which Mrs. K. alone possessed the key, and into which the enquiring George and Mabel endeavored to poke their keen noses so often; to say nothing, as is proper at Christmas time when all good things are kept secret till the golden hour, of a bottle of fine port, and a quart of the innocuous ginger wine, which were as good as bought. So that altogether, and not even comparatively speaking, there was promise of the Ketchums, major and minor, faring very healthily indeed. Would that all the domestic hearths about us bore promise of such a glowing and bountiful Christmastide.

On the day before Christmas day, Mr. Ketchum came in to lunch in apparently good feather; upon which his business-like, and therefore much better half, concluded that Julian had received his December salary.

No, Mr. Ketchum had not. There had been some talk, of course. There always was. But so far nothing had been done. Still, if Mrs. K. needed some money for any little thing, you know—George and Mabel, to whom long skirts, and all faith in the Santa Claus creed had gone out of fashion about the same time, with the precocity peculiar to children of the nineteenth century, here pricked up their ears—why, he could let her have it.

Mr Ketchum made this announcement modestly, and somewhat guardedly, as though not wishing to impress his spouse with an idea that he had been dowered suddenly with a fortune.

"Oh! I'd much rather you didn't borrow it!" cried Mrs. Ketchum with a toss of her head. "I can do well enough."

For to borrow, was, in Mrs. Ketch-

um's opinion, synonymous with placing your head upon the block of financial ruin; and Ketchum, no matter how hard the times might be for the family, always had money—which distressed Mrs. Ketchum. For she could not conceive what K's private sources of revenue could consist of. Once there had been a hint of some horrid "note"—that pecuniary vampire which is the horror of all cash-dealing and thrifty persons—but nothing disastrous had come of it; though Mrs. K. had passed several almost sleepless nights on account of it, the periods when she *did* sleep being occupied with seeing visions of frightful interest—per cent., I mean—and sheriff's sales, and kin horrors.

When Mr. Ketchum came in to dinner in the evening he seemed even more genial than at luncheon; but Mrs. K. asked no questions regarding the December salary. The port and the g. w. had come home; likewise a mysterious brown paper parcel of large dimensions, which Mary, the maid—not of the Inn—had confiscated on its arrival, and deposited under lock and key. From which it must be concluded that Mrs. Ketchum had departed from her determination not to bow to the Christmas eve stocking unless the December salary came to the rescue in time. George informed his father on these points with a triumphant air, that should have entirely annihilated any latent idea that times were not prosperous.

So Mr. Ketchum, who had eaten a good dinner, thought it would do no harm to test the port; considering he would be the only one to drink it next day; as Mrs. K. abominated port, and clung to the g. w. with that entire lack of taste which it is so hard for some men to understand. The head of the family *tested* the port, therefore, and found it good; and presently, to prove its excellence, fell into a *sound* slumber, with his chin on his breast. Meanwhile George and Mabel trotted off to bed, with an eagerness foreign to children at any other date in the year than Christmas eve.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Mr. Ketchum awoke with a start. He stretched his limbs, and looked at his watch.

"I'll take a turn up town, and—see the shops," he said to his wife. "I shan't be late."

"I hope you won't," said Mrs. K. with some asperity. "Jock has not seemed well to-day, and I sent George round for Dr. Bottle, to ask him to drop in and see what was the matter. But he had been called away to see Uncle James."

Mr. K. looked concerned. "I hope there's nothing serious with the old gentleman," he ventured, as he button-up his long ulster. "We shall miss him to-morrow." Uncle James was Mrs. Ketchum's well-to-do relative, and she was his favorite niece; and Mr. K. had long cherished visions of some day coming in for the old gentleman's snug property in the country, where he lived, when he would be able to throw up his city clerkship and go in for farming, and make money. I wonder how many city-bred egotists there are who fondle the belief that they were born to be gentlemen agriculturists?

"Once upon a time," mused Mr. Ketchum as he walked down the street, and drew slowly and lovingly at the choice Havana he had put between his lips when his hall-door had closed upon him—"once upon a time I had as much as that to spend outright on such an occasion as this!" He patted his right-hand trousers pocket as he spoke, and in the faint starlight his face looked melancholy and reminiscent.

"Not that a fellow requires to, of course!" he continued to himself. "It's a fool's policy, this blowing in, as they vulgarly call it. But it's very nice, just the same, to *know* that you've got a fat roll of greenbacks in your purse that you can spend just as you please, *if* you please; instead of having to

fritter it away on a lot of cursed tradesmen's bills; and to know that you don't *owe* anything!"

This last reflection brought something suddenly to the reflector's mind.

"That cursed note for seventy-five comes due on the twenty-eighth!" he muttered. "I had almost forgotten it. They'll have to renew, that's all. They were very nice about it last time. I suppose those fellows can afford to be when they are getting twenty per cent. on their money. I wish *I* had a few hundred out bringing me in twenty per cent. every three months! No, I don't either. It's a low business!"

By this time, Mr. Ketchum had reached a corner of the main street, where he came upon his acquaintance Dobson, who was smoking a very strong briar-root, and also strolling townwards.

Mr. Dobson took the proffered cigar, returning the offensive pipe to his pocket, and said:

"I say, old man, Ranter is on to-night in Julius Cæsar. What do you say to dropping in? We can get in in time to hear the oration over Cæsar. They say Ranter is capital as Mark Antony."

Mr. Ketchum was agreeable; and fifteen minutes later found the pair in the gallery. Ketchum wanted to go in the chairs, but Dobson advocated economy; to such an extent, in fact, that he forgot in a moment of abstraction to pay for his seat, which necessary proceeding Ketchum undertook. They enjoyed the play so much that our friend suggested a steak at Fryer's, over which they could talk on any subject not domestic. Mr. Dobson was not disinclined to either the steak or the barring of home matters in conversation; so they went to Fryer's.

"Because," said Dobson, as they took their seats in one of Mr. Fryer's comfortable little private parlors upstairs, "if there is one thing I hate, it is this perpetual chat, chat, about what we owe, and how we are going to pull out next month, don't you know."

"I agree with you there," said Ketchum," as he sipped his first glass of Burgundy. The private room had been Mr. Dobson's suggestion—to Mr. Ketchum. "It costs a little more, you know, but it's so very much more jolly and secluded," he had said. And the Burgundy had been Mr. Ketchum's suggestion—to the waiter. I trust my reader will not have jumped to the conclusion from the foregoing that Mr. Dobson was what is contemptuously known among men as a sponge. Not for worlds! He was such a jolly, good-natured, chatty, generous-*looking* fellow, bless him! was Dobson.

But there are so many Mr. Dobsons in the world! They are so good-humored and rosy, with a knack of flattering their acquaintances, and always turning up with a good story when someone is treating, which invariably pays their passage across the bar to what is best. They beat their way so smilingly here and there, and borrow as if they were conferring a favor on the lender, always, however, forgetting to pay back; and they do not even buy tobacco, some of them. That is borrowed, too. They borrow your books, they borrow your guns, your boat, anything they can lay their hands on, so they do not have to buy. They go to drives, some of the younger and would-be beaux of this numerous family, to picnics, to any sort of pleasure party to which they can gain entrance, but they are not too proud to let some other fellow pay their share of the expense. In fact, they rather chuckle in private at this ingenious piece of economy. They beat their way into concerts and charity entertainments on deadhead tickets, as friends of the performers, as members of the committee—as any character at all that they can carry off with their unequalled swagger. And only their long-suffering victims know how often they lunch, and dine, and tea out! But they do it all so blandly, and look so artless and frank the while, that we do not think of them as the miserable,

sponging parasites and usurious swaggerers that they are!

"Now, there's my wife," continued Mr. Dobson, angrily, as he filled his glass. "Cross and choppy as a March wind, because I said I was coming up town for an hour. Wanted to know why I couldn't stop in *one* evening in the week! Oh! these women, these wives of ours, eh, Ketchum? But I forget our agreement. I'll change the subject. Do you remember those old nights of ours? Those nights in the seventies—yes, in the eighties, too, when you and I, and Jimmy Bangs, and Jack Graham, and Bob Clark, used to cut up? Bob's got a devil of a shrew for a wife, they say. He don't bully with *her*, I hear! We meet now and then, one or two of us; but it don't seem like the old times! You never come out of your domestic shell now, old man, do you? You are such a home bird! Ah! here's the steak! Devilish nice looking gal that, old fellow! That's one thing I like about Fryer. If he is ugly as the old boy himself, he always has good-looking women to wait!"

"Shall I fill your glass, Dobson?" cried Ketchum. "Ah! there are the bells! Christmas morning! Your health, Dobson, and a Merry Christmas!"

"The same, old man!" replied Mr. Dobson, impressively. "This wine is excellent. I have never found Fryer to keep anything but good liquor. Let me assist you!" Mr. Dobson filled Mr. Ketchum's glass to the brim in his generous, off-hand manner, and began to sing jovially:

"*Oh! we'll not go home till morning!*" in a cracked voice.

Suddenly the door was thrown rudely open, and half-a-dozen men projected themselves into the room.

"Talk of angels!" cried Mr. Dobson. "Upon my soul! Bangs and Graham—and you too, Bob Clark? Then fall, Dobson! Why this is magnificent!"

Mr. Bob Clark, who appeared to be the leader of the party, a deep-chested man of forty, with a pock-marked face further marred by an unpleasantly aggressive expression, struck a pose; and in a harsh voice, that he evidently intended to be highly humorous, cried:

"Your pardon, gentlemen! But, I say, who'd believe it? Dobson—he's all right! But Ketch, the moral, home-loving Ketchum! Gentlemen, I appeal to you, can we stand by and calmly witness this revelry?"

"By no means, gentlemen!" cried Dobson. "Sit down, all of you!" Mr. Dobson quite felt himself to be the host, the *honorary* host, by this time. "Sit down, and feast and be merry, for to-morrow we—we—what *do* we do to-morrow, Bangs?"

"Dine at home," said Mr. Bangs, sententiously.

"Ah! spoken like a philosopher, Bangs!" cried Dobson.

"Well, we can't live on speeches, even if they are yours, Dobson!" said Mr. Clark, with his grim smile. "We must have something to drink. Shut the door, someone, and ring the bell! What do you fellows say to a little game of cards? I pause for a reply. None? Then cards by all means. You see, we too can quote, Dobson. Ah! here's the boy! Ask these gentlemen what they'll have. And look here—there are some cards and chips downstairs—know what chips are? Bring 'em up. Don't ask Mr. Fryer for them. Ask Billy, the bartender. And—and here's a quarter for you!"

The boy went away, and presently returned with the drinks and cards and chips.

"Where are the cigars?" thundered Mr. Clark.

"You didn't say nothin' about no cigars!"

"I didn't, eh? Well, why didn't you bring 'em, just the same? Bring 'em! You all smoke, gentlemen? Now, Bangs, shut the door like a good fellow. What shall it be? Poker? Did you say poker, Dobson?"

Mr. Dobson intimated that he did not say Poker. But Ketchum, and a

young law student by the appropriate name of Green, said they would take a hand in. Neither of the men liked Clark; but they were both flushed with wine, and wine breeds excitement, and excitement breeds recklessness. None of the others cared to play at the game, saving Mr. Dobson, who had been unwilling enough before, and who had had the wind taken out of his conversational sails, so to speak, by the cyclonic style of Mr. Clark, but who now on a second and persuasive invitation from that gentleman and Ketchum, said he would play. So the four sat down to their game, Mr. Dobson being elected banker, and the party buying ten dollars' worth apiece of his fascinating wares. The balance of the party meanwhile began a stakeless game of whist.

Mr. Clark had barely dealt the cards around when there came a great rapping at the door. Mr. Bangs opened it, and two young men swaggered into the room.

"Well, this *is* nice!" cried one of them, a sallow-faced, loudly dressed fellow not much over five feet high. "A pretty lot, I'm sure, for you and me to fall in with, eh Jack? Bet you fellows you won't guess where *we've* been!"

"Yes we will, Tom," said Clark. "Bangs and I saw you, you sly little cuss, driving that Variety Theatre little girl all over town, and at such a *nice* hour! I wonder if you took her down your avenue so that Mrs. R. could see you from that bay window? What a gay boy you are! Will you join us here? Those old files over there don't pla-ay for money now. Home, sweet home, you know! Ketch and Dobby and our friend Green—know Green? Mr. Green, Mr. Raker—are the only genuine sports. It's the story of the iron hand in the six and a half ladies' kid with those chaps over there!"

"Fryer's kicking up to beat three of a very high kind, down stairs, about your gambling up here," said Raker. "But I guess we'll chime in, eh Jack? Only *low*, Robert, *low!*"

The game began. The stakes were certainly low at first; so low, in fact, that Mr. Green, who held some surprisingly good hands at the outset, as unsophisticated beginners very often do, suggested that they should be increased. They accordingly were. They rose still higher with the mercury of excitement, as the drinks repeated themselves, and the room grew so heavy with smoke that the players could not see the whist men at the other end of the room. Clear-headed and Ben Jonson like, Clark was the only man at the poker table who seemed to thrive mentally and physically in the atmosphere of tobacco and spirits; with the exception, perhaps, of Dobson, who smoked little and drank sparingly.

Our friend Ketchum, to do him justice, had long since wished himself out of it. His head ached under the strain; the pressure being alleviated, nevertheless, by his keen desire to win back at least what he had lost. For he had lost. He had used up the fifteen or twenty dollars he had carried loose in his left hand pocket, and owed the bank some thirty more. For, for reasons best known to himself, he had felt shy about disturbing the equanimity of that fat roll in his right hand pocket; trusting that better luck would intervene to prevent the necessity of his having to touch that precious pocket at all. Mr. Dobson and Clark were practically the only men who had won; and Mr. Dobson being the banker, and Mr. Clark being of an obliging turn, there had been no hesitation on the part of that convenient institution, the bank, in advancing Ketchum what he asked for.

At 2 a.m. Ketchum was out thirty dollars, and held half that amount in chips. This was such a ridiculously small sum, as money in poker goes, that I almost blush to mention it. But to a man on a small salary, to a man with a family, to a man who ought to

meet a note for seventy-five dollars in three days, it was large enough. He looked haggard, and felt savage. But he kept on.

It came to Dobson's deal. Mr. Green, who had lost about the same amount as Ketchum—his month's wages, almost—passed. Mr. Raker passed. So did Mr. Raker's friend, "Jack." Mr. Ketchum said he would stay in. He smiled slightly, for it has been said that a drowning man will catch at a straw. The face of Mr. Clark, who watched Ketchum as the gambler, according to Thackeray, watches his pigeon, was impassive.

Mr. Dobson said he would stay out; and Mr. Clark said he would be so bold as to venture in.

"Only you and I Ketchum," he remarked, with a laugh that jarred strangely upon Ketchum's now sensitive ears. "I expect you are after that ante of mine!"

"Well, it will cost you a dollar more," said Ketchum, still smiling. He felt he might have the laugh on his side presently.

"And that suits me, my dear fellow," said the tranquil Clark. "It will be expensive to you, as I raise you again." Mr. Clark then called, and they discarded, Ketchum one card and Clark two; the former who was endeavoring to appear nonchalant, eyeing his opponent the while. Whether Clark had benefited by his draw or not, *he* had no cause to complain, thought Ketchum to himself. For had *he* not drawn his man?

When the final call was made, and Ketchum had deposited his last chip, the stake stood thirty dollars. "What have you got?" cried Clark, gaily.

"I think I have got *you* this time!" said the other, throwing down his cards with an air of triumph—a pair of queens and three kings.

Mr. Clark laid down *his* cards—four aces. Then he leaned back in his chair and laughed. It was not a soothing laugh. Mr. Dobson whistled softly.

"Do you know, Ketchum?" said the holder of the four aces, "I *thought* it was a game of bluff. But that was a good hand of yours. Hullo! what's the matter?"

Ketchum, on seeing Clark's hand, had leaned back in his seat, too, shoving his hands deep into his trousers' pockets as he did so, and staring at the table. In doing so, his fingers came in contact with the roll of bills in his pocket. He had not touched this money so far, as I have already said. But now his fingers tightened on the roll interrogatively, and he sat up with a start. Then he drew the bills rapidly from his pocket, and as rapidly and nervously counted them. The others watched him curiously.

"I can play no more," he said hoarsely, glaring about the room. "I have lost seventy-five dollars."

"Not at play, old man," said Dobson, quickly and assuringly.

"No, not at play—out of my pocket!" said the other, savagely. "I say I can play no more. I left my house with nearly one hundred dollars, and I have not twenty here!"

"December's hard-earned?" murmured Mr. Bangs, sympathisingly, from the other end of the room.

"Yes, my salary!" replied Ketchum, fiercely. "You are right! Do you understand, Bangs? For once you are not a fool!"

Mr. Bangs' pale face flushed beneath the canopy of tobacco smoke.

"And for the twentieth time, Ketchum," he answered in even tones, "you *are* a fool—a perfect fool!"

Mr. Clark looked interested, and made that faint protest which damns the hope of peace. For he liked the prospect of a row.

"I *have* been," said Ketchum, as he put on his coat; "I think for the last time."

"And what do you mean by that?" said Clark, with an ugly scowl.

Ketchum strode up to the table where Dobson was cashing the chips. "What is it I owe the bank?" he demanded, shortly.

"Thirty dollars, my dear fellow," answered Dobson, smoothly.

"All Mr. Clark's?"

"Yes; but, of course, I——"

"There is no necessity for you to assume any responsibility," snapped Ketchum. "Mr. Clark knows me well enough. I can give you half, Mr. Clark; I must keep enough to pay downstairs. I must ask you to take my I.O.U. for the other fifteen."

But Mr. Clark rose to his feet and blazed out:

"*Your* paper, my fine fellow! I'll take no d——d I.O.U. from you, do you understand? You're right. I know you well enough! Your little story about losing money don't go down with me, do you understand? If Bangs was ready to swallow your brass, *I'm* not! *Your I. O. U.*, by ——! Call in a few of those moss-grown promissories, my friend, from your blood-sucking friends on Bankem-Street before you talk so finely of giving I.O.U.'s!"

There was a general murmur of disapproval at this speech, as the honor of the victim of it had never been called into question. But Mr. Clark, who, as I have said, had risen, and was advancing towards the object of his wrath in a threatening attitude, suddenly found himself laid on his broad back, his head coming in contact with Mr. Fryer's floor, and Mr. Fryer's chair following the downward fortune of its late occupant. Ketchum, six feet high, and with a brow like a thunder-cloud, and looking, in his long ulster, twice his actual size to the amazed and prostrate Clark, stood over the latter with his big hands clenched.

"There's fifteen dollars!" cried Ketchum, striding to the table again; "all I have with me, except enough to pay Fryer. And there's my word for the rest!" He banged the bills and the paper down upon the table, and strode out of the room, nearly annihilating the frail form of Mr. Fryer, who had come rushing up the stair-case three steps at a time, at the sound of strife.

"Oh, I say, old man!" began Dobson, feebly; while little Baker and the others sat open-mouthed, or gathered about the prostrate Clark, who was sitting up and trying to look pleasant, as he brushed the dust from his coat.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" cried the *restaurateur*; "I cannot stand this! My house will be ruined, ru-u-uined!"

Ketchum paid his bill for the supper, and rushed out into the street like one possessed of a fiend. Dobson hurried after him.

"I say, old fellow,——" he began again, but the other turned on him sharply.

"Don't bother me, do you hear?" he snapped. "I want to walk home alone."

"Lord!" murmured Dobson, as he gazed after Ketchum's tall retreating figure, "head or conscience touched—which is it? But how he *did* lay out Clark! Bob Clark! Clark—the burly, bullying Clark! Oh, here's Clark. Good morning Clark! Going home, old fellow?"

"Go to the devil!" said Mr. Clark, as he slouched past.

Ketchum strode along fiercely. He did not endeavor very much to mentally locate the lost money. He knew he had lost it, and that was sufficient. Where, he could not guess. He also knew he had lost forty-five at poker, and squandered nearly twenty besides, during the day, to say nothing of that note due on the twenty-eighth. What should he, what *could* he, say to Nellie? There was actually not a solitary copper left for her or the house.

He reached that house at last and let himself in, creeping softly up the stairs. As he passed George's room, he looked in there, and saw the little fellow sleeping soundly, with a happy smile on his rosy face. A pair of very ample stockings, that looked suspiciously like Mrs. Ketchum's, hung from the shining brass knob of the little iron bedstead; and their unsym-

metrical and bulky outlines told plainly that the Santa Claus, whom their present owner despised, had not been unkind. They also reminded Ketchum that it was Christmas morning—something he had almost forgotten. Christmas morning! The thought seemed to sting and mock him.

The sight of the lad's innocent face made his memory flash back to his own boyhood. It did not seem so very long ago that he had cribbed his big sister's stockings to hang up on Christmas eve.

He wondered, too, what this little lad would think, if he could see and understand that father he loved and looked up to so, as that father now saw and understood himself. Smiling cynically, Ketchum passed on to his own room.

There was a light still burning there, the wick turned low. He became uncomfortably aware, as he entered, of a pair of very black eyes gazing steadily at him, set, like jewels, in the centre of the snowy pillow.

Mr. Ketchum braced himself, and sat on the edge of the bed. He felt foolish, but he decided that it would be best to begin himself. He cleared his throat and began. He made a clean breast of it. He kept back nothing, not even that note due on the twenty-eighth.

And Mrs. Ketchum? She did a wise thing, too, bless her! And may all young wives act as wisely in the time of honest and sensible confession, for should not that be the time also of forgiveness? They talked matters softly over for an hour, and it was not an unhappy hour, either, although affairs did look blue. Presently, however, Mrs. K. said:—

"You know, dear, that seventy-five is—is not *lost*. While you were asleep, you talked so about money, and having a good time, that I felt anxious. I thought I would just see whether you *had* got your December money. So I felt in your side pockets—they were so easy to get at, the way you were sitting—and, sure enough, there it was. So I took out all the big bills and just left a good roll of *ones*. Wasn't it for the best, after all? You might have gone on and played, you know. And—and the doctor came in last night, after you had gone out, to see Jock; and he gave Jock a powder, and the little fellow is sleeping splendidly. And—and he said that Uncle James was better, and that he hoped to be with us on New Year's; and that he had sent his love, and—and—" Mrs. Ketchum began to cry softly—"he sent me a cheque for a hundred dollars!"

When Mr. Ketchum awoke on Christmas morning, thanks to the vigorous lungs of George and Ethel and Jock, he saw an envelope lying on the little table beside him, addressed to himself. He looked at it confusedly, for he thought he knew the writing. Mrs. Ketchum was putting hairpins in her hair before the mirror, and she turned, with her mouth half-full of them, and said:—

"That is something which Uncle James sent for you. He said you were to ask no questions, Julian."

Mr. Ketchum opened the envelope and drew something out. He held it up to the light. The Christmas morning sun streamed through the frosted pane upon a note that had been due on the twenty-eighth.

# AN EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE.

BY THEODORE H. RAND, D.D., LL.D., CHANCELLOR OF McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

THIS is the day when psychologists are asking us to send in all the facts of experience, especially unusual ones. I venture to publish a lengthy extract from a letter dated 1857, which contains some interesting data for psychological study. The writer of the letter is still living, and is at the present time filling a responsible position in educational work in Canada. The reality of the experience and the trustworthiness of the record are beyond question.

"Jan. 10, 1857.

"I must tell you of a very singular and, to me, wholly inexplicable experience of a few nights ago. I worked at my books somewhat later than usual. J—— was absent, and I was alone. It must have been about twelve o'clock when I retired, for I remember that I did not hear any of the students moving about. You will bear in mind that my room is in the third story, and that the room looks directly upon the hill which slopes upward and away to the south for, perhaps, an eighth of a mile.

"As I put out my light, I sent up the window shade, and noted that the night was overcast and dark. I was in bed but a short time—I had not fallen asleep—when I heard, away to the south, upon the hill as it seemed, a clear, full sound, like the vibrations of a silvery and rich-toned bell, but neither then nor afterwards did I hear anything like the *stroke* of a bell. So distinct and musical was the sound that I rose partly up in bed to listen. The sound grow more clear and rapidly approached. It came from the hill, directly in the line of my bedroom window. As it neared, the body of it was a well-defined centre, or core, palpitating intensely. Finer, clearer, richer, intenser, it came, and, like a living presence, entered through my window (which was shut). For a few moments the core of the sound poised itself midway in the room, humming with the tenfold intensity of a humming-bird and filling the air with a sound of indescribable sweetness. I felt no fear, but my curiosity was at its highest. In fact, I *was awed*, for I felt that there was intelligence at the centre, or heart, of the sound, and, if so, the phenomenon was supernatural. I recall that I thought and felt in this way, and wondered what could be the meaning of it all. The intense musical sound which poured itself forth in such swift palpitations had not slackened in energy for an instant, when the core of it moved from its position, coming directly to my head, and entering like a flood into my ears. At once, I felt as though the surface of my body was pricked with ten thousand needle points. Under these acute sensations, I fell back prone upon the bed. In a little while the core of the sound withdrew to the centre of the room again, and as it did so the prickly sensations left me. This withdrawal was for a few minutes only. Again my ears were deluged with the swift vibratory energy and body of the sound, and again I felt, but with less acuteness, the innumerous needle points. I distinctly remember that my whole mood was that of taut endurance and submission, but also of keen, yet wholly indefinite, expectation. It flashed upon me that I was the subject of paralysis or apoplexy, young as I am. I moved my hands and arms about freely, and rubbed harshly my face. I had no difficulty in doing so, and I found that every

part of my body was sensitive. Soon the core of the sound withdrew from me again, and poised itself midway in the room. There was no diminution in its intensity, and I lay still upon the bed. Suddenly, on the wall at my right, about two-thirds the distance towards the top, appeared a slit of rayless white light, about two feet broad. As I looked, it increased upward, as if a slide were lifted, till the light presented a sharply-defined square surface. I now remember that I did not see the wall, but this did not occur to me at the time. As I lay, I could see through this white light, as though it had been a small window, the blue sky with fleecy clouds, bright with sunlight, the spire of a church some distance away, and the tops of nearer trees in full leaf, among them the acacia. Everything was in true perspective. The sky was exceedingly beautiful, but the light soon faded away. I was now full of expectation that I should see other views, but ten minutes, I should say, passed before I again saw anything. All the while there was no intermission of the sound in all its fine and musical intensity. I then saw, in the same place as before, a slip of white light only, which appeared for a little while and faded out. Presently there was figured in rayless light the lashes of an eye at least double the size of an ox's eye, the eye itself being of liquid softness and clearness, and of the intensest azure in color. As you may well believe, I was, indeed, awed by the sight, and I thought, How imposing and majestic will the face be! But no face appeared. After a little, the eye moved steadily and slowly from what seemed its place on the wall, descending to the middle of the room and resting directly in front of me. It never winked, and I remember that I wondered whether it would or no. I can never forget till my dying hour its expression—full of sweetness and deep peace and reposeful strength. I shall not attempt to tell you what I felt, as it looked its great calm full upon me. So overmastered was I by it that I lost all note of time, which, up to this point, I had mentally heeded. Gradually the eye faded, wide open, into the gloom, without changing its position. The wonderful sound continued for a good while after this, but I saw nothing more. Finally, the palpitating core of sound passed out the window, and it and its accompaniment died away into silence as it receded to the south. I rose from the bed, struck a light, and noted by my watch that it was a little after two o'clock a.m. My night-dress was wet with perspiration. I looked in the glass and was startled to see that I was as pale as death."

One familiar with The Holy Grail of Lord Tennyson would feel quite safe in saying that the experience above detailed was in some way associated in the mind of its subject with this striking and beautiful passage in that poem :—

"O my brother Percivale," she said,
"Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail :
For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound
As of a silver horn from o'er the hills
Blown, and I thought, 'It is not Arthur's use
To hunt by moonlight' : and the slender sound
As from a distance beyond distance grew,
Coming upon me—O never harp nor horn,
Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,
Was like that music as it came ; and then
Streamed thro' my cell a cold and silver beam,
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,
Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed
With rosy colors leaping on the wall ;
And then the music faded, and the Grail

Past, and the beam decayed, and from the walls
The rosy quiverings died into the night."

The suggestion would in no way explain the experiences so sharply set forth, though the coincidence of some of the features of them is very noteworthy. But the private letter from which I have given such a lengthy extract is a record made in 1857, at the time of the occurrence. The Holy Grail was published in 1871.

---

## THE LAST BUFFALO HUNT.

Friends were we in days of old,
Gabriel Dumont and I,
Swarth of hue, but heart of gold;
Gabriel—the Bois Brulee.
Ready stand we for the chase—
Tighten girths, the rifles fill,—
Gleams the passion on each face,—
There's our game, beyond the hill.

Gabriel, whose coal black mare—
(King of buffalo hunters, he),
Eager sniffs the morning air—
(Queen of buffalo runners, she),
Broad of chest and strong of limb,
Voice as clear as bugle call,
Scars he bears of desperate fights,
Conquered never in them all.

Hay-huh-muz-zuh, Teton Sioux,
Comrade true to Gabriel;
Kin by blood to Sitting Bull,
By his hand 'twas Custer fell—
Slowly takes the pipe apart—
Softly doffs the blanket gay,
Mounts—a statue, he, of bronze,
Signal waits to be away.

Slow the mighty herd comes on,
O'er the prairie wandering wide;
Dams caress their tawny young,
Feel they cannot; near them ride
Hunters merciless as bold;
Instinct sounds no warning call,
For man's eager lust of gold
Or mad pleasure must they fall.

Allez; How; Hurrah; we go,
Yell of exaltation rings,
Hoofbeats spurn the yielding sward,
Swift as borne on eagle wings!

Quick the ready rifles speak,
Speed the messengers of death ;
Rush together then divide,
The herd flies trembling, out of breath.

Chase is o'er ; the twilight drops.
Where the mighty herd of morn ?
Far as ken there lives not one ;
In the gloom a few forlorn,
Wounded sore, a refuge seek
To die,—deep the echoes thrill
With roar of rage and mortal pain,
Death-struck, but defiant still.

Slowly back to camp we ride,
Bright the fire of dried chips glows,
Sweet the meal that waits our time,
Zest that tired hunter knows ;
Then the pipe and frontier tale,
Blackfoot raid and Sioux foray,
Until morning star grows faint,
Heralding approaching day.

Hay-huh-muz-zuh ! His the fate,
Meet for warrior bold and true,
On Batoche's grassy slopes
Where the gatling bullets flew !
Gabriel, an outcast roves,
Far from where Saskatchewan
Sweeps in broad majestic curves,
To the realm of mist and sun.

—R. DAVID MEYERS.

## THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.

I gazed upon an opal sky,
And saw love's sun that glowed above ;
All thoughtless of whate'er might lie
Beyond the throbs of that blind love ;
But somewhere, down beyond my sight,
Into unknown and traceless grave,
Sank love's lost sun, and forward night,
Crept, tremulous, black wave on wave :
When, lo ! beyond my quickened gaze,
Before benumbed by that one sphere,
There stretched the infinite, far haze,
Of million worlds and God austere.

—ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

# GELTIC MONUMENTS IN TROUBADOUR-LAND.

BY ROBERT T. MULLIN.

WE had been spending some weeks in Nimes, that vast repository of Roman antiquities, exploring, rummaging, studying. It was, therefore, an absolute pleasure one fine afternoon as we swept into Arles, having crossed country by stage-coach from Nimes, to find, that besides her Roman monuments and antiquities, Arles had something yet to show. We were, in fact, in need of a change. We found that curious old city intensely interesting, with her quaint customs, fêtes, and dances, her bull-teasing, and her monuments, which were ancient and venerable long before the chisels of the Roman workmen chipped the stones which have told their imperial story to all the ages. Here, we will be understood to refer to the very important Druidic remains, which exist within a few miles of the city. The description of our visit to one of the most noted of these may not be devoid of interest.

We leave the city, passing the walls at the Porte de la Calaverie, which is flanked by two towers, grey and vermiculated by age, and which, in the olden time, served as stout defences to that entrance. The magnificent avenue of Montmajour, spacious and straight, and lined on either side by noble, spreading trees, leads us directly countrywards. After journeying for about three miles, we turn to the right, and see in the midst of a fertile plain, an enormous rock, which juts out of the level earth as a crag might out of the sea. As we approach, it seems to grow in height. It rises almost perpendicularly, and is inaccessible, save on the southern side. On that side we begin the ascent, for the cromlechs and other monuments are up on the summit of this rock. About half-way up we encounter the remains of what appears to have been a very ancient defence—a wall of great thickness, and composed of stones, comparatively small and irregular, but very deftly set together. There is much uncertainty as to the date and origin of this wall; but it is generally thought to have been erected at a later period, though probably by the same people, as the dolmens at the summit.

After an invigorating climb, we reach the top, and, while we pause to rest, we have leisure to observe the splendid panorama spread out below us. The base of the rock upon which we sit is fringed with cherry and almond trees, now in all the glory of bloom, their pink blossoms exhaling upon the passing winds a faint and delicate perfume; at our feet miles and miles of fertile vineyards; at the right, the ruined Abbey of Montmajour, and the mighty Rhone; at the left, Arles glittering upon a distant hill; behind us, the Alpine mountains veiled in a sultry haze, while far away to the south, and upon the very horizon, a thin silver line glitters in the sun—the sea; over our heads, the blue—the peerless blue—of a southern sky.

As we turn to survey the plateau to which we have attained, we are struck by the appearance of a number of huge stones or boulders, rolled together and surmounted by others placed in such a manner as to present a flat and level surface. Our first thought would be, had we not come to see dolmens, that Nature herself, in some frolicsome mood, had disposed them thus curiously, perhaps to confound, or set thinking, that ingenious biped, man. But no; this is the work of man's own hand. By what means he contrived to move, much less to handle,

these large masses of stone, we cannot guess. The enormous size of the blocks used by the Romans in the construction of their various works in Southern Gaul, particularly in the theatre and arena at Arles, and the Pond du Gard, excites our wonder and admiration! Compared to those used by the Celt, these blocks must have made light and easy handling indeed. We cease to marvel at the one, as our wonder increases at the other.

Besides these larger monuments, we notice here and there numerous heaps of stones, which once, no doubt, took the shape of altars, serving the same purpose as the larger ones, but now loose and disjointed, many of the piles overgrown with brambles, and some entirely displaced by the excavations of relic-seeking tourists. The whole surface of the plateau is thickly strewn with fragments of Celtic pottery.

Looking at these strange memorials of the past, a feeling of reverence comes over us, for we cannot but regard them as messengers which have come up out of the wilderness of the past, and which, to the humble student, speak as audibly as might one of the ancient prophets that once stood by them. They tell us the story of man's hopes and fears, his ignorance, blindness and gropings in the early time. These stones carry us back to that earlier past before Phœnician, or Grecian, or Roman had set foot in the south of Gaul. These level fields at our feet were then many fathoms beneath the sea, and this lonely rock, encircled by the waste of waters, might well be considered a fitting spot upon which to perform those heathen rites then deemed pleasing to the old divinities. In that far past when those dwelling in that land we have since learned to call holy came from the hills and the valleys up to Mount Zion to pay their vows; when the dark-skinned Egyptian bowed down to Isis and Osiris; when Grecian bards vied with each other in melodious utterance, hymning to the god of Delos or Dionysos the great—far away in the west and in the misty north, fierce men clad in skins, and bearing perchance in their hands, implements of war, gathered together in hallowed groves of oak or on lonely sea-girt isles, to offer up their cruel, though pious oblations, according to the light that was in them. No Druid, venerable and grey, with his sickle in hand, or his secefite, could bring more vividly to our minds those scenes of long ago, than the silent stones before us.

About the centre of the plateau is to be found a remnant of Celtism more curious, and which has excited more general attention, than any to which we have yet referred. It is a series of chambers cut in the solid rock, which go by the name of "La Grotte des Fées,"—too light and poetical an appellation for a spot so gloomy. We are led down into the first chamber by a number of steps, very irregularly cut. This chamber is elliptical in shape, ten by thirty feet. It is open to the sky, as is also the stair passage. We pass out of this chamber by an opening cut in the rock in the form of an arch, and large enough for two persons to pass through together. This passage, which is eighteen feet long, and by no means straight or symmetrical, leads us into the second and more important chamber. This one is seventy-five feet long, and ten feet high; width at top, six feet, at bottom ten. It is covered by enormous blocks of stone, upon which has accumulated in the lapse of ages a great mound of earth.

Considerable difference of opinion was expressed till lately with regard to this curious monument. Some attributed it to the Romans—to which theory the general character of the work, its rudeness and disproportion, were strongly opposed, and some to the Moors; but now, by far the greater number of those competent to speak on the subject, attribute it to the builders of the cromlechs, and of other chambers nearly similar to these, which

have been found in different parts of France. Here, it is thought, far from the profane regard of the multitude, the most secret and solemn rites of their religion were performed.

As might be expected, numberless legends and traditions are associated with this spot. In the dark ages a frightful dragon lay here, guarding a precious treasure—a *chèvre d'or*. How implicitly this superstition was believed in, we may gather from the fact that a certain king of France ordered the "grotte" to be diligently searched, in the hope of discovering the *chèvre*. Again—a giant appeared upon the earth to war with mankind, but he forgot his mighty sword, which followed him, however, dropping from the skies, and falling with such force as to imbed itself in this rock. The stone flew together to cover and conceal it, and the giant had considerable difficulty in extracting his trenchant blade. This legend, no doubt, arose from the shape of the grot, which is not unlike that of a sword.

These fables would have made valuable data for Sir John Maundeville; but they do not much concern us now. Our interest circles round the monuments themselves; they open up a view for us down a vast vista of time, and though rude and barbarous, are yet eloquent to teach that one who will stop and reverently listen.

---

## CURFEW.

The light is out, the house is dark and still;
Nothing but ashes on the empty hearth;
The calm of desolation fills the room,
The quiet skies, the silent, sleeping earth.
With bonds unloosed, crowned with the sunset's meed of rest
and peace,
Life's toilers find from toil a glad surcease.

Oh, sealéd eyes; oh, death-smile strange and sweet,
What raptured vision fills that perfect rest—
What blissful touch of healing softly stilled
The fevered tumult of that quiet breast!
Master, forgive, if 'mid the heat and toil of day, sometimes
We pause, and listening, long for Curfew chimes.

—L. O. S.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

# TWO LOST KINGDOMS.

BY E. B. BIGGAR.

In the war, which carried consternation through all South Africa in 1879, two men lost their hopes of empire—one the ruler of the bravest, as well as one of the strongest, of the savage nations of modern times; the other a young military genius, who might to-day have been ruler of France. Strange that the fate of one who seemed destined to rule over one of the most cultivated nations of the day, should become a mere incident in the theatre of war with a remote and purely savage people, and that, while the first Napoleon's vision of a world-wide empire was eclipsed in Egypt, the dream of glory, which lured the last of the Napoleonic house, should have its annihilation on the hills of Zululand at the other end of the same dark continent of mysteries.

Prince Napoleon Eugene Louis Bonaparte, or, as he was more familiarly styled, the Prince Imperial, was the only son of Napleon III. He came into the world while the Peace Congress was sitting after the victory of England and France over Russia, and at a time when the second French Empire was at the height of its greatest glory (1856). His christening was one of the most splendid spectacles ever witnessed in France. He was nursed by an English nurse until he was seven, and spoke English before he could speak French. As a child, he was shy, but bright and shrewd. One of the infantile witticisms recorded of him—which is worth repeating—is this: "I always take off my hat to the Parisians, because they take off one's crown so easily when offended." He inherited, in a marked degree, the military instincts of the great Napoleon. When a child, his playthings were toy guns and cannons, and his talent for sketching on the field and marking out the strategic

points of a situation, struck his military companions as remarkable. When a mere boy, he was present at one of the battles of the Franco-German war, but the misfortunes of that conflict brought him, with his father and mother, to England, when the Empire was overthrown, and there at Chiselhurst his father died and was buried.

The young Prince entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where he made such progress that, when he graduated, he stood seventh in a class of thirty-four.

When the news of the dreadful disaster at Isandhlwana fell like a thunderbolt upon England, and when regi-

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

ment after regiment, in which the Prince had personal friends, embarked for South Africa, he burned with a desire to go. Here was a chance to take part in a real war, and to distinguish himself against a foe, which, though a savage one, had struck the world with surprise at their courage and power. Those who knew his dash, felt that he would come back famous, if he came back alive; and it would be interesting to speculate as to what bearing his life would have on the present and future of France, had he come back adorned with the renown he sought. France loves a military hero, and France today might be paying homage to him, as she did to his great ancestor. The Prince of Wales, in speaking on one occasion of his death, said that had it pleased Providence to spare his life he might have been ruler of France, and that he would have made an able ruler, and a firm friend, as his father had been, of Great Britain. That the young Prince had his mind upon France when he entered the campaign is evident. One of his last acts before leaving was to write a letter to M. Rouher, in which he said: "I have too many faithful friends in France for me to remain silent as to the reasons for my departure. . . . . In France, where, thank Heaven, party spirit has not extinguished the military spirit, people will comprehend that I am anxious to share the fatigues and dangers of those troops, among whom I have so many comrades. The time I shall devote in assisting in this struggle of civilization against barbarism will not be lost to me. My thoughts, whether I am near or far, will constantly turn to France. I shall watch the phases she will gradually pass through with interest, and without anxiety, for I am convinced that God protects her. I trust that, during my absence, the partizans of the Imperial cause will remain united and confident."

So with high hopes, though his mother did not wish him to go, he set out from England for the Cape on the 27th Feb. The military authorities could not give him a commission on the general's staff, but he was to attach himself to the staff in an unofficial way, and a letter from the Duke of Cambridge to Lord Chelmsford, commanding in the Zulu campaign, introduced him as follows:—

"MY DEAR CHELMSFORD,—This letter will be presented to you by the Prince Imperial, who is going out on his own account to see as much as he can of the coming campaign in Zululand. He is extremely anxious to go

out, and wanted to be commissioned in our army, but the Government did not consider that this would be sanctioned, but have sanctioned my writing to you and Sir Bartle Frere, to say that if you can shew him any kindness, and render him assistance to see as much as he can with the column in the field, I hope you will do so. He is a fine young fellow, full of spirit and pluck, and, having many old cadet friends in the artillery, he will doubtless find no difficulty in getting on, and if you can help him in any other way pray do so. My only anxiety on his account would be that he is too plucky and go-ahead.

"I remain, my dear Chelmsford,

"Yours most sincerely,

"GEORGE."

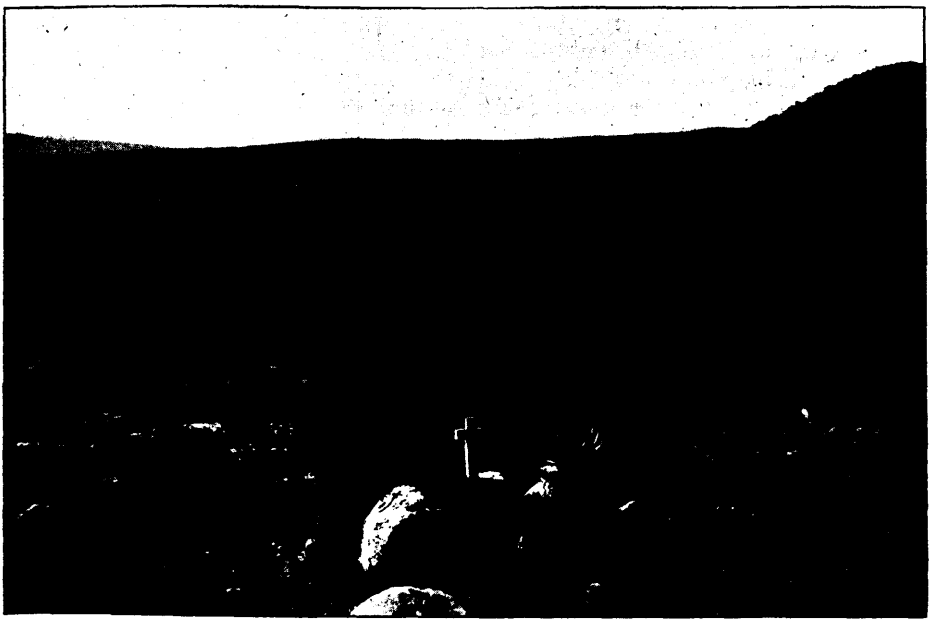
The note to Sir Bartle Frere made the same general statement, and added, "He is a charming young man, full of spirit and energy, speaking English admirably, and the more you see of him, the better you will like him." When the Prince arrived at the Cape, Sir Bartle Frere was in Natal, but he was cordially welcomed at the Government House by Lady Frere and her daughters, who had a carriage waiting for him at the docks when the steamer came in. The crowd which gathered at the docks when the passengers landed accepted a daintily attired young man as the Prince, and were surprised when they saw a plainly dressed young man step into the Governor's carriage. All the passengers brought a good report of the young Prince, whose manners were so winning, and who went among them as one of themselves, and when he went into the field, he endeared himself as much to the soldiers as he had before to the citizens. After a day or two at Capetown, he went on to Natal; but here, while anticipating the excitement of the campaign, he took sick with a mild fever, and was laid up for some weeks. When he recovered and reached the front, the General, knowing his pluck and dash, and not wishing to risk his life, put him to desk work in making plans and sketches. Though this was irksome work, and he longed to be in the front where the fighting was, he toiled away like an old clock until his eyes became weak. Then it seems, he was allowed to come into the field, and in a skirmish with a scouting party of Zulus was as cool and courageous as a veteran, facing the fire, and being foremost among the pursuers of the savages. One of the officers, writing only two days before his death, of events in the field, hinted that the Prince would be glad to earn a decoration, and added: "The Prince is as charming and cheery a companion as one could wish to meet —full of spirit and without any self-conceit. It may safely be said of him that he is the most popular young officer of all those now attached to the force in the field, for he spares us trouble, and has a pleasant word and a smile for everybody." For a time he had acted as extra aide-de-camp to Lord Chelmsford, and went to Col. Wood's camp at Kambula. On the 8th of May, Lord Chelmsford told Colonel Harrison — who had become very much attached to the Prince — to give the young man something to do, as he was anxions for more active work. The Prince was therefore directed to collect and record information as to the distribution of troops and the location of depôts, and he went to work at it with his customary whole-heartedness.

At the suggestion of Col. Harrison, the Prince accompanied him over the Zulu border to determine on a line of route for the invading forces, and the work he did here in making rapid plans of the country showed that he possessed in a marked degree the talent which distinguished his great ancestor in the field. They scoured the country, sweeping the Zulus before them, and the Prince, we are told by Miss Colenso, was delighted with the life. The simple fare of the officers, cooked

by themselves at their camp fire—the strange country—the sight of the enemy—the exhilerating gallops over the grass, up hill and down dale, after fleet Zulu spies—the bivouac under the star-lit heavens, made him feel, as he told Col. Harrison, that "he was really doing soldiers' work such as he had never done before."

On one occasion—in fact, the day after the Prince got his longed-for permission to go to the front—they were exploring a wild, deep valley when they suddenly came upon a large party of Zulus, who swept down the hill before them, spreading out their horns, as usual, to surround them. The band of British (of which the Prince was one) was few in number, but they did not lack boldness, and being all mounted they made a dash right for the very centre of the Zulus, broke through the astonished savages, scattering them, and then made their escape among the rocks beyond, suffering the loss of some men in the charge.

On the 31st of May the Prince came to his officer asking for more work to do, and was highly pleased when he was told that the army was about to march forward through Zululand, and that he could go and prepare a plan of the road. Lieut. Carey volunteered to go with him to look after him. The escort was to consist of six white troopers and six Basutos—a loyal tribe of brave natives who made capital scouts, being supple and as keen of sight, hearing and scent as a wild Indian—but only one of the Basutos was on hand at the appointed place, and the party rode on without them. Lieut. Carey suggested to the Prince that they should wait for the Basutos, but the Prince replied, "No; we are strong enough," and they proceeded.



WHERE THE PRINCE FELL.

The Prince had been on the ground before, and a few days previously had been fired on by a party of Zulus from a kraal, on which occasion he had shown himself gallant to the point of rashness. Knowing that Lord Chelmsford's camp was not far away on one side, and Gen. Wood's on the other, he went forward with that confidence

which betrayed him to his death. After making a sketch from the top of one of the "table mountains," which form a peculiar feature of the landscape, the Prince and his party descended to a valley where he pointed out a kraal from which he had been fired upon the previous day. They then visited another kraal, and finding it empty, proceeded to a third kraal, a mile further on, which was also empty. On arriving at this kraal the Prince, seeing it was only about 200 yards from a small river, the Mbazani, and that the horses could be watered, ordered the men to off-saddle and had coffee prepared. This kraal consisted of five huts with the usual cattle enclosure, and though there was a cleared space in front of it, there were patches of mealies (Indian corn), interspersed with tambookie grass five or six feet high, between the kraal and the river. At first there seemed no sign of life, but traces of recent cooking were noticed on looking about, and two or three dogs sneaked off from the enclosure. The last token alone would have awakened suspicion had the Basutos been there with them, but the troopers, unacquainted with Zulu ways, went on preparing coffee, all unconscious that fifty or sixty stealthy Zulus were lurking in the mealie patch, waiting their best opportunity to spring upon them.

The Basuto guide meantime led the horses down to the river to drink, and as he came up, noticed a Zulu creeping up out of a donga not a great distance from the river or the kraal. When the Basuto brought this news, they thought it time to be on the alert. The horses were saddled, and the Prince gave the order "Prepare to mount." All stood ready, waiting for the word "Mount," but just as the order was given, and the party vaulted into their saddles, a volley from fifty or sixty rifles poured out of the mealie patch, whence half a hundred Zulus burst into the open with the dreaded shout of "*Usutu!*" The Prince's grey charger, a restive animal, standing sixteen hands high, began to rear and prance, while the others broke away. As the Prince was struggling to mount, one of the troopers, Le Tocq, rushed past, lying across his saddle, and called out, "*Dépêchez-vous s'il vous plaît, Monseiur.*" (Make haste, please, Sir.) The Prince made one great effort to mount by catching the holster-flap of the saddle, but that broke—little could the maker of that saddle think that his botch-work would cost a Prince his life—and the frightened horse, treading on his master, bolted off. The Prince got up, and ran on foot after his flying comrades, and when they last saw him, a dozen Zulus were in hot chase not many feet behind him. No one saw him killed, but the fact that, of the seventeen assegai wounds found on his body, all were in front, showed that when he was overtaken, he must have turned and made a brave, though unavailing, stand against his foes. One assegai had pierced through his right eye, and had caused instant death, or, at least, paralysis to all pain. Two more assegais had pierced deeply into his left side, and according to Zulu custom in killing a foe, a gash had been cut across the abdomen. The other wounds were chiefly on the breast. When found next day, the body had been stripped of clothing, and his sword and revolver had been taken, but around his neck was found his gold chain, to which a medal and an Agnus Dei were attached—these being looked upon by the Zulus as charms, were chivalrously respected. The grief everywhere manifested at the pitiful ending of this young life was intense, and not unmingled at first with indignation at the escort who fled in this emergency; but it was one of those cases where allowance must be made for panic. When the party recovered from their surprise, they found two of the troopers and the Basuto had been killed, and it was evident that the Prince had already been slain, and it would have

QUEEN VICTORIA'S MONUMENT TO THE PRINCE.

been useless to turn back. A court martial was held, and Lieut. Carey was sent home under arrest, but the Empress Eugenie herself interceded for him, and the Queen, in consequence of this, and the general sympathy felt for the unfortunate officer, ordered his release. When the body was recovered, the soldiers made a bier formed of lances lashed together, and on this the mortal remains of the Prince were conveyed to Maritzburg, where, at the outskirts of the city, the body was wrapped in a Union Jack and placed on a gun carriage, followed by the Prince's grey horse, with boots reversed on the saddle, as at an officer's funeral. The Prince's valet and attendant followed, weeping tears of bitter grief, and the vast crowd of citizens and visitors who came out on a dark and stormy Sunday afternoon to take part in the funeral pageant, showed how general was the feeling of sympathy and sorrow. One of the most touching incidents that followed his death was the arrival of a Zulu messenger from King Cetywayo, bringing back the Prince's sword, and expressing regret that a great young chief had been slain by his men, who, he explained, were not aware of his rank when the attack was made. Such an act did infinite honor to the heart of a savage king.

Further honors were paid to the mortal remains of the Prince at Durban, where Major Butler, the author of "The Great Lone Land," so well known to Canadian readers, composed a "special order," which is so admirably worded, and yet so brief, that I give it as issued. It read :—

10th June, 1879.

The mortal remains of Prince Louis Napoleon will be carried to-morrow, at half-past nine a.m., from the Roman Catholic Church, in Durban, to the Wharf, at Port Natal, for embarkation in H. M. S. *Boadicea* to England.

In following the coffin which holds the body of the late Prince Imperial of France, and paying to his ashes the final tribute of sorrow and of honor, the troops in garrison will remember :

*First*,—That he was the last inheritor of a mighty name and of a great military renown.

*Second*,—That he was the son of England's firm ally in dangerous days.

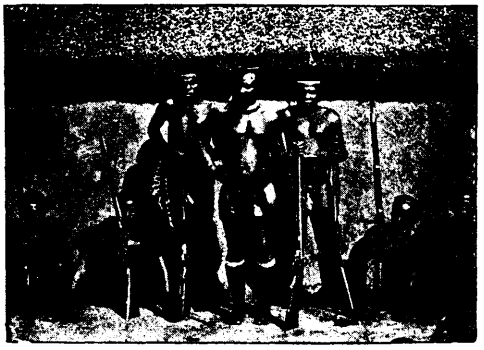
*Third*,—That he was the sole child of a widowed Empress, who is now left throneless and childless, in exile, on English shores.

Deepening the profound sorrow, and

the solemn reverence that attaches to these memories, the troops will also remember that the Prince Imperial of France fell fighting as a British soldier.

W. F. BUTLER, *A. A. General,*
Base of Operations.
Durban, Natal, South Africa.

The body was taken on the *Boadicea* to St. Simon's Bay, where it was transferred with all the honors of a naval funeral to the troopship *Orontes*. Lady Frere and the Misses Frere came over from Capetown, and placed each a wreath of immortelles, gathered by themselves from the Cape Flats, upon the catafalque which bore the mutilated body of the poor young man, who,



IN STATE.

in the words of their father, "gave his life in the cause of civilization in South Africa."

The honors paid to the dead Prince when the body arrived in England, and was laid beside that of his father at Chiselhurst, were remarkaale, and will long be remembered by Englishmen. English princes and English peasants came with one impulse to pay their tribute of respect, while thousands of Frenchmen of all ranks came over to shew their love and devotion to one of their countrymen, who had by nature as well as inheritance a princely soul, and who died as they would wish every gallant Frenchman die, with his face to the foe. But our noble Queen, — who manifested then, and ever since, her tender sympathy for the poor Empress, felt his death as a family affliction, not because a young prince had lost the hope of a throne, but because a brave young man had died as "the only son of his mother, and she a widow."

He was ambitious, no doubt, but his aims were exalted, and his life a blameless one. Speaking of his future, he one day said: "If I am restored to the throne of my father, I will have none near me whose truth, honor and morality are not above suspicion." After his death, there was found among his effects a prayer in French, written apparently not long before he left for South Africa, and of this prayer three sentences may be translated as follows: "I pray not that Thou should'st take away the obstacles on my path, but that Thou mayst permit me to overcome them. I pray, not that Thou should disarm my enemies, but that Thou shouldst aid me to conquer myself. Oh, my God, show me ever where my duty lies, and give me strength to accomplish it always." We may look in vain for such noble sentiments among the other Buonapartes, unless we take the great Napoleon in his humbler moods, when discoursing of Christianity, for instance, at St. Helena. His last act, on leaving for South Africa, was to go to the Chapel at Chiselhurst, and there, beside the tomb of his father, partake of communion. It is possible he may have had some presentiment of his death, as he made his will the day before he embarked for the Cape. In this will he said, among other things, "I desire that my body may be laid near that of my father, till the time comes when both may be transferred to the spot where the founder of our house reposes among the French people, whom we, like him, dearly loved." In another part of his will he said, "My latest thoughts will be for my country." In concluding, he hoped his mother would hold him in affectionate remembrance, and he expressed his gratitude to his friends, servants and partizans, as well as to the Queen

of England, the Royal Family, "and the country in which, during eight years, I have received so much hospitality."

Such was the destined end of the House of Buonaparte, and, as the grave opens to receive the innocent young Prince, we seem to see the spirit of the wronged and divorced Josephine rise, like the ghost of Vander Dicken, and retreat from earth saying, "It is enough," when the ambition, which sought to perpetuate a royal house by breaking a faithful heart, was punished thus to the third and fourth generation.

The career of the Prince was not without coincidences related to that of his great ancestor. The surgeon and physician who established the identity of the corpse—Larry and Carvisart—were sons of the surgeon and physician of Napoleon the First; and the bishop, who accompanied Cardinal Manning to the house at Chiselhurst, was Las Cases, son of the author of "Memoirs of St. Helena," one of Napoleon's most steadfast friends. The army which accompanied Napoleon the First to Egypt, and the army with which the prince was identified, were the largest gathered in Africa since ancient days.

From the time I saw him land from the steamer *Danube* at Capetown, with his countenance full of hope, and a heart eager to plunge into the tide of war, it seemed only a day till I beheld, not the home-returning warrior, whose glorious deeds would put a nation in adoration at his feet, but a purple pall that covered his mutilated body. There was the martial pomp of a naval funeral as the pall was transferred from the man-of-war to the troopship, while answering the solemn boom of the "minute gun at sea," the crags that frowned over Simonstown naval station returned their battery of thundering echoes—but, in all this pomp, Death was the victor. To the people of South Africa, as well as to the British forces, these sorrowful pageants seemed the commemoration of a national calamity, but more solemn and pathetic above any event associated with this war was the appearance of the poor widowed and bereft mother on these shores, following step by step over the scenes made memorable to her by the deeds of her darling son, and finishing her pilgrimage only when she had crossed the Tugela into Zululand, and knelt on the spot where he had given up his life.

The spot is sacredly guarded by Sabinga, an old Zulu chief, and his clan, and whenever a visitor is shown to the marble cross erected by the Queen, the old Zulu and his attendants point their fingers heavenward, uttering the word "Inkosi" (a high chief), as they step into the enclosure—a graceful tribute of reverence from a people who have an instinctive admiration for bravery.

THIS
CROSS IS
ERECTED
BY
QUEEN VICTORIA,
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF
NAPOLEON EUGENE LOUIS
JEON GOUGH,
PRINCE IMPERIAL,
TO MARK
THE SPOT
WHERE, WHILE
ASSISTING
IN A
RECONNAISSANCE
WITH THE
BRITISH
TROOPS
ON THE
1ST JUNE,
1879,
HE WAS
ATTACKED
BY A PARTY
OF ZULUS,
AND FELL
WITH HIS
FACE TO THE
FOE.

No people could guard this sacred spot more reverently than these faithful and simple people, who seem to regard the place with as much veneration as if it contained the bones of Chaka or Cetywayo.

GROUP OF ZULU CHIEFS.

## MOUNT STEPHEN.

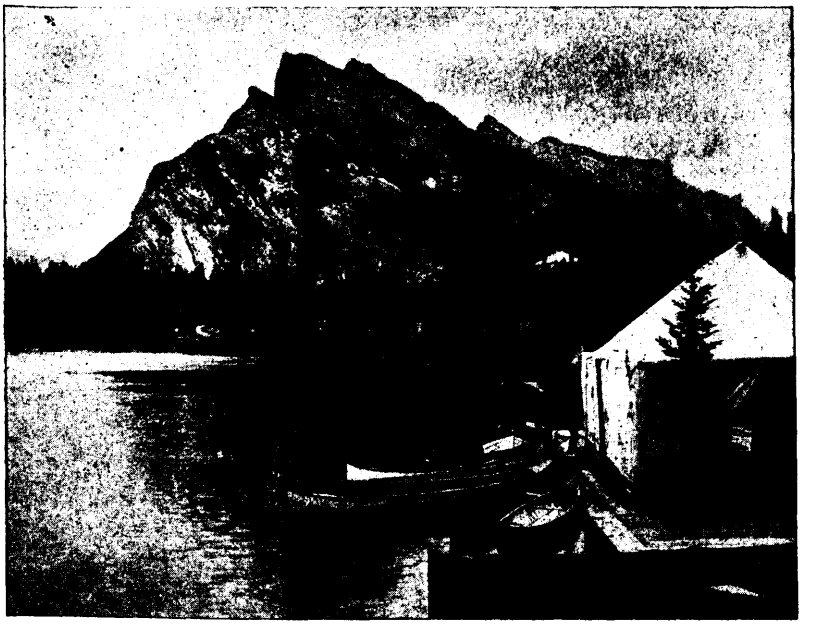
Bald, rugged cliffs, precipitous and vast,
Sheer skyward range. Above the filmy streams
Of wind-blown clouds, in awful splendor gleams
The glacier flood, in iron grip lock'd fast,
Poised on the brink. Yet higher still I cast
My eye to where in cloudless sunlight beams
Thy radiant crown. How wondrous fair it seems,
Deep set in moveless calm, where comes no blast.
O Titan mountain, mystical and strange!
What potent spell hast thou, what magic art,
To still the fret, and bid low care depart?
Elysian fields and fairy slopes I range;
The heart ache and the fever flee away,
And round me breaks the light of larger day.

—HENLEIGH

# IN CANADA'S NATIONAL PARK.

BY J. JONES BELL.

It was a happy thought that found expression in the setting apart of a portion of the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains as a Canadian National Park. The credit is largely due to the late Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior. When the existence of the wonderful hot springs at Banff became known, while the Canadian Pacific Railway was under construction, it was thought desirable to reserve a small area around them, with the idea, doubtless, that the place might become a great health resort. Mr. Stewart, the present superintendent of the park, was sent to make a survey of the reserve, which, it was suggested, should cover an area of a single square mile. But when he looked over the ground and saw its possibilities he pointed out to his chief that the proposed reservation was too small. The Minister quickly grasped the idea, and the area of the park was extended to cover 260 square miles, the form being rectangular, 26 miles long by 10 wide. The land within these limits was withdrawn from the market, and any sales which had been made were cancelled, while the parties who had pre-empted the springs were induced to relinquish their claim for a consideration.



BOW RIVER AND TWIN PEAKS.

Nowhere in the world is there a finer aggregation of varied mountain scenery than in the Canadian National Park. In one direction can be seen the beautiful Cascade range, one of whose peaks is the highest in that part of the Rockies, snow-capped like the

Jungfrau group. It is named from a stream which leaps a thousand feet down its side. On another side is the Devil's Head group, with its singular rock top, justifying the Indian name, of which Devil's Head is a translation. Mile Creek, with other mountain streams, course through the valleys of this wonderland. In one depression between the ranges lies Lake Minnewanka, which a ruthless tongue has transformed into Devil's Lake. It is

BOW RIVER VALLEY, FROM C.P.R. HOTEL.

Behind the C.P.R. hotel is Mount Rundle with its twin peaks, and opposite is the Great Sulphur mountain, from which issue the springs which have made the place famous. Then there is Saddle Mountain, the Saw-Back, Vermillion and Bourgeau ranges, Stony Squaw Mountain, and Tunnel Mountain, with others, the whole forming a panorama of beauty and grandeur only equalled by the Cortina dolomites in the Austrian Tyrol.

Within the park lie fifteen miles of the Bow River, one of the most beautiful of the streams to which the Rockies give rise. Nine miles of this is deep enough for navigation. The Spray, another beautiful mountain stream, flows for six miles through the park, joining the Bow in a pool at the foot of the beautiful Spray falls. The Ghost and Cascade rivers, and Forty twelve miles long and two wide. Close to the railway in another direction are the Vermilion lakes, three in number, with some smaller ponds, the home of the wild fowl. These waters are all inhabited to a greater or lesser extent by trout, which have an aggravating way of inspecting the fly without proceeding to that closer acquaintance with it which is expected from well-trained fish.

But the greatest interest centres around the hot springs. They are eight in number, and form three groups. The two principal flow from the centre of Sulphur Mountain, eight hundred feet above the Bow River. The main one has a discharge of one and a half million gallons daily. The most curious of these springs is that found within a cave the dome-shaped roof of which is formed largely of stalactites. Access to

the cave was formerly had through a hole in the roof, through which the sulphurous steam from the hot spring escaped, but the tunnel by which the overflow from the basin runs off has been enlarged so as to form an underground entrance. While the hot sulphur water bubbles up from below, fresh, cold water drops from above, so that a hot plunge bath and a cold shower bath may be enjoyed at the same time. The temperature of the water varies at the different springs, ranging from 95° in the cave to 120° at what is known as *the* hot springs. Close to the cave is a pool, similar in all respects to that in the cave, except that nature has omitted the dome. Dressing-rooms are attached to these two springs, where one may enjoy a hot bath either in the open air or in the cave.

A curious phenomenon is to be seen at one of the springs, where it issues from the mountain side. The little pool into which it flows is filled with small fish, an inch or so long. Where they come from is a mystery, but they are salamanders, and seem specially adapted to their surroundings. If placed in fresh water they die, and a like fate overtakes them when the sulphur water which they inhabit is allowed to cool. The park superintendent has been experimenting with them. Some were placed in a larger pool, which receives the overflow from the one they inhabit, and which is a few degrees colder. There they have grown to a larger size. From this pool some were removed to another overflow pool still cooler, and there their size has been further increased. How far this development can be carried on has not yet been determined. What species this remarkable little fish belongs to is a disputed question, even among experts. Some think it is a species of grayling, while others hold a contrary view.

The lakes from which most of the streams in the park flow, lie without its limits. The superintendent suggests that he be given control over them, as by that means the fish may be protected; otherwise, what might be made a valuable attraction will be destroyed. Should such proposal be carried out, dams will probably be constructed, converting marshes into lakes, promoting the healthfulness of the park, adding to its picturesqueness, and providing means for forming aquariums, which, in conjunction with a museum, might be made a valuable educational medium.

FISHING, LAKE MINNEWANKA.

One of the most beautiful of the at-

tractions provided by nature in the park is the Spray falls, where the Bow River tumbles about 70 feet, in a series of cascades, over the rocks, which are curiously tilted on edge, the layers lying parallel with the course of the stream. An excellent view of this cascade may be had from the balconies of the C. P. R. hotel, as well as from the road around Tunnel Mountain.

Another curiosity is what is known as the Hoo-doos. They consist of a number of pillars of very hard cream-colored concrete, from 80 to 100 feet high, which stand on the bank of the Bow River. The softer gravel and clay have been gradually washed away, leaving these figures standing out, monuments of the handiwork of Nature as a sculptor.

The mineral wealth of the Rocky Mountains has only been touched upon at its very fringe, but with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway has come a certain degree of development. Within the limits of Banff Park, valuable deposits of anthracite coal are being worked, and at Anthracite, the first station east of Banff, and within the park limits, quite a mining

LAKE LOUISE, CLOUD EFFECT ON MOUNTAIN.

town is springing up. What the future will accomplish in this respect it is vain to predict, but there must always be a market for coal on the vast treeless prairies east of the mountains.

EMERALD LAKE.

Where there is such richness of scenery, there must of necessity be beautiful drives. But when the park reserve was made there were no roads. About $150,000 has been so far expended on the park, $10,000 on surveys, and most of the balance on roads. The drive around Tunnel Mountain is one of the most beautiful. No one who visits the park should fail to take it. Considerable engineering skill has had to be exercised, as for instance at the Corkscrew, where a great rise had to be provided for in a short distance. The drives around the flat which lies between Mount Rundle and the Bow, and that to Lake Minnewanka also reveal many beauties. If the visitor prefers the exhilarating experience of riding, a good bridle path leads to the top of Tunnel Mountain, a thousand feet above the valley, whence a magnificent view over the park is obtained. Or is sailing or paddling preferred, a steamer runs on the lake and another up the Bow, and canoes can be obtained by which the upper Bow and the charming Vermilion lakes may be explored. Mountain climbing can also be indulged in, and even ladies have visited the top of Rundle, five thousand feet above the valley which lies at its base.

The park is entirely under governmental control. None of the land within its bounds can be sold, and people who wish to reside there have to obtain permission. Under certain restrictions they may lease a lot and erect a hotel, shop or dwelling. Quite a little village has sprung up, and while visitors are to be found at all seasons, enjoying the hot sulphur baths, which are very efficacious in certain forms of disease, the greatest rush is during the summer months. A detachment of the North-West Mounted Police preserves order, a work almost of supererogation. No intoxicating liquors are allowed to be sold, except to guests at the hotels.

While much has been written about the Banff National Park, no one is more enthusiastic in its praises than the Baroness Macdonald, wife of Canada's late lamented Premier. It has always been a favorite resort with her, and she spends more or less of her time there every year. It is no doubt due to her personal influence that parliament has been willing to appropriate money for its improvement and maintenance. It is literally The People's Park.

# WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

BY COLIN A. SCOTT.

IT is now some years since the writer came across Mr. Campbell's first volume, entitled, *Lake Lyrics, and other Poems.*" What seemed most characteristic in the author's style and manner is only more clearly revealed in his second appearance before the public.* The "Lake Lyrics" presented the reader with a profusion of pictures drawn largely from visual nature, and with a variety of rhyme, tending at times, indeed, to overflow, but not without a genuine feeling for certain aspects of the beauty of nature, and a real sensitiveness in the use of language. On this feature Mr. Campbell's effort is common to other poets of the Victorian age, and is more particularly shared by our own Canadian group, and neither in its excellencies nor in its deficiencies indicates the peculiar flavor of his work. Here and there, however, throughout "Lake Lyrics" are lines which seem to break through, and in their very raggedness reveal a depth of passion not sufficiently exhausted by the calm placidities of mere description. There are, moreover, whole poems in which this quality is sustained in such a manner as to show its full consciousness in the author's mind. As an example of this style might be mentioned "*Lazarus,*" and the following extract from "*To a Robin in November,*" which in its other parts does not betray a feeling so intense :—

"And thou red-throated, comest back to me
Here in the bare November, bleak and chill,
Breathing the red-ripe of the lusty June
Over the rime of withered field and mere ;
O heart of music, while I dream of thee,
Thou gladdest note in the dead summer's tune,
Great God ! thou liest dead outside my sill,
Starved of the last chill berry on thy tree,
Like some sweet instrument left all unstrung,
The melodious orchestra of all the year,
Dead with the sweet dead summer thou hadst sung ;
Dead with the dead year's voices and clasp of hands ;
Dead with all music and love and laughter and light ;
While chilly and bleak comes up the winter night,
And shrieks the gust across the leafless lands."

But it is not the mere quality of passion, however valuable, which will best serve to differentiate an author ; it is rather the direction which it takes, and the power and completeness of the imagination which controls it In his recent publication, as we have already noticed, the nature of Mr. Campbell's genius is more clearly revealed, and nowhere more markedly than in his choice of subjects. He is manifestly feeling after something which he regards as more human than the weather or the wild flowers and the woods. He is not satisfied with this earthly paradise, however fair. Content no longer to rank as

"An idle singer of an empty day,"

he is seeking some means of expressing more directly the great emotions which fill the hearts of men when they ask after the meaning of life and the mystery of death. He even goes the length of protesting in "*The Dreamers,*" which, just in as far as it is a protest, is spoiled as a poem. In "*The Confession of Tama the Wise,*" this tendency is frankly acknowledged and carried out with such *naïveté* that in many places the reader no longer believes that Tama is speaking, but finds himself face to face with the author. "*Unabsolved*" presents the same mystery in a more completely dramatic form, and shows also a very subtle interest in the frozen landscapes of the north. "*The Last Ride*" concentrates this deep questioning spirit and

* The Dread Voyage, Poems. By William Wilfred Campbell. Toronto: William Briggs.


Sincerely,
W. W. Campbell

gives it an intensity of passion, which blinds it to any insight other than the eternal presence of an inscrutable fate. Since this tendency is so strongly marked, it will be seen that it is not without reason that "*The Dread Voyage*" has been selected as the typical poem of the book.

"Trim the sails the weird stars under—
Past the iron hail and thunder,
Past the mystery and the wonder,
Sails our fated bark;
Past the myriad voices hailing,
Past the moaning and the wailing,
The far voices failing, failing,
Drive me to the dark."

It has been said in disparagement of Mr. Campbell's poetry that it is gloomy or pessimistic. That depends upon what is meant by these terms. It should never be forgotten that art is an ideal representation of the real. It is a certain form of the truth of the world rather than the world itself. It should not be demanded of poetry that since life is already so hard and evil that she must tell us nothing but pleasant tales. If such a view is taken of life it is surely more utterly pessimistic to refuse to have it expressed than to bravely face the facts as they appear, an attitude which involves courage and is already half a victory. It is no criticism to complain that Mr. Campbell's poetry deals so frequently with the gloom and tragedy of life. This gloom exists, and if art is to be true to herself, it must also be represented; and, indeed, is it not rather an alleviation of the misery natural to existence to have it called to our remembrance in beautiful words? Pain remembered is not pain itself, and in its expression we may derive a strength that will enable us to meet more bravely and more humanly the future shock of circumstance. But there is a great deal more in Mr. Campbell's work than the simple expression of gloom. There is the recognition of a courage which cannot be vanquished, however great the blows of an adverse fate. In this respect the last stanza of the "*Dread Voyage*" is again typical of the deepest tendencies of the book:

"Not one craven or unseemly;
In the flare-light gleaming dimly,
Each ghost-face is watching grimly;
Past the headlands stark!"

It is another way of stating Mr. Campbell's central characteristic when we point out that his tendency is towards the sublime rather than the beautiful, the romantic rather than the classical. These of course are not to be regarded as permanent species of art, but as continually passing one into the other. The sublime, when it is developed, becomes the beautiful, and this again gives place with the inrush of a larger idea to a higher phase of the sublime. The very beginning of art, therefore, with its colossal forms and its exaggerated metaphors, gives us the most typical example of the sublime; and profoundly artistic, even to the present day, are the pyramids of Egypt, the immense Assyrian basreliefs, or the wild sagas of the northern bards. Whether we believe that art has ever arrived at a period of perfect beauty and completeness of expression or not, there exists without doubt these alternations of movement between the sublime and the beautiful. Mr. Campbell's reaction from the classic, the technical, and the simply beautiful of a previous period towards the romantic and sublime is a necessary stage in his development, and, although it may be described as largely negative, prepares the way for a more complete and positive expression of a higher beauty. It is in harmony with this view of our author's genius that Death and all that it symbolizes is a frequently recurrent theme, and it is a theme which must be frequently before a mind which either feels deeply or thinks deeply. Death and life go hand in hand. The meaning of one is the explanation of the other. There is nothing worthy in the long course of evolution which has not been won through loss of life. Death, as far as our globe is concerned, is the very

condition of life and progress. Nor is the consciousness of life freer in this respect than life itself. Death is also a great idea, and cannot be neglected by the poet who aims at completeness of expression. In approaching this theme, Mr. Campbell is never flippant —he understands too deeply. He is smitten with the sublimity, the awfulness, of an existence held in fee on such conditions. But while this is the principal movement, there irradiates from his treatment the beauty that pertains to a genuine feeling of solemnity, expressed in harmonious and characteristic language. As an example, take the following from the poem entitled *To Mighty Death Concerning Robert Browning* :—

"Great Warder of those mists forever yawning,
And whence no soul returns that wanders through
Into some muffled midnight or white dawning,
Into strange peace no love hath proven true;
Whom we know now no more than Homer knew,
Or Plato's master ere the hemlock drink
Charmed his great soul across thy shadowed brink."

Which is altogether a very fine and characteristic piece of work.

It may be a part of this same feeling that leads Mr. Campbell so frequently to the subject of winter, where, at the same time, we find some of his most completely beautiful imagery and expression. The poem *Winter* itself is well conceived as a whole, and contains many fine lines, but the following stanza will indicate what is meant by the feeling for the sublime :—

"Wide is the arch of the night, blue spangled with fire,
From wizened edge to edge of the shrivelled-up earth,
Where the chords of the dark are as tense as the strings of a lyre
Strung by the fingers of silence ere sound had birth,
With far-off alien echoes of mourning and mirth,
That reach the tuned ear of the spirit, beaten upon
By the soundless tides of the wonder and glory of dawn."

The following stanza in the same poem is more typically beautiful :—

"Morning shrinks closer to night, and nebulous noon
Hangs a dull lanthorn over the windings of snows;
And, like a pale beech leaf fluttering upward, the moon
Out of the short day, wakens and blossoms and grows,
And builds her wan beauty like to the ghost of a rose
Over the soundless silences, shrunken, that dream
Their prisoned deathliness under the gold of her beam."

The sense of beauty is certainly deepened by this wider development, and in *An August Reverie*, (which would be improved by the omission of the last stanza) we may see the increased depth and power which Mr. Campbell shows in his Nature verses :

"I may not know each plant as some men know them,
Like children gather beasts and birds to tame;
But I went 'mid them as the winds that blow them,
From childhood's hour, and loved without a name."

But, perhaps, the most completely satisfying "all-round" poems in the book are *The Mother*, and *Pan the Fallen*. They are characteristic and individual, and at the same time most beautifully expressed.

The sense of the weird in one and the grotesque in the other is touched with a tenderness and a mystery of beauty which keeps us entirely within the charmed circle of the poems themselves. We have no desire to look outside for a further meaning. Each chain of phantasy is beautiful in itself, and fascinates our attention because we find resolved within it those very conflicts of feeling which exist in the world itself. That these solutions are not stated in abstract terms is only another way of saying that Mr. Campbell is a poet of imagination all compact, and not by any means a *doctrinaire*. And it is, indeed, a question if such problems can be solved in any other way than by just

such successions of feeling, controlled by a deep and true imagination. In these poems Mr. Campbell's genius has led him by a happy instinct to attempt these very subjects where lyric poetry has the field more completely to herself, and where she yields the highest rewards to her devoted follower.

I have not attempted to fix Mr. Campbell's position in the great hierarchy of universal art. There is no use in asking Mr. Campbell or Lord Tennyson, to come no nearer home, to beg pardon for each other's existence. I have been more interested in simply appreciating what I feel to be the peculiar excellence of Mr. Campbell's work, and indicating the lines along which he has already travelled, and the direction in which we may look for a further development.

---

## AN IMPRESSION.

My heart is at war with my will to-day.
For I met a face in the frosty street,
Beautiful, sensuous, strangely sweet;
With tempting, passionate eyes of grey
Whose careless glance made my heart swift beat:
For I stood and stared like a thing astray,
Till her form was lost in the crowded way
Of the wintry, sunlit street!

And though I never may learn her name,
Her face, like the seal of a perfect dream
That we hold forever against the stream
Of transient visions, will be the same:
Forever present it still must seem,
Enduring and bright as a vestal flame;
And fed by the thoughts of her, that claim
My nights in an idle dream!

—CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

# LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN.

BY MINNIE JEAN NISBET.

I WONDER how many people who read that gem of modern poetry, "Tales of a Wayside Inn," know that the Inn has a *bona fide* existence exactly as described, and that every member of the group of story-tellers is a real character, more or less known to fame? Hundreds of Americans, who spend time and money to visit places associated with the writings of Dickens, Scott, and other famous British authors, have no idea how easily they can make a pilgrimage to the American Canterbury. The Wayside Inn is in the town of Sudbury, Massachusetts, about twenty-five miles west of Boston, on the main road between Boston and Worcester. It was built by John Howe early in the 17th century for a country seat, and it declined with the fortunes of the family from a stately mansion to an inn, but never a humble one.

"As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality:
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall."

It was first licensed under the name of "The Red Horse Inn," September 14, 1666. When Sudbury was burned by the Indians in 1676 it was the only house in town that escaped destruction. It is a great plain colonial mansion, built of solid oak, and made picturesque by its gambrel roof, moonstone chimneys, and original tiny windows (eighty in number), with leaden sashes. And strange enough it looks, in this country of to-morrows with no yesterdays. No wonder its picturesque image lingered in Longfellow's mind, until he used it as a connecting link in a chain of poems.

The day I saw it the sunshine lay dreamily upon the old house; the atmosphere was a veil of shimmering gold, softening the brilliancy of the landscape into just that mellowness and pensiveness which characterizes Longfellow's poetry.

"A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds
Its torch-race, scattering smoke and gleeds;
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills."

The first of the accompanying views shows the graceful sweep of the road and gives some idea of the large trees. The enormous elm standing forth so prominently had massive roots and tributary trunks, which made enticing nooks wherein to read, and dream away a summer day. The upper part of another giant elm, which stood across the road, is also shown. The topmost boughs of these trees interlaced and formed a leafy crescent. A few years ago the former was killed by lightning. Its trunk was hollow, and the stump, which is about twenty feet in circumference, now contains a miniature flower-garden of roses, lilies and other choice "children of the sun." The barn, with its open door facing the road, is also to be seen.

"Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay:
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,
The wattled cock struts to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign."

This sign was put up in 1686. It had a swinging board, on one side of which a red horse was painted; on the other—

D. H. 1686.
E. H. 1715.
A. Howe. 1796.

D. H. stands for David Howe, who kept this inn when there were only two houses between it and Worcester. A. Howe was Adam Howe, father of the landlord of the poem. This sign-board is still preserved as a relic.

The second view is taken from the other end of the house. Both sides of the road are flanked with immense oak and elm trees, their huge trunks and brawny limbs offering a giant's welcome to the inn. Some of the oaks are hollow, one being large enough to hold three or four people.

Entering the front door of the inn you find yourself in a wide, old-fashioned hall running the whole length of the house, and through the open door at the farther end you catch a glimpse of green meadows and golden grain, for the inn has a farm of about 500 acres attached to it.

The first room on the right is the "tap room," where the Sicilian went to seek his "missing star," when he disappeared from the pleiad of story-tellers,

"But did not find him at the bar,
A place that landlords most frequent."

It is a long, cavernous room, the oaken floor worn deep with the tread of two centuries; the massive oaken beams overhead are black with age. On one side is the large fireplace, around which used to gather stage-drivers, pedlers, and travellers of all kinds. The old bar still stands in one corner, with its lattice work reaching to the ceiling, and the swinging blind through which the various drinks were passed. When I was there, a few antique mugs, probably two hundred years old, still stood on the shelves.

The chief scene of the poem is laid in the parlor—the front room on the left of the hall.

"But from the parlor of the inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir;
Oft interrupted by the din
Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.
The firelight, shedding over all
The splendor of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlor large and low.
* * * * *
And flashing on the window pane,
Emblazoned with its light and shade,
The jovial rhymes that still remain,
Writ near a century ago,
By the great Major Molyneaux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made."

The "jovial rhymes" were on a pane of the window nearest the front door, and were apparently cut with a diamond ring. I copied the verse from the pane itself, which is carefully preserved by the owners, who, for safe keeping, removed it from the window about fifteen years ago.

"What do you think,
Here is good drink,
Perhaps you do not know it;
If not in trade step in and taste,
Yon merry folks will show it."
Wm. Molyneaux, Jr., Esq.,
24 June, 1774, Boston.

Little did that "great Major Molyneaux" dream of the tempest so soon to burst over his head. Concerning Longfellow's allusion to this rhyme, Hawthorne wrote: "It gratifies my mind to find my own name shining in your verse, even as if I had been gazing up to the moon and detected my own features in its profile."

Re-entering the hall, and climbing the worn stairs, which still show traces of having been decorated with painted landscapes on each step, and passing through a large bedroom, which was occupied more than once by Washington and Lafayette during the Revolutionary war, and by the latter again in 1824, you enter the old ball-room, which occupies the entire second floor of the wing shown in the first view. It is an immense room, much longer than it is wide, with a huge fireplace at the end, and near it a stand for the musicians. All around the wall are stationary benches; lift up the seats, and you see compartments where the guests placed their wraps, etc. Evidently the girls of one and two hundred years ago did not require mirrors

and dressing-rooms to arrange refractory hair, ribbons, and laces.

That old room is a fascinating place for dreams—a place in which to conjure up visions of the maidens and youths who danced, joked, and made love within these walls, and who for scores and scores of years have belonged to "that other village,"

LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN.

"Whose houses are thatched
With grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You may not enter at hall or hut,
All the village lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie."

The inn contains twenty-five rooms, besides a large rambling old-time garret. The bed used by Col. Howe's slave still remains in this garret. It is built of wood, like a steamboat berth, and is reached by a ladder.

The surroundings of the inn are beautiful. Nature has lavished her charms about it. The varied aspects of meadow, woodland, and hill, with a sparkling brook winding its silvery way, now peeping out to catch a momentary gleam of sunshine, then plunging into the dimmer seclusion of the forest, singing its sweetest music, dancing over the pebbles, or hieing around the smooth and rounded rocks. It is an enchanting spot, a fit abode for poet and painter. There are numerous beautiful drives leading from it. One through the woods, where you ride under a leafy arch, brings you to White Pond, one of nature's mysteries. It is almost surrounded by dense woods, and covers a submerged forest. The water is clear as crystal, and as you cross it in a boat, you see the bottom covered with white sand and large trees standing erect, perhaps sixty feet below the surface. No one knows its inlet or its history. It was the same when Sudbury was settled.

Longfellow first saw the inn when, at the age of nineteen, he was on his way to New York, to sail for Europe. It was then a coaching station. Later in life when the inn, still called the Red Horse Inn, became a favorite resort of some of his friends, he visited them, and took observations for the poems afterwards written at Craigie House and Nahant.

Professor Daniel Treadwell, of Harvard, pictured as the "Theologian," spent several seasons there with his family.

Henry Ware Wales, long dead, was the

"Youth of quiet ways,
A student of old books and days."

Luigi Monti, the "Young Sicilian," was long connected with Harvard, and was an especial favorite of Longfellow. The poem refers to his life in Palermo, where he was consul twelve years. Recently he has been lecturing and giving lessons in his own language in New York.

Israel Edrehi, an Oriental dealer in Boston, figures as—

"A Spanish Jew from Alicant,
* * * * * *
Vendor of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the Levant."

Thos. W. Parsons, the "Poet," has proved his right to the title by several poems he has written on the inn. Of these I will say something later.

Ole Bull was the "Musician," but it is not likely he was ever there. The relationship between the real and ideal presence of these various characters was but a poetic one, and as visionary as such relationships always are.

Adam Howe, father of Lyman, the "Landlord" of the poem, had three children,—Adam, junior, Lyman, and Jerusha. Adam, junior, built a house for himself near the inn, but it was barely finished when his betrothed wife died quite suddenly. The death was a blow from which he never recovered, and he died comparatively young. Jerusha Howe was far above the average country girl of that period, having been educated at a fashionable boarding school in Boston. She was a fine musician, and had the first piano in Sudbury. Think what a curiosity that instrument must have been! Her suite of rooms can be seen on the second floor. The wardrobe where she kept her clothing would not be large enough for the servant girl of to-day.

She died, unmarried, in 1842, at the age of 44, none of her suitors being considered good enough for her.

And so Lyman was left alone. Longfellow's description is said to be true to life. He was "justice of peace, proud of his name and race, and coat of arms," and known everywhere as "The Squire." One old man in Sudbury said to me, "I'd a known he meant Squire Howe if he hadn't put his name there; it sounds jest like him."

Adam, junior, was quiet in his tastes, satisfied with his home life and surroundings. Lyman was ambitious and sought the acquaintance of superior men from Boston. He was looked up to as a man of higher attainments than anyone in town. Astronomy was his hobby, and his knowledge of it was thorough and practical. He never married, because he looked upon the country girls as no fit match for Squire Howe. His wife must be a city girl, amiable, musical, and accomplished—one he would be proud to take to England, and introduce to his cousin, Lord Howe. But, alas! he never found a lady possessing these requirements who was willing to bestow her hand on him, though he was rich, refined, and intelligent.

He was very proud of the family silver brought from England, all bearing the Howe crest. And their rare and delicate china would delight the heart of a connoisseur.

These Howes were descended from the noble family of that name in Britain, and showed their pure ancestry by their refined speech and manner.

"And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat of arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed.

And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight."

This grandsire was Colonel Howe, who was appointed a member of Lafayette's staff, because of his knowledge of French, and that accounts for Lafayette's visits to the inn. Colonel Howe died of small-pox, which he caught from a traveller in 1796.

The inn came to Lyman in direct descent from the founder, John Howe, but at his death it passed away from the Howes, and became the property of his mother's sister, Rebecca Balcom, wife of Daniel Puffer, of Sudbury, grand-aunt of the writer. Since that time it has been a peaceful farmhouse.

Lyman Howe was not an ideal innkeeper; an astronomer and philosopher of his type has little capacity for considering such trivial things as entertainment for man and beast. And

LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN.

yet, with all his knowledge and philosophy, he had that morbid fear of lightning, so common to the past generation.

The tales of his trials with housekeepers and servants would fill a book. They took advantage of his pacific nature, and domineered over him, and imposed upon him in many ways. Amusing anecdotes are told in Sudbury of the various queer characters that presided over the Wayside Inn. Several of the women were determined to marry him whether he would or not. One housekeeper, who was preparing to send her daughter to boarding school, was explaining to some of the boarders why she was going to do it.

"Sophrony is a good girl; there aint no better girl in the world, but she does want morals."

Lyman, seeing the ladies looked shocked, tried to explain. "O, you don't mean that; you mean, she wants polish; she needs ——"

"Lyman Howe," she broke in, angrily, "I aint a fool; I don't mean nothin' of the sort. I mean just what I say; she wants morals, and she shall go where she can git 'em."

Once, when Thos. W. Parsons was staying there, a man who worked on the farm wanted to borrow a horse to go some distance to a relative's funeral. Lyman refused, because the horses were needed at home. As soon as he was out of hearing, the man exclaimed indignantly: "Won't lend me a hoss to go to a funeral; aint that a pooty way to treat a man in mournin'."

The incident amused Parsons so much, he retired to his room, and wrote a poem, "The Man in Mournin'." He wrote another one, "Shoc' o' Num' Palsy," because of the amusement afforded him by one of the servants who talked incessantly of her grandmother "who died of a shoc' o' num' palsy." His poem on the inn may be of interest here, as it alludes to many things I have said.

THE OLD HOUSE AT SUDBURY.

Requiem æternam dona eis Domine.

"Thunder clouds may roll above him,
And the bolt may rend his oak,
Lyman lieth where no longer
He shall dread the lightning stroke.

Never to his father's hostel
Comes a kinsman or a guest;
Midnight calls for no more candles,
House and landlord both have rest.

Adam's love and Adam's trouble
Are a scarce remembered tale,
No more wine cups brightly bubble,
No more healths nor cakes nor ale.

On the broken hearth a stranger
Sits and fancies foolish things,
And the poet weaves romances,
Which the maiden fondly sings,

All about the ancient hostel,
And its legends and its oaks,
And the quaint old bachelor brothers,
And their minstrelsy and jokes.

No man knows them any longer,
All are gone, and I remain
Reading as 'twere mine epitaph
On the rainbow-colored pane.

Blessings on their dear initials—
Henry W. Daniel T.

E. and L. I'll not interpret,—
Let men wonder who they be.

Some are in their graves, and many
Buried in their books and cares,
In the tropics, in Archangel;
Our thoughts are no longer theirs.

God have mercy! All are sinful!
Christ, conform our lives to Thine,
Keep us from all strife, ill speaking,
Envy, and the curse of wine.

Fetch my steed, I cannot linger,
Buckley, quick! I must away;
Good old groom, take thou this nothing,
Millions could not make me stay."

The Buckley referred to in the last verse was Buckley Parmenter, who had been a servant to the Howes from his boyhood. He was about 70 years old when Lyman Howe died.

The landlord's bachelor life and easy-going ways made a sojourn there an inviting change to weary brain-workers. The irregularity of life, the *contretemps*, and ludicrous incidents, caused by the variety in character of helps and housekeepers, made a stay at the inn novel and attractive.

In the landlord's tale of Paul Revere's ride, Robert Newman climbed the stairs to the belfrey of the North Church Tower,

"Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill."

The reference is to the old "Copps' Hill Burying Ground." It is comparatively unknown, and yet visitors to Boston would find a walk around it very interesting—it is full of quaint and curious epitaphs. I stood by Robert Newman's grave and looked up "to the highest window in the wall," and thought of that night when he stood yonder looking down on the spot where he now sleeps his last sleep, before he threw out the gleam of light, and then—

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark.
* * * * * * * * *
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!"

Near Robert Newman lies David Malcom, who died in 1769, and was buried in a stone coffin. British soldiers used his "grave stone" for a target, and the whole surface is covered with dents and marks.

Two or three specimens of the large number of odd epitaphs I copied, may interest those who care for ye olden times.

JAMES STEWART
Obit Sept. ye 22 1792
AGED SIX MONTHS.

He bore a lingering illness with fortitude, and met the King of Terrors with a smile.

Wonderful infant!

Here lyeth buried ye body of Mathew Pittom, ye son of John and Mary Pittom, died January ye 26. 169¾.

The views that illustrate this article are from photographs taken about 1868, and show the inn as it looked when the poem was written. Some of the trees are gone, and other changes have taken place; the house has been re-painted and renovated; but a visit to the Wayside Inn will repay anyone who appreciates a summer paradise. I saw names in the visitors' book, not only from all parts of the United States, but also from Great Britain, France and Germany, but I was the first Canadian to register in it.

John Howe, a cousin of Col. Howe, the "grandsire" whose sword hung peacefully in the parlor, was engaged in newspaper work in Boston when the revolutionary war began. He remained loyal to the King of England, and emigrated with his family to Nova Scotia. When the British Government rewarded the U. E. Loyalists, for their patriotism, with grants of land, John Howe received a grant of land about two miles from Halifax. Here his son Joseph was born in 1804. He was the Hon. Joseph Howe, who is considered one of the greatest orators the Dominion of Canada ever produced. He died in 1873, a few weeks after his appointment as Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia.

The Wayside Inn, with 90 acres of land, was sold recently to ex-Mayor S. H. Howe, of Marlboro,' Mass., and Homer Rogers of Boston. I believe they intend to fit it up for the accommodation of summer tourists, or for those who wish to spend a few weeks in what I called before a summer paradise.

---

## THE SHADOWS LENGTHEN.

In the cool of dewy evening,
As the sun dips down to rest,
Comes a patch of fading daylight
Which seemeth to me the best.

All the garish colors softened
Into one harmonious whole,
Bring a soothing, saddening feeling,
That is restful to my soul.

And the turbid stream of business,
Surging fiercely through the day,
Now in quiet pools and eddies
Swings along its peaceful way.

E'en the children's noisy laughter,
Merry sport and romping play,
Quiet down to stilling echoes
In accord with close of day.

So it comes that dewy evening,
With its grateful sense of rest,
And its glorious blend of colors,
Seemeth unto me the best.

C. M. SINCLAIR.

# NEB.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON.

"It's good to smell the spring, Maudy —seems as if a person's lungs get starved in the winter-time; I could 'most eat that air."

"Yes, it's sweet blown over the orchard, but it settles in my throat to-night. It's got muggish since sun-down,—Neb's out in it, too—and it is a bad time for colds."

The woman who had just spoken was tall and spare, her shoulders were bent, her hair was grizzled above her low brow and about her temples, but black in the knob at her neck. She stepped about the kitchen floor preparing the evening meal, while the old man, her father, stood in the doorway refreshing himself with a glimpse of his little garden.

"Whereabouts is Neb?" he turned to say, after a moment.

"Down by the track," the mother made answer, "but there he is coming up now." She crossed to the door and they stood together watching a little bunchy figure coming towards them. It was a halting gait, for he came on crutches. The woman's face was pale as she bent forward. Presently the lad stopped. Her eyes startled, and she spread out her fingers nervously.

"He's tired," she said, anxiously. The old man waved his hand, and the distorted form with its uneven limbs began to move on again.

"He never used to get tired just coming from the corner," sighed the mother. And then she plucked the old man's sleeve. "Do you think he looks as well as he did in the winter?" she queried.

"Mebbe he's peakeder some," was the answer. "But spring-time is hard on everybody. I guess a tonic would fix him up."

Mrs. Slater turned away. She swallowed hard a couple of times, and then reached down the tea pot and set the tea to brew. Little Neb was her only child. She did not know if her husband was dead or alive, and since he went away she had supported herself and her boy by tailoring at a shop in town, and lived on in her girlhood's home with her old father. He was baggageman at the railway station, and their house was a brown cottage near the track.

After supper, Mrs. Slater watched the road anxiously, and when a light gig came down the concession she sped out to the gate crying, "Would you hold up, sir. It's about Neb," she began, resting her bare red arms upon the fence. "Folks plague me so about sending him to school, and somehow I can't bear to start him. He don't seem up to it."

Dr. Bell looked down at the anxious-faced woman, and then he looked across the orchard. "Does he keep pretty well?" he asked.

"Not very, sir. He looks thinner, and I believe his back's crookeder."

She lowered her voice at the last, for a soft padding sound on the path had warned her that Neb was coming.

"Hello, youngster," called out the doctor.

Neb's big eyes lit his face with their smile. His cheeks were covered with freckles. His red hair ended in front in two matted spikes that dangled in his eyes with every movement.

"So they think you ought to go to school, eh?" began the doctor.

"Yes, sir,"

"Do you want to go?"

"I think I would rather learn of mother. The boys plague me so."

There was silence for a moment, and Dr. Bell said, "I wouldn't send him,

Mrs. Slater, if I were you. Teach him all you can yourself, and let him stay out of doors." The tone was pointedly careless, but the doctor's grave eyes told more than he meant to tell.

The woman thanked him, and turned to the house. "There's Ben," cried Neb; "can I go out?" She nodded, and unfastened the gate for him. Her face was clouded. She dragged herself toward the house with the effort of one given up to fatigue or hopelessness. At the door her father met her. He was thrusting his arms into his coat, for he was due at the station in a few minutes.

"Well!" he said.

"Doctor didn't say much, but he looked at him sorry-like, and said for me to go on teaching him. I suppose," she added, and her voice was as dejected as her face, "he meant 'twant no good botherin' him with learnin' for the little time he has to live."

"Don't whine, Nan," said the father, roughly. "It's time you got over that;" and then he went out the back way into the station yard.

Mrs. Slater sat down on the doorstep. Over her head was a rickety trellis work, and she looked up at the grape vine climbing about it. The leaves were not long from the bud, and were still purplish brown. A bird rested there a moment, and then flew down into the garden. She followed its flight, and watched it flitting among the shrubs. Many of them were in blossom. Next to her was a japonica, with its flaming flowers and glossy dark leaves. A flowering almond waved its pretty pink arms, a flowering currant was trumpeting perfume, and a large crab apple tree still put forth a few blossoms, though most of the white petals lay upon the ground. The woman's face was dark and bitter when she first sat down. But gradually, as she looked at the blossoms, the grey sky yellowed yet in the west, as she drew in the fresh air and smelled the sweets that scented it, and as the drowsy twitterings of the birds rested in her ears, the peace of the spring-time stole into her heart. Her face lost the fretted expression. Her sorrow found a natural outlet, and moistened her eyes with tears that were only a relief. Presently Neb came in.

"Ben's got a squirrel," he said, eagerly. "He's making a cage for it, and there's a thing in it that spins round. Did you feed my rabbit?"

"Yes," said his mother. And then the boy cuddled himself up in a heap at her knee.

They had been quiet for a time, when he said, suddenly, "Is my father really dead?"

Had he divined her thought, the woman wondered. She had been thinking of the lover who once sat beside her beneath the same old trellis, who had pledged her all his faith and love as they sat on the doorstep, and of the young husband who had crossed it with heavy, drunken footsteps the night she had last seen his face.

She answered very simply, "I don't know, Neb."

"Ben said he wasn't dead—that someone down town had seen him at the station."

"'Twant true," answered the mother, shortly. "Someone's allus been sayin' that these twelve years."

"Do you think he'll ever come back?" pursued the boy.

"I'm sure he will," she made answer, "for I've allus felt I'd see him before I died."

Neb looked up with fresh interest. "What did he go away for, mother? You said you'd tell me some day, and I'm twelve now."

Her heart was sore. Trouble had pressed heavily on her, and she had no one to talk to. So she opened the past for the little lad, and told him how, in a fit of drunken rage at his wailing, his father had tossed him down on the couch, how he had fallen to the floor and hurt his spine, how they had thought at first he was dead, and the half-sobered, half-frantic man

had run out into the darkness, crying that he had killed his little baby

"Would I have been straight like other boys if he hadn't done it?"

She told him it was the fall—told it gently as she could, for the boy's eyes were blazing feverishly and his claw-like fingers clutched her dress.

"I hate him" he cried. "I'd kill him if I could, mother. Why didn't some of them catch him and kill him? I'm no good for games now, nor-nor-anything."

There was a step on the floor within, and the baggage master called out, "Where are you folks?" Then he caught sight of them in the doorway, and came out too. He laid his hand on Neb's red hair, saying, "And how's my grand boy, to-night?"

"I'm feeling pretty well, thanks, sir."

Neb always said that. His mother had taught him to: never a day passed that the old man didn't ask him how he felt, and there was always the same cheery answer.

Once more Neb asked his mother a question. It was when they were saying good night.

"Which way do you think father will come back?"

"On the down train," she made answer, only half seriously.

"Was he tall?" he pursued.

"No, just middlin," she said, "and his hair was just the same color as yours."

After that Neb spent most of his time watching the down trains. The train hands came to know him. The newsboy often threw him an orange or a banana, as he stood there bare-headed. He was always bareheaded, as the train passed him. His rather long, red hair was disordered by the rush of air, as he leaned forward on his crutches, peered into the coaches, and scanned the steps.

"Father'd likely get off there, mother, wouldn't he?" he said one day. "He'd not like to go on to the station, and you know the train always slows up there, and I guess he'd know me if our hair is alike."

One evening Neb went up the track as usual. A man who came down the concession saw him bending over something on the rails. The train came around the curve. It stopped with a jar. The people hurried out. A shabbily dressed man was standing beside the track; his pallid face was terror-stricken; his tongue trembled behind his lips. One foot was bare, the ankle black and swollen, and yonder, where everyone was hurrying—yonder, among the bushes, was a little huddled heap that moaned. It was Neb. The man had been lying partly over the rails, drunk. His foot was caught. Brave little Neb loosed the shoe, and rolled him down the embankment. He could remember that much, and then, besides, there was the foot sprained and grazed, while down the track they found the shabby shoe with the string drawn out.

They carried little Neb over into the cottage. His mother came up from the stoop, and the neighbors crowded in. He came, too,—the man whose life had been saved,—sober now, with eyes that were red with weeping. Once, Neb spoke. He reached up his hand and said, "Father." The man bowed his head, and the neighbors noticed that the mingled hair was the same in color, and they began to whisper. He heard them and raised his face, but it was a stranger's face. No one had ever seen it before. A woman plucked his sleeve. "His father's been away for years," she said, "and the boy kep' lookin' for him home. He could'nt tell who to watch for, except that he'd red hair, and he thought you was his father."

The man started up wildly. "My life wasn't worth the boy's," he cried. "Pray, some of you to let me go and save him. I'm no good I tell you." A strange awe became felt in the circle. The watchers turned away from the bed. The mother sobbed aloud. No one heeded the man for a moment, and then the woman beside him said, "Hush; he's dead."

# CICERO'S REVENGE.

*(A Southern Story.*)*

BY LOCKBURN B. SCOTT.

A FEW years after the close of the civil war between the North and the South, I had occasion to visit, for the first time, a section of the Southern States. The business which took me there was of such a nature as to leave me a good deal of leisure, which I very frequently employed in studying the past and present condition of the Negro race. This pastime proved to be most deeply interesting, developing many touches of character both grave and gay, the study of which gave much food for thought.

On one occasion I was for some days enjoying the generous hospitality of Col. ———, a wealthy Virginian planter, who came of one of the famous "First Families" of that state. My host was a man of about fifty years of age, possessed of a hearty, genial disposition which enabled him to take about all the comfort out of life that came in his way. During dinner one day I chanced to speak of the interest I had been taking in the history and development of the Negro people. This led to a very interesting discussion of many phases of the question. My entertainer proved to be a capital story teller, and many were the tales, pathetic and grotesque, he narrated to me as we sat on the broad verandah, looking out upon one of the finest plantations in all that region of country. One story especially made a deep impression upon me, partly, I suppose, because I afterwards made the acquaintance of the hero and was greatly amused at the quaintness of his philosophy and his evident desire to be regarded as a man of the world.

* This story is founded on a metrical version which the writer saw some years since, but the author of which he cannot recall.

I will endeavor to give the substance of the story, though I fear it will lose much of its original impressiveness through the absence of the realistic surroundings of the scene of action, and the charm of Col. ———'s rich voice and vivid manner while describing the event.

During a momentary lull in the aforementioned conversation, a magnificent specimen of a darkey came up and in a tone of respect, yet indicating an easy familiarity, spoke to the Colonel about some details concerning the affairs of the estate. After he had gone, my host turned to me and asked, "Did you notice that man? I can tell you a story about him that I think will interest you. I was the only child in my father's family, and from earliest infancy was accustomed to play constantly with the slave children about the place. Cicero, or Sis as we always called him, was just my own age, and somehow or other we got to be very fond of each other. We were always together, sharers in all childish joys and sorrows. This continued until I grew old enough to begin my studies. Even here Sis essayed to follow, but soon gave it up, finding the alphabet a hopeless enigma. For a time he was intensely miserable during lesson hours, and would wander around the place with a most disconsolate air until my release from the school room. After a few weeks, however, he took to making pipes and whistles out of reeds, and in this he soon became an adept. Constant practice enabled him in a short time to produce very sweet music indeed from his primitive instruments; and often would my father, who was very indul-

gent to his slaves, call him in the evening, and have him play for the amusement of the family, here on the verandah. One Christmas when we were about fourteen years old, father brought from the city a very handsome fife, and gave it to Sis. A happier boy you never saw. He could hardly eat or sleep—he could do nothing but play on his precious fife. Truth to tell, we were little loth to have him do so, for his delightful strains lent a charm to our somewhat uneventful life.

"During the succeeding summer holidays, a cousin of mine, Gerald—by name—came to visit me. Gerald was two years older than were Sis and myself, and, full of city airs, constantly boasted his superior achievements in the consumption of tobacco and beer, and therefore arrogated to himself the utmost importance. From his lofty pedestal he looked down upon us poor country-bred lads with an infinity of contempt, taking small pains to conceal his feelings. From the very first hour of his visit there was a strong antipathy between Gerald and Sis. The former never lost an opportunity of tormenting the young darkey, and would no doubt have thrashed him often had it not been that my father, having caught him in the act of so doing a day or two after his arrival, warned him in the most peremptory manner that he would allow no interference with his servants. If Sis or any one else gave occasion for complaint, the matter was to be referred to him, and he would deal with it. Notwithstanding his contempt for country folk, Gerald stood in wholesome awe of my father, who could be very stern if occasion demanded. This fact was most fortunate for poor Sis, though Gerald sought to make up by the bitterness of his tongue for the restraint put upon his hands.

"One Sunday, some boys from one of the neighboring plantations came over to spend a few hours. The day being very hot, it was decided by unanimous consent to take a swim in the neighboring river. On the way, Gerald was more than usually tantalizing in his treatment of Sis; but, with admirable good sense, the latter generally maintained silence. At length Gerald spied the end of Sis's fife sticking out of his pocket, and softly coming up when the darkey was not looking, snatched it and put it in his own pocket. This was too much: Sis grappled with his tormentor: then ensued a lively tussel. But Gerald was more than a match for his dusky opponent, and handled him rather severely, carrying away with him the precious fife. Sis was evidently very sore over the loss of his treasure, not knowing to what length Gerald's dislike might carry him. For the rest of the walk he sulked behind, meditating revenge.

"After we had completed our bath and resumed our habiliments it was suggested that we visit the 'Door of the Devil.' This is a noted whirlpool in the river, just above yonder bend. The rapid swirl of the waters at the foot of a waterfall has worn away the soft rock composing the steep bank on one side, so that standing on the overhanging ledge you can drop a stone into the very centre of the seething caldron below. As its name would indicate, this whirlpool has an unfavorable reputation in the country round. Many a life has been lost in its rapacious vortex, and but very seldom have even the bodies of its victims been found. It is claimed, and apparently on good grounds, that there is an underground channel through which a proportion of the water escapes, carrying with it the solid bodies which it sucks down. For a considerable time we amused ourselves by throwing sticks into the whirling water, and watching them disappear, when of a sudden we were horrified to see Gerald, who was trying to hurl a heavy log into the eddy, lose his balance and fall almost into the very vortex of the whirlpool. For

a moment we were too frightened to breathe; then someone screamed 'Help! Murder! As chance would have it, my father and some friends were out for an afternoon stroll, and, being in the immediate neighborhood, were on the spot a moment after the alarm had been given. All, however, were powerless to help. None dared to brave the horrors of that dreaded pool, when we were again startled by a wild cry, a swift rush, followed, a second after, by another splash in the seething foam of the rapids beneath. It was Sis. He had seen the fall from a distance, and stripping, as he ran, had just reached the scene of the mishap. Transfixed with horror we stood spellbound, gazing down at the relentless waters. Too well we knew that there could be no hope of a rescue, and could not even dare to expect that the intrepid Sis could himself escape, though he was one of the most expert divers and strongest swimmers of the whole country side. In breathless silence we stood—for an age it seemed—staring at the hissing, boiling depths beneath us, when, just as we had given up all hope of seeing either of the lads again, two heads were seen above water. They were out of the centre of the pool, but still a long way from shore, considering the fearful odds of the rapidly rushing waters and the fatal suction of the vortex behind them. Perhaps it was well that Gerald was insensible, else his struggles might have retarded his rescuer, for he was a poor swimmer. As it was, it was a long, hard fight on the part of the young darkey. I have sometimes thought that with the slight modification as to the name of the stream, Macaulay's famous lines upon the struggle of old Horatius might well be applied to the heroic action of Sis:—

"Never, I ween, did swimmer in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber bore bravely up his chin."

"At last the edge of the waters was reached, and both boys were dragged forth by willing hands, and Sis was borne aloft on the shoulders of the men with a thunderous cheer. My father, in the enthusiasm of the moment, forgot that he was an elder in the church, and shouted, 'By the great God, he is free evermore!' I trust the unwonted profanity was not recorded against him, for I am sure that no irreverence was intended; certainly no one at the time thought it a sin, and it was not till a long time after that I was struck with the inappropriateness of the use of such language by my father.

"In a few minutes Gerald opened his eyes and very shortly appeared to be little the worse for the terrible experience he had undergone. When he learned who it was that rescued him, he walked up to Sis and offered his hand, at the same time humbly begging his pardon for past injuries. To our amazement a look of fierce hatred blazed forth under the scowling brows of the young rascal as, with an indescribable intensity of disdain in his voice, he fairly hissed out, 'Dod rot it, do you think it were *you* I were after?' and, snatching the coveted treasure from the pocket of his enemy: —'Twere my *fife*, and I *got it!*'"

HADDO HOUSE.

# HADDO HOUSE.

CENTRAL Aberdeenshire can scarcely be called a picturesque district, but the snug homesteads that are scattered on the hillsides and in the valleys, the herds of fine cattle for which the county is so deservedly famous, and the signs of skilful and painstaking cultivation of the land, give even a somewhat monotonous country a cheerful and thriving aspect.

But directly one enters the extensive park of two thousand acres (almost a forest) which surrounds the ancestral home of the present Governor-General of Canada, one is struck with the woodland beauty of the scenery and with the many evidences of minute and unceasing care and supervision which meet the eye at every turn.

The fourth Earl of Aberdeen, who was Prime Minister of Great Britain forty years ago (the grandfather of the present Earl) planted millions of trees in this noble domain, and they have now grown into luxuriant beauty. The natural contours and undulations of the ground around the mansion were so skilfully utilized and taken advantage of by judicious landscape gardening, that an effect both stately and picturesque was gradually produced. The present Earl, after acceding to the estate in 1870, followed the same process. He added a third lake to the two already in existence, and took much interest in the further planting and development of the features of the park.

As one strolls along the perfectly-kept drives, with their smooth borders of soft green turf, one catches glimpses of charming cottages, looking more like bijou residences than what they really are—the abodes of the many retainers of the great house of Aberdeen. In this one lives the head gardener, in that, the head gamekeeper, here the steward, there the under-butler, and so on through the whole domestic hierarchy. One envies these good folks their pretty, comfortable homes.

Nestling among the trees is a lovely cottage which is famous in many parts of the world as "The Owlery." This delicious retreat is lent by Lord and Lady Aberdeen to such of their friends as may need rest and quiet; and, as the visitors' book will testify, many a tired brain has found soothing rest under this hospitable roof, and many a weary worker has had cause to bless the good foundress of the "Owlery."

As the road winds through a grove of trees, one sees a homestead larger than the rest, with every detail about the house and grounds kept in the most scrupulous and perfect order, even the brass name-plates on the wagons, with "The Earl of Aberdeen" in bold letters, being polished to the utmost pitch of brilliancy. This comfortable and substantial building is the Mains of Haddo, the "home-farm," the residence of his Excellency's very efficient agent, Mr. George Muirhead, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a gentleman of considerable literary attainments, a keen sportsman, and, it need not be said, an accomplished and thorough man of business.

A little further, and on the brow of a hill, is seen a flag flying from a pretty cottage. This is "Holiday Cottage," where their Excellencies' children play at housekeeping in a very realistic and business-like fashion.

The road winds up and down, through finely-wooded slopes, and past the lofty column commemorating the death of General Sir Alexander Gordon, his Excellency's great uncle, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo; and now a glimpse of the Union Jack floating above the tree-tops indicates that we are at last approaching the mansion-house itself. Presently the drive takes a bold sweep, and we find ourselves at the north front of a stately mansion, on the walls of which the three boars' heads of the Gordons are quartered with the cinquefoils and lymphads of the Hamiltons.

The house cannot be designated, even by those who know it and love it best, as beautiful; and yet it has a dignified grandeur, which seems to scorn any pretensions to beauty. Its simple, but not unimpressive solidity, is characteristically Scottish; and the heavy masses of foliage which surround it on all sides tone down the rectangular lines of grey stone, which might otherwise have too stern an effect.

The great central block which composed the original house and which was built in 1782 by the second Earl has been expanded by the addition of two spacious wings, in one of which is the library, a fine room, containing many valuable and interesting volumes. The older mansion had been destroyed by fire, and it was apparently intended that at least the walls of the present building should not be demolished by the same means, for both the inner and outer walls are of immense thickness.

But the gem of Haddo House is its exquisite chapel, which was commenced by the present Earl in 1877, and completed at a cost of $40,000. It was erected from designs by the late G. E. Street, R.A. The style is 13th century Gothic, and all the fittings and decorations are harmonious and complete, though there is nothing florid in the ornamentation. There is an exceptionally fine organ, by Willis & Son, and

> "Storied windows, richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light."

In this beautiful building, it is the custom of the Earl of Aberdeen to gather his family and household for morning and evening worship, and as His Excellency adopts the maxim, "Every man a priest in his own house," he is on ordinary occasions his own chaplain. A stranger entering this chapel for the first time during the simple service cannot but be struck and touched by the patriarchal simplicity of the scene. The lord of thousands of acres, the descendant of

warriors and statesmen, the bearer of a great historic name, not only joins in (that were nothing noteworthy) but himself leads the prayer and praise of his household. But we must not linger too long in the chapel, though one is tempted to enlarge on its many beauties.

The house contains many fine pictures, some of them by old masters. These were collected principally by the grandfather of the present Earl.

In 1879 Lord Aberdeen began the renovation of the house, together with a complete redecoration of the interior. Lady Aberdeen's taste in such matters is well-known, and the result is very apparent in the brightness and cheerfulness of the general aspect of the rooms and corridors. A new wing was also added to the house, which is now an extremely large mansion, but its accommodation is nevertheless frequently taxed to the utmost, owing to the fact that Haddo House is a recognized centre of hospitality and stately entertainment. This is a tradition of the place, for in past times, and especially during the long career of the present Earl's grandfather (the "Premier" Earl), well-known statesmen, and other persons of note were frequent guests.

The view from the south front of the house is far more striking than that from the side by which visitors approach it. From the broad-terraced garden, brilliant with flowers, and with a fountain playing in the centre, there is a magnificent vista, formed by an avenue of trees, a mile in length. Immediately on the right of the terrace are two fine Wellingtonias, planted by Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort on the occasion of a Royal visit to Haddo House in 1857.

---

## REMORSE.

This is the torture of the damned,
  This gnawing endless pain;
Which ceaseless feeds upon the heart,
  And racks the anguished brain.

It dieth not, but still consumes,
  Like fire that will not cease;
For mournful memory still outlives
  The sin that murdered peace.

No hell but this the sinner needs,
  The avenging God to sate,—
Remorse, remorse, will be enough,
  And these dread words "too late!"

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

Dartmouth, N.S.

# WATCHING FOR DAY.

White light, white snows, white faces wan,
  But crimson-red is the drift below;
White is the plume of the dove and swan,
  But red as blood is the rose's glow; —
And the dove is peace, and the swan is song,
And the summer of roses is lush and long.

In an ashen sky is a pallid band
  Of waning light near the cloudscape's rim,
And banners of smoke, on either hand,
  Lag to the distance dusky and dim;
Banners of smoke that were bolts of flame,
O'er tombs of knights that have never a name.
One gaunt, grim tree, with its leafless crest,
Stretches withered arms to the spectral west,
And moans in the bleak wind passing by,
Like a hag in a snow-shroud left to die;
And ghostly wings in the gloaming flap,
And ghostly beaks are plying—tap, tap,
On the cuirass; tap, tap, on the sword;
But the wearer and wielder say never a word,
Nor offer a feint, but a hollow groan,
A broken sigh, a pitiful moan—
Tap tap, on the skull, and tap, tap, on the bone,
Soon the corse and the crow will keep tryst alone.

Did ye say that the rose is red?
  And the plume of the dove is white?
The rose is for love and a perfumed bed,
  And white is the symbol of peace and light:
But the crow's black wing is a thing of dread
To shadow the lover's sleeping head;
Nor yet for the rose is the hooting owl,
Nor yet for the peaceful, the gaunt wolves' howl!
Ah, God! The gray wolves gather and prowl,
Where the quarry is thick, resting cheek by jowl.
See, how the crows fly—one, three, five,
And these must be dead, yet some are alive;
But they have no strength, as they have no will,
To stay the gray wolf or the swart crow's bill!

White moonbeams falling on white brows—
What do they here by the drifted snows?
There be footprints many, and trampled earth,
With broken trappings, and swords, no dearth!
But why do the sleepers lie so prone,
When the dusk descends as the day is done?
Nor turn to the haven of home, sweet home,
Where voices of loved ones whisper, "Come!"
And arms that are empty, stretch to air,
Clasping the shade of the substance fair?

Rise, sleepers, rise!—Ten thousand forms
Exposed to the dread of night and storms!—
But never a move. They slumber on,
Till the morn begins and the moon is wan!

How cold and clear are the snows that glance
On the steel-blue glint of the mail and lance!
How ghastly plain is the clotted red
That circles and wreathes each sleeping head,
With eyes that glare
Their fixed, hard stare,
But never a twinkle to twinkling star,
That waxes and wanes and wonders afar!
The stars look down; but the eyes look up—
A broken sabre, a gun, a cup,
A white, cold hand; one, two, three, four,
And out from the shadows ten thousand more!—

Nay, this is strange—a winsome head,
Tangled with curls, a boyish face,
A nerveless arm with the symbol red,
Clutching a sword with a dauntless grace!
Some mother's darling and hope and pride,
Some fond heart's hero—the future bride;
What ho! To the moonlight why thus upturn'd
The lips to the virgin kiss that burn'd;
Ye were warm that eve with love and wine,
Ye bask'd too long in a beam divine,
So penance to prove, ye have streteh'd you here,
To sleep in the snow and the moonbeam clear!

Hush! Ye tread too harshly—Hush!
See, o'er yon hills the dawning's blush.
The wan, white moon is stealing away,
The white faces watch for the coming day;
But the red, red blood still tinges the snow,
It is faint above, but so deep below!
Ah! The ground is redden'd, is soak'd with blood,
A crimson current, a carmine flood,
Clotted in patches, jellied in pools,
By shatter'd standards and broken tools,
And upturn'd faces, weary and white,
With eyes for seeing, that have no sight,
And limbs for motion, cold and still,
And lips for greeting, silent and chill,
And arms for action, heavy as lead,
And hearts for beating, pulseless and dead;
From centre to centre, round and round,
Forsooth! they have chosen strange sleeping ground!

Two Christian hosts 'neath a Christian sky,
Two Christian hosts on a Christian sod;
Here they slumber and here they lie,
In the light of Christ and the name of God;
Brothers in semblance, brothers in creed,
But fools of faction and dupes of greed!

Two idle kings with a fancied wrong,
Hurried by passion or pride along;

Two flags by prince and prelate blest;
Two armies in scarlet splendor drest;

Two farewells spoken in sighs and tears;
Two shots—and life has settled arrears;

Two days and nights have passed away,
The kings are the old-time puppets of clay,
Grinning approval or looking askance,
Bestowing a favor or forging a lance;
But two armies lie out on the frozen ground,
With naught but the night and the raven round!

The kings play on, the dead men lie
By thousands, beneath the cold, gray sky;
The monarchs smile with a courtly grace,
They see not the leer on the dead man's face;
The widows, the sisters, the orphans weep,
While the shadows fall and the sleepers sleep.
The seasons may come, the seasons may go,
The currents of feeling may ebb and flow;
But never shall sound from their thresholds again
The echoing steps of the slumbering men,
That lie in the night when the bleak wind blows
O'er the crimson stains in the drifted snows,
By the broken sword and the banner blest,
By the tangled locks no more caress'd,
By the strength outworn and the soul outpriced,
In the name of fame and the cause of Christ!

A. H. MORRISON.

# ALGONQUIN PARK.

BY E. B. FRALECK.

IN the northern part of Ontario, to the south of Lake Nipissing and the Upper Ottawa, lies a vast unbroken wilderness, hundreds of miles in extent, known only to the trapper and the lumberman—the domain of the lumber kings at Ottawa. Huge rocky ridges traverse the country, generally from north-east to south-west, with lakes and streams everywhere enclosed within their giant embrace, the whole country being one vast network of lakes, varying in size from the small lakelet to those of several miles in extent, with waters clear as crystal and very deep.

The Muskoka on the west, and the Madawaska, the Bonnechere, and the Petawawa on the east, afford ample facilities to the lumbermen for floating their pine down to market. Three of these rivers take their rise within a radius of about four miles, so that the "voyageur" from the Georgian Bay, following up the Muskoka to its source, is enabled by a short portage, to place his canoe on the Madawaska, or the Petawawa, both affluents of the majestic Ottawa. In this region exist vast tracts of valuable pine. On the higher plateaux, hardwood forests teem with black birch, beech, ash, and other valuable timber, while here and there, on lower levels, large swamps of cedar or tamarac cover the surface of some long ago filled-up lake. Besides a few lumber depôts, there is nothing in this vast wilderness except the surveyor's "blaze" or the "limit line," to disclose the footprints of civilized man.

Here is the home of the bear, the deer, and the moose, the beaver and the otter. In the deep, cool waters of almost every lake sport the trout (ouananiche), king of the inland fish, while shaded pools quiver with speckled trout in every mountain stream and brooklet, and here in unbroken solitude the wild duck rears her young.

Of late years, it has been the policy of the Provincial Government to appoint "Fire Rangers;" one for each limit, who must be an experienced "*coureur du bois*," to protect the forest from fire during the dry season. His duty is to be on circuit within his limit, and promptly endeavor to extinguish any incipient blaze left by campers, fishing parties, or Indians, and to prosecute the offenders.

Too late, however, has this feeble attempt been made to stem the torrent of destruction annually taking place in our forests. The lumber wealth of Ontario, which is still of vast extent, has been enormously impaired by forest fires. For every tree cut, hundreds have been burned. During the last thirty years, hundreds of millions of wealth has been recklessly destroyed, which, with ordinary care, might have been saved to the country.

The cutting by the lumbermen leaves the woods prepared for the torch. After them come the settler and the pot-hunter, and within a very short time the ruin is complete. Of a once noble forest, nothing remains but miles upon miles of dead trees, or charred, blackened trunks lying about in endless confusion, huge chains of rocky hills, once clothed with moss and verdure, now scarred and bare, and a ruined soil. Wealth equal to a king's ransom is destroyed in order that some miserable squatter, under the name of settler, may clear a patch of worthless soil, which, within a few years, he abandons.

Upon land once burned over, the white pine will never grow, and even the hardwood lands grow up with

shrub and inferior timber. The burnt soil is quite grown over with briars, weeds and brush, the dried stalks of which prepare the land for another fire, an event sure to occur in the near future. In the meantime, what little soil remains, being very light, is carried down into the ravines and valleys by rains and melting snow, leaving the rocks naked and desolate.

Whenever a fire runs through a pinery, the logs must be cut and taken out during the following winter, otherwise the tree becomes worm-eaten and unfit for lumber. Frequently, settlers start a fire to procure a winter's job, and the pot-hunter also applies the match, because over newly burnt ground tender weeds and bushes spring up, furnishing good feeding grounds for the deer, and ensure good hunting during the ensuing fall. Thus the ingenuity, rascality, and carelessness of man conspire to destroy the face of nature, and impoverish the resources of the country.

In the Laurentian rocks, of which all this district is composed, the lakes are rock basins. It can be seen that the rocks have been elevated and depressed, have been dislocated and displaced, by the movements of the earth's crust, and confused by the intrusion among them of melted, volcanic materials.

Strata, which we have every reason to believe were laid down in horizontal, or in approximately horizontal, planes, have been heaved into the perpendicular, or puckered and thrown into innumerable folds, or here pushed up into ridges, or there carried down into sloughs.

Viewed from the south-west, the rocky ridges and spurs appear rough and broken, while from the north-east, rounded and smooth, clearly indicating the course of the great ice-flow; but the granite formation of this region tends to disprove the idea that these lake beds have been hollowed out or depressed by the agency of glaciers. Many lakes are hundreds of feet deep, and wherever the shore rises bold and abrupt the water is generally the deepest. Many have silted up through the lapse of ages, and what was once the bed of a lake is now a tamarac or cedar swamp. Others in which the action has been less remote, and subject to annual overflow, which prevents the growth of timber, are marshes. In some, the process being not yet complete, the lakes are marshes with a pond in the centre, or are mere mud lakes covered with shallow water: so soon, however, as the flags make their appearance, the process is greatly accelerated by the enormous growth of roots, as well as that of the plant itself; a crust is formed upon a bottomless quagmire, and in some cases, within the memory of those now living, a marsh has been evolved out of a recent mud-lake.

The vast inroads made upon our public domain, and the indiscriminate slaughter of game during the past few years, have aroused the attention of our Provincial Government to the better preservation of the one and the protection of the other. A statute was passed during the last session of the Legislature having for its object the setting apart of a portion of the region here mentioned as a forest and game reservation. Steps are now being taken to establish a National Park on the head waters of the Petewawa, Madawaska, Muskoka, and Amable du Fond, running north to the Mattawa and Smith River, which empties into the Nipissing at South Bay. The reservation comprises eighteen townships, containing an area of about 1,500 square miles. The land belongs wholly to the Crown, and, as a consequence, there are no vested or private interests to be bought up or dealt with.

The south-east corner of the park rests upon, or near, the western shore of Victoria Lake, thence westerly for a range of four townships, and from each of these northerly four townships, except that on the north-west the

townships of Wilkes and Pentland are added.

This tract of land contains within its boundaries an immense volume of water in lake, river, brook, and marsh. The spring and autumn rains and heavy snows of winter, keep the fountain-heads of streams rising here continually replenished, the density of the forest, retarding evaporation, and the spongy layer of leaves and decaying vegetation which covers the ground, tending to maintain an equable flow of water throughout the year.

The name given to this national reservation is "The Algonquin Park."

At the time of the discovery of America the Algonquin Indians were lords of the greater part of what was formerly known as Canada, and principally inhabited the great basin of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers.

After their defeat in the St. Lawrence Valley by the Iroquois, they abandoned that valley and joined their kindred north and west. History finds them early in the sixteenth century seated about the shores of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior. They were divided into various bands, bearing, generally, some local name, and included over thirty different tribes.

The Nipissings, who are deemed the true Algonquins, by ancient writers, lived at Lake Nipissing. As this locality abounds in game and lies about midway between the Ottawa River and Lake Huron, it was, doubtless, a favorite hunting-ground for the roving tribes, and perhaps, also, the scene of many battles between bands of contending warriors ascending the Madawaska and Petewawa in the east and the Muskoka and the Maganetewan on the west. It seems fitting that a once great and powerful people, who in their savage manner held sway over this territory centuries ago, should bequeath their name to a part of it, which is now proposed to be maintained, as nearly as possible in the condition in which it was when they fished in its waters and hunted and fought in its forests.

# GABLE ENDS.

## THE STORY OF A DAGGER.

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?"—*Macbeth.*

THE dagger which Macbeth saw, or thought he saw, was an unsubstantial thing . . . "a dagger of the mind, a false creation proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain!" The dagger I have in view in writing this article is a reality "in form and substance," and to my mind is worthy the consideration of the archæologist or the relic-searcher. I am neither the one nor the other, but I have a great regard for the manners, customs, traditions, and, for that matter too, the history, of my country as shown in old-time relics as contrasted with modern contrivances. But to my story.

A few weeks since, I was walking down Elizabeth-street, Toronto, when I was accosted by a man at the door of his own house (240 Elizabeth street), who remarked that he understood I took an interest in the past of the Province,—to which I gave my assent. Mr. James J. Smith, the person to whom I allude, then asked me to step into his house and he would show me something that he thought might be of interest and which he highly prized. It turned out to be a dagger, the well-tempered steel blade of which was ten inches long and the handle of which was made of buckhorn, four and a-half inches long. At the point of junction of the handle and the blade there is a cross-bar, at one end of which there is a tiny screw-driver, and at the other an equally tiny hammer head, which might have been used in the setting of a gun-lock or arquebus. The blade itself is beautifully chased, and, I should judge, is of Damascus steel. On the blade is inscribed and can well be deciphered with the naked eye, "1635," showing that it was manufactured in that year.

The weapon was found about ten years ago in digging a cellar for Riley & May's Billiard Parlor, or on the premises where Riley & May's Billiard Parlor is erected on Adelaide-street, Toronto. When discovered it was about six feet below the surface of the ground and was standing erect, the point down in the earth and the handle toward the hand. It was much covered with rust and other apparently deleterious matter, but, singular to say, was not corroded perceptibly except in one place about an inch from the point, and that, to the finder, seemed as if caused by blood and other substance.

Mr. Smith and the actual finder of the relic, who was working with or for him when this discovery was made, secured the dagger, burnished it up, till now the steel blade is almost as bright and gleaming as when first made. Now the question is how did this dagger come to be in the place where found, six feet below the surface of the earth and standing upright? Its erect posture would seem to indicate that the hand of man had so placed it, and that in leaving the ground he had either forgotten it or let it remain in his haste to retreat.

Was this dagger at one time the weapon of offence or defence to one of the party of Frenchmen who were garrisoned at the old French fort—Fort Rouille, in the Exhibition Grounds, marked by an obelisk to perpetuate the memory of the Old Fort? The inscription on the obelisk reminds us that the date of the occupation by the French was 1749. Beside the obelisk is also a massive granite boulder bearing the following inscription:—"This cairn marks the exact site of Fort Rouille, commonly known as Fort Toronto, an Indian Trading Post and stockade, established A D. 1749, by order of the Government of Louis XV., in accordance with the recommendation of the Count de la Galissoniere, Administrator of New France, 1747-1749."

It is not impossible that some trader at the Fort possessed this weapon, and that in hunting or exploring the woods around the Fort he may have lost his dagger. Or is it going too far to say that the dagger may have belonged to Henne pin, or La Salle, or some of their company in their great voyage of discovery of western lands in 1678? That both these

celebrated explorers were, in 1678, at the place where Toronto now stands, I think there can be no doubt. Father Hennepin has left us a very circumstantial account of his voyage by way of the great lakes to the undiscovered country in the west. In describing his voyage from Fort Frontenac (Catarocqui) to the head of Lake Ontario, and by the north shore of the lake, he says, (Page 48 of his history):—"On the 26th (Nov., 1678), we were in great danger about two leagues off the land, where we were obliged to be at anchor all the night at sixty fathoms water and above; but at length the wind turning north-east, we set out and arrived safely at the further end of Lake Ontario, called in the Iroquois 'Skannadario.' We came pretty near to one of their villages called Teiaiagon, lying about seventy leagues from Fort Frontenac or 'Katarackouy.'"

"The wind then turning contrary, we were obliged to tarry there till about the fifteenth of December; then we sailed from the northern coast to the southern, where the river Niagara runs into the lake, but could not reach it that day, though it is but fifteen or sixteen leagues distant."

In the eighteenth chapter of Father Hennepin's Book of Travel is contained an account of his second expedition from Fort Frontenac, accompanied by Fathers Zenobé and Gabriel, in 1679. In it he says, "Some days after the 27th of May, 1679, the wind presenting fair, Fathers Gabriel, Zenobé and I went on board the brigantine and in a short time arrived in the river of the Tossonotouans, which runs into Lake Ontario, where we continued several days, our men being very busy in bartering their commodities with the natives, who flocked in great numbers about us to exchange their skins for knives, guns, powder, shot, etc.

"In the meantime we had built a cabin of barks of trees about half a league in the woods to perform Divine Service without interruption, and waited until all our men had done their business. M. De La Salle arrived about eight days after, he having taken his course to the southern coast of the lake to go to the village of the Tossontouans, to whom he made presents," &c.

Hennepin, on page 79, says:—"On the 4th of the said month I went overland to the Falls of Niagara with a sergeant called La Fleur."

These extracts I have given from Hennepin, coupled with La Salle's account of his voyage of 1680, pretty conclusively prove that both he and La Salle vis ted the spot where Toronto now stands. i ei-aiagon was the Indian name of Toronto long before it got the latter title.

"Thus," says Dr. Scadding, in a very exhaustive paper read before the York Pioneers, on October 6th, 1891, "Thus we have in Pierre Magery's Memoirs et Documents, Col. 11, p. 115, the following extract from a letter written by the famous La Salle, dated August 22nd, in the year 1680, "To take up again the course of my journey:—I set off last year from Teiaiagon on the 22nd of August, and reached the shores of Lake Toronto, on the 23rd, where I arrested two of my deserters."

From this we see that on the 22nd August he was at Teiaiagon, that is to say, the locality known afterwards as Toroto, and the day following he arrived on the banks of the Lake of Toronto, as he very distinctly states—that is to say, on the banks of Lake Simcoe. We thus see that Teiaiagon and the shores of Lake Toronto (Lake Simcoe) are two different localities, distant a day's journey one from the other.

This same Teiaiagon is again referred to by La Salle in his remarks on the proceedings of Count Frontenac, forwarded by him to the authorities in Paris in the year 1684 (given in the Documentary History of the State of New York, Vol. IX., page 218).

He there speaks of Teiaiagon as a place to which Indians from the north, to whom he gives the general name of Outaouacs, came down to traffic with the people from the other side of the lake, that is New Yorkers; and he stated it as an advantage accruing from the existence of Fort Frontenac, that this trade was thereby stopped and drawn to Fort Frontenac.

What is here stated (by La Salle) corresponds with the testimony of La Hontan, a French officer in charge of Fort Joseph, on the west side of the southern entrance to Lake Huron (afterwards Fort Gratiot), as given in his book and in the large map which accompanies it.

De Lisle's map, published at Paris in

1703, places Teiaiagon where Toronto now stands. Teiaiagon appears likewise in Charlevoix's map, 1744. Here Teiaiagon is plainly marked on the site of the present Toronto, and the lake to the north is again marked Lake Toronto.

It will be observed that Father Hennepin says that La Salle joined him after his arrival at Teiaiagon, he La Salle having been on a visit to the Tossonotouans or Iroquois tribe. Now this tribe of Tossonotouans occupied territory at the south side of the lake, about the mouth of the Niagara river. In another place Hennepin, in giving an account of his voyage from Teiaiagon, on the 15th December, 1679, says: "Then we sailed from the northern coast to the southern, where the river Niagara flows into the lake, but could not reach it that day, though it is but fifteen or sixteen leagues distant." Hennepin may have thought that the Niagara river was fifteen or sixteen leagues from the north coast about Teiaiagon. La Salle, in giving the distance, in describing his trip across the lake from the country of the Tossorotouans, where he had visited them to reconcile them to his plans, gives the distance about thirty leagues. Neither is exactly correct in the distance.

It is claimed by historians that Father Hennepin was the first European who visited the north shore of Lake Ontario, but is this so? Were not Louis Joliet and La Salle both at the place indicated in 1669?

In the Narrative and Critical History of America, at page 173, is this passage:

"In 1669 Louis Joliet and one Pere went to search for copper on the shore of Lake Superior, and to discover a more direct route from the upper lakes to Montreal. Joliet went as far as Sault Ste. Marie, where he did not long remain, but in the place of a mine, found an Iroquois prisoner among the Ottawas at that point, and obtained permission to take him back to Canada. In company with another Frenchman, he was led by the Iroquois from Lake Erie, through the valley of the Grand River, to Lake Ontario, and on the 24th of September, at an Iroquois village between this river and the head of Burlington Bay, he met La Salle with four canoes and fifteen men, and the Sulpician priests, Galinée and De Casson, who, on the 6th July, had left the port of La Chine.

From this it would appear that La Salle, previous to his expedition of 1678, with Hennepin, was voyaging along Lake Ontario, and there met Joliet on his return from a visit to the Lake Superior country.

However this may be, how came the dagger to be in the place where found, where no doubt it had been entombed for many years, and it may have been for centuries? There is nothing improbable about the latter. The relics dug out of the old fort at Ste. Marie, on or near the Georgian Bay, where the Hurons were so ruthlessly hunted by the Iroquois and massacred, together with Fathers Brebœuf and Lalamand, show a wonderful state of preservation, and yet they had been in the earth for nearly a century and a half. Then look at the specimens in the museum of the University of Toronto and the Canadian Institute, unearthed from Indian graves and ancient lodgments, and see if it is going beyond the bounds of belief to say that there is in Toronto a relic of the past which has lain concealed in mother earth for a period of time, "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

I think Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, who has contributed to our literature a valuable book on the discoveries of the early pioneers of Canada, may be able to throw some light on the subject; and then there is Father Laboreau, of Penetanguishene, who I know takes a lively interest in these matters, and well he may, for in his district he ministers to many who are pioneers, or descendents of those pioneers, who founded the settlements in the country of the Hurons on the Georgian Bay.

I leave this subject to them and others more competent than myself to judge and pass sentence on this early relic of our past historic age. D. B. READ.

---

## The Freezing of Northern Rivers—Dances in the Far North.

(A sequel to "Down the Yukon and up the Mackenzie," by Wm. Ogilvie, F.R.G.S.)

FROM the 24th of October, when I completed my survey of the Mackenzie River up to Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca, I was compelled to remain at Chipewyan

until the 27th of November. This delay was occasioned by ice drifting in the river and lake, through which it was impossible to ascend with a boat; and the only alternative was to wait till this drifting ice consolidated, and became strong enough to bear us and our loads.

A few words here descriptive of the way in which those northern rivers behave in fall will not be out of place. Instead of freezing over, some quiet, cold night, as most of our eastern, easy flowing, streams do, they begin by forming a narrow ribbon along each shore. Ice is at the same time forming all over, but the sweeping current prevents its consolidation, and is continually bearing it, hither and thither, running it into eddies and whirling it into great masses, which drift down stream, stranding in shallows, forming ice islands which gradually widen, running against the shore ice and attaching part of its bulk to it, then on again, leaving a bit here and there until it is absorbed. The cold is continually renewing the supply until the running channel is so contracted that a cold night chokes it, and our river is "set" as it is locally called. But what a "setting!" Instead of the smooth glassy surface our children love to glide over, we have, here, great masses of rough ice piled many feet above the mean surface; there are miles of broken surface over which it is impossible to travel, and no where anything resembling what we see on our streams at home.

I have sometlmes thought that journeying over northern rivers in the winter would be good training for men about to try for the Pole over those broken ice fields called by some Arctic explorers the Paleocrystic Sea. The average duration of this drifting is about three weeks, but sometimes if the weather is mild it continues much longer.

This detention was a sore disappointment to all the party, as we had hurried and worked early and late all the way from McPherson to this point (1400 miles) in order to get out in open water, and we knew that our friends would be expecting us in November. As we could not let them know of our enforced delay, we knew they would be indulging in all sorts of wild fancies and fears concerning us, and though we knew we were safe and felt assured of getting out safely we probably fretted and fumed as much as they did.

As I had only a few Magnetical and Astronomical observations to make at the Fort my time was not much occupied, and it hung heavy on my hands. For a day or two I relieved the monotony by photographing the place and many of the people in it. The presence of a camera in this isolated place was an extraordinary event, and many, if not all of the residents wanted a picture of themselves and little ones to send to friends they had not seen for many, many years, and probably never will see this side of time.

Unfortunately, owing to my long absence, the extreme temperatures experienced, and the continuous proximity to water my films so deteriorated that all my negatives, taken after those I sent out by Dr. Dawson, were very faint and unfit for printing from. This was a sore disappointment to many I photographed; for to them it may have been the one opportunity in their life, and my knowledge of this fact created a sympathy for them almost as painful as their disappointment must have been.

Dances were often got up around the Fort, many of which we attended. The one which I gave, referred to in the last number of the magazine, was the event of the season, as every one in the Fort and around it was invited. Old and young of both sexes, in fact, as in the case of the Widow Malone Ohone, "from the minister down to the Clerk of the Crown," everybody was there. Three fiddlers were in attendance, who played in turns, and only those who have seen a "Red River" or North-West fiddler—no, not violinist—play, may attempt to realize the amount of muscular force which can be put into playing the famous "Red River Jig." Generally seated on the extreme edge of his seat, the performer sways his body back and forth as if in a frenzy, and beats time on the floor with both feet until one who did not know the cause of the noise would fancy a charge of heavy cavalry was passing. He plays all over the strings, up, down and across, and in all possible, and some impossible, keys, and so rapidly that only the most expert can keep time with the (I was almost saying music) tune. Seriously, I don't think Paganini himself could provoke such sounds from

his best Cremona, and in the matter of execution he would not be in it.

The dancers dance as though some demon possessed their legs, until the perspiration is pouring down their faces. They are relieved by others, who, exhausted in their turn, are relieved, and so on until the fiddler, exhausted, steaming and streaming, passes the winning post with an unearthly flourish and sinks panting into his seat.

If another fiddler is present, the playing is soon resumed, and other dancers vie with each other as to who will exhibit the greatest muscular force and endurance, until daylight puts a stop to the fun.

The natives, of all kinds and classes, enjoy these dances immensely, and declare that they always feel better after them, which I well believe, as they are the nearest approach to a Turkish bath they will ever have, and they certainly look—well — *brighter* afterwards. — WILLIAM OGILVIE.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Mr. J. Ellard Gore, F.R.A.S., has again laid amateur astronomers under an obligation; this time by publishing (Crosby Lockwood & Son) a neat manual, which he has called an "Astronomical Glossary." The book contains nearly all the technical and scientific terms and names met with by active workers, and gives terse, but full and clear, explanations and definitions. It is a very timely publication, and, we hope, will soon run into the second edition, when, in our opinion, opportunity might properly be taken to syllabicate, accentuate, and even to give the accurate pronunciation of many words adopted into our language, but which are the "terror" of amateurs when reading papers or speaking in public. Samples of such words may be found in "Andromedes," "Antares," "Betelgeuse," "Ophiuchus," and even "Pleiades." About these, and many other words, there is often, in the minds of beginners and of others, for that matter, doubt as to the proper syllable to be accentuated, and so on. A far from complete list appeared in *The English Mechanic*, showing that there is really a necessity for some accurate determination by some one—and who better than Mr. Gore?

Mr. G. P. Serviss, author of "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass," proved to be an admirable lecturer at his recent visit here with "Urania." He speaks without notes, is clear and graphic in his style, and has a pleasant though ringing voice, easily heard everywhere in the largest halls. He is evidently the coming platform exponent of astronomy, and is much needed since the death of the lamented Proctor, whose mantle he seems easily able to assume, and wear with great credit to himself. Those who have his book will be glad to know that it has rapidly run through six editions, and that the seventh is now in press.

Mercury will not be visible in January. Venus will, however, be a more brilliant object than in December, and will attain her maximum on the 10th inst., when her light will be as 218 to 145 on the 1st of December. On the evening of the 10th, she will be near the new moon, and they will form a lovely pair of celestial objects. Mars is slowly coming into a fair position for observation. Jupiter will never be seen to better advantage than in January of this year. During the month he will be stationary in Taurus. Saturn is rapidly coming into position for observation, and will rise about midnight on the 14th, and about four minutes earlier each subsequent evening. He is in Virgo, near Spica.—G. E. L.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Essays on Questions of the Day; Political and Social.* By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 360 pp.

This volume, which, it is needless to say, is brought out with the beautiful typographical appearance that characterizes all the works of Prof. Smith, is timely and very interesting. The subjects treated of are Social and Industrial Revolution, Disestablishment, The Political Crisis in England, Woman Suffrage, The Jewish Question, The Irish Question, Prohibition in Canada and the United States, and, as an appendix:—The Oneida Community and American Socialism. The author's opinions, as he explains in the preface, "are those of a Liberal of the old school, as yet unconverted to State Socialism; who looks for further improvement, not to the increase of the authority of government, but to the same agencies, moral, intellectual and economical, which have brought us thus far, and one of which, Science, is now operating with immensely increased power." He looks for improvement, not regeneration; he expects improvement still to be as it has been, gradual; and hopes much from steady, calm and harmonious effort, little from violence or revolution. Of course, Prof. Smith's general attitude and tendencies, as defined here, are known to very many the world over who are well acquainted with his knowledge as a historian, and the lucid, concise, and graceful

style which has given him a place amongst the very foremost masters of language in our own or any age. To these the present volume will come as a welcome addition to previous works, and to these, as well as others, at a time when the leaven of State Socialism, owing partly to the exigencies of party warfare, and perhaps partly to a decay in the old ideals of representative government, is permeating the fabric of society, it will be of use in helping to a clearer apprehension of where they should stand in their attitude towards the drift of our age; though with all the conclusions of the author there will perhaps be few who will agree. The first paper, Social and Industrial Revolution, is a broad, comprehensive treatment of an acute, world-wide question of tremendous importance, and affords much pleasure to the reader. The paper on the Jewish Question is full of interest, though, perhaps, the many quotations cited in regard to the excessive usury taken by Jewish money-lenders, in all countries, will not carry much weight in countries such as Canada and the United States, where money-lenders, not of Jewish blood, are found, who "grind the faces of the poor" with interest amounting in some cases to over 300 per cent. per annum, or over three times the rate cited by any of Prof. Smith's authorities as to the extortion practised by the Jews. It seems, too, that the half sympathy given by the author to the idea of prohibiting circumcision by way of remedying the exclusiveness of the Jews, is scarcely in accordance with the author's general views on personal and religious liberty. The paper on Prohibition is full of interesting facts and deductions, and for Canada and Great Britain is exceedingly timely. Altogether, the volume is one worthy of its author, and, therefore, it need scarcely be said, will be widely read throughout Anglo-Saxondom.

*Cape Breton Illustrated*, by JOHN M. GOW; illustrated by James A. Stabbert. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 423 pp.

This handsome table volume is a welcome contribution to the literature descriptive of Canadian history and scenery. Cape Breton, although at one of the eastern gateways to the Dominion, has been practically a *terra incognita* to the vast majority of Canadians. The present volume, with those who read it, or even glance over it, will do much to bring the resources, great historic interest, and remarkably beautiful scenery of the Island into the recognition they should receive. The work is rather too discursive for a book of the kind, devoting, as it does, a very considerable space, perhaps an undue space, to the English and American Puritans, and other subjects only indirectly related to Cape Breton; but even this does something to bring about a clearer understanding of old colonial days, while the chapters devoted to the two sieges of Louisburg are admirable in their fulness, and add much to the interest of the work. The numerous photo-engravings, illustrating the scenery of the Island, serve admirably to give a proper impression of the remarkable beauty of portions of Cape Breton. The typographical execution of the work is decidedly good.

The Toronto Art Students' League have given to lovers of art a very artistic, though unpretentious calendar for "Ninety Four." Of course, the calendar part of it is only a cover for the reproduction of many very clever etchings by members of the league. The etchings generally take the form of designs for verses by Canadian poets and verse writers, though a few of the best are reproduced without this accompaniment.

Amongst the other seasonable productions is the Christmas number of *Saturday Night*. That journal has done much for the encouragement of Canadian light literature, and the present number shows that excellent discrimination is generally made in giving that encouragement. Amongst the best of the stories is one by Evelyn Durand—singularly good in plot and execution,—"The Exodus to Centreville," by Marjory MacMurchy, and "With Murder in his Heart," by the editor. "The Ronan's League" is a pleasing glimpse at old Japan by Helen Gregory-Flesher, "Random Reminiscences of a Nile Voyageur" by Charles Lewis Shaw, is very varied and entertaining. C. G. Rogers, E. Pauline Johnson and others contribute to the poetry. In literary quality and in interest the number is throughout excellent.